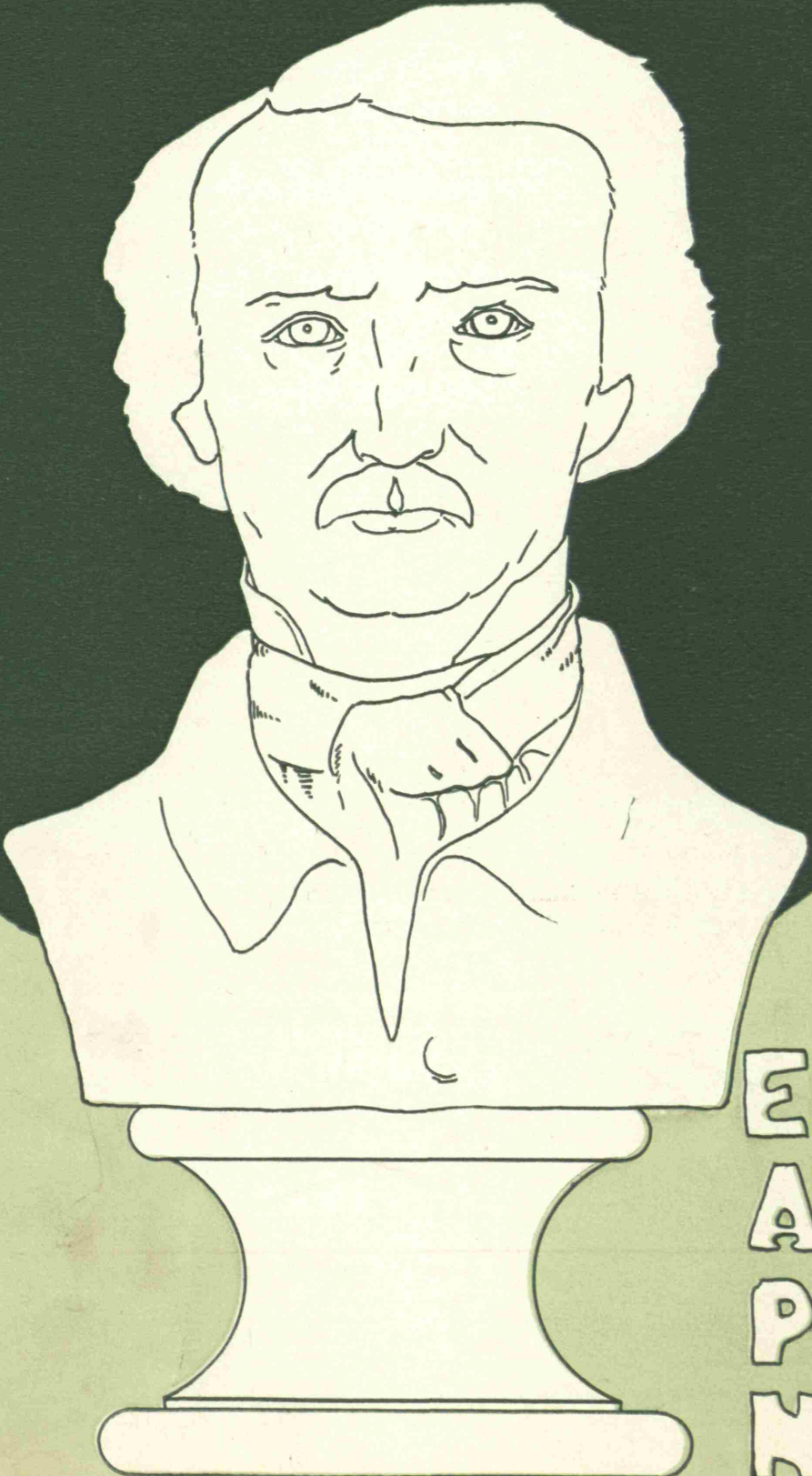


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The
Massachusetts Institute
of
Technology
Cambridge

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

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

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Mid the unique surroundings of
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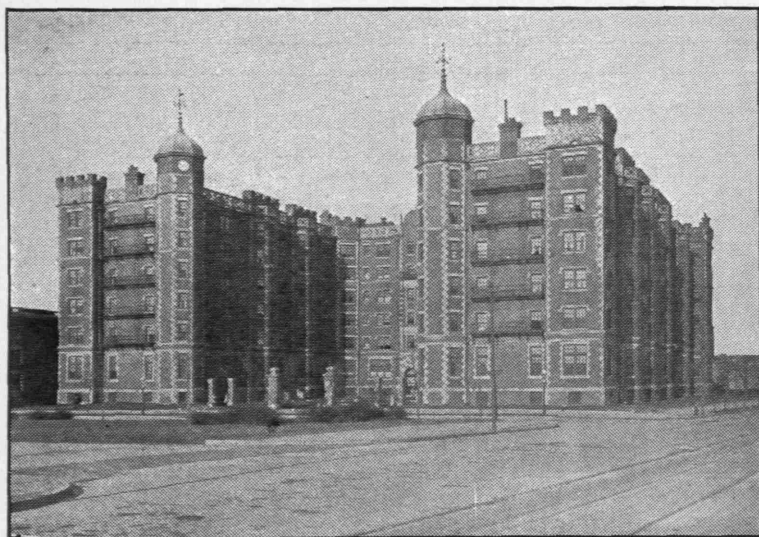
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Excellent Café

Table d'Hote and à la Carte

Special facilities for Banquets, Luncheons and Assemblies

Menu Submitted

Phone Cambridge 2680

William W. Davis, Manager

"Is he lazy?"

"Lazy? Say, that fellow rides in a Ford car in order to save the effort of knocking the ashes off his cigar."

—Gargoyle

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously."

"You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail."

—Tiger

A Financial Leak

Her Husband:—"Had your shopping bag stolen with all your money in it, did you? Why didn't you keep the roll in the Stocking Bank?"

Mrs. Smarte:—"Cause there was a run on the bank."

—Judge

There Was No Mistake

Tired worker:—"Boss, is you got a nigger on your book name Simpson?"

Boss:—"Yeah. What about it?"

T. W.:—"Wal, Is'e dat nigger, boss—I jest thought you done had it down Sampson."

—Virginia Reel

ESTABLISHED 1818

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LITTLE BUILDING

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We have made Substantial Reductions in Prices
throughout our Stock of Ready-made and Custom Clothing



THE LITTLE BUILDING
TREMONT, COR BOYLSTON STREET

Senior:—"Well, Frosh, how do you like the room I picked out for you?"

Frosh:—"Oh, the room is all right, but I don't like my bedfellow."

Senior:—"Why not? Does he snore?"

Frosh:—"No, he doesn't snore, he bites."

—Awwgan

Professor X:—"Who's there?"

Burglar:—"Lie still and keep quiet. I'm looking for money."

Professor X:—"Wait, and I'll get up and look with you."

—Orange Peel

But Not Difficult

Mother of one:—"I understand that your son is taking medicine."

Mother of another:—"Yes, he writes that he is taking a stiff course."

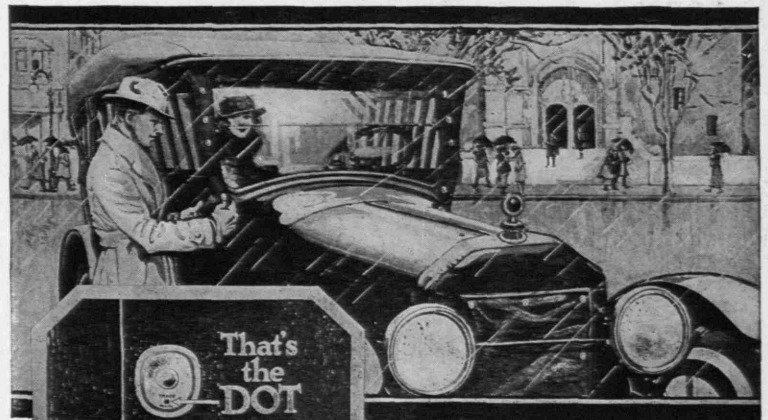
—Jack o' Lantern

Then The Battle Began

Biggles:—"Did I ever tell you what a fright I got on my wedding day?"

Wiggles:—"Tut, tut, man; you shouldn't speak that way of your wife."

—Gargoyle



LIFT ^{TRADE} the DOT _{MARK}

Fasteners

Tech men should all know the "Lift the Dot" fastener. It appeals to engineers, because it has been proven the most efficient fastener. It fastens and unfastens easier and quicker than buttons, buckles or clasps and holds more securely.

CARR FASTENER CO.

31 AMES STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Makers of the "Dot" Line of Fasteners



MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs. "How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

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

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX
of 10 — BUT THEY'RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

"Judge for Yourself—!"

*Special attention is called
to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes*

S. Anargyros

*Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World*

In College

or on the way there—



a Student appreciates that quality in his Clothes which will take a lot of punishment and come back good as ever.

That quality we supply.

**MACULLAR PARKER
COMPANY**
400 WASHINGTON STREET
The Old House with the Young Spirit

Out Of Luck

"Is Mrs. Palmy at home?"

New Hired Man (answered bell):—"I'm sorry, ma'am, but the missus is taking a bath."

"I'm sorry."

"Well, ma'am, it can't be helped. You might come around every day for a year and never catch her at it again."

—*Judge*

Dad's View

The Pastor:—"So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly."

Dolly (brightly):—"Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from. I heard daddy say so."

—*Tid-Bits*

Hogan:—"Phwat's become av Pat?"

Grogan:—"The poor felly mistook an auto horn for the noon-whistle an' stopped work crossin' the strate."

—*Drexer*

An old lady, after waiting in a confectionery store for about ten minutes, grew grossly impatient at the lack of service.

Finally, she rapped sharply on the counter.

"Here, young lady," she called, "who waits on nuts?"

—*Everybody's*



WHEN your hatter recommends Stetson, he is interested not only in affording you genuine satisfaction, but also in having his customers numbered among the really well dressed men in the community.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

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RUDYARD KIPLING has given the world these immortal lines:

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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INTELLIGENT INFORMATION?
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ARTHUR C. KENISON, '19

185 Devonshire St.
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School of Life Insurance
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It looks like a "Goodyear"

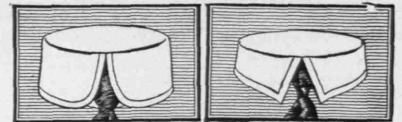
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GOODYEAR SERVICE STATION
 Auto Tires and Tubes—Vulcanizing

Opposite Tech. Bldgs.

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CONSCIOUSNESS of a fault in some part of our dress can mar even the most promising of evenings. It is possible to place your collar, at least, among the dependable things.



LOGWOOD

ZELWOOD

EW

Collars & Shirts

EARL & WILSON, TROY, N. Y.

"You cannot shake your shimmie here"
 She saw upon the sign.
 She pouted, shook the blamed thing out
 And hung it on the line.

—Sun Dodger

Bounder:—"What are all those trunks doing over there by the stage door?"

Rounder:—"Why, those are the chorus girls' clothes."

Rounder:—"Let's go to another show."

—Brown Jug

Absolutely

"What was Eve made for?"

"Adams Express Co."

—Lehigh Burr

One:—"Wonder why he calls his girl "baby.""

Other:—"He says she keeps him up half the night."

—Panther

He:—"What did you think of the Turkish atrocities?"

He-he:—"I don't know; I never smoked them."

—Punch Bowl

Must Be She Sparked

He:—"Why do they call Alice 'Third Rail'?"

2nd He:—"I guess it is because she can't be touched."

—Banter

It's Called a Faux Pas

He:—"I certainly paid for this little visit with you. I had to cut five classes and spend my last cent for car fare."

She:—"Did you?"

He:—"Yes, I certainly was crazy to come and see you."

—Widow

Voodoo





Nightmare after reading Poe.



Voodoo



FURTHER LINES TO THE DINING-ROOM STAFF

(News item) **The management of the dining-room has been changed.**

Ladies, a number of months ago,
I, from the depths of a tortured soul,
Begged and besought you, as you know,
To make a change in your daily rôle.
Freighted with sobs was the voice which I
In my despair, essayed to raise;
And this was the burden of my cry:
"Nix on Spaghetti, Milanaise!"

You heard, but you chose to give no sign;
You hardened your hearts, and you stopped your ears;
You never knew that those words of mine
Were words as inspired as any seer's.
I weep no longer—my eyes are dry;
I see ahead of me, better days;
You have been fired, and I know why:
Too much Spaghetti, Milanaise!

Thus did the fates their gifts allot;
You've merited what has come to you.
You should have listened to me and not
Attempted to feed us on paste and glue.
So happily then, I say farewell;
Toddle along, be on your ways—
And pardon me if I should say, "To hell
With all your Spaghetti, Milanaise!"

Whoever succeeds you, will, if wise,
And will, if wishing successful days,
Listen to me when I advise:
"Nix on Spaghetti, Milanaise!"

He:—"If you don't marry me, I'll go and hang myself in your front garden."

She:—"Oh, don't do that! Father doesn't like anybody hanging about."

Practice Makes Perfect

It was Christmas morning and the church was crowded. Many were standing, so mother said to her darling boy, "Willie, you must sit on my lap to make room for someone else to sit down."

Willie's face soured. He looked at his mother and then at his big sister Ruth who was chatting constantly with the handsome young chap by her side. "No, mother," spoke up Willie, "I do not want to sit on your lap. (In a loud voice.) "Let Ruth sit on Mr. Jones' lap. They were practicing it last night."



The Gold Bug

Outline of Soph. Signal Corps Lectures

First Lecture

List of Information Groups.

Second Lecture

List of Information Groups.

Definition of Military Information.

Third Lecture

List of Information Groups.

Definition of Military Information.

Organization of the whole Army.

Fourth Lecture

List of Information Groups.

Definition of Military Information.

Organization of the whole Army.

Establishment of Signal Corps Service.

Fifth Lecture

List of Information Groups.

Definition of Military Information.

Organization of the whole Army.

Establishment of Signal Corps Service

The Message Center.

Nobody heard the rest of the Lectures.

Morpheus regnabat.



"No, Eloise, no gentleman uses perfume except as a beverage."

Ode to a Brick

Ah! Brick, thou symbol of perfection;
Aurora of Hibernian Confetti!
Thy tracery of parabolic arches
Inspires me to these loving *canzonette*.

(If while arguing a question
Your opponent's head is thick
Why the best way to persuade him
Is to hit him with a brick.)

Ah! Brick, thou acme of compassion,
Thy rosy rugged awkward shapeliness
O'erpowers age and youth alike with vigor
Yet with such winsome loving tenderness.

(If at night a dog is howling
Far out of range of human kick
Why just gently raise the window
And fan him with a brick.)

Ah! Brick, thou stern remand to duty
Très net, très sec, thou fliest home from out
The pale of mystic nowhere, lighting true
(We hope). One must behave with thee about.

(If your wife will not stop talking
When you're feeling tired and sick
What's the use of losing patience?
Why just kiss her with a brick.)



"You said you would die for me."
"Yes, dearest."
"Then why couldn't I drive your car last night?"

Blood Will Tell

A Melodrama in One Act.

RABID DELASKO presents his latest melodrama—**BLOOD WILL TELL**. Mr. Delasko says that this is the culmination of his life work, unsurpassable in Technique and Rendition.

“Comparable only to the Tech Show”

—*Le Tek*.

“Indescribable”

—*Police Gazette*.

The cast includes every noteworthy star known to the American and Armenian stage; including De Valera, Bean Durton, Babe Ruth, Bebe Daniels, and W. J. Bryan.

BLOOD WILL TELL

Synopsis of Scenes.

All action occurs in Chateau d'Armour, Bldg. 10.

Scene 1. Lady KOKO'S boudoir—3:30 P. M.

Scene 2. Garden—10 o'clock.

Scene 3. Great Hall—midnight.

Dramatis Personnae.

SEBASTIAN KOKO, Lord of the Manor.....

Halter Rumpys

LADY KOKO, His Magnetic Wife..... Tek Co-ed

LEWANDO, a servant..... Breedan Hosmer

Three Chatels Bean Durton

All extraneous Douie Lerr

Ally Kerrill

WIND..... S. Pofford

Scene 1.

Boudoir tastily furnished in pink lingerie, large four-poster bed in one corner. Chaise lounge and chairs. LADY KOKO seated at dressing table.

Curtain rises as MADAME is reading a letter.

(Enter LEWANDO.)

Ahem! (LADY KOKO starts.) It grieves me to inform your Ladyship that the Grandee is without.

LADY KOKO. Feed him and send him up. Be off!

(Exit LEWANDO)

LADY KOKO. To have, to hold, to love! Ah, woe is me to be hooked up with such a man—a husband who is not a husband. A man who is not man. He always thinks in terms of F—fish, fruit, Fatima,

flappers! Oh, would I were rid of him!! I shall poison every cask of Vichy in the house.

(Exit left center)

(Enter THREE CHATELS)

BEAN DURTON. We laugh, and flirt, and sing, and smoke.

DOUIE LERR. We never pay our bills.

ALLY KERRILL. We vote each morn, each noon, each night.

ALL THREE. For we're three terrible pills!

(Exeunt turning hand springs)

(Enter LADY KOKO nervously)

I have done the deed. Stand by me, nerve, and ere the wingèd sun shall climb o'er yon peak, he shall be dead, dead, dead. (Looks down and sees blotch on her escutcheon.) Curses, a thousand curses! (Rubs escutcheon.) Out, damned spot!

LADY KOKO. Lips that touch a Cigaroot, shall never rest beneath my snoot.

(Curtain)

Scene 2.

WIND..... S. Pofford

Garden. No lights hence nothing can be seen of setting.

WIND. OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

WIND. OOOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOOO

WIND. OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOOO

Unseen Voice. You may not see the point for a minute, but the play wouldn't be if he wasn't in it.

Scene 3.

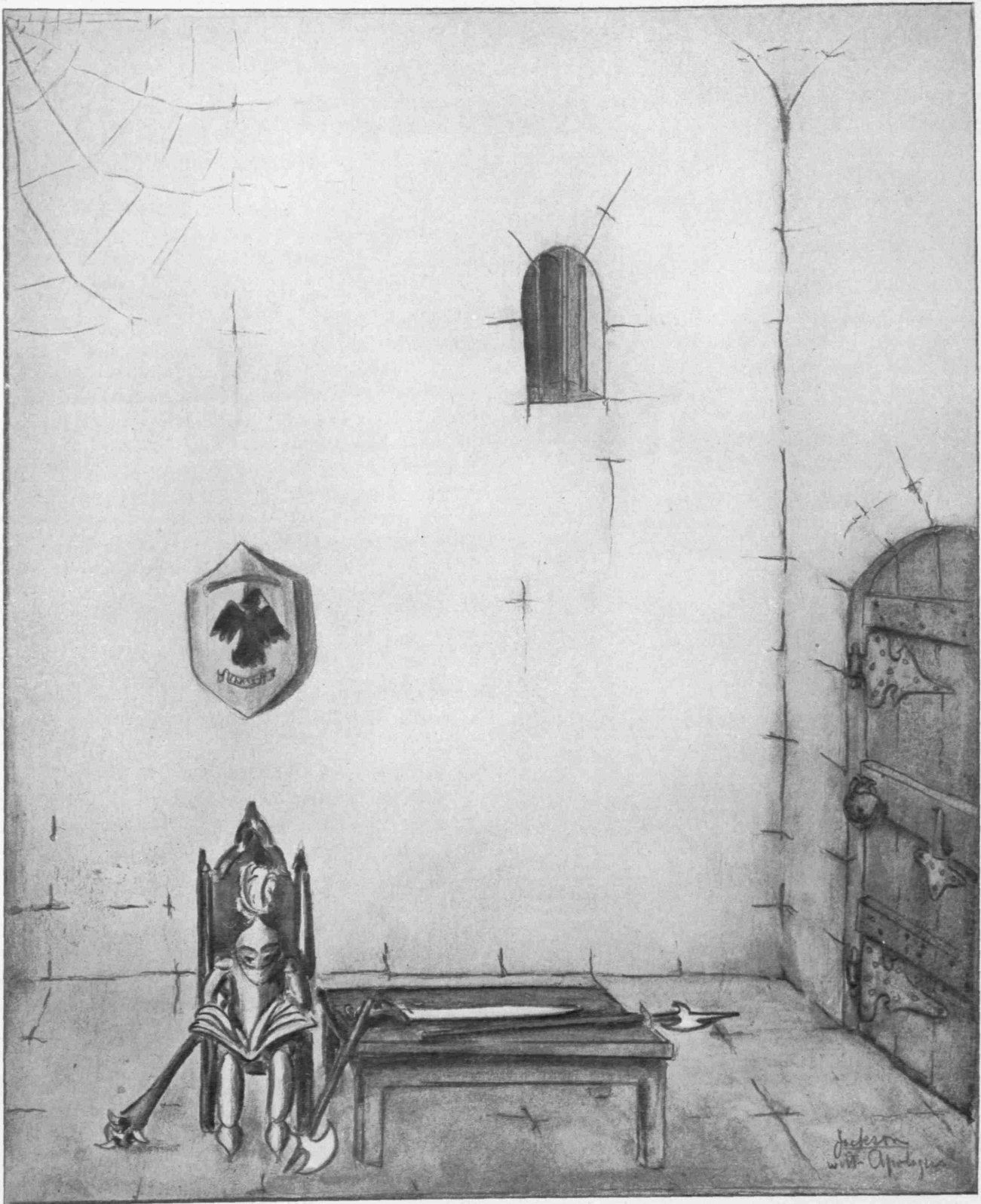
BEAN DURTON. 8400, 8400 8400 F's. F's to the right of me, F's to the left. 2.8 to the man, 2.8 to the man—it should have been three, it should have been three.

LORD KOKO. Things are in a sorry plight. 165 of my motley army have left me by request, but the rest—I see no chance to be done with them. Some have been with me for three or four years, too long, too long.

DOUIE LERR. Eight thousand four hundred at five dollars per makes forty-two thousand—a small sum, I'm sure.

(All weep)

(Curtain)



Sir Henry Reads Poe

**The Unpardonable Sin
or
Better Late Than Never**

A Great Drama of Human Passion

Feeble gleams of amber-tinted light made their way through the tightly-drawn blind and the rich decorations and profuse furniture seemed to merge into shapeless masses in the artificial twilight of the hyacinth-scented chamber. At the farthest end of the room, scarcely visible amid great heaps of cushions, lay the tragic figure of a woman, her hair dishevelled, her features distorted with the varying emotions of one who, prey to the whims of an adverse destiny gives way to temperament and the furious outward demonstration of despair.

Geraldine had failed to have a wish fulfilled for the first time in her life, and her outbursts of temper were exactly what one might have expected from a blase society girl, an orphan brought up by a cynical aunt who had pillaged Geraldine's fortune while acting as her guardian and cicerone.

All attempts to soothe her had been in vain. Her aunt retired philosophically into her room and the timid offers of Yvette, Geraldine's French maid who had tremblingly suggested a highball as a nerve tonic, ended with the crash of a cut-glass flask against the opposite wall. Yvette's flight was followed by Bijou, Geraldine's pet pomeranian, who hardly thought it safe to stay in the same room with its moody owner.

For a long time the silence and the quietness of the room were only occasionally disturbed by a sob, coming from where grief-stricken Geraldine lay, worn out, her bosom heaving under her rich Brussels lace negligee.

Suddenly a commotion began in the dim and quiet house; the suavely protesting tones of the butlers mingled with the imperative voice of a young man. Doors slammed below, steps rang out upon the stairs, and a man dashed madly into the room. Lost in the sudden darkness of the chamber, Bob, for it was no other, hesitated for a few moments. When his eyes had become accustomed to the heavy half-dusk of the room, he saw the erect figure of Geraldine there in front of him.

"Gerry," he commenced, but she interrupted him.

"It's all over!" she cried tragically, with clenched hands, "isn't it enough that I returned your telegram unopened, that I tear up your letters...." She collapsed in a limp heap on the thick Persian rug as the impotence of her rage overcame her. He bent over her, and the touch of his hand on her shoulder seemed to revive her.

"To think," she screamed, "that YOU, you, you... of all persons would do that! Do you think that I would deign to go to your house-party and the Prom? You invited me there...you sent me candy and flowers...and neglect the one thing I cannot live without. It's all over...our engagement is broken!"

"Gerry dear," pleaded Bob, "listen for a minute, dear. I neglected your wish, perhaps, but it was because I did not then know what it was...you never told me. Fool that I was, that I could not guess!"

(Continued on page 31)



"Why so sad, Diogenes?"
"I was going thru Harvard Square looking for an honest man, and alas, some one stole my lantern."

Vol 3 FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 4

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HIS is the Edgar Allan Poe number. If you doubt it, re-peruse the cover, where you will find the fact stated in incontrovertible terms. Very well, that's settled. This is the Edgar Allan Poe number. Having proved our point we wish only to direct your attention to this: the cottage at Fordham in which, for some years Poe lived, and in which he wrote "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee," is in danger of destruction. Twenty thousand dollars is necessary to save one of America's most precious literary shrines. Phosphorus submits that it will be shameful if the home of the man who was, almost indisputably, America's greatest poet, is not to be preserved, as recognition however tardy, of how much we now appreciate the brilliant, tragic genius that was his.





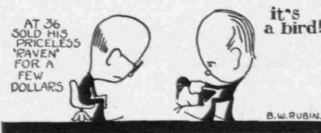
ANCES have been held in Walker and have become the usual thing; smokers, too, have been held there but, hitherto, there has been a prejudice against holding the biggest affairs of the year there. This prejudice cannot be attributed to the character of the floor nor yet to the arrangement of the building both of which are almost ideal; it obtains merely because a certain sentiment against such a use has grown up and has been respected by the management of the various functions. It has remained for the Musical Clubs to break the ice of custom and prejudice and arrange to hold the Spring Concert in Walker. Certainly this is no unusual thing in the college world, nothing to cause anyone undue anxiety, for others use their gymnasiums and their dining halls for just such purposes. We admire the Musical Clubs for this innovation here and we hope that the prejudice will not be strong enough to interfere with the success of the concert.



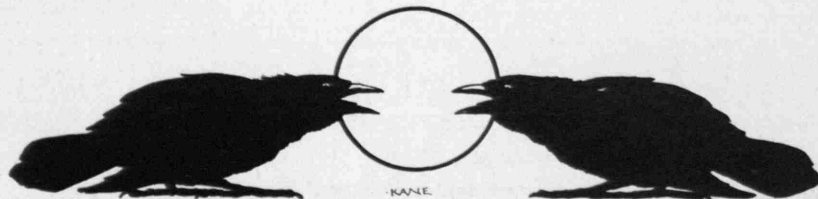
MAN



AN comes into the world without his consent, and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings, by the balance of the species. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties he is a fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small check he is a thief, and the law raises the devil with him; if he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics you can't place him, as he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner and damned; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy and a tightwad. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply in the way and living to save funeral expenses. This life is in a funny world, but we like to travel it just the same. When you are down in the mouth think of Jonah—he came out all right.



ISTRIBUTION has tarried on the way, but it has come at last, wherefor the Old Regime in the Walker dining room is gone, leaving behind it bitter memories. It was time. The prospect of the same fiendish monotony of a few ill-conceived and badly cooked foods was unendurable. Bloody revolution waited not far ahead, and the Administrative Committee, sensing this, acted wisely, and in time. The recent tragic accident, in which an innocent Freshman lost two teeth when a Welch Rarebit backfired, marked the end of tolerance. Let us give thanks, and pray that the new managers may follow up their auspicious beginnings, to the benefit of themselves, and all Technology. Phosphorus, perhaps, may suffer professionally if they succeed in reducing the seven original Tech jokes to six, but he is broadminded enough to find consolation in the good which is bound to come to countless others, with the passing of Vegetable Hash, Corn Fritters, Spanish Omelet, Creamed Eggs, and kindred horrors which time has etched upon the memory.



Depraven

Once upon a noonday dreary, as I stumbled faint
and weary
In the Copley-Plaza door, there to stay my hunger
sore
As I seized the bread and butter suddenly with flirt
and flutter
And a grim and ghostly mutter at the Copley-Plaza
door
In there stepped a stately raven at the Copley-Plaza
door
Fluttered in and nothing more.

Ah, how well my memory follows—I had only fifty
dollars
Which four kings against four ladies brought me on
the night before
And I hoped this modest fifty if I chose a luncheon
thrifty
Might suffice to pay my ticket at the Copley-Plaza
door
Quoth the Raven "Caw Haw Haw."

Startled at this answer croaken to my thoughts as
yet unspoken
"Doubtless," said I, "thou canst tell me what fate
has for me in store
Tell me grim and ancient raven for thou surely art
no craven
Shall I of this bill be shaven for a luncheon small and
poor?
Will they kill the whole darn fifty for a luncheon
small and poor?"
Quoth the raven, "That—and more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I
cried upstarting
"Get thee straight back into Hades—at the Park
Street Subway door
But ere our meeting broken, leave me some word as
a token
That this price of which we've spoken may at some
time cease to soar
That this Copley may come down—yes more and
more
Quoth the Raven, "Not so more."

"It looks like a good tip," said the Wall Street
magnate, as he started around the corner on two
wheels.

Willy:—"Say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry
you for?"

Aunt:—"Why, for love, of course."

Willy (meditatively):—"H'm! Love will make a
man do almost anything, won't it, auntie?"



Dear Luella
I've been thinking
Since they took
Our booze away,
We never could
Sing worth a dam 'an
All we have
Are girlies gay.

Dearest girlie,
I've been thinking
Of the things
I used to know,
And I cannot
Help but shudder—
Suppose I'd died
A year ago.



If Poe Lived Today

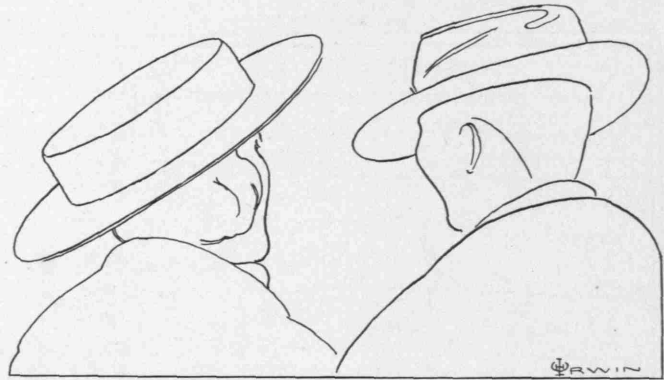
Oh, I'm morbid, morbid, morbid,
 For they've done gone went and forbid
 All my booze.
 And I'm glum, glum, glum,
 For the stuff that made a bum
 Out of me.

I'm as craven, craven, craven,
 As that silent gloomy raven
 On my door.

And I'll write, write, write,
 When I'm feeling very tight,
 Nevermore.

I've got to have hysterics
 To write Alcoholic lyrics
 Of Lenore

So my scowl, scowl, scowl,
 Will be silent as my soul
 Evermore.



HE:—"What color is your body?"
 SHE:—"Mine is pink."
 HE:—"Mine is dark brown. I have just had wire wheels
 put on it too."

Hints to the Hindered.

Dear Phosphorus:

I am a beautiful girl of twenty and have been going for two years with a young man—one year my senior. He seems to love me dearly yet he has never kissed me.

Disappointed.

P. S. I shall never go with anybody else.

My dear girl—You might moisten the tip of your forefinger, close your eyes, and press it against your lips. If this is not satisfactory call and see us. In no case give up—the man may die.

Dear Phosphorus:

Lately I have been troubled with backache and can not sleep well. I also seem to have lost my appetite—what shall I do?

Course II.

Dear Course II:

Your case is easy. Sell your motorcycle and ask her to marry you.

Dear Phosphorus:

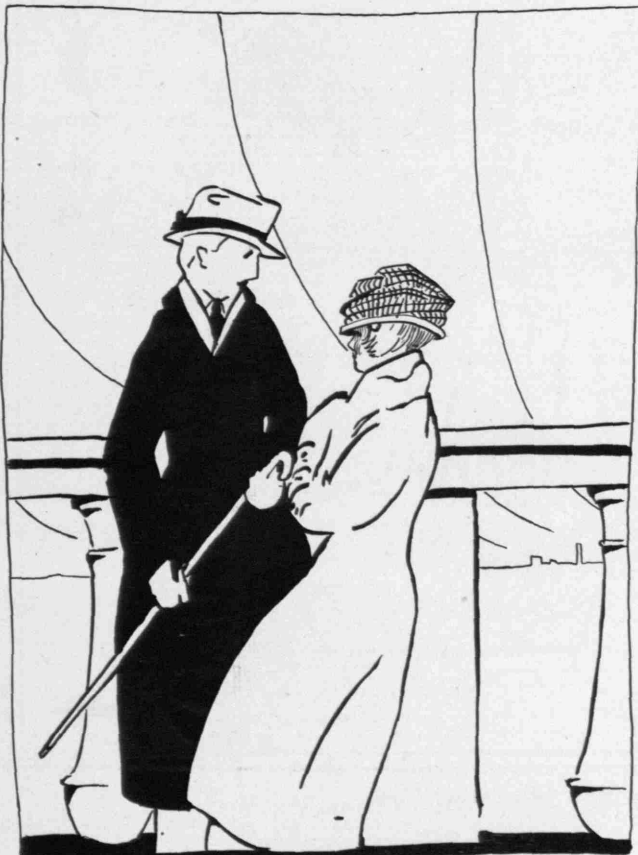
I received vote ten last term and am worried. Please advise me.

P. B. K.

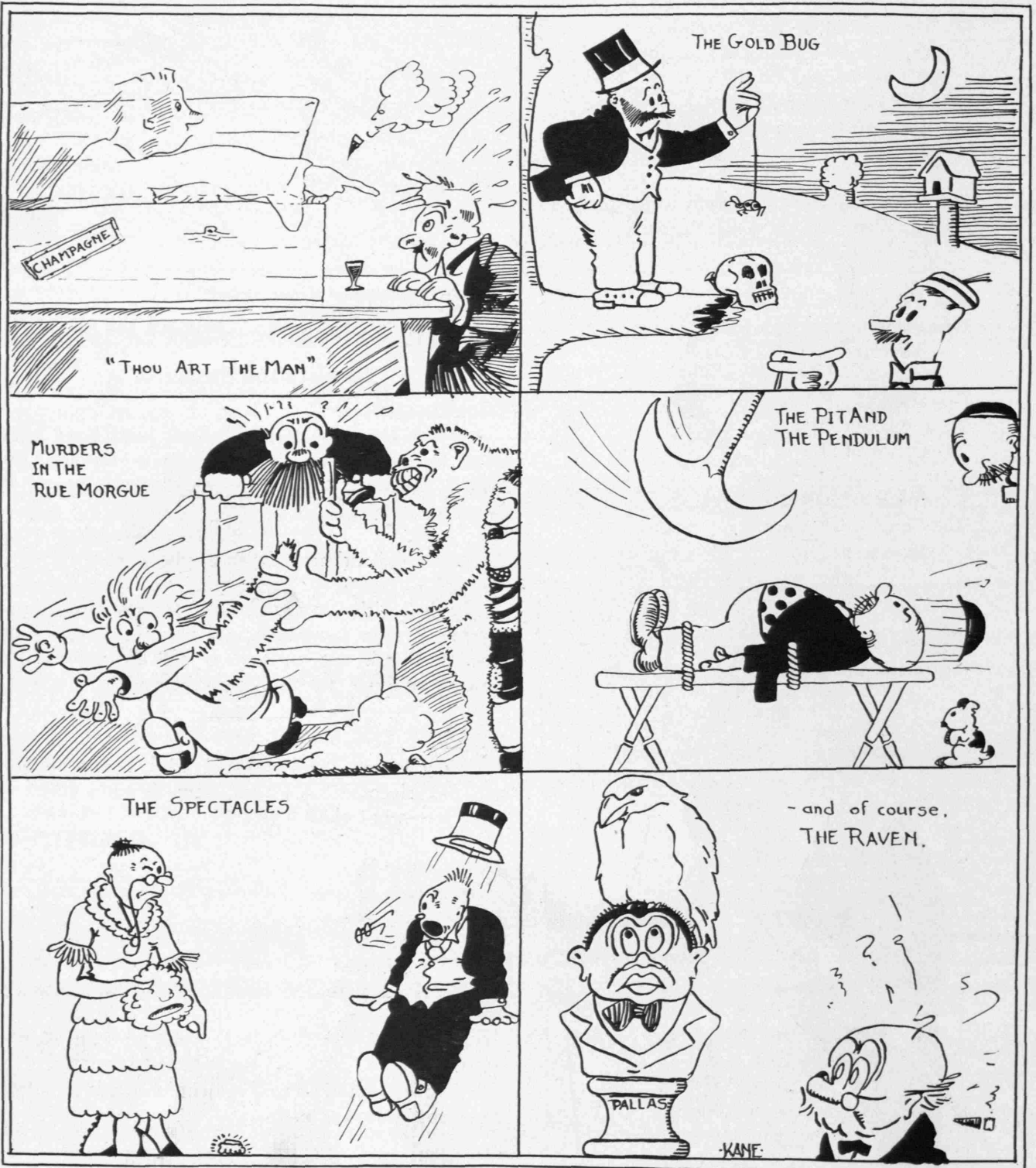
P. B. K.

There is no need to worry. The best thing to do is to leave the Institute.

Eliza was crossing the ice cakes, followed close by proverbial bloodhounds, et cetera. She pulled her shawl more closely about her shoulders, shivering the meanwhile. "Ah, 'tis cold," she said. "'Tis the shimmy," said a passing catfish.



HE:—"What shape is a kiss?"
 SHE:—"I don't know."
 HE:—"Well, give me one, and we'll call it square."



CHAMPAGNE

"THOU ART THE MAN"

THE GOLD BUG

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

THE SPECTACLES

- and of course, THE RAVEN.

PALLAS

KANE

If Some Modern Cartoonists Had Illustrated Poe



“Are you familiar with Poe’s work?”
 “Well, I’m an artist’s model.”

Life in Three Words

“Stop, look, listen!”

The reflective man stopped to read the railroad warning.

“Those three words illustrate the whole scheme of life,” said he.

“How?”

“You see a pretty girl; you stop; you look; after you marry her you listen.”

Insomnia

Not what she says
 Nor what she writes
 That fills my life
 With sleepless nights,
 But that which twists
 My brain in kinks—
 Not what she says
 But what she thinks.

“College Bred”

Harvard:—“A four years loaf.”

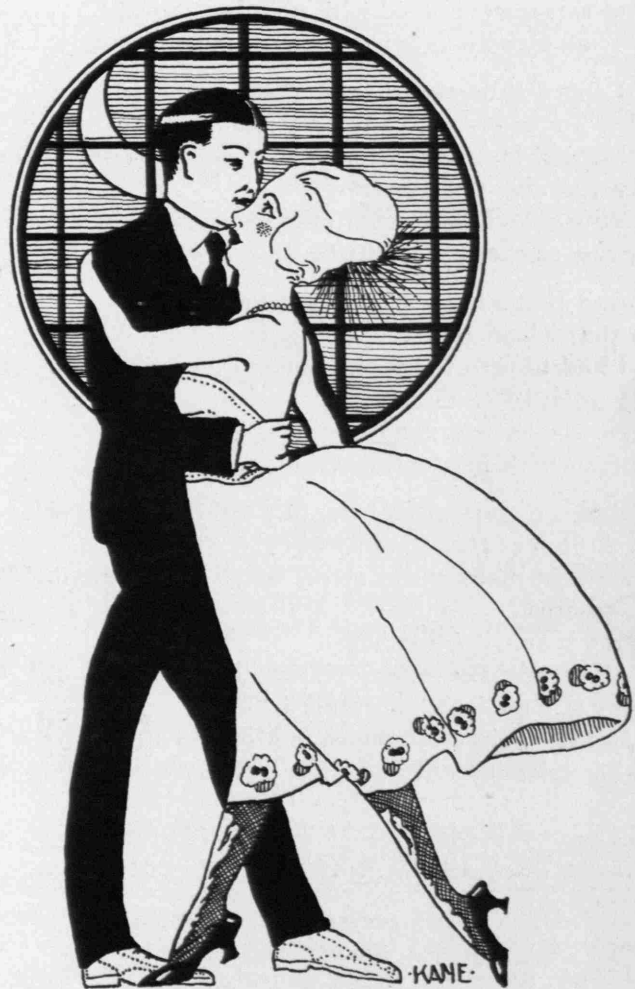
Tech:—“A years toast.

To F—

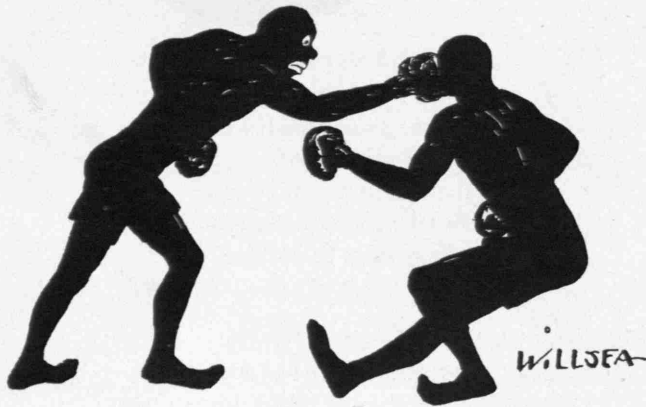
O Dreaded! amid the earnest woes
 That crowd my course continually—
 (Drear Course, alas! which knows
 Not even one lonely C)—

My soul at least a solace hath
 In dreams of P, and thereto looks
 For a vacation sans textbooks.

And thus thy spectre is to me
 Like the dread Sword of Damocles.
 Yet happier I, I trow, than he
 Who from sports is wholly free—
 Comes out for no activities—
 But crams continual formulae,
 Just to win a lot of C’s.



HE:—“I have a broad acquaintance in Cambridge.”
 SHE:—“Yes, I saw you with her last night.”



Modern Art No. 1. The Impressionists.

A Poe-em of Passion

It was many and many a year ago on an island near
the sea
That a maiden lived whom you mightn't know
By the name of Cannibalee;
And this maiden lived with no other thought
Than a passionate fondness for me.

I was a child and she was a child
Tho' her tastes were adult Feejee,
But she loved with a love that was more than love,
My yearning Cannibalee.
With a love that could take me roast or fried,
Or raw as the case might be.

And that's the reason that long ago
In that island near the sea
I had to turn the tables and eat
My ardent Cannibalee.
Not really because I was fond of her,
But to check her fondness for me.

But the stars never rise, but I think of the size
Of my hot-potted Cannibalee.
And the moon never stares but it brings me night-
mares
Of my spare-rib Cannibalee.
All the night-tide she is restless inside,
Is my still undigestible dinner-belle bride,
In her pallid tomb which is Me,
In her solemn sepulcher, Me.

"On what do you base your assertion that country
people are brighter and more intelligent than city
people, Hy?" asked the summer boarder.

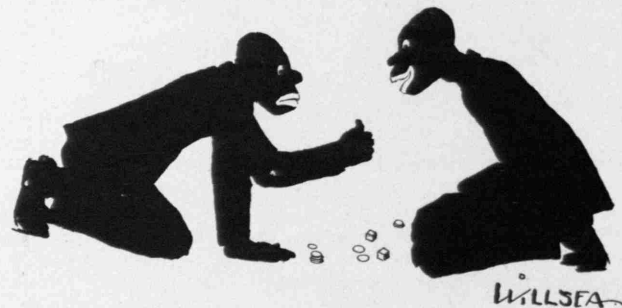
"Why, right here in my almanac," replied Farmer
Hyperbole Meders, "it says in the cities the population
is a lot denser than in the rural districts."

Concerning M. I. T.

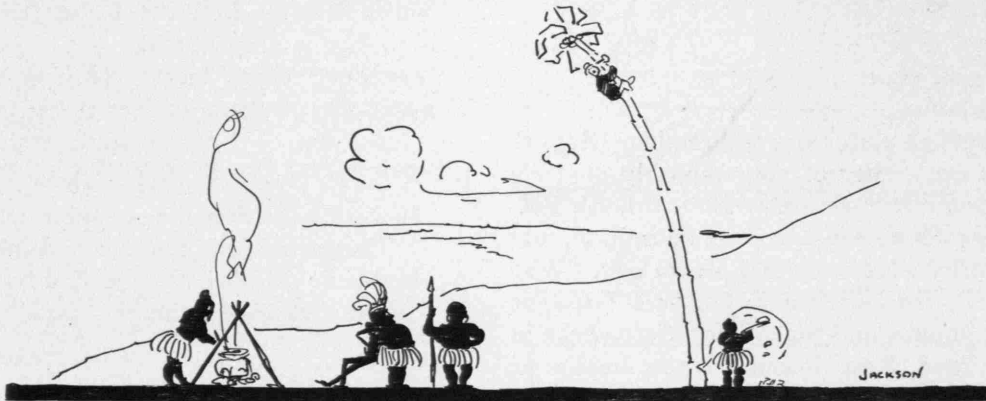
Registration—3476
874 study. This includes Course X and the freshman
class.
356 think "girl" is a german word.
1853 are busy every Sunday night.
125 go out to Wellesley
120 have time tables.
46 have commutation tickets.
84 go out to Sargent's.
10 go out to Smith.
1 goes out to Radcliffe.
279 miscellaneous.
375 buy the Tech.
2489 read the Tech.
76 men get a C
3400 get F's.
3400 decide to leave Tech.
200 leave.

IF GILBERT HAD WRITTEN THE RAVEN

RAVEN. I am the Raven at your chamber door—
ALL. And a right good Raven, too!
RAVEN. You're very, very good, but be it understood
I'm desirous of respect from you!
ALL. We're very, very good, but be it understood
He's desirous of respect,—quite true!
RAVEN. I'm a funny kind of bird
For a Raven's seldom heard
In speech as you hear me.
Should you ask about Lenore,
My remark is "Nevermore!"
I am sorry, but it has to be!
ALL. What! nevermore?
RAVEN. No! nevermore!
ALL. What! nevermore?
RAVEN. Well, hardly evermore!
ALL. So shed three tears, with one encore
For the nobel Raven with the "Nevermore!"
So shed three tears with one encore
For the Raven with the "Nevermore!"
(General Dance.)



Modern Art No. 2. The Cubists.



All that goes up must come down

Tramp:—"I haven't tasted food for seven days."

Rich Man (patting him on the back):—"Cheer up, old man, it tastes just the same as it did seven days ago."

ETHER

Now, I'm not gettin' afraid or anything but I've been waitin' outside the operating room on this stretcher for an hour and if they're going to guzzle me,—well, I wish that butcher would hurry up. There's a whole line of 'em out here waiting like me and—??? they just covered one up and took him away. I wish that fellow back of me would stop gurgling in his throat. There's a sign up "DON'T DISCUSS YOUR SYMPTOMS" and that old fool in the wheel chair, well I hope they leave a half a dozen sponges in him next time. Now they are bringing one out—blood, bubbles of blood on his lips. I'm at the head of the line now, here's that fool to take my pulse again,—somebody's laughing kinda high and funny, makes the shivers,—yes and they told me that it wasn't a serious operation, noooo, only one out of every five die; a little while after I asked the nurse and she said that the last four had come thru all right. They're taking me in,—ghosts, knives, looka th-th-that saw—ought to wipe the other fellows blood up, smells—they're laughin', thinking what a good time they'll,—'s no darn joke for me, don't see anything funny at all,—hey what's the idea,—got me strapped down, greasin' my lips, all up my nose,—gosh a good looking nurse, aw they covered my eyes up, think I was going to be executed —maybe—can't breathe, ugh, scrrmph kkkrr—mm ether—hope they don't start with that saw before I go—was a pretty nurse, nice eyes—nice bells—way off—millions of—bells—clang—nurse—bang—peach—.

The Solomon Isles

He sailed away to the Fiji Isles
 And he was not slain on the shore
 Nor fattened ahead for a cannibal spread
 As others had been before.
 But he met with a far more terrible fate
 Than those who had lost their lives
 For the Chieftain grim took a fancy to him
 And gave him one hundred wives.



In tempus old, a hero lived
 Qui loved puellae deus
 Illae non possunt quite to say
 Which one amabat mieux.

Amanda habet argent coin
 Sed Kate has aureas curls
 And both are very agathae
 And quite formoseae girls.

Enfin the youthful anthropos
 Philhome the duae maids
 Resolved proponere to Kate
 Before cet evening's shades

But glancing ever and anon
 At fair Amanda's eyes
 Illae non possunt dicere
 Pour which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the semi-vow
 With cheeks as rouge as wine
 And offering each a milk-white hand
 Both whispered "Ich bin dein."

N. I. T.
Cmbg., Msts.

Hon. Ed. of Vous Dose:
Dear Sir or Madamm,

On passing through club room on first floor Bldg. 10 I spy scramble egg poster of your monthly obstacle which execute some remark about Hon. Ed. Al. Poe. It say something about whisker it to Phosphate, and I ollicute to nearby slide stick and brown bag, "Who are Phosphate?" He garble about 6 or 4 formulas including aqua impura and make hasty retrospekt in direkshun of Chem Rest Room. Upon inquiz at Deformation Office am told Phosphate at home in drinks store across Mass. Ave. With help of tabular view of fifth year and map on wall of Bldg. 2 I finally dislocate store. Individual with more or less face slide up back of marble wall and say, "Whachors?"

Politically as possible I say muckly, "Wish to see Phosphate." Taking glass in hand he proseed to extract several kinds of ink and noises from bathroom tile box under counter, which fight until they decide on red as final color. For this honorable serviss it require 25c American money. Disjointing to table in coroner I attempt to whisker to Phosphate. What I say must of shock him, for he give me sensation on nose which feel like lectric coil on holiday. Recovering my gravvy I try against with more or less same result, with the elephant on more. Obviating sniggles I raise right eye to observe ballon-like individual back of marble attempting to circumference stummick with arms and make lips meet by way of back of head. Look like he was going to swallow his hair. Upon regaining his dignitary he snortle, "Trinket and gitout." Hastily I guzzle hole controcction minus glass and assuming nonsconsolate air, amble towards door humming Bubbles accompanied by obligarter from stummick. Windpipe feel like it were coatrack for fish hooks. From store I aggravate to room to rite this missile for inquire about Phosphate and Hon. Ed. Al. Poe. Please send letter Specially Useless, that I get it before graduation.

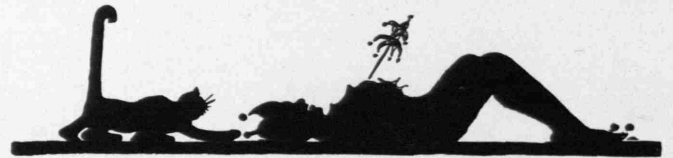
Your humble servant,
Takhoma Koko.

"Smith tells me he hates Rubenstein's music. He used to like it very much."

"Yes, poor fellow, he was playing the 'Melody in F' when the postman delivered his term report."

It wasn't the thought of asking the girl
That caused his courage to drop.
It wasn't popping the question but
The task of questioning "pop."

Poe loved and drank in Providence. What a
"Raven" pessimist he would be if he lived in Providence today!

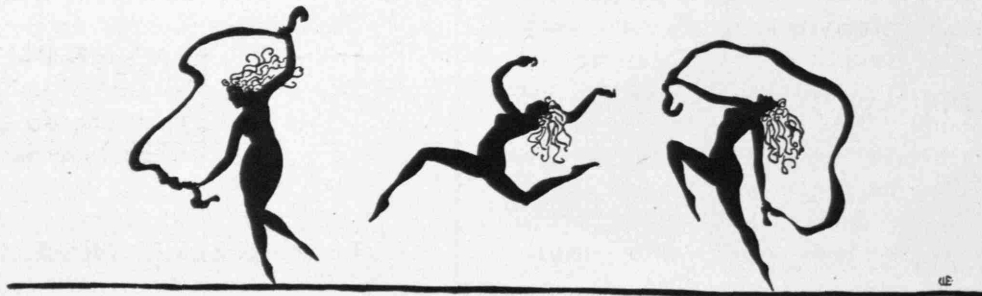


Her sylph-like form is perfect;
Her feminine apparel
Hangs daintily like burlap
Upon a sugar barrel.

Her feet are like twin rosebuds
That are but halfway blown,
And she must be quite proud to feel
That they are all her own.

Such pretty little trilbies
(She wears a number nine),
Appear to be just fashioned
For such a form divine.

And I love her for her beauty
Her lips, her eyes, her hair;
But most of all I love her,
'Cause her Dad's a Millionaire.



'S TRUTH

"Oh, where are the Prom girls of times gone by?"
One graduate cried deep in sorrow.
But one that was married said, winking his eye,
"They're raising Prom girls of tomorrow."

—Exchange

It was the day following the Serpent's visit to the Garden,
and Adam was in an ugly mood. He noted Eve's rosy cheeks,
and hissed: "By heaven, you're painted!"

"Yes, and by heaven only," Eve replied with all the dignity
she could muster.

—Exchange

A Hold Over

She:—"Harry told me a story last night."

Her:—"Can he tell a good story?"

She:—"Yes; he holds his audience from start to finish."

—Chaparral

Stanford to Princeton

(News Item:—Only twenty-eight members of Princeton
University's graduating class have never kissed a single girl.)

"So they prefer the married sort? Fie on them!"

—Chaparral

Why, the Eye-dea!

Florine:—"I won't marry a man who won't look me straight
in the eye while he is talking to me."

Chlorine:—"Then wear 'em longer, dearie."

—Chaparral

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Jones:—"I want to do something big and clean before I die."

Bones:—"Wash an elephant."

—Purple Cow

May:—"Why does Irene wear that riding costume so much?"

Belle:—"I suppose because it's a habit."

—Dirge

Times Have Changed

One seldom looks at faces,
As down the street he pegs,
For things have changed their places,
And now he looks at—shop windows.

—Punch Bowl

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Bug:—"I hear that your old man died of hard drink."
Ding:—"Yes, Poor fellow. A cake of ice dropped on his head."

—Awwgan

Fine Fellow

First One:—"Did Harry go in a Tuxedo last evening?"
Second One:—"No, it was rather nice out, so we walked."

—Lehigh Burr

Deceitful Appearance

She:—"I saw you driving yesterday with a gentleman. He appeared to have only one arm."

Her:—"Oh, no; the other arm was around somewhere."

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet

Burglar:—"One sound from you 'and I'll squeeze you to death."

Antique Maid:—"Remember, that's a promise."

—Sun Dodger

"Here's where I break training," said the football player as he started to chew a piece of gum."

—Dirge

"John," snapped Mrs. Gabb sharply, "you're the rudest man I know. Here I've been talking and you've been yawning in my face for the last half hour."

"I wasn't yawning, my dear," replied her husband meekly. "I was just trying to say something."

—*American Legion Weekly*

Backfire

1921:—"Did you see that movie called Oliver Twist?"

Frosh:—"Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?"

—*Brown Jug*

"Look here, I ask you for the last time for that five dollar bill you owe me."

"Thank heavens, that is the end of that silly question."

—*Lehigh Burr*

The Capture

Gladys left the whist table suddenly, accompanied by an admiring suitor. Rushing up to her mother she cried: "Oh, mother, I've captured the booby."

"Well, dear," returned her mother, "come and kiss me, both of you."

—*Tiger*

Captain (sharply):—"Button up that coat."

Married Recruit (absently):—"Yes, my dear."

—*Nebraska Awgwan*

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Too True

Grand:—"What ever happened to Briggs the writer?"
Olive:—"He went to work in a factory as a laborer to get local color."
Grand:—"Yes?"
Olive:—"He found it was more profitable to keep the job."
—*Dirge*

Velvet Joe says:—"Some girls ought to wear speedometers instead of wrist watches."
—*Tiger*

He:—"Why do you give me the 'cold shoulder' these days?"
She:—"Well now, Billie, it's your fault that it's cold."
—*Froth*

She:—"I like your cigarette holder."
He:—"Why, I never use one."
She:—"Don't be so dense."
—*Purple Cow*

She:—"Miss Shimmie sitting over there."
He:—"Ah, the chair is entertaining a motion."
—*Purple Cow*

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Swain:—"Let's kiss and make up."
Maiden:—"Why, you know I never make-up."
—*Exchange*

She:—"Oh, Harold, you don't gamble, do you?"
He:—"Well, I've asked you to marry me."
—*The Purple Cow*

He:—"Dearie, a kiss is the language of love."
She:—"Well, why don't you say something?"
—*Exchange*

Finn-Icky

"Who is that?"
"That's our Pole vaulter."
"Oh, does he speak English?"
—*Jack-o'Lantern*

She:—"Why do you insist in calling me your little cold cream?"
He:—"Because you're so nice to a chap."
—*Purple Cow*

Gloom!

"Raining Pitchforks" is bad enough, but when it comes to "Hailing Street Cars," it's pretty rough weather!
—*Virginia Reel*

He (poetically):—"I could hang on your very words."
She:—"Is my line as strong as that?"
—*Banter*

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Sig (at the prom):—"Gosh, I just discovered a patch in these pants."

Delt:—"Cheer up. Just think how you would feel if there were no patch there." —*Sun Dial*

Multum In Parvo

Frosh:—"Surveying a little?"

Engineer:—"No! Surveying a lot." —*Sour Owl*

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

Tan:—"Ask Madge, she's been both." —*Pitt Panther*

Hay:—"He was surely a far-sighted man."

Dees:—"How so?"

Hay:—"He had a fire extinguisher put in his coffin."

—*Chaparral*

Righto

"I see that Blithins is going to give an illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal."

"How is he going to illustrate it?"

"Why, with slides, of course."

—*Gargoyle*

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 Engineering." —*Minnehaha*

Floorwalker:—"Looking for something, madame?"

Fat Lady:—"Husband."

F. W.:—"First aisle to your left—male order department."

—*Stanford Chaparral*

Woof!

"Why is cheese so full of holes?"

"It needs all the air it can get."

—*Jester*

ANNUAL SALE OF BOOKS

The Coop's buyer has been browsing about London from Paternoster Row to High Holborn and therefore we offer a choice lot of English books at bargain prices. If you are interested, ask for our catalogue which contains over 500 titles on Art, Biography, Travel, etc. We give below a few of the Travel Books.

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The War Game

One:—"They aren't shooting pool in Ireland any more."

Two:—"How so?"

One:—"Too much English on the balls." —*Widow*

Lovers in the hall-way,
Papa on the stair,
Bull-dog on the front porch—
Music in the air. —*Tiger*

Still A Kid

"She talks like a baby, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she has outgrown her voice by ten years." —*Friivol*

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"Papa, the preacher was here to lunch today."
"You don't mean it?"
"Yes; and he swore about Mother's cooking the same as
you do, only he put his hand over his eyes."

—*Burr*

The Wrong Method

"When I asked her for a kiss, she said I ought to treat her
as I would my sister."

"And did you?"

"I did, but she left me and I never saw her more."

—*Jack o' Lantern*

The Only Girl

She is not distant, dignified,
But chic, demure,
Gay, gleaming eyed, and sparkling with allure.

She is not cool, indifferent,
But friendly, sweet,
With clinging hands,—yet quite discreet.

She is not fickle, prone to stray,
But constant, true,
I cannot find a girl like this—Can you?

—*Burr*

WALTON LUNCH CO.

30 Haymarket Square

44 Summer Street

8 Tremont Row

78 Massachusetts Ave.

42 Federal Street

242 Tremont Street

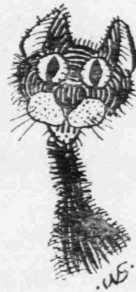
629 Washington Street

7 School Street

424 Tremont Street

Office:

1083 Washington Street
Boston, Mass.



(Continued from page 13)

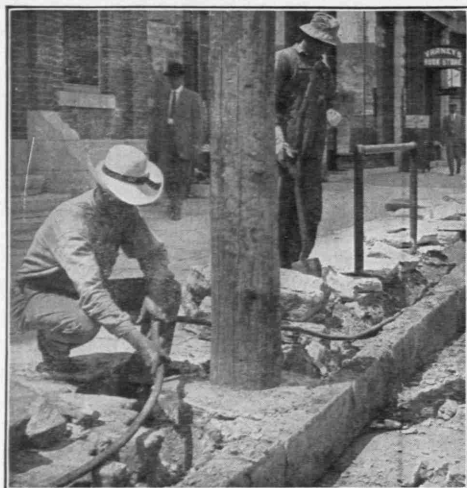
"But, Gerry, here I am! I took a special train to New York and here is a copy of the VOO DOO. You can't live without it, I know, and here is a subscription for the whole year. The telegram you didn't read explained this."

"Oh, Bob," breathed Gerry ecstatically as she collapsed in his arms, "you most adorable of men!"

THE END

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 intervals over a period of eight months at the cost (to myself) of \$1.50 for which amount I enclose my check. My address is:

SIMPLEX STEEL TAPED CABLES



Hundreds of towns and cities today use **SIMPLEX Steel Taped Cables** to distribute current for street lighting. Satisfactory service is assured because the cables are designed for just this type of underground distribution.

Low cost of installation and maintenance make them desirable from an investment standpoint. Streets need not be torn up; pipes, manholes and catch basins need not be moved, and no conduit is required.

SIMPLEX WIRE & CABLE CO

MANUFACTURERS

201 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

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Chemicals

NEW ENGLAND AGENTS

BAKER'S ANALYZED REAGENTS

LABORATORY GLASSWARE

PYREX WARE

KIMBALL MACHINE-MADE GLASS TUBING

PHONE MAIN 5910

99-101 BROAD ST. BOSTON, MASS.

The proud and recent mother of twins was receiving a call from her more newly married friend.

"Do you know," she said, "it was a strange coincidence that they played a duet at my wedding? Why, what's the matter?" she exclaimed, as her friend grew pale.

"Not much," gasped the newlywed, "Only they played the Sextette from Lucia at my wedding."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*

He took his girl to the restaurant, determined to be a sport if it took the last cent he had, but as she gave her dictation to the waiter his face grew longer and longer. Finally, though, she finished.

"And now, sir," asked the waiter politely, turning to him, "what do you wish?"

"Me?" returned the young man in a voice of abysmal gloom, "I wish I'd stayed at home."

—*American Legion Weekly*

Teacher:—"If Shakespeare were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a remarkable man?"

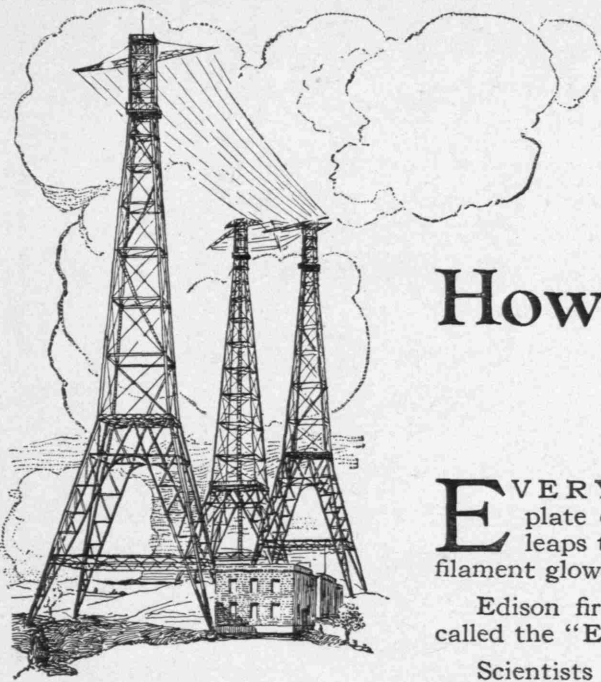
Student:—"Shure he would, he would be 300 years old.

—*Virginia Reel*

'22:—"Where was the armistice signed?"

'19:—"In the lower right hand corner. G'wan away."

—*Jack-o-Lantern*



How is a Wireless Message Received?

EVERY incandescent lamp has a filament. Mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament. A current leaps the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows.

Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"—exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"—a purely scientific discovery.

No one can foresee what results will follow from research in pure science. Sooner or later the world must benefit practically from the discovery of new facts.

For this reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are concerned as much with investigations in pure science as they are with the improvement of industrial processes and products. They, too, have studied the "Edison effect" scientifically. The result has been a new form of electron tube, known as the "pliotron", a type of X-ray tube free from the vagaries of the old tube; and the "kenetron", which is called by electrical engineers a "rectifier" because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current.

All these improvements followed because the Research Laboratories try to discover the "how" of things. Pure science always justifies itself.

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

Who said truth was stranger than fiction?



"YOU'RE FIRED," said the editor.

"UNLESS YOU can dig up.

A LIVE story today."

SO THE cub reporter.

DISAPPEARED FOR hours.

BUT WHEN he recovered.

FROM HIS trance, he had.

A STORY—here it is.

OUR DEPUTY constable.

WAS WAKENED by the 'phone.

AND A shrill voice cried.

"FOR THE love of Mike

BEAT IT here quick.

AND NAIL a nut.

WHO'S TALKING wild.

IN THE cigar store."

THE LONG arm of the law.

PUT ON his pants.

SPED TO the scene.

AND AFTER a brief.

BUT TERRIFIC struggle.

MADE THE pinch.

AND WHEN interviewed.

BY OUR star reporter.

GAVE OUT this statement.

"HE'S A loony, all right.

THE ASYLUM says, by Heck.

THE WORST they ever had.

WHY THE poor nut.

CLAIMS HE can copy.

THE SECRET blend.

OF THE cigarettes.

THAT SATISFY."



20 for 20 cents

in packages of 20 protected by special air-tight wrapper. Also in round tins of 50, vacuum-sealed.

NO—the blend can't be copied. It's one way of blending fine tobaccos—both Turkish and Domestic—that the other fellow can't get onto. That's why Chesterfields "satisfy," and that's why *only* Chesterfields can "satisfy."

They Satisfy Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.