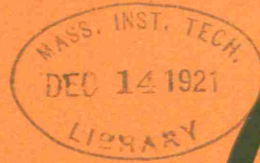
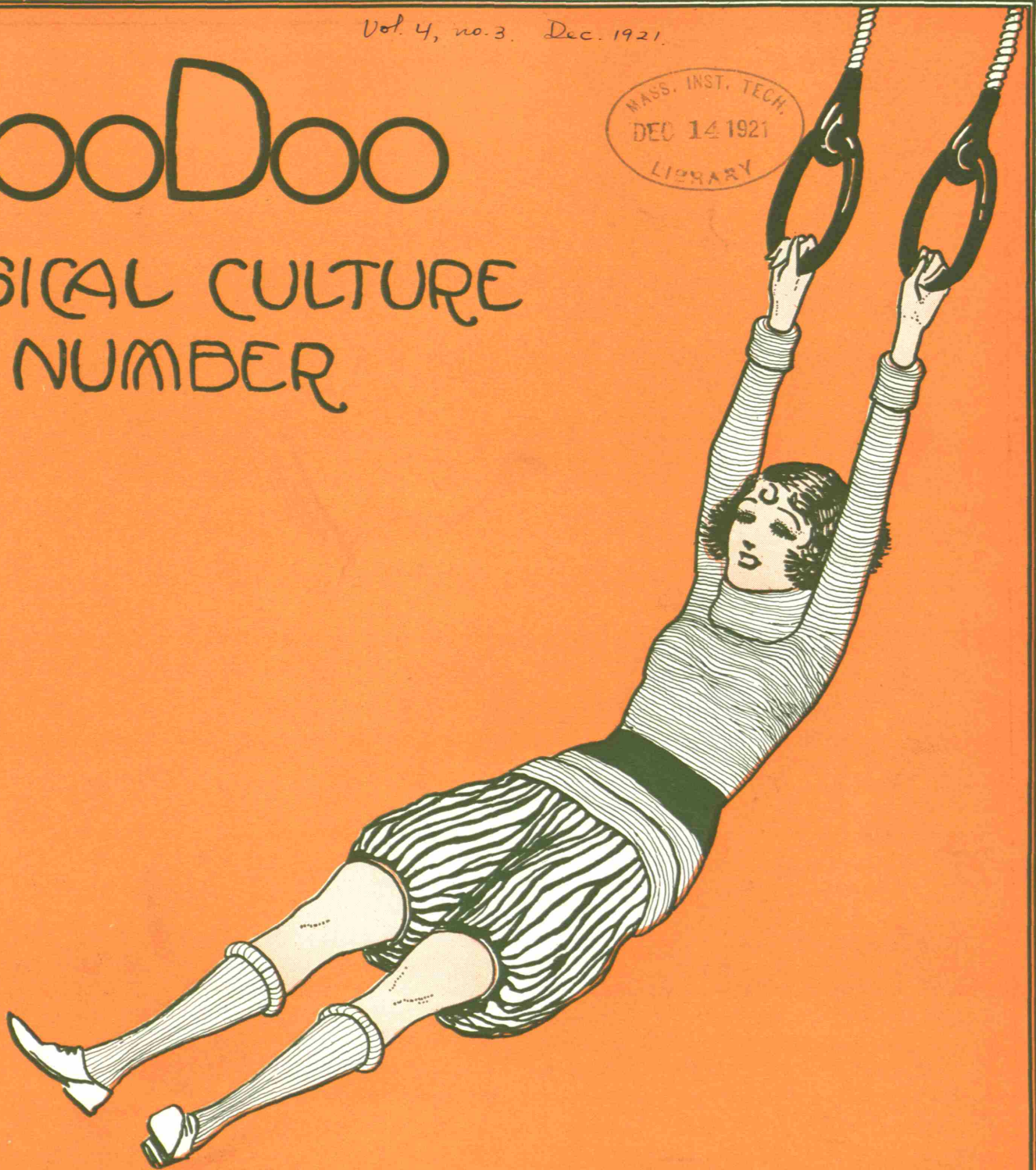


Vol. 4, no. 3. Dec. 1921.



# VooDoo

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NUMBER



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*Prexie*—Very well, you will be given a position in our economics department.

—*Chaparral*.

*Prof.*—“Man has no conception of what hell is.”

*Frosh*—“Those who have completed their first registration in a university have.”

—*Sun Dodger*.

## The Retort Courteous

*Musical Belle*—“Sir, are you a musician?”

*Tortoise Shell*—“No, Miss, I am a humorous editor; I play only on words.”

—*Juggler*.

There was once a hen who thought big thoughts,  
And ambition completely filled her.  
She laid three eggs in a single day,  
But the over-eggserction killed her.

—*Pelican*.

## Five Hundred of 'Em!

*Square*—I see where a designer says that women should dress in keeping with their personality.

*Round*—It would bring down a storm of Blue Laws.

*Square*—Why?

*Round*—Just think of those who haven't any.

—*Chaparral*.

A cross-eyed girl may be virtuous, but she doesn't look straight.

—*Froth*.

## When you're hungry—get Libby's

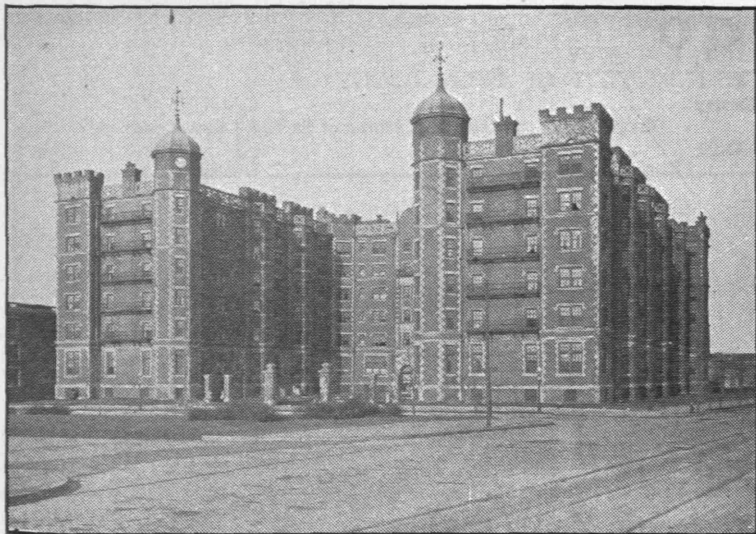
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### Right You Are

*Mary*:—"If you don't shut up I'll have to go to the dentist's."

*Harry*:—"How d'ya figure?"

*Mary*:—"Well, you know that the Scotchmen attribute their soft teeth to mush."

—*Sun Dodger.*

### Variation On An Old Theme.

The moll I like, the moll I want,  
Be she a Swede or Sheeney,  
Is the moll whose appetite is nil,  
And eats a la McSweeney!

—*Frivol.*

### Ho! Hum!

*Lee*:—"Every time she smiles it reminds me of a Pullman car at eight o'clock in the evening."

*Leslie*:—"Howsat?"

*Lee*:—"No lowers, and very few uppers left."

—*Gargoyle.*

*Fussy Old Gentleman* (boarding a street car):—"You have very clumsy steps."

*Irate Conductor* (taking the thing entirely too personally):—"Well, what do you expect for a nickel — Pavlowa?"

—*Yale Record*

"Niggah, youall jest say 'at wunst moah an' Ah'll bust you so hahd on de jaw you'll poke food in yo' mouff frum de back ob yo' naik."

"G'wan, black boy, Ah's hahd. Ah's so hahd when Ah gets mah hair cut dey uses a grindstone."

—*Orange Owl.*

"My professor doesn't know good English."

"How so?"

"Why he says 'pie are square,' when it should be 'pie is round.'"

—*Widow.*

### Innuendo

*Prisoner*:—"Good morning, Judge."

*Judge*:—"How old are you?"

*Prisoner*:—"Twenty-nine."

*Judge*:—"You'll be thirty when you get out."

—*Phoenix*

*Lew*:—"How all these cab brigands skin their customers!"

*Lu*:—"Taxidermists, as it were."

—*Jack o'Lantern.*



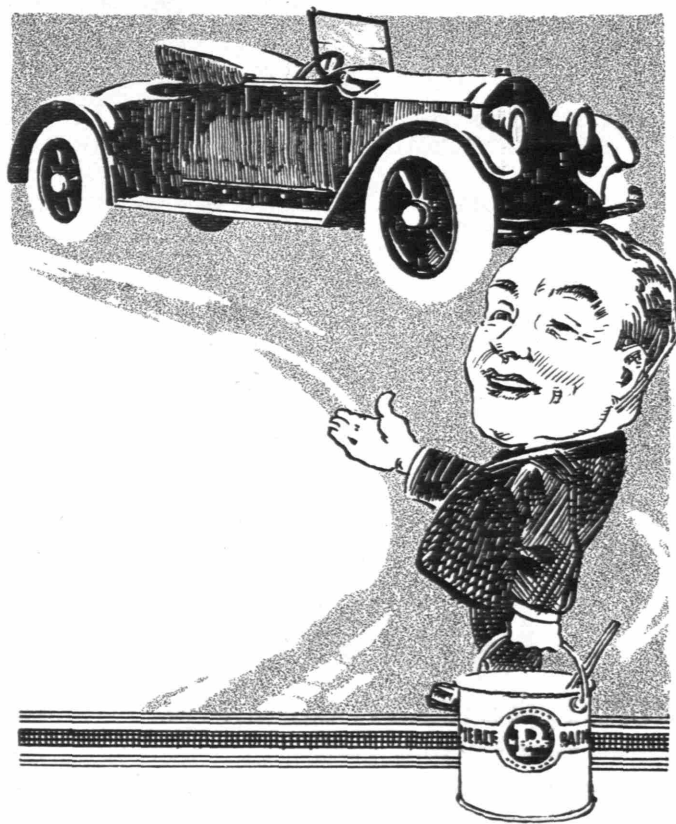
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MYSELF!"**

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"Ike Newton had the dope when he went to college."

"Howsat?"

"They say he used to put quicksand in the prof's hour-glass  
to shorten that hour."

—Brown Jug.

Minister (to sick student):—"I take a friendly interest in  
you, my boy, because I have two sons in the university  
myself; one taking engineering and the other agriculture.  
Is there anything I can do?"

Sick Student:—"You might pray for the one taking engi-  
neering."

—Minnehaha

Old Lady:—"Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I  
dropped my wig out the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, Madam, there is a switch just  
this side of the next station."

—Octopus.

"I have a good job at the confectioner's."

"What do you do?"

"Milk chocolates!"

—Showme.

The curtain bore the label, "asbestos."

"Aw, heck, I've seen this show before," said the verdant  
yearling as he left the Majestic.

—Orange Owl.

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*Ex-football man*:—"Well, give me a chance; I've got a game leg already."

—*Exchange.*

*Soph*:—"Say, Buddy, how did you get the nickname, 'Jocky?'"

*Rook*:—"By riding through Caesar on a pony."

—*Orange Owl*

Uneasy lies the head that has been crowned.

—*Orange Owl*

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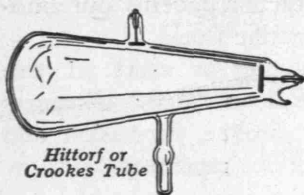
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## How Were X-Rays Discovered?

**S**IR James Mackenzie Davidson visited Professor Roentgen to find out how he discovered the X-rays.

Roentgen had covered a vacuum tube, called a Hittorf or Crookes tube, with black paper so as to cut off all its light. About four yards away was a piece of cardboard coated with a fluorescent compound. He turned on the current in the tube. The cardboard glowed brightly.

Sir James asked him: "What did you think?"

"I didn't think, I investigated," said Roentgen. He wanted to know what made the cardboard glow. Only planned experiments could give the answer. We all know the practical result. Thousands of lives are saved by surgeons who use the X-rays.

Later on, one of the scientists in the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company became interested in a certain phenomenon sometimes observed in incandescent lamps. Others had observed it, but he, like Roentgen, investigated. The result was the discovery of new laws governing electrical conduction in high vacuum.

Another scientist in the same laboratory saw that on the basis of those new laws he could build a new tube for producing X-rays more effectively. This was the Coolidge X-ray tube which marked the greatest advance in the X-ray art since the original discovery by Roentgen.

Thus, scientific investigation of a strange phenomenon led to the discovery of a new art, and scientific investigation of another strange phenomenon led to the greatest improvement in that art.

It is for such reasons that the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are continually investigating, continually exploring the unknown. It is new knowledge that is sought. But practical results follow in an endless stream, and in many unexpected ways.

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Mrs. Reginald Horace de Bynn  
Shrieked midst the general din;

"My pearl necklace is gone!"

Said her husband, "You're wrong."

"It's between your third and fourth chin!"

—Brown Jug

Mary had a little yacht,

She sailed the billows blue;

Whenever Mary wanted eggs,

She made the ship lay to.

—Tiger

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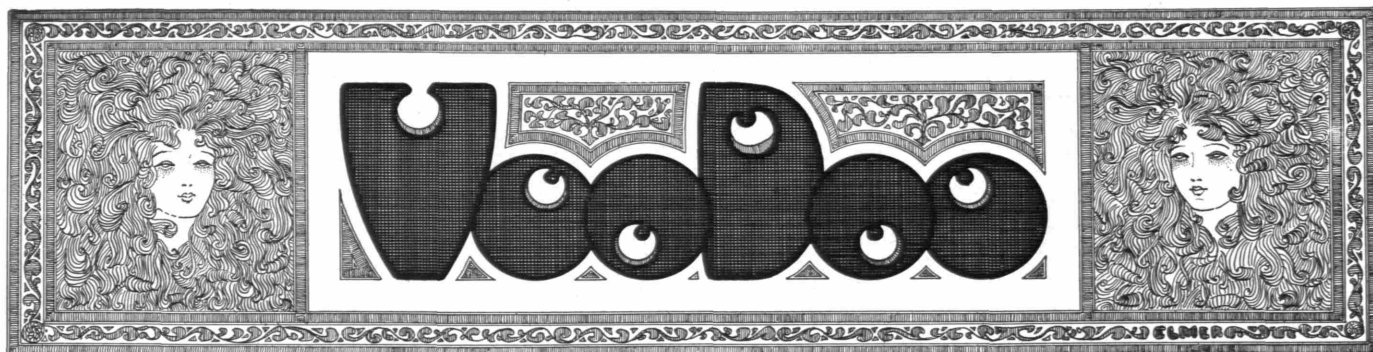
BOSTON, MASS.

# Voodoo









### Confessions of an Iron Fiend

I remember very little of my earlier childhood, except that I grew up amid the swirl and rush of trains in a vast freight yard. I acquired a thorough knowledge of the operation of different locomotives at a very early age; in fact, I was precocious in this respect. I remember that I took delight at about the age of three in throwing lumps of coal into the roaring fire box and then watching my own locomotive rush on with sudden renewed impetus as it absorbed the food into its system.

My diet was to say the least a trifle irregular in one so young. The brakemen used to think it strange to see me sitting with my eyes gazing into the distance, idly chewing a railroad tie, and they would remonstrate with me for the practice, declaring it could come to no good end. And alas, it nearly resulted in becoming my complete undoing. One day, a little more careless than usual (for my locomotive had been dropping wheels and nuts and connecting rods and things along the track in a very unseemly manner) I happened to be chewing my noonday sack of ties, when I bit into a railroad spike. I shall never forget the thrill it caused me. My teeth chattered and my eyes watered. Again and again I savagely bit at the tasty tid-bit, each time receiving more strongly that strange new sensation of delight which I found the shattering ferrous iron capable of instilling. Thereafter, my life was changed. When out dashing over the vast lonely stretches of prairie in my rushing locomotive, I no longer desired companionship but found complete solace in incessantly chewing the spikes which I now found were essential to my welfare.

I perceived, however, that after a time my passion for this solitary vice was beginning the accomplishment of my ruin. I struggled against myself. I managed to reduce my ration from forty-eight spikes a day to forty-six. It was a fight to the death. I would go into trances and wake up to find myself chewing at the rim of the smokestack, or eating the

flanges from the wheels of my locomotive. Soon this great machine, the companion of my childhood, was reduced to a mass of tangled iron. I was thus left destitute when I decided to try "Nuxified Iron." After one bottle I found my health greatly improved and my insatiable longing for nails, smokestacks, monkey wrenches, etc., completely disappeared. I am now like a changed man and cannot sing the praises of "Nuxified Iron" too highly.

*"Is that your ladder?"*

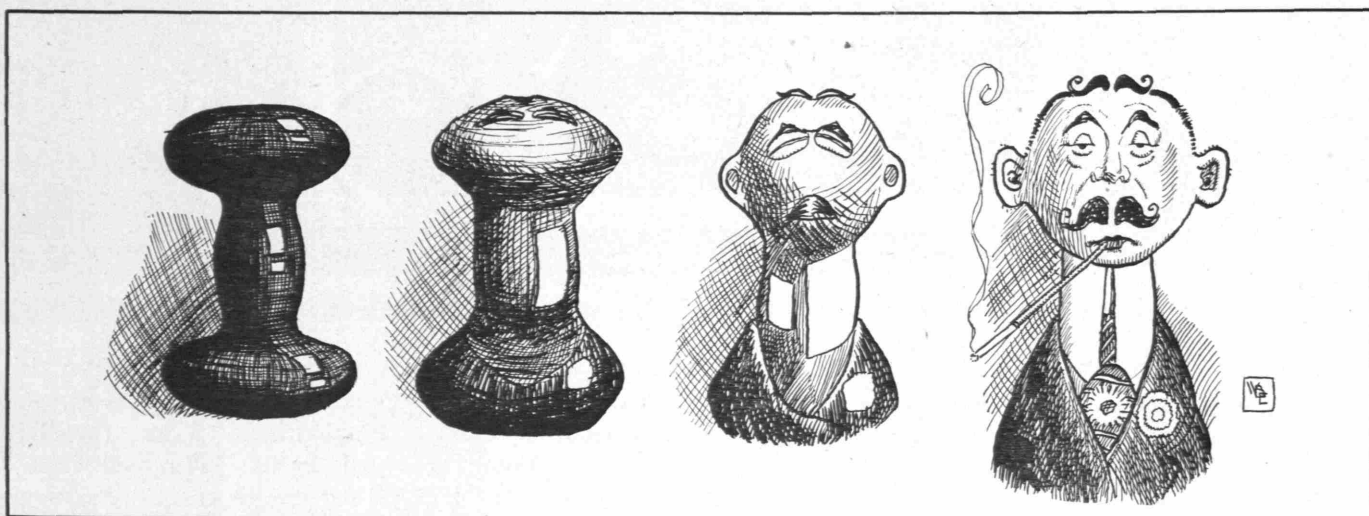
*"Sure!"*

*"It doesn't look like it."*

*"Well, you see, it's my step-ladder."*



Working on the Parallel Bars.



The Evolution of a Dumbbell.

*History Professor:—"What is the principal difference between ancient and modern times?"*

*Freshman:—"Well, one of the main points is that the moderns earn their living, while the ancients urned their dead."*

*Instructor in physics lab (before Tech Night):—"Hey — where you going with that telescope?"*



The Feminine Touch.

### 'Twas Ever Thus

I was angry with her! She had deceived me. After taking her for a long exhilarating ride far out into the country, she had suddenly refused my every attention.

I talked to her longingly, even lovingly. I swore to her. I looked at her, marveling at her chill outlines touched in places by the cold light of a full moon. I placed my hand gently upon her. She did not stir. Where such a short time before she had responded to my every wish, she was now absolutely quiet. I was at a loss to account for this sudden change. Instead of the warm pulsating creature I had known, she was now cold and impassive to my touch. Slowly I gazed beneath her bright red bonnet. I used every means of persuasion I could think of, but all to no avail. Her clutch, so strong and responsive last night, was now weak and lifeless.

At last I discovered the reason. The truth came over me like a flash. I was out of gasoline.

### Famous Pets

- \_\_\_\_\_rarch
- Car \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_ting
- \_\_\_\_\_rograd
- Cleopatra
- Laddie Boy.
- \_\_\_\_\_roleum
- Ma \_\_\_\_\_ite
- \_\_\_\_\_ticoat (obs.)

## HOW TO WRITE A SCIENTIFIC ARTICLE

*(Editor's Note:—It is the aim of this magazine to publish, from time to time, not only items of a temporary appeal, but also items which should be of genuine value to the student in his future professional work. The following monograph, written especially for this magazine, is submitted in the hope that they may learn from it something of how the Art is put into a scientific Article. The Editors express the hope that they will not be considered as trespassing too much upon the field of their respected contemporary, the Tech Engineering News.)*

## A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF THE SPAGHETTI MOLECULE

Perhaps one of the most baffling problems which human ingenuity has so far been called upon to encounter in any field of its activity, is the problem of the structure of the ordinary molecule of spaghetti—the 2, 4, 5 trihexyl19, 20diphenyl amidosulfonheptethyltrisaccharide of carboxylic acid in the accepted nomenclature. This subject has engaged the attention of scientists from the earliest times, but, although numerous theories have been advanced, there is as yet no one of them which seems to explain the peculiarities of this baffling substance.

It is now well established that spaghetti, in substantially the same form as we know it today, was one of the bases of early Greek civilization, having been discovered by accident during the time of the Ptolemys by some obscure philosopher who was seeking to unearth the formula of Tarvia X. It formed an important item in Greek and Roman civilization and apparently held its importance undiminished even through the Middle Ages when trial by Spaghetti was of frequent occurrence.

There was, however, apparently no progress made regarding the structure of this familiar article until the startling revelation made by Scheele in 1767 opened up a vast new field for experimentation, and lead the way for countless other investigators. Scheele was one day busy in his laboratory with no thought of the discovery he was about to make when a lucky accident occurred which changed the entire course of his experiments. Scheele had been distilling a door knob under vacuum with hope of obtaining something interesting, when, to use his own quaint phraseology,

“ye retorte exploded with ye helle of a racket,  
“knocking me for a row of tinne pagodas and  
“resulting in ye totalle wreckage of my ownlie  
“pants, which I highlie valued.”

This occurrence seems to have discouraged Scheele, for even after his recovery, he made no further visit to his laboratory, for some time. When he finally did so, however, he found to his amazement that the spot on his desk, where the ill-fated retort had met with disaster, was covered with a luxuriant growth of what proved to be genuine axminster spaghetti.

Scheele published the results of these researches in 1768 under the title *De Spaghetibus*.

It was some fifty years later before anybody else got an idea on the subject.

Then, in 1818, Perkin who was at that time Professor of Chemistry at Cambridge, followed out the idea given by a Freshman student, and established the fact that Spaghetti is definitely polygamous in its tendencies, which however it counteracted by an attitude of uncompromising Calvinism.

In 1835, when the Oxford Movement was at its height, the interest in Spaghetti reached a higher pitch. Davy became much interested in the problem and undertook its solution with characteristic vigor. He was soon able to prove conclusively that the substance could be produced cheaply and easily by an electrolytic process, it being only necessary to meld 150 trumps and castle in the queen's side at the 11th move.

This discovery thoroughly aroused the scientific world, and the years which followed were most fruitful in discovery of the manifold properties and uses of this amazing substance. Today, with all its countless facilities at our command, it is hard for us to realize the difficulties under which some of our earlier investigators labored; the suspicion, ignorance and prejudice with which they were forced to contend. The early days, in which Galileo had hurled at him the decree of excommunication for his first attempt to sight through a spaghetti tube in his attempt to justify the heliocentric theory, seem indeed far away now.

Students who are interested in the subject and desire to pursue it further will find some admirable examples of Scheele's original spaghetti, preserved in the Institute's museum, where they are on exhibition each day from 11.30 A. M. to 2.00 P. M.

## References:

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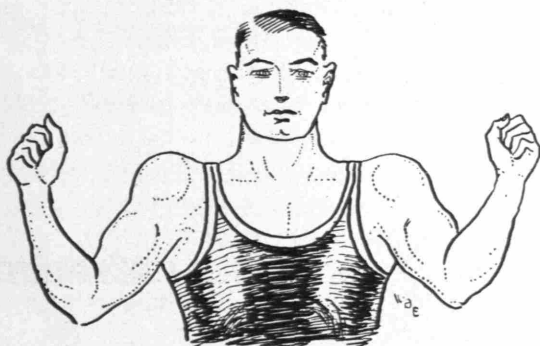


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It was the fag-end of a tedious evening. At the close of the third twenty-minute lapse he said plaintively:

"I wish I had money. I'd travel."

"Well," she replied, as she began to unroll her stocking, "how much do you need?"

"Have you given Jack his final answer yet?"

"Not yet — but I've given him my final 'No'."

*If a woman worked half as hard to please a man after marriage as she did before, a lot of lawyers would starve to death.*

### Lines on Being Handed the Chill Potato

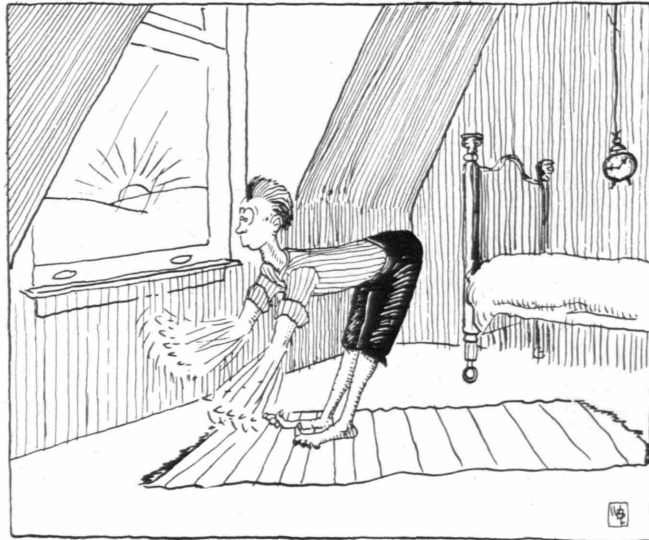
She's trapped you by her cunning wiles,  
She laughs to find that you are hers.  
You're on her string—that's why she smiles.  
No thought of pity her deters.

You hope you still may have a chance.  
That you may steal her heart some day,  
She pulls the string and you must dance.  
Her heart is steeled, she'll only play.

The game she loves is dangerous.  
The man she bids must follow on.  
One eyebrow raised will start the fuss,  
You're hooked, she laughs, and then is gone.

And still though this is plain to me,  
It leaves a longing in my heart.  
I'm vamped for fair as you can see.  
*Falling* is not the painful part.

Said the raindrop to the particle of dust.  
"This settles you, your name is mud."



Claudius, the Pin-Boy, Takes His Setting-up Exercises.

Said the experienced girl:  
"A little parrot is a dangerous thing."

"What's the matter?"

"She's rejected me again, and she says this is final."

"Did she say how final?" queried his married friend.



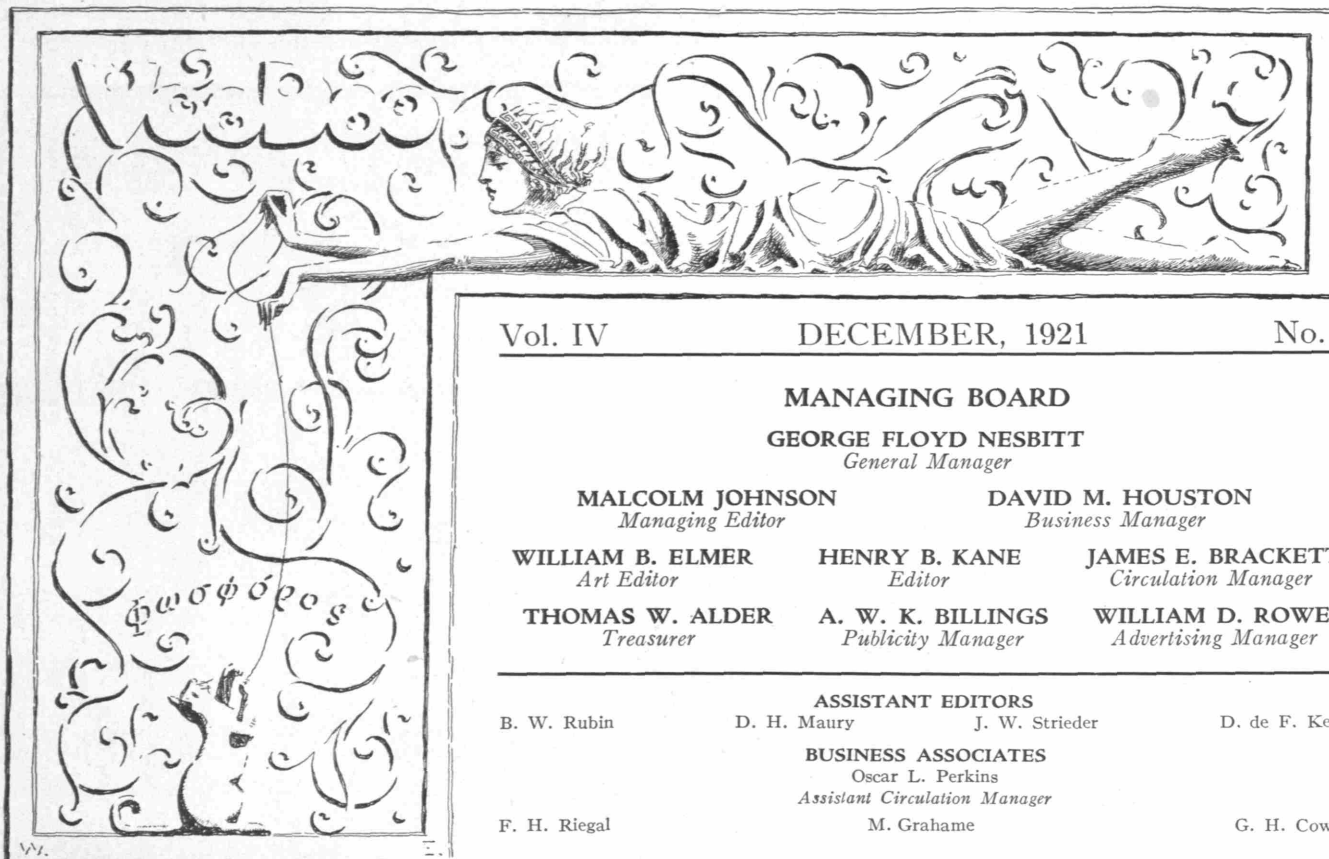
SHE:—"George is helping his father along in the hardware business."

HE:—"How is that?"

SHE:—"Well, he said he had an armful of Sargent locks last night."

No matter how hungry a horse is, he'll never eat a bit.

You can drive a horse to water, but a pencil has got to be lead.



Vol. IV

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 3

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CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE, 4000 COPIES

**N**O doubt, as the new term approaches, our Officers of Administration are casting about in search of one more article on which to levy the customary tax, fine, fee of five dollars. Phosphorus does not know, of course, whether these gentlemen need any suggestions or not. They who in the past year have displayed such a remarkable fertility of invention can scarcely be running short of ideas at this early stage of the game, when there is still no cover charge unpassed in the Walker Dining Room, and no Amusement Tax on Theoret Lectures. But even though our officers may be having no difficulty in hitting on new possibilities, we have a suggestion to make.

Tax the **H**.

Ah-ha, we thought that would appeal to you! You see, there is no reason in the world why it should not be done. It has long seemed to us that there is little justice in that punitive extraction of five dollars for every **F** a student may obtain. He never got his **F** on purpose. Fate interposed, in the form of one too many Dorm Dances, or theatre parties, or trips to Wellesley,

and before the student realizes it, he has flunked the course in which he had vowed to get a **C**. The mind can picture nothing more involuntary.

But with the **H** it is different. Nobody ever got an **H** with his eyes shut. The honor student starts off in a new subject by saying "But, Professor, is that solution correct in case your quantities are invariant over all six branches of a bi-lateral ellipse?" and he keeps that up all term. He gets his **H** as the result of a wilful, knowing, conscious attempt to excel his fellow—a most commendable attempt, too, but nothing that exempts him from helping to bear the financial burdens of the Corporation. The plain fact is, that an **H** is a luxury, and is therefore subject to the usual eight per cent luxury tax. And, as we all know, eight per cent of anything is five dollars.

There you are. The plan seems to us just, logical and necessary. The man who gets an **H** has done a fine thing, but he is still governed by natural law. He has taken his fun where he found it, and (thanks for the line, Rudyard) now he must pay for his fun.



IT is hard necessity that must force a man to give up the work of his choosing before ever he is given the chance to begin it. Illness brought President Nichols face to face with this necessity, and he met it in a spirit whose steadfastness we shall never forget. He reached no half-way decision. Ill-health made it impossible for him to do his work as he wished it to be done: very well, rather than do it incompletely, he would not do it at all.

It is thus that he must have reasoned. A man with any mind less careful, any conscience less rigorous, any spirit less firm, might very well have dodged his

hard decision, and assured himself that somehow, "things would turn out all right." And perhaps they might have — but Dr. Nichols was far too fine a man to rest content with that. This very manner of his going intensifies the grief we feel that he must go.

Those of us who heard or read his splendid inaugural in June said to ourselves, joyfully, "Here is the kind of man we are getting." Those of us who read his letter of resignation in November will say to ourselves with a sorrow that is more than the counterpart of our earlier joy, "Here is the kind of man we are losing."



SOME days ago a storm arose in the Communications Columns of The Tech over the picturization, on one of Voo Doo's advertising posters, of a smiling Oriental figure, at the back of whose shaven head there dangled a queue. Three Chinese students protested jointly, in a letter to The Tech, that this figure, which they assumed to be a fellow-Chinese, was, by reason of his queue, a degrading spectacle to every loyal citizen of the Chinese Republic. The hated queue was abolished in the Revolution of 1911, the letter went on to say, and we should have heard of it. An editorial apology, it was assumed, would be made immediately.

Now, it must here be recorded that the editors of Voo Doo were so innocent of any deliberate offense to Technology's Chinese students, that they were, at first, unwilling to credit the authenticity of this letter. When, however, they learned definitely that they had, all unwitting, chanced upon a painful subject, they took immediate steps towards presenting their regrets to the students they had offended. Rather than wait for the appearance of the next issue, the Publicity Manager of Voo Doo addressed, through The Tech, a letter to the Chinese students, whose first sentence ran as follows:

"As the would-be artist who created the Voo Doo poster picturing a Chinaman with a queue, I feel that a very humble apology is due to any Chinese students who took offense at the drawing."

The letter then went on to explain the genesis of the poster, and to assure the Chinese students that the significance of the offending queue was pictorial, and

not political. "Every would-be artist needs all the help he can get to make his picture real," the letter said. Without the queue no one would have recognized "the cartoon as that of the smiling Chinaman." And then, having given what he supposed was ample explanation, and having tendered a concluding "humble apology," Voo Doo's representative rested from his labors, secure in the belief that he had poured successful oil on the troubled diplomatic waters.

In the following issue of The Tech, a Chinese Student made the following gracious reply:

To the Editor of THE TECH:

In the Dec. 5th issue of your paper, I was exceedingly surprised to find Mr. A. W. K. Billings, Jr., Publicity Manager of the Voo Doo, using the word "Chinamen," in his letter to the editor. The use of the word "Chinaman," however, in place of "Chinese" is a national insult and a serious matter. As a loyal citizen of the Chinese Republic, I certainly do resent such a remark.

Voo Doo is now willing to confess that the nuances of the situation are getting beyond its capacity. The Standard Dictionary of Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls defines the word "Chinaman" simply as "one of the Chinese," and makes no mention of national insults attaching to its use. But then, it is an American Dictionary, and we Americans, so it seems, are a crude, untutored people when it comes to the niceties of international custom and usage. We still have much to learn of Oriental Courtesy.

*Co-ed*:—"How lovely these roses are. There is still some dew on them."

*Ed*:—"I know it, but how the deuce did you."

*Vassar '25*:—"It tells here of the death of my old friend Dart Yaleson . . . peace to his ashes."

*Ditto '24*:—"Oh, is that where he went?"

### Famous Brews

He\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ster's millions

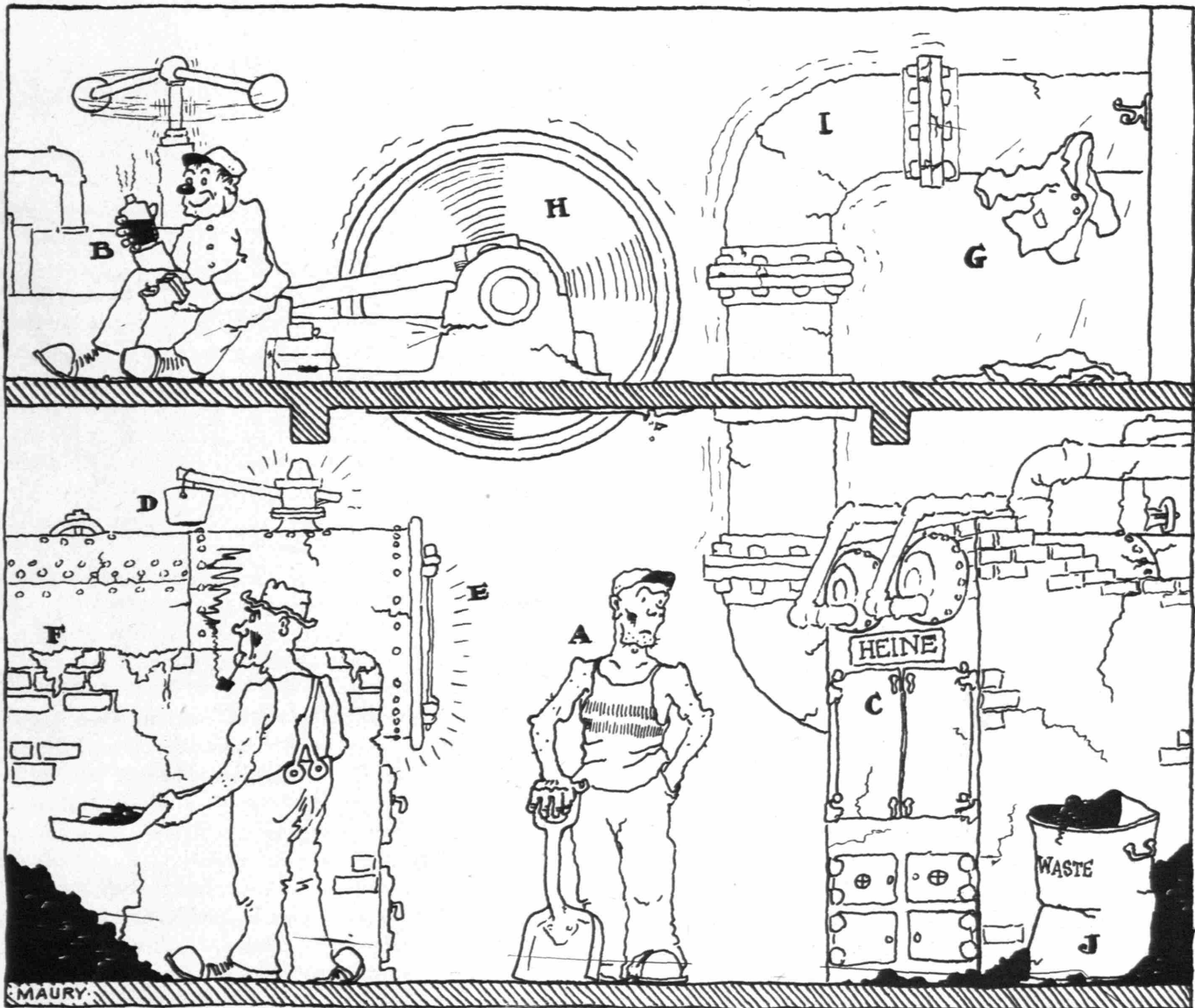
Home\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_nette

You\_\_\_\_\_te

Schlitz

### Supplement to Industrial Engineering Lectures.



- A—Underfed Stoker of the Murphy Type.  
 B—Dryback Scotch.  
 C—Heine Boiler, named in memoriam of its first fireman  
 D—Loaded bucket on safety valve, causing 260 lbs. pressure, also causing:—  
 E—The Tube Sheet to become a BRIGHT CHERRY RED,  
 F—The Brick to melt on the sides of the boiler,

- G—Coats to be shaken from their hooks by the excessive vibration,  
 H—Flywheel about to LET GO, and.  
 I—30-inch Steam Main about to LET GO for, without exaggeration, gentlemen, a length of twenty-five feet.  
 J—Waste Can, into which the instructor jumps to save himself when the whole works blows.

## Everybody Wants a Strong Man.

You, too, can become a perfect specimen of humanity, like illustration. Make yourself physically fit! Don't remain a weakling. Read what this wonderful human being has to say, compare his physique with that of other so-called "strong men" illustrated in this and other magazines, notice the intelligent gleam in his eye beneath the broad, thoughtful forehead — then clip the coupon below and send it to us.



STANISLAW NABISCO  
WORLD FAMOUS WRESTLER,

holder of world's championships in several fields, notably that of stone-breaking, says:

"For years I was a weakling. Doctors could do nothing for me. They had given me up as a hopeless

case. Then one night it happened like a flash. I had just croaked another cop. They found me and sent me on a trip for my health up a river. For twenty consecutive years thereafter I was in close contact with some of the world's greatest physical directors, chief among whom was Head Warden O'Brien. My physical development under his tutelage was truly marvelous. In no time I had accomplished the seemingly impossible. As for my food during this period of training; I kept a very simple diet as follows: breakfast, mush; dinner, fried mush; supper, baked mush. My picture testifies more eloquently than words as to the result."

(Signed)

Stanislaw Nabisco

Send for my FREE book entitled "How I Can Obtain Health with Little Energy Expended (voluntarily)." Just check the subjects in the coupon on which you desire special confidential information and send it TODAY enclosing only \$2.37 to help pay postage, etc.

### FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Enclose \$2.37, no checks taken

Mr. O'Brien: Please send me your wonderful book entitled "How I can obtain health with little energy expended (voluntarily)" and special information on the subjects checked below.

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HEAD WARDEN OSCAR O'BRIEN

Health Specialist

Sing Sing Academy

New York

*Courses last from 30 days to 20 years.*

*She* (brilliantly):—"And do they give you any of that absent treatment over at Tech?"

*He* (gladly):—"I'll say they do—I cut four lectures in a row last term."

"I say, old man, you seem to be taking those dinners at the Plaza as a matter of course."

"Really, old thing, I do—a matter of five or six courses."

William Ouschenheim '25



Brilliant Moment in the Passing Show.

(Editor's Note:—This picture was taken before the first rise of the curtain.)

"Isn't this just the dearest place!" cried the sweet young thing as she placed herself delightedly at a table in the Costly Pleasure Hotel.

"How true!" murmured her stalwart companion.

Says the jewelry store proprietor: "You can often tell what the shy male customer is after by the engagement ring in his voice."



### History Class in 1956

*Teacher*:—"Who were the three great men who made America what it is today?"

*Youngster*:—"Washington, Lincoln, and Franklin."

*Teacher*:—"Wrong; Bryan, Volstead, and Pussyfoot Johnson."

"A feller told me the other day that he wuz Irish, and that his folks didn't come from Ireland, and I sez it wuzn't possible, how cum, and he sez they wuz still over there."

### Talking of Her Make-up

"How does she do it?"

"Darn well, I'll say!"



VERY BROWN DERBY:—"What's a synonym for room?"

STILL BROWNER DERBY:—"Rheumatism."

VERY BROWN DERBY:—"No, dub! I didn't ask for the superlative."



# Music and Mellowdrammer

## *Phosphorus attends the play*

To those who agree in thinking that "One Arabian Night" is so excellent that no American film can be said to approach it, we venture to mention the existence of a work of similar perfection; none other than James Thomson's "Weddah and Om-el-Bonain." We hesitate to add that the poem is to be found in the Central Library (of all places!); we hesitate, for it is a fact that whenever Mr. Copithorne (of a Thursday night at Walker) reads from a book of peculiar merit, the volume promptly and permanently disappears from the shelves. The list of victims, if published, would demonstrate more than rudimentary good taste on the part of those who conduct these razzias; it would demonstrate more than rudimentary selfishness. But we are not of those who hope for the worst, and luck is ever a fair lady, no favorite of those who fear to speak of artistry comparable with the kultur of "One Arabian Night." Kultur it is, and of incalculable value, though priced at nothing, or less, by the greedy swagmen of the Reparations Commission. Some Puritan Anglo-Saxon — the adapter, or one John Casey, censor for Boston, mayhap — has visibly placed his sanctifying paw upon it, but Pola Negri has wriggled away as no American star could hope to do. Veritably, she is no undressed girl playing at Queen with an eye to the profits from advertising patented pearls, but (when she chooses) an unholy terror straight from Burton's pages. There is a movement to bar such films as this from the country; if it ever becomes serious, we should be moved to contest it to the best of our ability. Would you?

\* \* \* \* \*

From New York comes the rumor that there is to be a second resident company of "Sally." The like of this has probably never been attempted before, so it has novelty to recommend it, if no more. We admit that we for our part see no more. Mr. Zeigfeld, however, seems to judge otherwise, and Mr. Zeigfeld rarely makes serious mistakes, so it may be that some in the big city would actually welcome such an innovation. If this be so, then leave to them the second cast, and send the present company to visit those of more discrimination. But why discuss the matter? There were many Irenes, but there is only one Sally. (An axiom is never trite.) We would journey to any theatre in Boston to see "One Arabian Night," for Pola Negri is inevitably a part of it (a

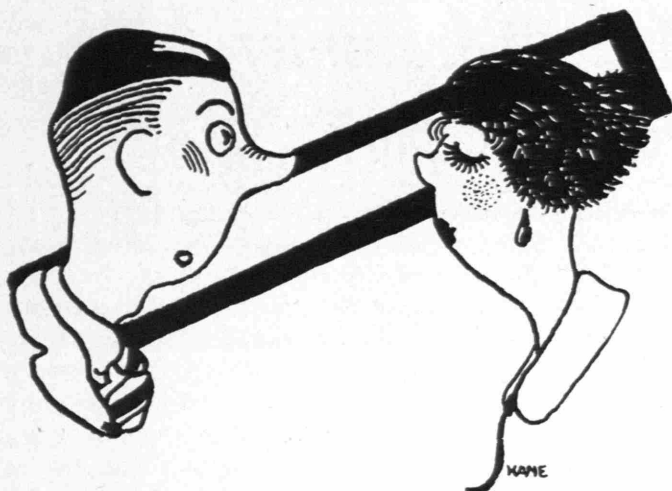
virtue of the films), but we would not go to the best of them for "Sally" without Marilynn Miller. Would you?

\* \* \* \* \*

Someday the remarks that come out of the brown bags will drive us to imitate Oscar Wilde and write fairy-stories (one and the same thing, dear reader). We hate a winter in town, and misery loves company — even bad company — but we drew the line when Harvey told Hortense that he wouldn't take her to The Bohemian Girl because she had just seen La Bohême. Nothing can be more fatuous, even among incipient scabs to whom "tuition" means a sum of money (some three hundred dollars a year), than to know that La Bohême and The Bohemian Girl are the same, without also knowing that they are not the same. It would be flattering by comparison to assume that he merely does not know where the Arlington is to be found, though that in itself is fatuous in the extreme. The way the curtain is handled at the end of a scene is enough to make at least one visit worth while. To be sure, it is merely a convention in other theatres to raise the curtain and show the actors ranged in line, bowing thanks for applause and edging off to the dressing rooms, but none the less it is pernicious, and worse, it is vulgar, to thus display the young lady who has just gone off forever. Once this is realized, the remedy should be self-evident; it is to be seen daily at the Arlington. There, if the curtain rises, well and good; it shows a glimpse of the same scene as well as the same scenery (and sometimes furthers the action remarkably); in any case, the actors appear to make their bows where they belong — before the curtain. Any theatre can do this at will; a slit in the curtain, as at the Opera House, is all that need be provided, and we should like to see it done. Would you?

\* \* \* \* \*

For brother Harvey, it was a mere trifle to suggest that Hortense take up aesthetic dancing. That is just the sort of thing that comes into his head. Something respectable. Sometimes we suspect that his incoherent fluency is the result of bad breeding (in the biological sense) rather than a mere lack of culture. Somehow, Hortense has not responded; perhaps she, too, thinks that such cavorting is — almost always — more suggestive of Fanny Brice than of Pavlova; perhaps she is unwilling to dirty her feet. We haven't asked her. Would you?



"Jack seems to be in a continual mist—a fog."  
 "Yes, I do wish he'd shave off that horrid little moustache."

### Drama

*Place:* A trench in France.

*Time:* Of the war.

*First doughboy:* "This is the best coffee I've had in a long time."

*Second ditto:* "Aw, you poor nut, that's tea!"

*Third, Fifth, Seventh, etc., ditto:* "It's coffee!"

*Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, etc., ditto:* "It's tea!"

*Cook:* "Who wants another cup of cocoa?"

Curtain.

"Are you taking Madeleine to the prom this year?"

"No, she wants to dance all the time."

"If I had known that tunnel was so long, I would have kissed you."

"Good Heavens, wasn't that you?"

*Boarder:*—"Waiter how did that hair get in the apple sauce?"

*Waiter:*—"I really don't know, sir. If there's a hair in the butter we blame it on the cow; and if there's one in the chicken we blame it on the comb; but I don't know how it got in the apple sauce because I picked those apples myself and they were all Baldwins."

As the goat said when it swallowed the mirror,  
 "That's food for reflection."

"I met a feller comin' out of a thirst parlor a while ago and he sez he was feeling like a submarine. Like a submarine, sez I, howzat? I just sank a schooner, sez he."



"Has Heloise's husband a horror of debt?"

"No, she is most happily married."



# Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers  
Bakers, Candy Makers, Coffee Roasters  
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Wholesale Warehouse and Main Office:  
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## O. P. M.

We could write pages about this rare good pipe tobacco, telling you of its fragrance, its mildness, its satisfying flavor, its freedom from bite or sting, but your pipe, a match, a puff and a pull will tell you the whole story. Descriptions are only words, but O.P.M. is a *SMOKE*. If you don't use it, you're missing something.

2-oz. tins 35 cents	8-oz. tins \$1.25
4-oz. tins 65 cents	16-oz. tins 2.50

*More than Fifty Years  
in the Grocery Business*

# Automobile Service and Garage

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*Day and Night Service*

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## Blomquist and Howes

Shoe and Leather Building  
16 Amherst St., Cambridge

Next to M. I. T. Dorms

*Carry*—"Why did kings tap men on their heads when they knighted them?"

*Tarry*—"Perhaps the stars made the knights more realistic."  
—*Widow.*

---

*Felix*—"Are the pictures in the rogues' gallery framed?"

*Eyeted*—"Yes, in guilt!"  
—*Tiger.*

---

*Prof.* (calling roll):—"Smith!"

*Smith*:—"Here."

*Prof.* (to whole class):—"Are you all here?"

*Smith*:—"Practically."

—*Punch Bowl*

---

### Faith

*Frosh* (statistically enquiring):—"When is a young lady not a lady?"

*Senior* (yawning):—"Usually."

—*Octopus*

---

*Archie*:—"Oh, yes, I have quite a reputation as a lady killer."

*Maud*:—"I suppose you bore them to death."

—*Yale Record*

### Whither Bound, Cupid

"When I married you I thought you were an angel."

"So, that's why you never buy me any clothes."

—*Sun Dial*

---

### Fire At Will

*Lawyer Brown*:—"Have ah made mah point, yore honor?"

*Judge White*:—"You have, nigger, shoot again."

—*Jack o'Lantern*

---

*Frat*:—"We have a new dish-washer at the house."

*Frater*:—"How so?"

*Frat*:—"I noticed the difference in the finger prints on my plate."

—*Froth*

---

She smokes cigarettes, she even has her own case and holder, occasionally she sips at a cocktail. She wears her socks low and her skirts high. She is the symbol of a good time.

But, damn it, she won't go out with anyone but her own husband.

—*Jester*

## STOCK TAKING SALE

===== ONE MONTH ONLY =====

ALL MERCHANDISE AT OR BELOW COST

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Handkerchiefs . . . . . 15c. now 8c.

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GIVE US A TRIAL

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**I**f you have never written a Limerick here's a sample that will show you how it goes. For additional information, communicate with the Limerick Editor of VOO DOO.



**HOW NICE OF HER!**  
A freshman, by name David Rex,  
Went a-courting a girl who wore specs.  
With her specs she saw Dave  
Was in need of a shave,  
So she gave Rex a Durham-Duplex.

# DURHAM-DUPLEX

## Intercollegiate Limerick Contest

### \$200

For the Best Limericks containing the words "DURHAM-DUPLEX"

First Prize	. \$100.00 in cash
Second Prize	. 50.00 in cash
Third Prize	. 25.00 in cash
Fourth Prize	. 15.00 in cash
Fifth Prize	. 10.00 in cash

In addition to these prizes we will give a *Durham-Duplex "Demonstrator"* to every student who sends in a limerick. The Durham-Duplex "Demonstrator" shaves just as well as the regular Dollar model—the same diagonal stroke and the same double-edged, detachable, hollow-ground blades, the longest, strongest keenest blades on earth.

*For the Best Illustration of any Limerick we will give an Additional Prize of \$25.00*

### Open to ALL Undergraduate Students

This is your opportunity to show your ingenuity and cleverness and also to earn some money. For any effort you will receive the best razor you ever shaved with.

There are a thousand subjects, right in your own college life, among your classmates, that make good material for this form of verse. But your subjects do not have to be taken from college incidents. Any theme that is witty, novel or humorous is acceptable. Limericks that contain the actual names or nicknames of fellow students, or that reflect upon members of the faculty, are not eligible. *It should be clearly understood that all limericks must mention the Durham-Duplex.*

From time to time the best limericks submitted will be published in connection with this advertising. We cannot promise to print *all* limericks submitted but we will print as many as possible.

### Contest Begins At Once—Get Busy!

The winners will be chosen at the end of the college year and the announcement will be made in the Commencement issue.

All communications must be written on one side of the sheet only. Write your full name, name of college and college year at top of sheet. Send all communications to the **LIMERICK EDITOR** of The VOO DOO.

### DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.

Jersey City, New Jersey

Factories

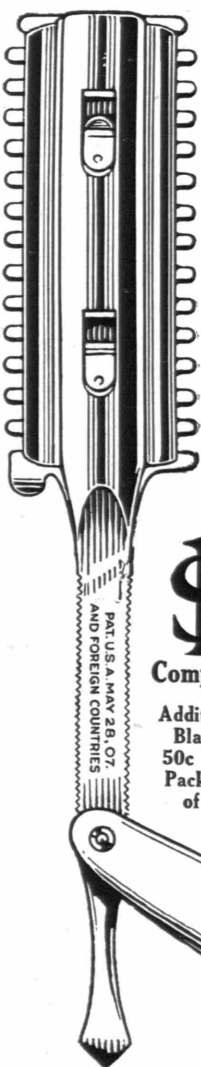
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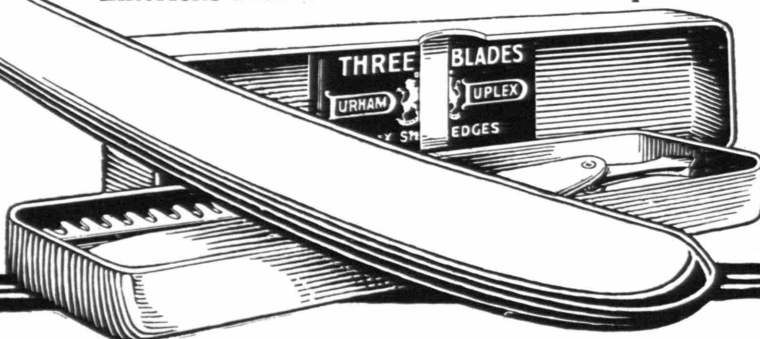
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**\$**  
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TECH BRANCH HARVARD COOP.



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**F**AMED among travelers, everywhere, the Congress has come to be looked upon as a national institution. Here one meets the foreign ambassador, the captain of industry, the Eastern prince, the opera star—all those who know and appreciate the art of hospitality.

Peacock Alley and the Pompeian Room are known internationally, and famous are the banquet halls and ballrooms—the Gold Room, the Elizabethan Room, the Florentine Room, the Louis XVI Room.

Then, too, the excellence of its cuisine, the service of its exceptional corps of attachés, its superb appointments—all have made for the supremacy of the Congress.



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MICHIGAN AVENUE AT CONGRESS STREET  
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## C. S. CUNNINGHAM & SONS

CONSTRUCTION COMPANY



LITTLE BUILDING

**BOSTON**

MASS.

A street car's just like a woman —  
I think that you'll not find me wrong —  
Let this one go and you'll find out  
There'll be another along.

In the wee small hours of the morning  
When midnight has long been past —  
There's not so many running around —  
Oh, no, but they go twice as fast.

—Froth

*Mandy*:—"Rastus, you-all reminds me of one of dere flyin' machines."

*Rastus*:—"Cause I'se a high-flyer, Mandy?"

*Mandy*:—"No, 'cause you ain't no good on earth!"

—Tiger

### Love All

Mary was a tennis hound.  
She walloped us with ease.  
Our mind forsook the game because  
Her dainty dimpled . . . . elbows  
Kept peeping out a bit below  
Her prettiest silk . . . . shirtwaist.

—Widow

# THE COOP

Runs a Jewelry Shop for you. We have a large and varied assortment of distinctively M. I. T. Jewelry made up to order.

Rings, both silver and gold, with M. I. T. seal in cardinal red and gold or self color.....	\$2.00 to \$9.00
Brooch Pins, three sizes, either plate or gold.....	.85 to 4.00
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Lavalliere, black enamel with pearls.....	8.50 to 10.00
Vanity Cases.....	2.50 to 8.50
Bracelet.....	1.50 to 4.50
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Bar Pins.....	1.75 to 6.50
Cuff Links.....	3.75
Cigarette Cases.....	3.00 to 7.50
Knives.....	3.00 to 5.00
Fobs.....	.75 to 12.00

Some of these things you would not use yourself, but your sister or the other fellow's sister might, you know.

**Tech Branch, 79 Mass. Ave.**

## Life's Hard Knocks

*First Servant:*—"How did your one eyebrow wear out?"

*Second Servant:*—"Well, you see at our place they have rough door-knobs."

—Lyre

## Collegiate Questions

*M. I. T.:*—"What were your marks last year?"

*Harvard:*—"What's your social standing?"

*Williams:*—"What make is your car?"

*N. Y. U.:*—"What's your religion?"

*Yale:*—"How much can you hold?"

*Princeton:*—"What show is she in?"

*Syracuse:*—"How much are they paying you?"

*Springfield:*—"How long have you been married?"

*Cornell:*—"Do you favor co-education?"

*Union:*—"Have you had any electrical experience?"

—Royal Gaboon

## Tough Luck

'21:—"What's the big idea of the tears, frosh?"

'24:—"My landlady just fell down the stairs."

'21:—"Oh, cheer up, she'll recover all right."

'24:—"I know, but it just seems that I can't be around when there is any fun going on."

—Collegiate World

Telephone, Copley 1934-J

OPEN EVENINGS

## LEO HIRSH

**Clothier, Haberdasher, Hatter**

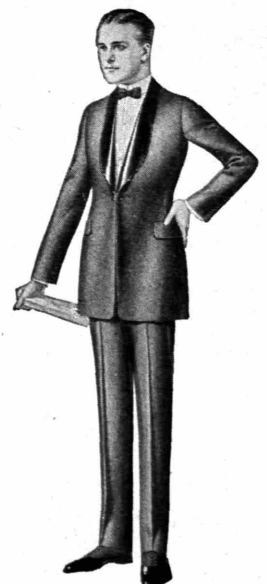
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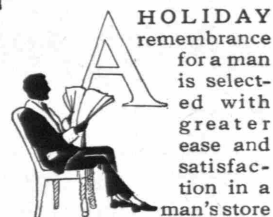
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HOLIDAY remembrance for a man is selected with greater ease and satisfaction in a man's store

Plenty of holiday gifts—attractive in design and prices.

Plain and mounted wallets and pocket leather goods.

Bags, suitcases, mufflers, gloves, canes, umbrellas, and all the essentials of men's dress.

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**BROKAW BROTHERS**  
1457-1463 BROADWAY  
AT FORTY-SECOND STREET

# PATTON'S SUN-PROOF PAINTS PITCAIRN AGED VARNISHES *Proof* PRODUCTS PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE AND WINDOW GLASS · MIRRORS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES



### Obliging

*Old Lady* (to newsboy):—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

*Newsie*:—"No, mum, but I kin give yer a cigarette if you want one."

—*Sun Dodger*

### Putting It Fairly

*Little Willie*:—"Pass me the butter."

*Mother* (reproachfully):—"If what, Willie?"

*Willie*:—"If you can reach it."

—*Gargoyle*

### Nothing Unusual

"A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar;

Why did you not make haste?"

"Sorry, sir," the pupil said,

"But there's a girl in the case."

—*Punch Bowl*

### The Bostonian Labyrinth

A man moved to Boston with his family. His wife had insisted on lugging her pet cat along. The poor man stood the pesky thing as long as he could, then one dark foggy night he determined to get rid of it, by gently dropping it in the sea which was but a couple of blocks from his home. He started out with the clawing feline by the nap of the neck and headed for the sea and he walked and walked and walked. And did he lose the cat?

"Lose the cat nothing," he commented later. "I never would have got home, if I hadn't followed the cat."

—*Tiger*

### A Girl I Would Like To Meet

One who hasn't read "The Sheik."

Who doesn't ask if she is the first girl you have ever kissed.

Who doesn't meet you at the door with her hat on.

Who hasn't heard my jokes.

Who doesn't smoke all my cigarettes.

Who can talk about something besides the men she knows and the "helluva" time they show her.

Who doesn't think she is a "big timer."

Who wears enough clothes to leave something to the imagination.

Who doesn't know everybody in the University.

She could have my heart and fraternity pin.

—*Punch Bowl*

'24:—"I hear there are two classes claiming Jenks."

'25:—"Must be a popular boy!"

'24:—"Yes, the Juniors claim he is a Senior and the Seniors claim he is a Junior."

—*Froth*

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On or about the middle of February VOO DOO will present the Female Number, the contents of which will be entirely feminine done. Contributions for this number will be welcomed from the inmates of every woman's college, prep school, finishing school and other semi-educational institutions, as well as from our own co-eds.

Suitable prizes will be awarded for the best work in art and literature, particulars of which will appear later in the Tech. For further information address VOO DOO, 309 Walker Memorial, Cambridge, Mass. Send all contributions to that address also.

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Meanwhile, if you can think of nothing else to send her for the holidays, may we not call your attention to the usual coupon in the southwest corner.

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"Why, you're only blind in one eye!"

"Well, make it a nickel then."

—*Lampoon*

**Pro Patria Mortui**

"Here's to woman — once our superior, now our equal."

—*Purple Cow*

*Nai*:—Why is Algy so sunburned? Didn't know he went out for athletics.

*Eve*:—Doesn't; his bed in on the sunny side of the porch.

—*Chaparral*.

**The Maiden's Prayer**

Now I lay me  
 Down to sleep,  
 With a box of  
 Chocolates at my feet.  
 If I should die  
 Before I wake  
 I'll know darn well  
 It was the  
 Stomach ache.

—*Gargoyle*.

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"Don't you think her limbs are ah—ah poetic," asked the Poet as he gazed at the retreating form.

"Yes, I've been scanning them myself," replied the Mere Man as he walked thoughtfully away.

—Gargoyle.

### Auto-Matically

*Multi Millions*:—"Is your son home from college?"

*Well Thye*:—"I presume so. I haven't seen my car for a week."

—Orange Owl.

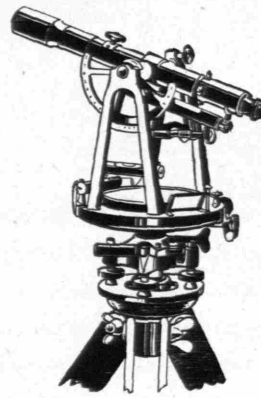
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"Did you know that Freddie talks in his sleep?"

"No."

"Well, it's true; he recited in class this morning."

—Phoenix.

*She*:—"My, it's hot: I believe I'll take off my coat."

*He*:—"I'll follow suit."

*She*:—"I think your coat will do."

—The Squib

Lately, there have been a large number of bird lovers pursuing the study of "beautiful eggs" in the library.

—Gargoyle.

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"I'm working hard to get ahead,"  
To her dad he murmured sadly.  
"I'm glad to see it," he replied,  
"You surely need one badly."

—Tiger.

# MAGAZINED—

## As Each Would Do It

*Snappy Stories*:—"Slowly her sinuous arms crept seductively about his shoulders and around his neck, as Nedra, with a world of passion in her languorous eyes, held up her voluptuous red lips to be kissed.

*Smart Set*:—"With her lingerie draped in charming abandon and daring décolleté, Esme rose from her escritoire and walked toward him with utter sang froid, placed her arms about his shoulders and, casting convention to the wind, whispered, "Mon cher."

*Saturday Evening Post*:—"She flung her arms about his brawny shoulders and sighed softly, "Kiss me, dear."

*Century*:—"Placing her arms about him in a palpably comprising position, she enunciated, "Let us osculate."

—Punch Bowl

*Bob*:—"What kind of a girl is Evangeline?"

*Ned*:—"She is the kind of a girl who asks you why the basement windows of gymnasiums are always frosted."

—Phoenix



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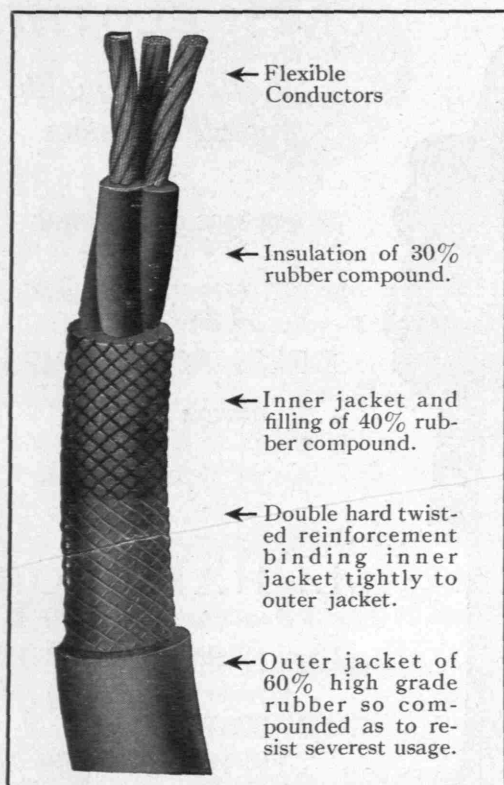
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*Dumb*:—"I saw a negro funeral today and behind the hearse walked a number of mourners with pails."

*Bell*:—"Why the pails?"

*Dumb*:—"Going blackburying."

—Bearskin

"You say Oscar doesn't walk along Franklin Street anymore at night?"

"No; he was on his way home the other night; the clock had just struck twelve when he started to whistle — and six latchkeys hit him on the head."

—Jay

### A Rare One

I once knew  
A girl  
Who was so modest  
That she wouldn't  
Even do  
Improper fractions.

—Carolina Tar Baby

### Mother Goose Revamped

Mary had a little limb,  
She realized the fact —  
That's why she wore her dresses long,  
She showed a lot of tact.

—Virginia Reel

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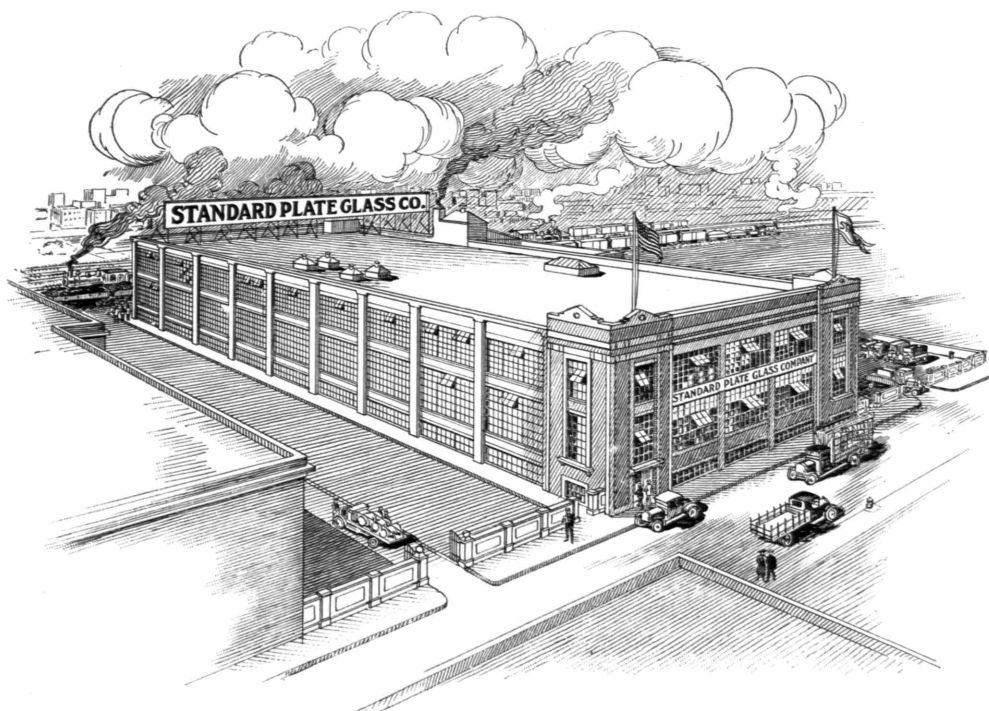
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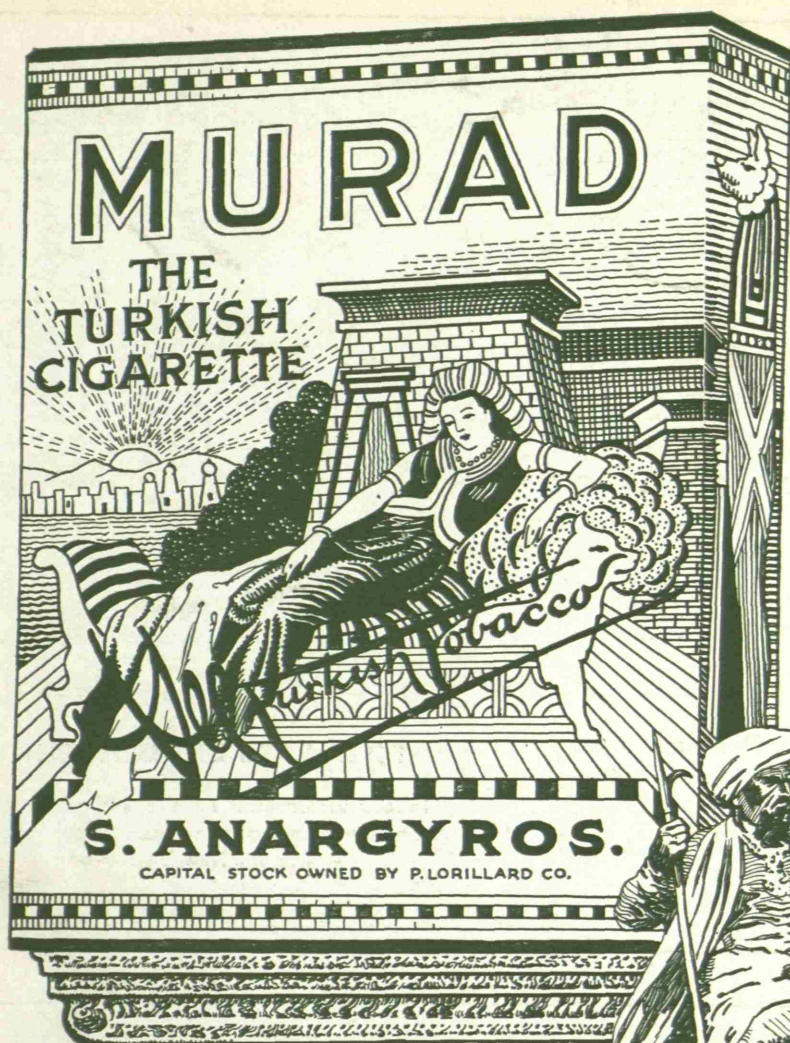
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