

# WoodDoo

Vol. 4, no. 2

Nov.

1921

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"Why did he soak you?"

"I said his brother looked like a sap."

"That ain't no reason."

"No — but they're twin brothers."

— *Sun Dodger*

*Twete*: "Oh! If only I had a little window in my heart for my love to peep through."

*Tweet*: "How would a little pain in your stomach do?"

— *Virginia Reel*

*Richleigh (to caterer)*: "Have you smoked herring tonight?"

*Caterer*: "No, thus far, only Camels."

— *Pelican*

## The Match

*Ped*: "I hear that your father won't let you have a car at school since Lucile has gone to college."

*Fliv*: "Yes, he says he doesn't want me burning the midnight oil so close to an old flame."

— *Lord Jeff*

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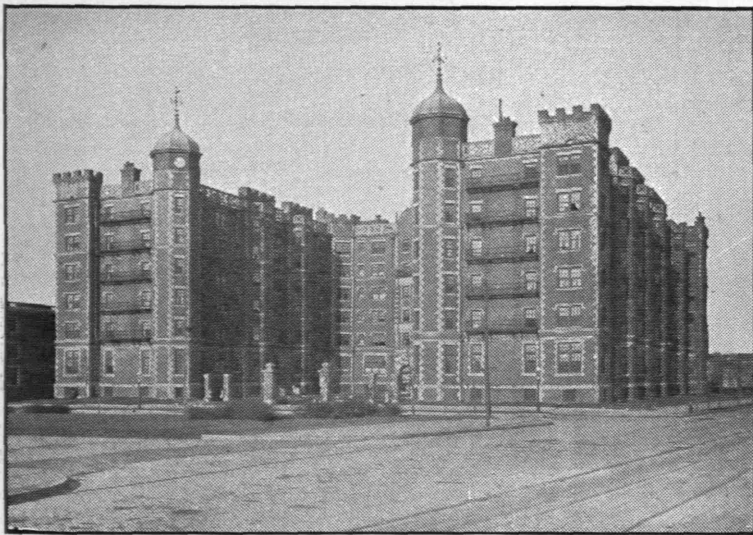
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A Williams girl had a little dog—  
Mention her name? I won't!  
A senior bold remarked, "Some pet!"  
And she snapped back, "I don't!"

—Purple Cow

**No Checkie, No Washie**  
A Chink by the name of Ching Ling  
Fell off of a street car, bing bing.  
He then turned his head,  
To the passengers said:  
The car's lost a washer, ding ding.

—Lehigh Burr

**A Fearful Truth**  
"He is to sing at the Grand. Do you think his voice will  
fill that big theatre?"  
"No, empty it."

—Lehigh Burr

*He:*—"Aren't you going to study for that exam tomorrow?  
You know genius sometimes wins but hard work always does."  
*Ha:*—"That's all right, I'll take a chance on genius—he  
sits next to me."

—Widow



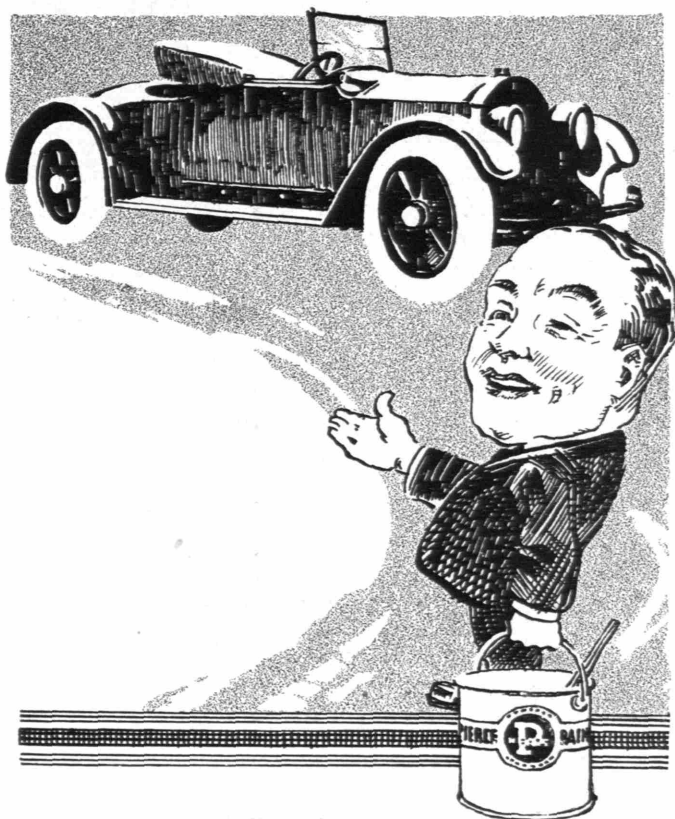
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Customer:—"Beg pardon, force of habit. I'm an umpire."  
—Lemon Punch

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"I hear some of the pros lead a fast life."  
"I doubt it; none of 'em passed me this year."

—Gargoyle

"How did Austria pay her war debts?"  
"Sent out Czecks."

—Showme

### "Freezing Hot"

Lady (to guide in Yellowstone Park):—"Do these hot springs ever freeze over?"

Guide:—"Oh, yes! Once last winter a lady stepped through the ice here and burned her foot."

—Chaparral

Son (leaving for college):—"Mother, dear, I'll write to you every day while I'm gone."

Mother:—"Goodness! You won't need money that often, will you?"

—Aggie Squibb

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*Stranger:*—"Healthy place, this, I suppose?"

*Native:*—"Sure, when I first came here I was too weak to walk."

*Stranger:*—"Really?"

*Native:*—"Yes, I was born here."

—Chaparral

One bewitching maiden  
In my close embrace  
Is worth a hundred maidens  
In any other place.

—Showme

*Alva:*—"As far as I can see, there is no harm in girls wearing short sox."

*Jack:*—"No, not as far as you see."

—Punch Bowl

### Love

Love is like a punctured tire,  
I'm very sure of that,  
For after one big blowout,  
She went and left me flat.

—Cracker

"Do you like Carlyle?"

"No; I don't think much of those Indian colleges."

—Record

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“Why do they call this fellow ‘Knight of the Garter?’ ”  
“He’s one of the King’s chief supporters.”

—Mirror

He:—“I went to Boston by music.”  
She:—“By music?”  
He:—“Yes, via Lynn.”

—Purple Cow

She:—“I’m so uncomfortable. There’s something rough  
like a crumb inside my stocking.”  
He:—“Too bad, came from the roll, I suppose.”

—Purple Cow

The old-fashioned girl carried her roll inside her stocking.  
—Showme

“My efforts are not altogether fruitless, said the comedian  
optimistically, as someone in the gallery crowned him with a  
rotten apple.

—Sun Dial

Bones:—“Don’t you think she has a rare complexion?”  
Jones:—“Rather well done, I’d call it.”

—Purple Cow

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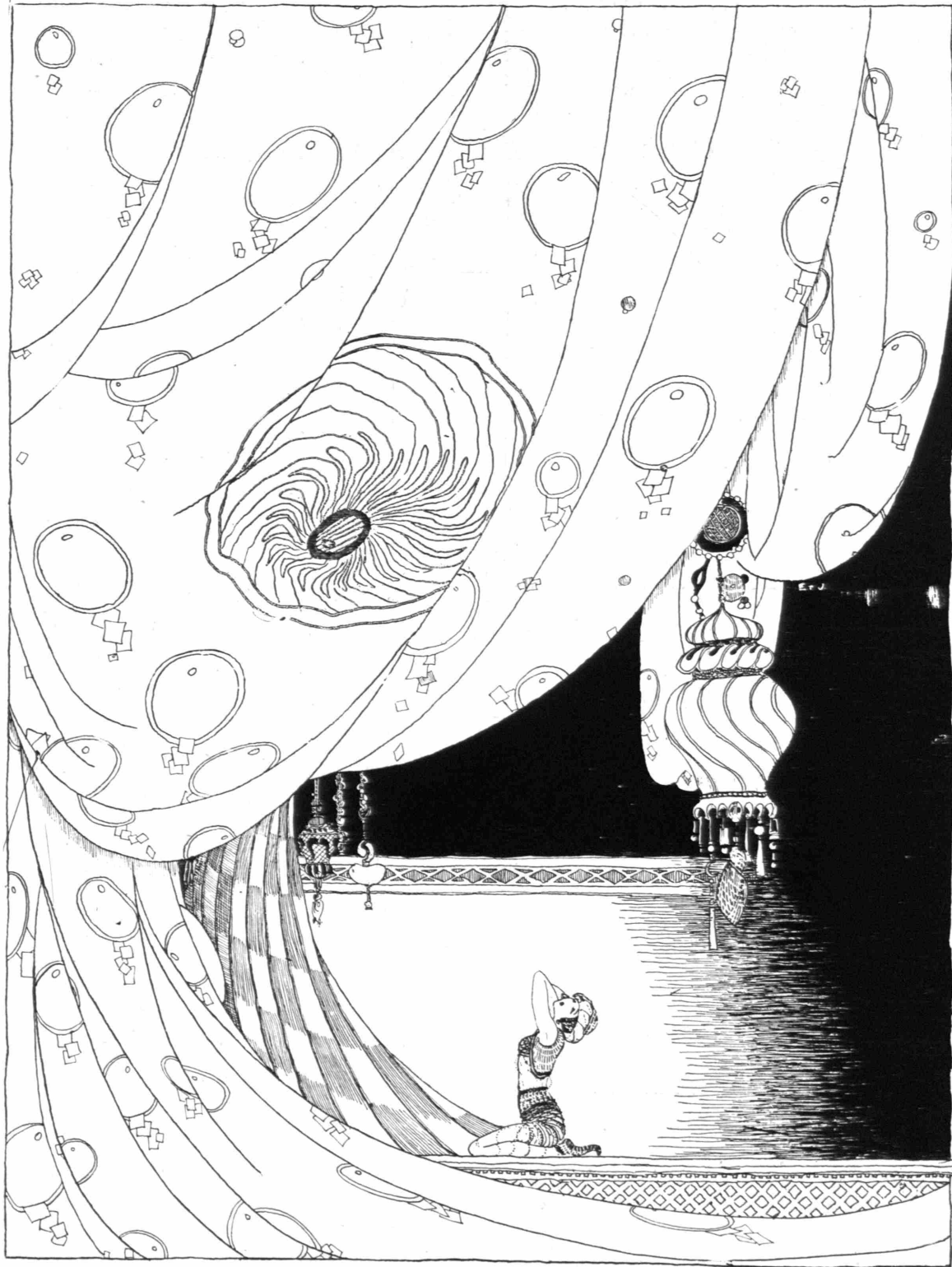
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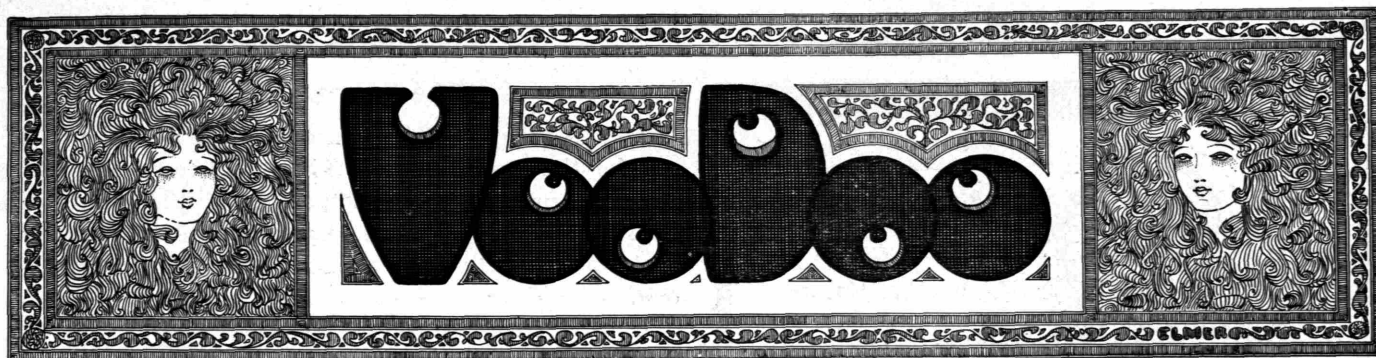


# Voodoo





— Is your car in perfect condition?  
— Yes.  
— I can't go out today.



### A Moorish Garden

Candle-flames waver in the jeweled night,  
Tall trees cut cameos against the moon,  
And all the dusky sky's a deep lagoon.

This is a transient beauty caught in flight,  
The fragment of a long lost Arcady,  
Of lovely things the lovelier memory . . .

Such perfect hours strike deep into the brain,  
Bringing their recompense for weary breath —  
Out of the flagon of the night to drain,  
This thing called life before we taste of death . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Down by the jade-green walk two lovers pass  
The fronded pool where water-lilies gleam:  
Some ancient memory stirs the man's dull mass,  
To speak of stars, shamefaced, as of a dream.

Answers the girl's voice, scornful, sweet and thin,  
"The stars? Oh, hell, let's have a shot of gin."  
— M. J.

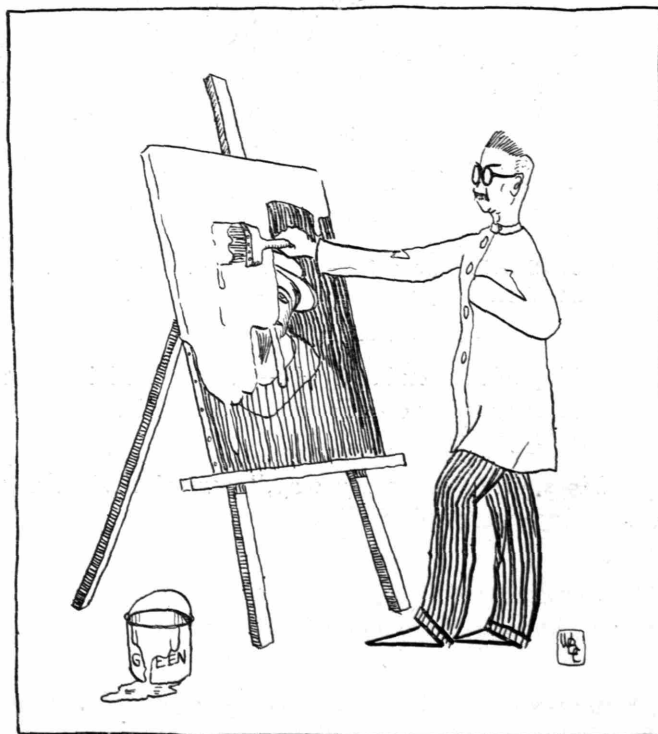
### At The House Dance

Oh, Mr. Glumph, I'm *awfully* glad I have this dance with you. I absolutely idolize you big, strong men. Didn't you win the shot put in the Olympics last year? It wasn't you? Oh, yes, I remember now, it was Mr. Dandruff, wasn't it? What's that? I beg your pardon, I never can remember names. You say you almost won the chess tournament? Oh!

Thank heavens you cut in Mr. — Mr. — oh, yes, of course. How stupid of me, Mr. Blimp, or rather, Mr. Gimp. You know I'm so forgetful about names, but I always remember faces. Really, if I'd had to dance with Mr. Spluple much longer I should have *died*. And I do enjoy dancing with you so much. Of course, you saw the game at the Stadium this afternoon. Oh, you didn't? You went to the movies? How exciting!

Awfully glad to know you, Mr. Heeza. You're welcome, Mr. Simp. It's ever so good of you to cut in on me, Mr. Keeza. It's such a relief to dance with a really good dancer for a change. Oh, Mr. Geeza, they tell me you're on VooDoo. You know I think VooDoo and the Lampoon and T. E. N. are just the funniest magazines? Won't you please draw me a picture on the back of my program? Please . . . just one little one? I'll get you a pencil. What? You don't draw pictures? Oh, then, I just know you wrote that perfectly wonderful story about the freshman at Tech. Won't you please tell me some of those screamingly original jokes? Oh, you don't write either? What's that? you chase ads but you haven't caught any yet? Oh!

— H. B. K.



How most of us could paint a masterpiece.



COLLEGE BILL (warmly):—"Come on!"  
 DEB HORTENSE (indignantly):—"Common!!!"

Speaking of national animals — the white Elephant of Siam has nothing on our own white mule.

*"Things are coming my way," remarked the actor as he sang before M. I. T. on Tech Night.*

"So your father is a southern planter?"  
 "Yes, he is an undertaker in Atlanta."

Yes, Oswald, civil engineers carry tripods, but that doesn't necessarily mean that they are masters of all they survey.

### The Country Air

John S. Dolphin stepped into his Marmon and pulled out for the country club. There was to be a dance, quite a formal dance, in fact, and as Mr. Dolphin had hocked his last spare tire to get his dress-suit out of soak, he hoped to make a lasting impression on someone.

He arrived at the ballroom on the links without mishap, where he ran upon his friend Lemuel Haddock. Lemuel had two women he wanted to introduce John to, twins, the daughters of a Pittsburgh fish-packer. John said, "Righto, old egg, trot them up." So Lemuel trotted them and as they were both pretty keen, John picked out the one that looked the oldest, figuring that she'd have a larger dot, pronounced dough, and took her off for a grueling shiver-fest. After that, he led her down into the cellarette and proposed.

Four hours later he just had to see her again, so he rushed off and tore her away from her large throng of admirers, and dragged her out where the moon shone, or shine, as the case was, and went through the proposal again just to be sure it took.

Then the fair damsel remarked, "Why, you said the same thing to my sister!"

John went out into the night and was never seen again.

"How do you roll them?"  
 "Just like this,"  
 said the freshman as he began to remove his spiral puttees.

### The Ten Most Useless Things in the World

This is offered as a suggestion, rather than as a reference table. Any emendations or corrections will be gladly welcomed.

1. Theatrical reviews in the "Tech"
2. "Made in Germany"
3. Speech by Lincoln Steffens on the Russian question.
4. Parked corsets.
5. Book by Upton Sinclair on any question at all.
6. Saxophones.
7. The Harvard Bridge.
8. The Congressional Record.
9. Railway time-tables.
10. National Prohibition.



## THE TECHNOLOGY ALMANACK

NOVEMBER *hath* 30 days

1921

## ANECDOTE

Posidonius, the well-known philosopher, was one afternoon strolling slowly along the Appian Way with his fair companion, Penelophon. As they walked, they came upon an old wood-cutter and charcoal burner, cutting faggots by the roadside; and thinking to have some sport, Posidonius said to him,

"My good man, if a pair of andirons cost 32 sesterces, what will a winter's supply of wood come to?"

The peasant being seemingly unable to answer, Posidonius continued. "Why, ashes, of course," much to the poor fellow's discomfort, for this was conceived to be a rare jest in those early days.

## Conundrums

1. Why do movie censors like the last reel of a Mack Sennett comedy?
2. Why is a co-ed like a razor-blade?

## Answers

1. Because it is drawing near the close (clothes).
2. Because our own are pretty dull, but other's are usually keen.



## INTERESTING FACTS

George B. Shaw, an English writer, is the author of several successful plays.

Celluloid collars are not being worn with Tuxedos this season. Neither are stick-candy shirts.

Mary Garden Perfume was named after Mary Garden, a Chicago singer.

King George the Fifth of England has seldom or never ridden in a Ford.

The population of Purgatory Mills, Me., is 253.

If all the news reels that Warren Harding has appeared in were to be placed end to end, they would reach  $27\frac{1}{4}$  times around the earth, thus beating Babe Ruth's record by 459 feet.

## PREDICTIONS

In November, 1921, 2083 Tech men will purchase new golf suits. There will be some snow, and Dr. Millard will inform all his Theoret sections that they will not pass Theoret at Christmas. Later developments will show that Dr. Millard is perfectly right.

- 1 Tu. — Sir Walter prepares his report on scholarship standing of men on activities, and every man is found to have a clear record, 2763.
- 2 W. — Musician at prominent movie palace plays accompaniment to comedy on organ instead of piano, and fourteen in audience are overcome, 1912.
- 3 Th. — W. R. Hearst solves the Japanese question, 1904, 1908, 1912, 1916, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921.
- 4 Fr. — New instructor passes student in Theoretical Chemistry, 1937.
- 5 Sa. — Dr. Millard suspends instructor indefinitely for criminal negligence, 1937.
- 6 Su. — Stone floor in Walker staked off for roller-skating rink, 1923.
- 7 M. — Chorus-girl refuses Rolls-Royce, 1921. The "Tech" publishes letter attacking VooDoo, 1921.
- 8 Tu. — Milton d. 1674. Rolls was model of 1898, with three wheels and the engine missing. *Time to set cider.*
- 9 W. — D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East" starts last annual tour, 1986.
- 10 Th. — Dr. Roberts announces general study, "Appreciation of Music," 1921, and 29 men register for it.
- 11 Fr. — ARMISTICE DAY, but since the armistice was not signed in Boston, it will not be a legal holiday there. Dr. Roberts discloses that the course will not include jazz, and 29 men cancel registration, 1921.
- 12 Sa. — Pietro Bimbo born, 1470. Said to be founder of family.
- 13 Su. — 2nd Sab. Co-ed decides to go to Tech to get a degree and not a husband, 1874.
- 14 M. — Co-ed changes mind, 1874, and decides that degrees aren't *Fair* everything. The "Tech" publishes letter accusing VooDoo *and* of being too rough, 1921.
- 15 Tu. — Bursar's office announces that it will cash certified checks for students, and 2846 men are overcome, 1973.
- 16 W. — Joseph W. Mope, originator of phrase, "Hot dog!" born, 1882. *warmer*
- 17 Th. — Lowell Sherman opens in legitimate drama, 1921.
- 18 Fr. — Lowell Sherman retires from stage, 1921, and purchases small undertaking establishment in East Orange, New Jersey. *cold*
- 19 Sa. — Telegram shown on movie-screen in New York without *northwest* punctuation of any sort, and 71 people write to the Times *winds* about it, 1919.
- 20 Su. — Combined Musical Clubs announce date of formal concert, 1921.
- 21 M. — Max Keezer seen pricing new Cunningham, 1921. The "Tech" publishes letter accusing Voo Doo of arrant indecency, 1921.
- 22 Tu. — John P. Robinson decides not to vote for Governor C, 1873. DuPont, Morgan interests buy control of General Motors 1920.
- 23 W. — Arbuckle case reaches courts 1987. General Motors drops 32 pts., 1920.
- 25 Fr. — British evacuate N. Y. 1783. Americans evacuate New York (and Brooklyn) 1912.
- 26 Sa. — Aristaeus publishes his snappy remarks on conic sections, B. C. 830. Prof. Lewis delivers annual remarks on Course V, 1901-1921, inclusive.
- 27 Su. — Kaiser Wilhelm saws his 37,500th log, 1921.
- 28 M. — The "Tech" publishes letter accusing VooDoo of libertinism, 1921.
- 29 Tu. — George S. Scamander founds Kingdom of Troy, B. C. 1546.
- 30 W. — New Strand Theatre opened in Hokus Hollows, Mo., 1921, bringing total theatres of that name up to 37,859 in the United States alone.



Great Events at Technology  
No. 1. Field Day

# PEPPY PAGE FOR PURE PEOPLE

## An Autumn Anecdote

It was a lovely late autumn day and the inspired evening service of the little church was just over. A little old lady met the parson just outside the church door.

"Snappy evening out, isn't it, Mrs. Hackleford," remarked the goodly gentleman.

"Yes," responded the dear old lady with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Just hear (here) the leaves rustle."



## Eucalyptus

If I could be a happy carefree soul,  
If all my cares and sorrows off would roll,  
If I could always reach unto my goal,  
I then would be a happy carefree soul.

## A Restaurant Incident

A kindly old man stepped up to the counter in the quick-lunch room and after pondering for some moments asked for a glass of milk.

The waiter smiled a sardonic smile and remarked maliciously, "Getting back to childhood days?"

The old fellow, however, equal to the occasion, retorted, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Young man, I've made it a point through life always to stay young."

## A Cat-Nip

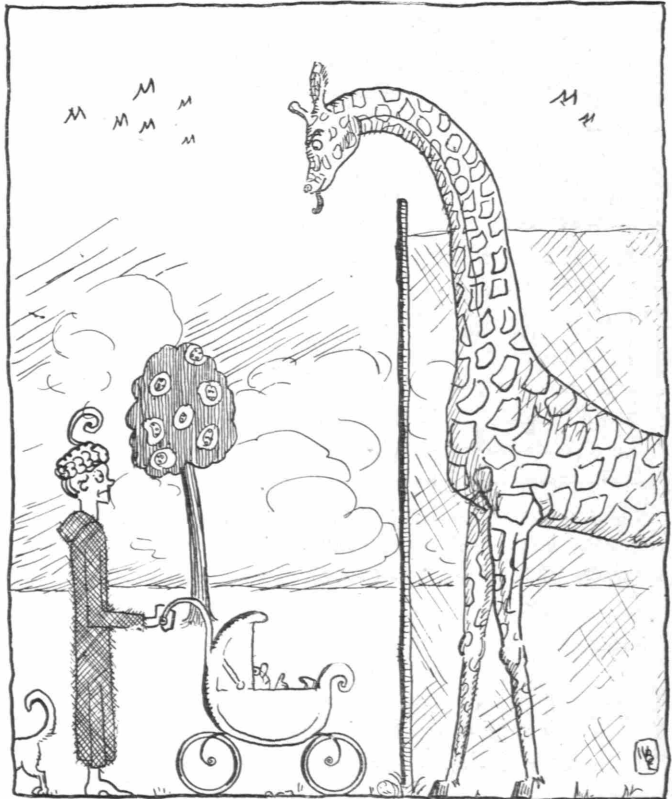
Little August, who had recently been studying his catechism, was playing with the cat. He had the cat's tail in his hand when the cat decided to leave. This was painful so the cat howled. Just then mother



came in, and exclaimed, "What are you doing, August?"

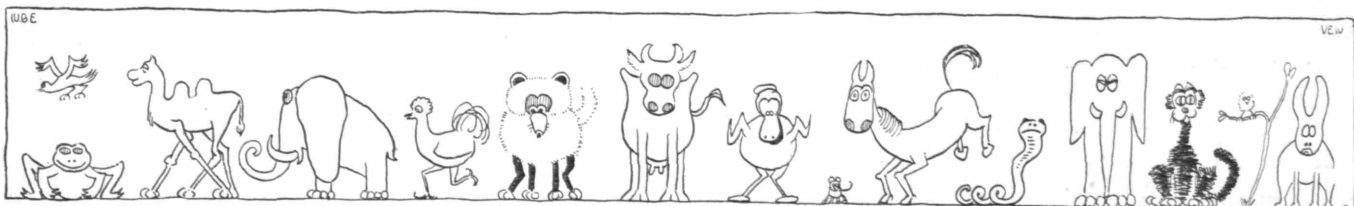
With a merry twinkle in his eye the little fellow said, "Giving the catechism (cat a schism)."

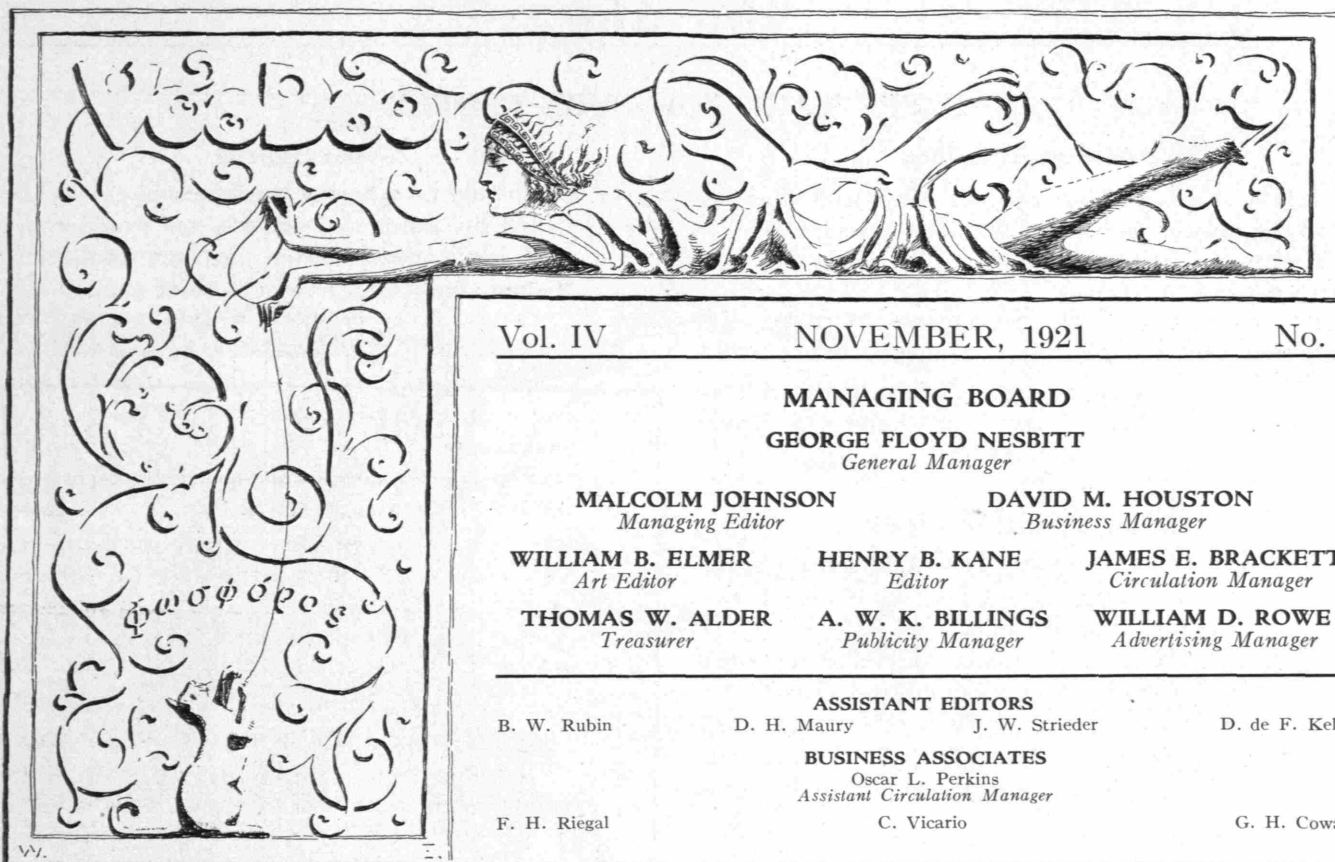
— How old are you?  
— I don't know.



Harvey (aged 2 mos.):—"Mother, wouldn't that giraffe feel terrible if it had a sore throat."

Oscar J. Breadfruit, the notorious blue-law reformer, once underwent a serious operation for gallstones. Prior to the operation he was forced to take ether. However, being a conscientious objector to the practice, he was only prevailed upon to compromise his principles after a long argument. As he was finally dozing off, he was heard to remark, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "How this galls me!"





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CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE, 4000 COPIES

**P**HOSPHORUS rather expected the railroad strike to flivver. It was one of those events the results of which are so appalling, that they simply cannot happen. So they don't. That seems perfectly simple now that the danger is over, but in the last few days before the date the unions had set for the fireworks to begin, things looked bad. Transportation was about to stop. And as Kipling remarked, transportation is civilization.

Even the labour men began to be frightened. They suddenly realized that every one, themselves included, would be hit. It wasn't going to be like pushing an Adamson bill through a Congress that was willing to do anything to hamper the president. . . . Then things happened. Chambers of Commerce opened their doors and began to sign up men for emergency service. Colleges passed resolutions to place their entire resources in the hands of the transportation managers.

The unions, of course, wept in unison at the thought of decent men becoming *scabs*. They tore their respective hair, and wrote profane and impassioned com-

munications to any paper that they thought would print them. College men, educated men, . . . selling their honour . . . something ought to be done about it, the dirty, low-down curs of uncertain ancestry. . . .

At Technology the Institute Committee, the joint representative of the student body and Technique, voted to put the whole Institute into service if the need came. There was only one lone whimper, against it, an unsubtle letter to the "Tech." The writer felt that he should have been consulted. And they hadn't consulted him. It wasn't right. . . .

Phosphorus has had some experience with people who write letters to the "Tech" after not having been consulted in regard to morals and things.

We realize that the motives of all the men who signed up for service on the B. & M. were not quite altruistic. They seemed far too anxious to go to Montreal for that. Still, we believe that they deserve some sort of public recognition for their willingness to go out and be shot — or even be labeled as *scabs* — in defence of the principles of a free people. This is it.



IN New York this past summer (Phosphorus pauses for a heart-drawn sigh) interest of a front-page intensity was aroused and for ten days maintained by the discovery that somebody had been playing ducks and drakes with the decorations on St. Thomas's Church. Though all Tech men may not know it, here is something of interest to them. This is all the more remarkable because New York is not ordinarily a city in which Things of Interest to Tech Men occur. New York is a little too bent on leading a happy life for that. Still, a church. That counteracts the opposing influence a bit. It *was* interesting.

It was in late July, we think, that some observant gentleman discovered over the bride's door of fashionable St. Thomas's (situated on Fifth Avenue, if you please), a dollar mark, cut just as deathlessly into the stone as was the true-lover's knot. This was considered quite a discovery, and next day all of New York's newspapers featured the story of it on their front pages, whereupon a host of investigators descended on St. Thomas's to see the thing for themselves. There it was. The sight of it naturally aroused in the investigators a curiosity to know how many other portions of the church had been enlivened by the architect's wit. The investigation assumed thesis proportions, and a number of interesting things came out. The architects had, it was found, decorated the choir stalls and other woodwork in the chancel by wood carvings, and these wood carvings were all of them caricatures of various persons, much revered, both secular and regular. By the time this information was given out on the front page of the public prints, St. Thomas's was being mobbed, daily and Sunday, by an army of researchers equipped

with magnifying glasses and fine-tooth combs. Through their efforts it was soon brought out that St. Thomas's was, from end to end, furnished with enough satiric embellishment to do three French novels.

And here is the amazing point of tangency for Tech men: the architects of St. Thomas's were our own (partially) Cram, Goodhue and Little!

This was a terrific shock to those of us who were following the daily newspaper reports. Architects have their jokes, after all. Like Bunthorne, there is more innocent fun in them than the casual spectator would imagine. True, this particular joke was one that the public was some ten years in getting on to, but that's nothing unusual. It was a joke. Moreover, it was a good joke. And, it develops, it is entirely our own fault that the thing landed from an unexpected quarter. Architects do that sort of thing all the time.

When McKim, Mead and White built the Boston library they arranged the Illustrious Names which bedeck it, in a fashion such that they formed an acrostic which, read downwards, spelt their firm name. Architects are just bubbling over with this kind of thing.

This is all very well as long as the joke is on someone else. It is our fond hope that nobody played any tricks like that when Technology was built. It would be dreadful to learn that the names on our own buildings were arranged so that their first letters spelled H-A-R-V-A-R-D, or that the frescoed portrait of Earl Bowman Millard recurred in the interior decorations of Tech Show's office. We have no assurances that this is not so. A rigid probe of this matter by the Research Department of The Tech Engineering News is in order.

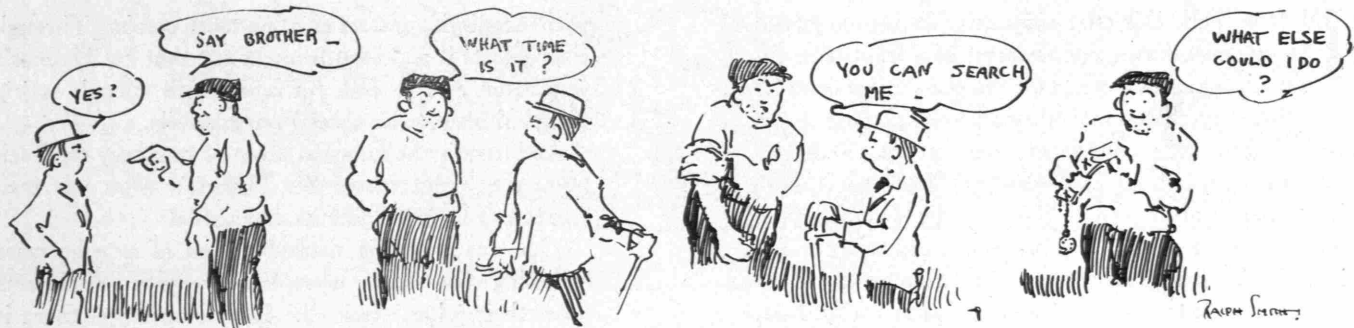
IN the near future, we will issue on request a complete list of the more or less humorous publications that are now piled in the corners of our rooms for the entertainment and diversion of Phosphorus. At present, we hope that all interested persons will be content to make each his own list and learn the range of our observation by a glance at these same magazines. With one exception, they are all to be seen, and as soon as the approaching cold of winter is more apparent, "La Vie Parisienne" itself will be brought forth from the ice-box and piled by the window so that it will annihilate the cold and furnish Phosphorus eternal summer, that he may continue to enjoy each day the trance into which the view of the Dorms and Boston Proper always throws him.

We make these few remarks in the interests of efficiency. If those who furnish us with original jokes would conceal the origin by judicious use of such a list, we could then move forward to our ideal: a paper that can be placed in the homes of Zion City without

our blushing for it, a paper that can be placed in the hands of the boss or the office-boy without your losing of it.

While we strive toward this ideal, a great opportunity for unselfish service in the public good awaits us, and we look forward with impatient longings to the day when we will no more receive duplicate jokes, when instead we shall see the offices of one of our contemporaries — shall we say, a paper published in Cambridge? — so deluged with letters from interested subscribers that the editors will at last realize that every communication is not for publication, even though it mention the sublime style and pluperfect diction of the incoherent remarks with which the editors have most recently favored their readers. It would be like the dawn of a new day seen after a night's sleep.

*We hereby serve notice that we already know the only original joke in The Passing Show.*



The Flight of Time.

### Confessions of a Bride

Chap. XXX.

(As depicted by the yellower of our journals)

When Dan came home, I could see at once that he was out of sorts, for when I ran to kiss him, he bit off the top of my ear. Some wives would have taken offence at this, but I try to be a true helpmate and not the nagging kind. I merely said, "Dinner is ready, dear."

"What, hash again?" exclaimed Dan as he followed me into the kitchen. "Yes, darling," I replied, whereupon he threw the frying pan at Baby. Although I thought a great deal of baby, I said nothing, feeling that Dan was not quite himself. Hoping to wound him, I quietly phoned for the undertaker. All that he said was, "Are you going to use that telephone all night?" Sometimes I think there is something brutal in his nature by the way he acts when these spells are on him. He called up that Banks woman and invited her out to dinner. Am I losing his love? The thought is driving me mad.

—C. T. B.

### Snappy Articles For The Tech Man's Wardrobe

Hand-painted pajamas  
Concrete neckties  
Steam-heated cuff-links  
Paraffin suspenders  
Porcelain collars  
Sandpaper handkerchiefs  
Asbestos Socks  
Fur-lined inkwell  
Rubber slip-stick

### Intricate Pun

1st Co-ed.:—"I had a lovely time at the Country Club dance last night."

2nd Co-ed.:—"How so?"

1st Co-ed.:—"My partner didn't dance."

### At the Theatres

*Caviar*:—"She Hit Him With a Rolling-Pin, and They Carried Him Home" in five parts. A striking picture.

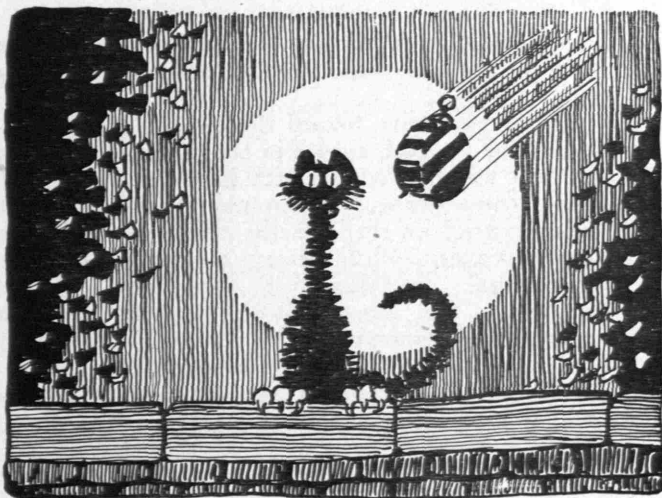
*Capital*:—"Coming Home From The Club One Night" in seven long reels. Very realistic; you can almost smell his breath.

*Capitol*:—"The Oatmeal Bowl," a serial picture of China.

*Antique*:—"Home Brew," a very pathetic play depicting the rise of a cake of yeast.

*Ravioli*:—"The Blind Tiger." This is the famous jazz review which produced the season's song hit, "We Don't Buy Rolls On Saturday Night Because Father Comes Home With a Bun."

*Rivoli*:—"O, Death, Where Is Thy Sting?" A series of remarkable scenes showing the work done in and about the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



Phosphorus in his Latest Allegorical Pose, entitled, "The Flight of Time."

### Evening Clothes

Almost any dame today is satisfied if she has three or four trunks full of silk lingerie, evening gowns, silk stockings, slippers, fans, and other vamping accoutrements. Women care no more for clothes than W. J. Bryan does for grape juice. All of which goes to back up the words of Aristotle who so aptly remarked, "La donne é mobile." On the other hand, a man is satisfied with one morbid suit of evening clothes.

Any guy who has served a four-year sentence in one of our higher institutions of learning, and, being pardoned, comes home without a "tux" or a "full" diffused through his worldly goods is running with his index of refraction dangerously high; the women can't see through him. He has traversed his balmy days without the inspiring influence of a hard-boiled shirt plastered over his chest. And that's quite the insurmountable difficulty. Since Max Keezer opened up his shop, you can't tell his product from the real thing at twenty yards.

The birds who sport the waiter's uniforms are factors in the stellar constellation of the social life. They are the trusties of the grand old outfit who grab off a few odd minutes to break hearts, their old gents' pocketbooks, and the feet of the tired co-ed. The apples that part their hair in the middle, and spread the salve would make a vaseline syndicate look like a crushed stone corporation.

The real thing in evening clothes can be readily found in any magazine on what the well-dressed man should wear. It consists mainly of a pair of pants with side stripes, a natty bay-window supporter with pearl buttons, an undertaker's coat, a bulging shirt front, and a "thank God I'm pure" collar which saws the ears. And every year they pick four billion bales of cotton to supply the necessary wool for these outfits.

The only difficulty involved in the jazz armor is when you don the collar and tie. This operation calls into play all the movements of a professional contortionist, and would make Cyclone Burns look like an infant in swaddling clothes.

But for all that, evening clothes are pretty good articles for the shape they're in, and often come in handy. When you're broke and starving miles from home, you can always borrow a few from Uncle on the soup and fish.

—J. W. S.

*"That's a deuce of a note," said the student as he read the latest letter from Dad.*



Boy, Page Dr. Crafts

A nervy young necker named Ninon,  
Bathing beaches quite often was seen on,  
But all that she wore  
Was a gauze pinafore;  
"Back to Nature" she surely was keen on.

*"Jack, before I promise to marry you, you will have to promise me that you will stop shooting craps."*

*"What has that to do with our marriage?"*

*"Those little things have a right to live and I wouldn't marry a murderer."*

"Why bother about it," said the engineer looking over the irrigation prospect. "It isn't worth a dam."

*Farmer:—"Know anything about planting?"*

*College graduate:—"Well, I've sown wild oats."*



Tech Night!

Senior:—"Do you know Poe's Raven?"

Soph:—"Who's the girl?"

### Hot Stuff

When Jerry at length awoke, instead of viewing the familiar objects which adorned his bachelor apartments with his man, Gregory, bustling about laying out his morning clothes, he was greeted by total darkness which reeked with an acrid sulphurous odor and a feeling of suffocating heat. His first move was to throw off the bedclothes, and open a window. But in an attempt to carry out this bright idea, he found that he was clothed in flowing robes of black and that the floor was hard, unyielding, superheated rock.

Being a typical young man of his set, Jerry had never given much time to serious thought, always having considered that absence of body is better than presence of mind. How the so ever it behooves us to say that on this occasion he strove mightily to set to rights his much befuddled head. To the best of his recollection, he could recall nothing after he had firmly grasped the plaster of Paris statue of Venus about the waist "to absorb the shock" and gulped a snifter of Tommy van Suyden's first attempt at home brewing.

"Well this is a hell of a note," muttered Jerry disconsolately.

"Quite right," intoned a deep sepulchral voice just behind him. "This is a hell of a note."

Jerry turned quickly to behold by the aid of an unseen phosphorescent light, a figure clothed much like himself, and whose face and head were entirely concealed by a hood which Jerry likened to the hood of an executioner. "Oh, I say, and by the way no need of formalities and all that, I'm Jerry Dysart Fairbon of N'York you know, could you tell me where I am and who you are?"

"I can," replied the figure. "You are in East Hell, and I am His Plutonic Majesty's right hand man, sent here by him to guide you hence, and to show you a Hell of good time."

"Good egg," said Jerry trying hard to look pleased. "I bet he shakes a wicked right. But a Hellish good time, lead on."

After what seemed to Jerry an interminable period of time, occupied by their journey, fording streams of molten lead, dodging avalanches of lava, avoiding active volcanoes, and being all the time subjected to blasts of hot gases, rainstorms of sulphuric acid, and the taunts of Hell's belles, they arrived at the end of their route. They had traversed a passage hewn from the solid rock which brought them out on a wide gallery half-way up and completely circling a huge vaulted cavern. So huge it was that Jerry could not see the opposite wall from where they stood.



"You see now," shouted the right hand man, "the Infernal Regions proper."

"The deuce you say," Jerry bellowed back. "How long did it take us to get here?"

His Plutonic Majesty's R. H. M. drew an almanac from the folds of his robe and consulted it. "We made good time," he announced, "two hundred and thirty-six years, five months, four days."

Jerry drew a deep breath, but immediately coughed not yet having become acclimated so to speak. "That's going like the devil. What do you call average?" he sputtered.

"Oh, three hundred years or thereabouts," said the R. H. M. laconically.

On the floor of the cavern was a scene of activity which Jerry watched, the while listening to the words of explanation falling from the lips of his official guide. In one corner sat Beethoven composing jazz, while the strains of "At the Devil's Ball" floated through the place played by a famous Symphony Orchestra. Napoleon and J. Caesar were playing toddle-top for a volume entitled "Arctic Voyages" and were the center of a circle composed of Nero and Cook. In the center foreground of the pit, a Bessemer blast furnace was running full force turning out livid, seething, white hot, molten steel and clustered about it was a great crowd of condemned souls bearing away portions in iron pails.

"What do they do with that?" questioned Jerry.

"They use that stuff for ice cream in Hell," replied his host. "Come on down and have some on me." He pushed Jerry playfully off the gallery and jumped off himself. Instead of falling like a stone, due to the lack of gravity they floated easily to the bottom, where he grabbed Jerry and pulled him over to the palace of sweets.

"Make it for two," he ordered, and seizing his charge by the nape of the neck forced one of the proffered buckets of liquid metal to his lips.

It burnt, how it burnt, — Jerry felt it work its searing way into his very vitals. He struggled, fought, struck out, his blows went home and he sat up.

Tommy van Suyden sat across the room from him wearing an aggrieved look, and nursing a bruised eye. "Oh, I say, you needn't have been so dashed rough when I was only trying to give you a drink."

Jerry got rather unsteadily to his feet. "Ye gods! Did you say mild but it satisfies? I'll say it's toasted . . . hot stuff."

— J. W. S.

"Good Lord! how you made me jump!" as the frog said when he was created.

There is a sort of chap who slings

A wicked line,

And writes of nice but naughty things

With satire fine,

But fears to shock some puritanic minds

Leaves cuss-words out, and by their blanks reminds

Us of the things that we all know quite well —

I'd like to see all chaps like that in . . .

### In The Movies They Do It

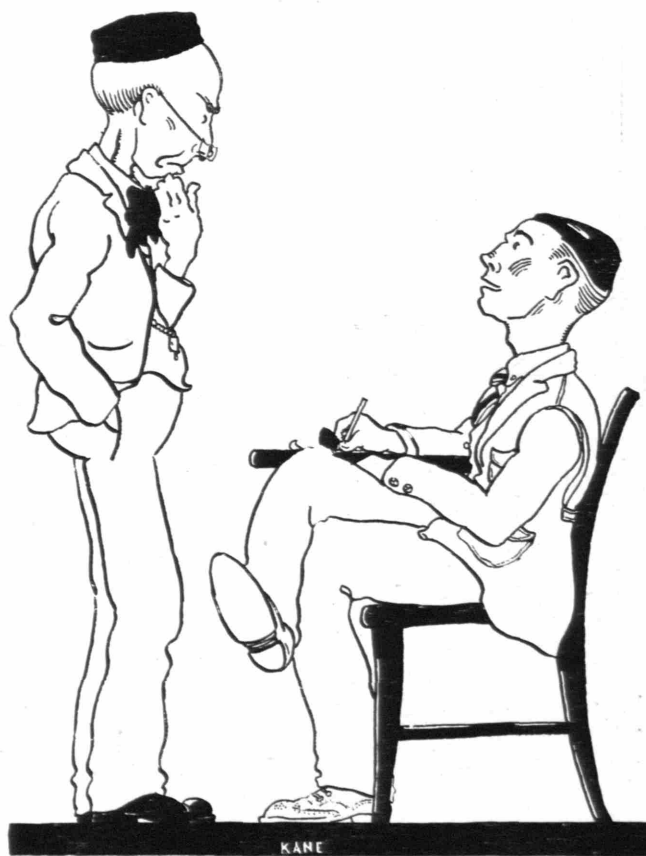
*Reporter*:—"So you have to pay the government part of your income when you take the role of a lover in pictures with Norma Talmadge and other such stars?"

*Movie Actor*:—"Righto!"

*Reporter*:—"What for?"

*Movie Actor*:—"Amusement tax."

No, Nimrod, a stop-watch that reads seconds is not necessarily a second-hand watch.



FROSH:—"What is the date, please?"

PROF.:—"Never mind the date, the exam is more important."

FROSH:—"Well, sir, I wanted to have something right."



SHE:—"Let's sit out this dance on the steps."

HE:—"Why?"

SHE:—"I'd like them *under* my feet for a while."

# Music and Mellowdrammer

## Phosphorus attends the play

We have always been most painfully moved when a family quarrel is made public. The lack of good breeding which is in itself enough to explain such a spectacle is not in our opinion enough to excuse it, and so we rejoice in the knowledge that we shall have strength sufficient to resist any unworthy inclinations while we are still enveloped in the calm that precedes our first appearance. If it were not for this peace, which is the reward of our present insignificance, we might be tempted beyond our strength into a controversy with our respected Grandmother Transcript. We have plenty of things to say, and so lack of copy shall not now force us to mention that the immediate cause of our dissatisfaction is our grandmother's vigorously expressed and uncomplimentary opinion of the Arlington's present season of opera in English. Just now, nothing could force us to remind the dear old lady that her enviable ability to do exactly as she chooses is saddled with the obligation to be unfailingly generous. That is our opinion, but it must forever remain a secret.

A quarrel would occasion us sincere grief, for we have loved our grandmother for a long time. She has always been willing, even anxious, to give us her invaluable opinions, and while she has never offered us any little cash prizes together with brief lectures on compound interest, she has also never betrayed our confidence in a missing line contest. We remember, though we hope to forget, what happened when one of our aunts asked us to write a line that we knew by heart. You may remember the time,

"There was a young lady from France,  
Who came to an Institute dance,  
When they led her away,  
You could hear the boys say,  
....."

Do you remember who won it? That horse-headed blond over in Hemenway Street, who thought she heard the boys say, "You can tell these French girls at a glance." We can't forget it. We had that dollar and a half all spent.

Wherever we go, we meet those charming people who know our grandmother. We like to listen to

their conversation. It is almost like listening to the dear old lady herself. We consequently prefer to go to Symphony Hall on Saturdays, so that we can hear from those around us just what our grandmother thinks of the current program. On Fridays, most of us have no way of telling when to applaud, so we, for our part, pretend to take notes and never applaud.

Perhaps the most touching page in our family history is that which tells of the patient, faithful expectation with which our good grandmother watches beside the spiritless body of the Follies, interpreting each spasm as a sign of continued health. How happy our grandmother is, not to know that the soul of the Follies passed from out the body seventeen long months ago.

We used to wonder why such a respectable old lady was not at least a tiny bit shocked by a show like the Follies, just to be proper; but that was before Hortense told us that she sometimes dresses up like quite a young woman and goes around to the stage door and talks to the actresses and everything. Of course, we don't believe this, but if it is true, we do hope that she will take Florence O'Denishawn off in a quiet corner and show her how to wrap a little court-plaster around her ankles, right where her underwear stops and she begins. As they are, we had to look twice at the program before we knew that she was The Spirit of the Cyclamen Tree. For a moment, we even wondered if this was the Scandals, with Penny dancing The Rise and Fall of the Bolsheviks. . . . Now, that we think of it, Hortense did tell us that the Boston censor made her put them on, and that she lets them get all loose and dirty around the bottom just to show how deeply outraged her æsthetic sensibilities are, but Hortense is so unreliable! For ourselves, we never could figure out why bare knees are all right down in the pit and so very bad up on the stage. To be sure, our fearless and independent cousin, Walter Pritchard Eaton, once made an answer, saying that a knee is a joint, and not a place of entertainment, but we can not be satisfied with this. As far as we can see, a joint *IS* a place of entertainment.

deF. K.

*Hon. Frosh:*—"What's this compound  $\text{Ch}_2\text{O}$ ?"

*Voice from behind:*—"Sea water, you dumb-bell."

"I found out a fine place for lunch. Gee, you oughta see the waitress!"

## THANKSGIVING 1921



Tho' miles away from bright Broadway,  
The Pilgrim's life was "wild" they say.  
So wild, in fact the life they led,  
That daylight found them all in dread.  
But under cover of the night,  
They soon began to find delight  
In safe repose; mid song and Stein,  
Bid scorn the day, and laud "moonshine."



And so their first "still" party came,  
Thanksgiving was it called by name.  
Whence Fathers crown'd old Turkey king,  
But each son queen'd some "chicken" wing.  
Tho' Lenine, Trotsky's big combine,  
Was still unheard of at that time,  
Some "reds" attended the affair,  
With peace-pipes set to blow "hot air."



For days when "wet" did reign, were they;  
But now, 'tis "dry" tho' rain it may.  
Gone, — that "spirit" in the air,  
Thanksgiving's joys are bleak and rare.  
Still keep thy faith, and bring on mirth,  
That live we may beyond this earth,  
For tho' no beer be "drawn from wood,"  
All get wood biers, when gone for good.

*Customer*:—"I want a pair of gloves for my wife."

*Sales Lady*:—"Yes, sir. What color?"

*Customer*:—"Doesn't matter."

*Sales Lady*:—"What size?"

*Customer*:—"Doesn't matter, she'll change them in any case."

"What do you think of that car?" asked the much-jolted passenger in the "fliv."

"Oh, passable," replied the driver as he opened the throttle.



"Nice girl, but deaf."  
"Can she read lips?"  
"Yes—by touch."

"You've got some nerve," said the dentist, as he extracted it.

## Here, There and Yonder

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The flames that lit the battle wreck  
Shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its cry, "Sleep no more!"  
Macbeth does murder the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
Alas, poor Yorick! I knew someone had blundered,  
Theirs not to make reply  
Theirs not to reason why  
Theirs but to go, not like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By water, water, everywhere,  
Oh how at midnight in his guarded tent  
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour  
When Greece her knee in suppliance bent  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair  
(We called her the woman who didn't care)  
But why should the spirit of mortal be proud,  
Like the swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

—I. L.

"Now let's have a good display of hosiery" — cried the fire-chief as he and his men answered the alarm.



# Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers  
Bakers, Candy Makers, Coffee Roasters  
Makers of Delicatessen Products  
and Tobacconists



Wholesale Warehouse and Main Office:  
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Manufacturing Department:  
226 Summer Street, Boston

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87 Causeway Street, Boston  
6-8 Faneuil Hall Square, Boston

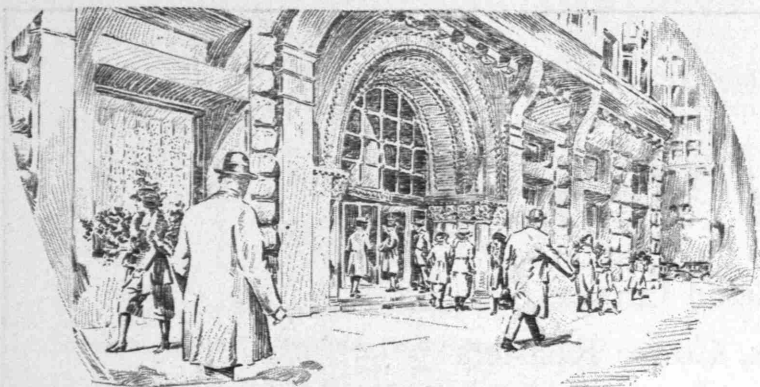
Also at Malden, Salem, Taunton and Fall River

## 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*



## *The Congress—A National Institution.*

**F**AMED among travelers, the Congress has come to be a national institution. Here one meets all those who know and appreciate the art of hospitality.

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

Then, too, its cuisine, the service of its exceptional corps of attaches, its superb appointments have made for the reputation of the Congress.



## Congress Hotel and Annex

S. R. KAUFMAN, President  
Michigan Avenue at Congress Street  
Chicago

## CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN

in the college room on our  
second floor

**FURNISHINGS—HATS  
SHOES** selected especially  
for young men

*Shuman & Co.*  
*Boston*  
*Shuman Corner*  
THE · SERVICE · STORE

*Cub:* "What's all the row about?"

*Another:* "Aw, just the advertising manager and the art editor scrapping about who does all the literary work on this magazine."

—Gargoyle

### On Second Thought

*Patient:* "Doctor, I've known you so long now that it would be an insult for me to pay your bill, so I've arranged a handsome legacy for you in my will."

*Doctor:* "You don't mean it — I am overwhelmed — by the way, just let me take a look at that prescription again."

—Banter

### Rather Expensive

Following the marriage ceremony the groom called the minister aside and inquired the price of the service.

"Well," said the minister, "you may pay me whatever it's worth to you."

"Be reasonable!" groaned the groom. "This woman inherits a million dollars on her twenty-first birthday."

—Pelican

*Omar:* "How do you know cigarettes are bad for the wind?"

*Roma:* "Why, haven't you noticed a fellow who smokes is always puffing?"

—Tiger

ESTABLISHED 1818

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**CLOTHING,**  
*Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,*

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Trunks, Bags, Travelling Kits and separate fittings

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*Send for "The Care of the Wardrobe"*



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can serve customers as satisfactorily as we  
can in our New York Store

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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
Pearl T, real or imitation pearls.....	3.50 to 15.00
Lavalliere, black enamel with pearls.....	8.50 to 10.00
Vanity Cases.....	2.50 to 8.50
Bracelet.....	1.50 to 4.50
Paper Cutters and Book Marks.....	.85 to 1.75
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.**



## Young Men's Hats

Distinctive and Exclusive Styles  
Foreign and Domestic Manufacture

### Coats

Agents for

Burberry and Aquascutum English Coats  
Golf Suits Caps Gloves Neckties

**Collins & Fairbanks Co.**  
383 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON

FOUNDED 1856



IN the assembling of our leather goods —bags, suitcases and trunks — we are sticklers for quality—we insist upon embodying every detail known to insure service and slightly appearance —and our prices are surprisingly moderate.

Mail service accurately executed.

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

## THE ADVERTISING OF A COLLEGE MONTHLY

### I

#### Why Periodicals?

**A**DVERTISING is the fine art of selling commodities through the medium of the printed word. The only other way of selling is by salesmen, who work of necessity under the limitations of time and the personal equation. Even if it were possible for them to reach every prospect personally, there would still be need of advertising, for the printed word is more convincing than the spoken.

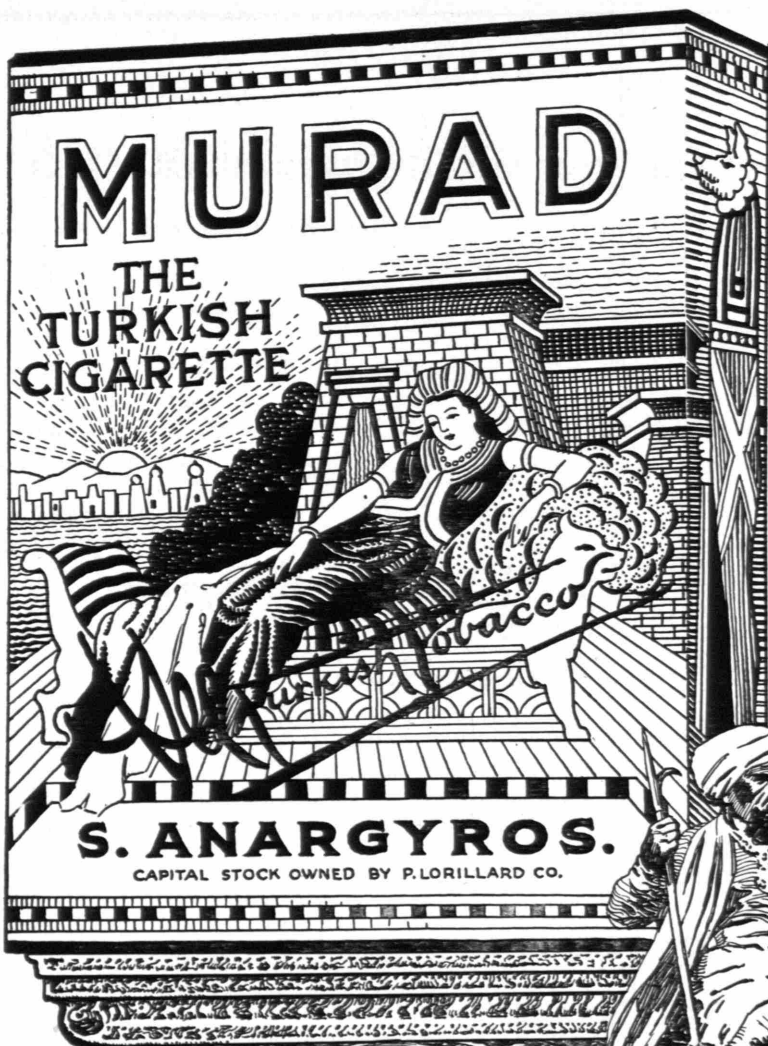
Of the advertising fields, that of the periodicals is the most logical, for not only do they reach men, but they do *not reach them gratuitously*. Anything free is at a discount. The very fact that letters and billboards, and even the time of salesmen, is given, destroys in a measure their usefulness.

The value of a periodical for advertising purposes depends on two things, first, the quantity, and second, the quality, of its circulation. In other words, the number and the kind of people who buy it and read it.

In a college world, the men who read the various publications are pretty much alike, and so the determining factor for an advertiser who intends to enter that field is *circulation, and circulation alone*.

VOODOO possesses a unit circulation almost as large as the combined unit circulations of all the student publications at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and twice that of the only other monthly. What this means in terms of selling power will be explained in a later issue.





**T**HOUSANDS of smokers have proved it—and now give the verdict to you—

Of all the other tobaccos NATURE has produced—none can approach the finest varieties of pure Turkish for cigarettes.

None has the delicious FLAVOR of the finest Turkish—

None gives the ENJOYMENT of the finest Turkish—

None will SATISFY you as will the finest Turkish—

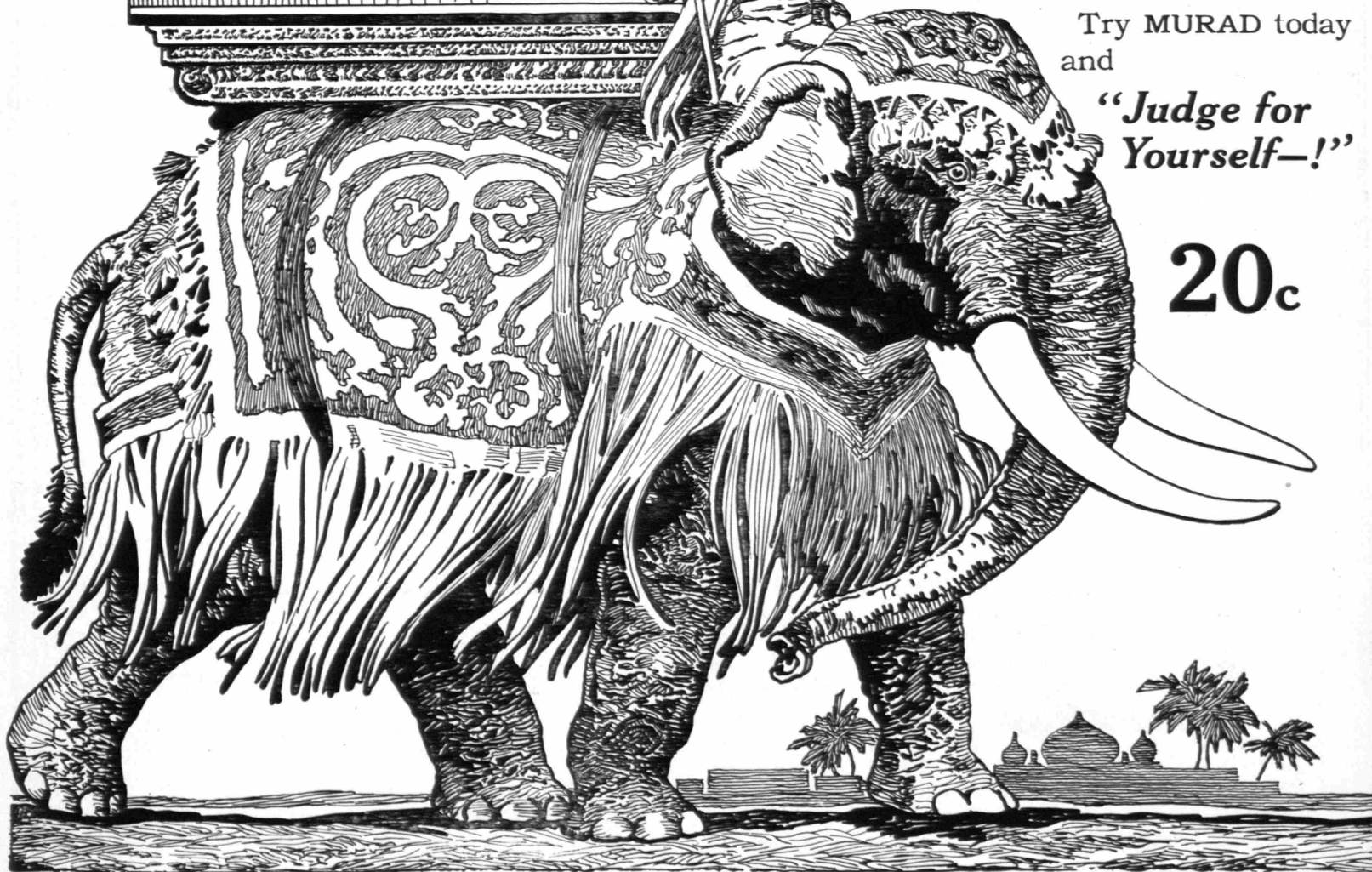
None but the highest grade and personally selected Turkish tobaccos is used in MURAD.

To enjoy 100% pure Turkish at its VERY BEST—to reach the PEAK of Cigarette Quality—you have but to smoke MURAD—

Try MURAD today and

*“Judge for Yourself—!”*

**20c**





FOLLOW THE ARROW AND YOU FOLLOW THE STYLE

## Next month Voo Doo will print

The Physical Culture Number

to be followed at regular intervals by

The Newspaper Number

The Female Number

The Travel Number

The Prom Number

The Technology Number

Enclosed find \$1.75 for one year's subscription to Voo Doo, to be sent to the following address.

To \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

From \_\_\_\_\_

THE  
**KENMORE BARBER SHOP**

496 Commonwealth Avenue

Where Tech Men Go!

SERVICE

SATISFACTION

"He made his money out of lead."

"Well, that's all right if the Government'll let him get away with it."

—Virginia Reel

**Damages**

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

*Fast Friend:*—"Who from?"

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

—Brown Bull

**Advice to Freshmen**

*First Roomie:* "Let's toss a coin up to see what we do to-night. If it lands heads we'll go to the movies; tails we'll get a date; and if it stands on edge, we'll study."

*Second Roomie:* "Yes, or throw over!"

—Lord Jeff

**Retort Courteous**

"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

"Get 'em shined. That's what I'd do."

—Panther

WELLESLEY INN - WELLESLEY, MASS.

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS  
ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

**Luncheon—Dinner  
Afternoon Tea**

TELEPHONE, WELLESLEY 180



**The · Murray · Printing · Company**

Kendall · Square  
Cambridge

*We Print Anything  
That Should Be Printed*



## Old Colony Service

An efficient and courteous organization, progressive methods, large resources, and three offices, conveniently located in different sections in Boston, combine to make the Old Colony Trust Company the most desirable depository in New England.

Three Modern Safe Deposit Vaults

## Old Colony Trust Company

17 Court Street

52 Temple Place

BOSTON

222 Boylston St.

MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

### A Ham Joke

He: "I live in my Mary's eyes."

Him: "Yes, I noticed she had a sty in them."

—Lord Jeff

Luke:—"He kissed her where she stood."

Juke:—"Sort of a sole-kiss, eh?"

—Virginia Reel

"She took him on a motor trip through Canada."

"I see—sort of driving him to drink."

—Widow

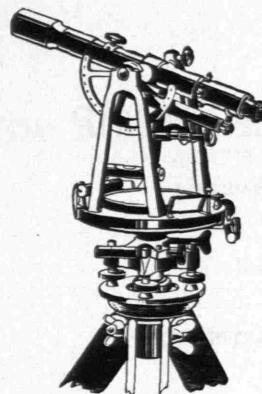
## Spaulding's Dairy Lunch

Boston, Mass.

*We make a specialty of  
Special Breakfasts and Suppers*

Tel. Back Bay 1731

1036 Boylston Street



**BUFF**

### Instrument Makers to:

U. S. Government—many departments.  
N. Y. Central R. R.  
N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R.  
New York Water Board  
Public Service Commission, N. Y. City  
Board of Public Works, N. Y. City  
And countless others.  
Send for Buff Catalog No. 212

### Buff & Buff Mfg. Company

329 Lamartine St.  
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

*Father:*—"Yes, Professor, my son is destined to be a great scientist; I presume you have noticed his way of going to the bottom of things."

*Prof.:*—"Yes, I've noticed it about his classes."

If a great lawyer is a legal light, is a great electrician an electric light?

—Virginia Reel

*Stix:*—"What's a good remedy for corns?"

*Stax:*—"I dunno. I'm studyin' law, not agriculture."

—Virginia Reel

## 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

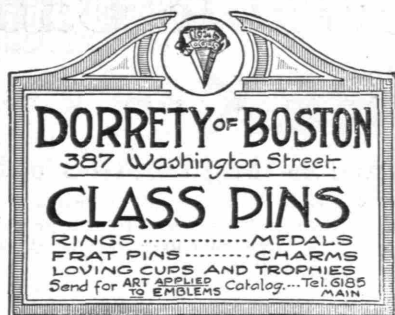
1080 Boylston Street

### Office:

1083 Washington Street

Boston, Mass.





Some professors don't necessarily have to tell bed-time stories to put a class to sleep.

— Orange Owl

#### Ark-aic

*Shem*: "The old man ought to hurl those hyenas overboard."

*Japheth*: "How Come?"

*Ham*: "They're the laughingstock of the ark."

— Pelican

#### You Would, Too

How a bald-headed man does sneer at a woman who dyes her hair.

— Log

## OLD CLOTHES WANTED

BY

## MAX KEEZER

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Your  
Cast-Off Clothing

Will call at your room day or evening  
at your pleasure

1236 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
CAMBRIDGE

Telephone: { 302 } If one is busy call the other.  
52936

# Boston Evening TRANSCRIPT



LEAD THE FIELD IN  
College  
and School **Sports**



## Football

Forecasts  
**FRIDAYS**

Reviews  
**MONDAYS**

Complete surveys  
of all the

**Big Games**

# A New Construction in Portable Cables



TRADE **TIREX** MARK

**Wears at least four times as long as other cables.**

Its construction does away with the principal weakness in fibrous covered cables. It resists wear under severe uses, over rough or jagged surfaces.

It is not so easily crushed as fibrous covered cables. It is practically impervious to water, oils, acids, alkalies or gases.

**Tirex saves 75% in two ways:**

Every time a cable requires repair or replacement there is a loss due to idle men and machinery. Because Tirex wears so much longer than fibrous covered cables

its use saves 75% of this loss as well as 75% of the labor and material involved in making the repair or replacement.

Tirex is non-absorptive and is easily cleaned.  
Tirex is flexible and cannot kink.

Tirex increases the safety of operators. As the whole covering of Tirex is of rubber the possibility of receiving a shock is removed.

*Made in all sizes and types of cable.*

*Free samples sent upon request, stating type, sizes and quantities usually bought.*

## SIMPLEX WIRE & CABLE CO

MANUFACTURERS

201 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON 9

15 South Desplaines Street, Chicago

Joseph G. Brobeck  
120 W. 32d Street  
New York

E. S. Stickley Co.  
Union Arcade Building  
Pittsburgh

612 Howard Street, San Francisco

Harris & Evans  
Real Estate Trust Building  
Philadelphia

AMERICA'S  
FOREMOST FLORIST

74  
YEARS OF REAL  
SERVICE

ESTABLISHED  
1847

*Thos. F. Gabrin*  
INC.  
**FLOWERS**

**BOSTON**  
1 Park Street  
Downtown  
Haymarket 255  
**549 Boylston St.**  
Copley Square  
Back Bay 2323

**NEW YORK**  
561 5th Avenue  
at  
46th Street  
Murray Hill 1620

# Wool Soap

is the logical answer  
to the question  
of "what is best

For Toilet and Bath"







Norman  
Rockwell

HIS FIRST DRESS SHIRT—NATURALLY AN ARROW-DONCHESTER  
CLUETT, PEABODY & Co., INC., TROY, N. Y.