

Vol. 4, no. 1.

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CHICAGO

"I've got that down Pat," said Mrs. Flanigan, as she gave her son a dose of castor oil.

—Chaparral

Safety First

Careful Mother:—"Johnny, if you eat any more cake, you'll burst."

Johnny:—"Well, pass th' cake and get outa the way."

—Washington and Lee Mink

Circumstantial Evidence

I asked her if she rolled them
She said she'd never tried.
Just then a mouse ran swiftly by
And now I know she lied.

—Sun Dodger

Good Night

Patches:—"I take a bottle of whiskey every night before I go to bed."

Varsity:—"Why?"

Patches:—"So I'll sleep tight."

—Goblin

Father (to young suitor):—"Why, young man, you couldn't even dress her."

Suitor:—"Z' at so! Well it won't take me long to learn."

—Lord Jeff

I went 2 walk the other night,
My dog went 2, 4 fun.
A poor a10u8ed cat
And he, had quite a run.

—Yale Record

Chauncy Hall School

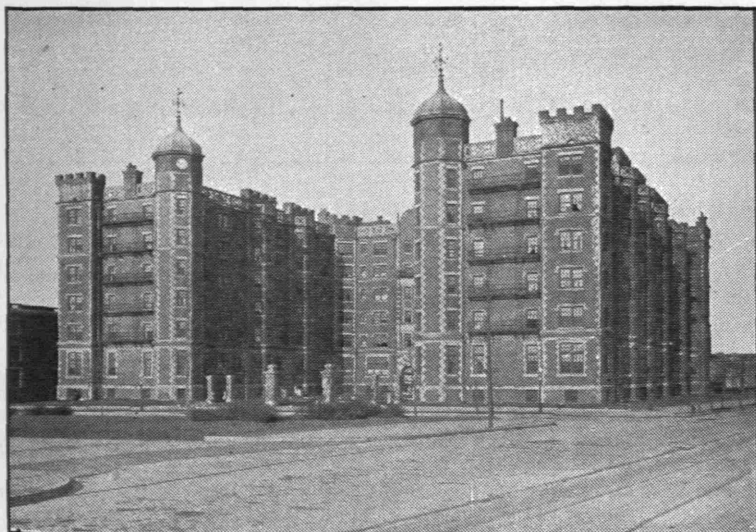
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A Play of Three Words

Dramatis personæ. Lover.
Loved One.
Father of L. O.

Lover:—"Darling —"

(Enter Father.) Father:—"You!"

Lover:—"Ouch!"

—Phoenix

Camouflaged

He picked it up at a swell garage,
And thought himself so clever,
To buy a car so cheap — and found
'Twas his old one painted over!

He picked her up at a fancy ball,
And proved a charming lover —
Then found, instead of a brand-new girl,
'Twas his old one painted over!

—Lehigh Burr

A Large One

Stout Woman:—"That elevator boy must be a mind reader."

Anti-fat Expert:—"That's hardly possible."

Stout Woman:—"Well, then, how did he know I wanted
to come to your office before I told him?"

—Chaparral

Take Your Choice

Clarence (to the waiter as he entered):—"Let me know when
it is eleven-thirty."

Lucy (sweetly):—"The time or the check?"

—Sun Dial

Mary never was a vamp,
The boys all passed her by,
She never even had a date
In the good old days of rye.

But all those days are over now,
And she's the College belle.
The Moral:—Stock your cellarette,
It does its duty well.

—Pitt Panther

The Bugamist

A June bug married an angleworm;
An accident cut her in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy;
Now what could the poor thing do?

—Punch Bowl

Stude:—"What has Jim done with his mustache?"

Stewd:—"I don't know. I mustache him."

—Widow

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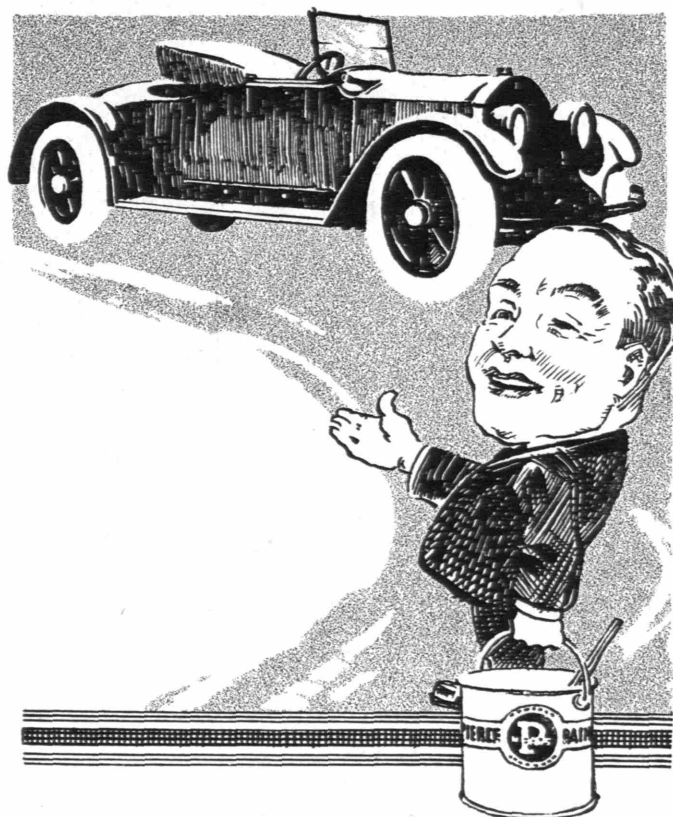
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Some Brand

"How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a gramophone."

"You don't say! If I smoked two hundred of those cigars I wouldn't want a gramophone; I'd want a harp."

—*Boston Post*

Up the Ladder

Manager:—"I rose to this position from that of office boy."

Office Boy:—"Yep, I could blackmail the boss, too, if I wanted to."

—*Judge*

Double

She:—"I'm so nervous. Tell me how I can cut my finger nails without cutting my fingers."

He:—"Hold the scissors with both hands."

—*Chaparral*

Struck Dumb

Dido:—"Do you remember when you were first struck by my beauty?"

Aeneas:—"Yes, dearest. It was at the masked ball."

—*Sun Dial*

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Bonds Of ——?

Blessed be the tie that binds
My collar to my shirt,
For underneath that silken band
Lies half an inch of dirt.

—Awgwan

Revealed

Ouija:—"The great Swami of Bla Bla is blest with mystic powers. He draws aside the veil on everything."

Oui Oui:—"Gee! I wonder if he'll go with me to see the oriental dancer in the Follies?"

—Chaparral

Him:—"Gee! you look sweet enough to kiss."

She:—"Well, I—er—apparently not."

—Phoenix

'22:—"Why do you call him skeleton?"

'23:—"Because I hear him rattling the bones all night."

—Chaparral

Ed:—"How did he manage to sell that old, haunted house?"

Co-ed:—"He started a rumor that there were spirits in the cellar."

—Pitt Panther

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He:—“I’m the best dancer in the country.”
She (sweetly):—“Yes—in the country.”

—Siren

Doris:—“Is Mr. Hansen courting you?”

Alice:—“Not exactly, yet. But he is approaching it step by step. When he first called he sat all the evening with a postcard album in his lap. Next time he sat with my poodle in his lap. Next time he took my little brother in his lap. So, you see, I hope it will soon be my turn!”

—Tit Bits

First Maiden Lady:—“Do you prefer the Grecian school of ballet dancing to the Russian?”

Second Maiden Lady:—“Well, my dear, the Russians at least wear beards.”

—Puppet

It’s rumored about that one of our Profs is so absent-minded that when he entered his office the other day and noticed a sign on his door, “Back at four o’clock,” he sat down to wait for himself.

—Gargoyle

Why She Broke the Engagement

“There are six pretty little windows in my room,” he meant to write—but he left the “n” out of “windows.”

—Yale Record



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Rondeau

Another year of toils to face,
The fleeting days of summer's grace
Are gone, with staid October's bow
Upon the wings of wind, and now
Chronos begins a slower pace.

No whit abates the grueling race,
The self-same, ever hopeless chase
For learning such as texts allow!
Another year!

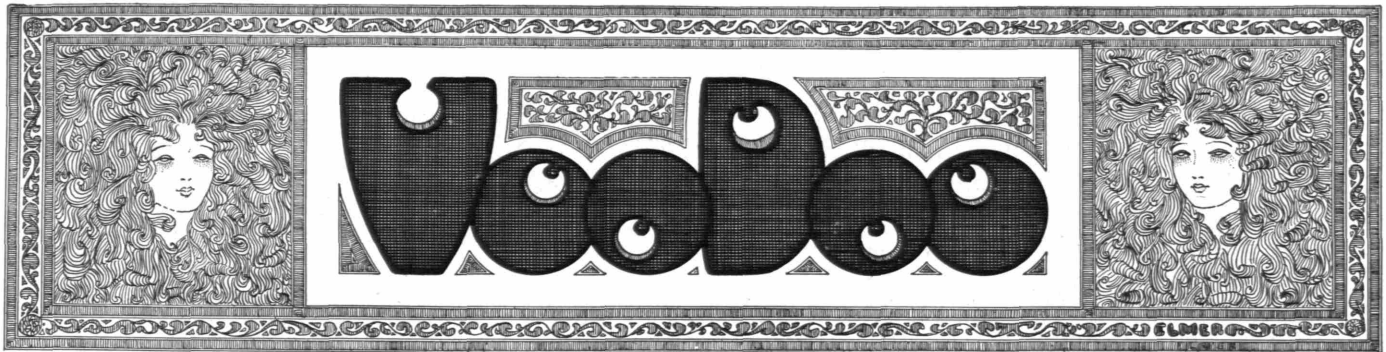
Yet cheer, my friend, and take a brace;
Yours isn't such a hopeless case—
Not half as bad as mine, I vow;
The Dean has just told me as how
I've got to stick around this place
Another year!

—E. H. G.



If, dear girl, in my direction
 You should turn your lovely head;
If some wavering deflection
 Turned your eyes on me instead,
Though I'd greatly gain by such,
You'd not see so very much.

Though my glance, with rapture burning,
 Scans your fresh and blooming youth,
Send, I beg, no glance returning;
 You would waste it — that's the truth!
Hold that pose and hold it *firm* —
I have got to work this term!



REASSURANCE

Freshman, new to this Massachu-
Setts Institute of so called Engineering,
Credit, I beg, not all the yarns that you
Are hearing.

Numberless stories (each one wins
The fuscous derby — each is a delusion)
Exist, to paint the terrors of this ins-
Titution.

Take, for example, tales about
The number, — magnified beyond all prudence —
Of F's which every term is handed out
To students.

Bunk! As also, you'll find, all these
Legends of cold and heartless old professors
Who kill with work, — and are humanities
Transgressors.

Mania, yes, and suicide
In undergrads, they say, are oft accosted,
From overwork some thousand youths have died,
Exhausted.

Freshman, beware of the guy it please
To kindle thus, imaginations fire,
I hate to use the word, but really, he's
A liar.

Tales of such nature all are bosh!
So stock in your depleted mental larder
The fact that Tech is not this hard, dear frosh,
But harder.

— E. F. H.

First Young Man:—"Is she a decided blonde?"
Second Young Man:—"Yes, she decided three
months ago.

FAMOUS NECKS

_____and_____

Little_____s

_____ing

Rubber_____

_____tar

Hough's_____

_____tie

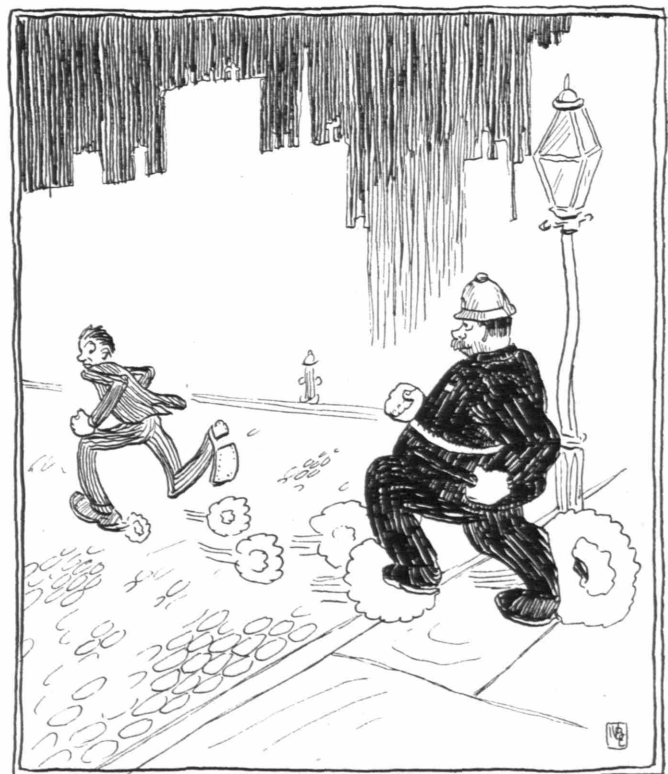
Leather_____

Sche_____tady

Horses_____

_____lace

*"That's darned good," said the girl as she finished
mending the stocking.*



A Bolt-From the Blue

ROMAUNT

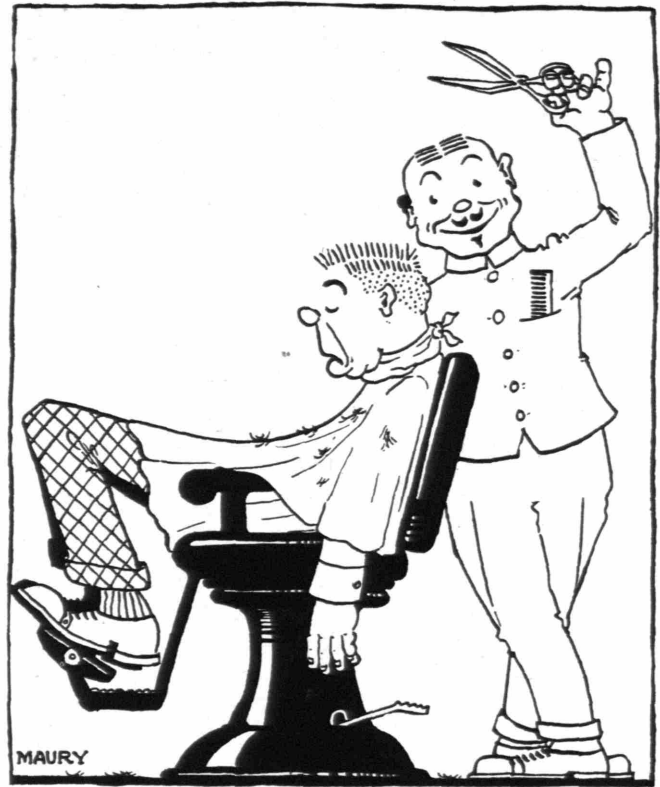
A youth of sixteen summers and a maid of several less
 Fell in love, completely, madly, one fair summer
 by the sea;
 And the youth, by Cupid's urging, was beholden to
 confess,
 Whereupon the maid admitted she was no less
 struck than he.

Thus secure that their devotion in the fullest was
 returned
 By the other, boy and maiden felt a sublimated
 bliss,
 Thought that never had a couple so with tender
 passion burned;
 (And the seal of their affection was an adolescent
 kiss.)

The devotion of the youth upon the tennis court was
 marked,
 But no less than his solicitude when sporting on
 the wave,



Simply Divine



"Shall I go over it again, sir?"
 "No, I heard every word the first time."

On the golf-course, in a sail-boat, or wherever she
 was parked,
 There was ever found beside her, this adoring,
 humble slave.

They had sworn to love each other until death it
 should them part —
 Until every single sand upon the desert's face was
 cold.
 Said the youth, "My adoration is engraven on my
 heart,"
 Said the maiden, "It was written, I am yours to
 have and hold."

And the days went by unheeded. Week by week the
 summer passed,
 Still the lovers roamed together; still they shared
 their happy lot.
 People said: "They're far too young to know their
 minds — it cannot last"
 Ah, but did it? . . . Don't be silly. It did not.
 — H. F. E.

THE TECHNOLOGY PRIMER

I. Felix Freshman's First Day at School

Here we are, Fe-lix. This is the Mass-a-chu-setts In-sti-tute of Tech-nol-o-gy. Here is one of the corr-i-dors. See all the pret-ty signs. Can you read that sign, Fe-lix? Yes, that is right. It says, "Drop That Butt." Not all the lit-tle boys can read as well as you can, Fe-lix.

Oh, see our lit-tle friend James. You know how to greet James, do you not? Do not say "How-do-you-do, James, how are you?" Say, "How-do-you-do, James, how the hell are you?"

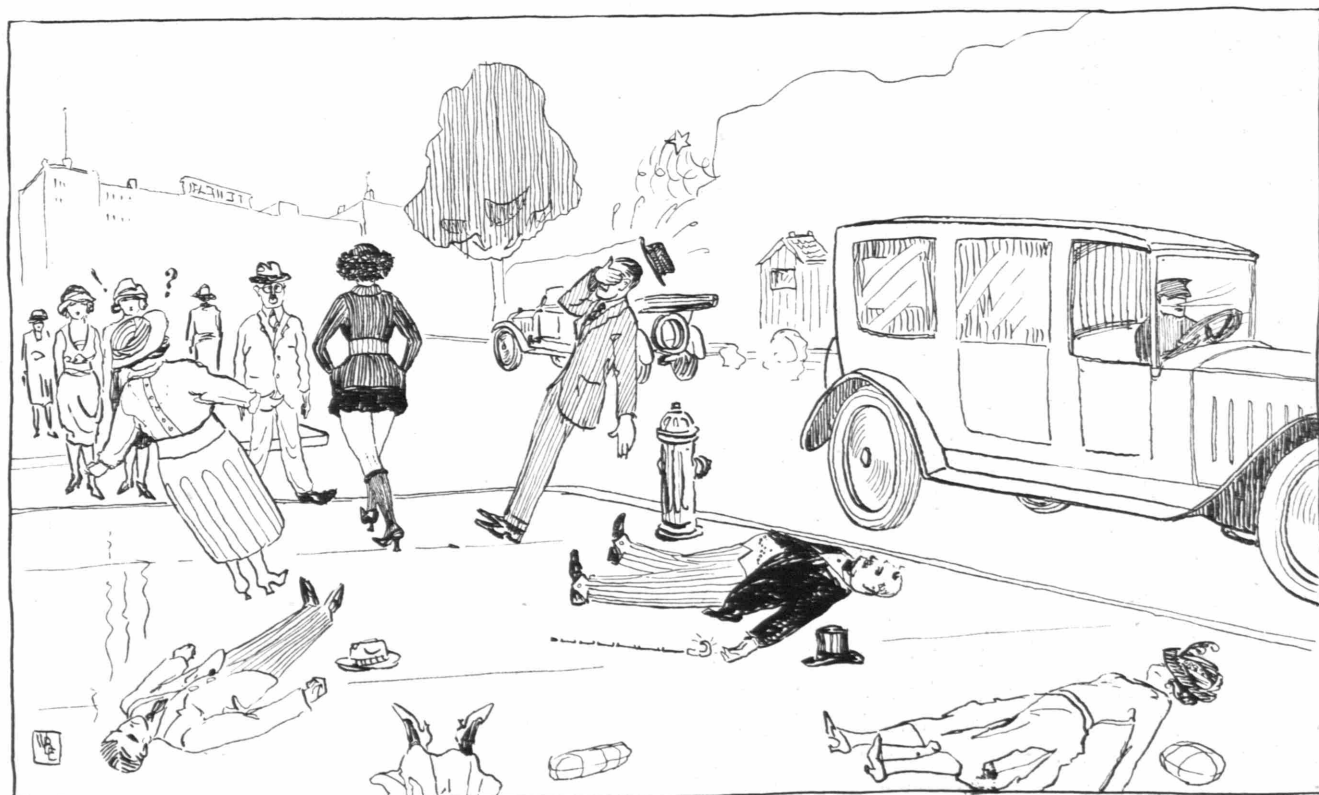
Here comes James now. Speak to him as I have told you to.

That is right. We are both glad to see you, James. We did not ex-pect to, af-ter your grad-u-a-tion. What was that? Oh, James! . . . Come a-long Fe-lix. We must not stay here.

Here is Un-cle Wal-ter's of-fice. Would you like to see Un-cle Wal-ter? There he is, count-ing the pret-ty blue cards. Blue is Un-cle Wal-ter's pet col-or. Some day when you grow up, he may tell you what he does with the blue cards. He has not told anybody yet.

Here is Un-cle Ho-race's of-fice. See Un-cle Ho-race! See all the iron men! Would you not like to be Un-cle Ho-race? Most of us would. Do not ask him to cash a check. Un-cle Ho-race does not like to cash checks. He will not cash checks now, e-ven if they are cer-ti-fied. Some-body must have stung Un-cle Ho-race. It was not nice to sting Un-cle Ho-race, was it?

Let us go a-way now, Fe-lix. Un-cle Ho-race is an-gry. You should not have asked him what he does with Chem-is-try De-pos-its.



If One of the More Reserved of Our Everyday Bathing Beauties Should Happen To Stroll Down Tremont Street.



"Did you know that I saw Helen kissing Tom last night?"
 "Did he kiss her back?"
 "Oh, no, she had an overcoat on."
 (Three minutes for this)

WHEN WOMEN LOVE

Yes, it was a success, a huge success. The house, crowded to its capacity with New York's smart set on the opening night, had been swayed by her histrionic ability, and had gone away singing her praises with full-throated enthusiasm.

She had worked tremendously during her stage life, and now, at the perihelion of her career, she was confronted by the problem aeons old that comes often to women of her class. Could she sell, for a man's gold, the happiness of the one who had stayed with her unceasingly throughout the lean and sordid years?

Sitting there among the flowers which banked her dressing room, tributes mute to her stardom, flushed with the pride of that last curtain, her logic ran

rampant as though she were powerless to think in that profusion of exotic perfume. Expectancy, mingled with that dread of encounter, gripped her; he was to come for his answer tonight.

Her femme de chambre brought his card, and she wearily signified that he be shown in.

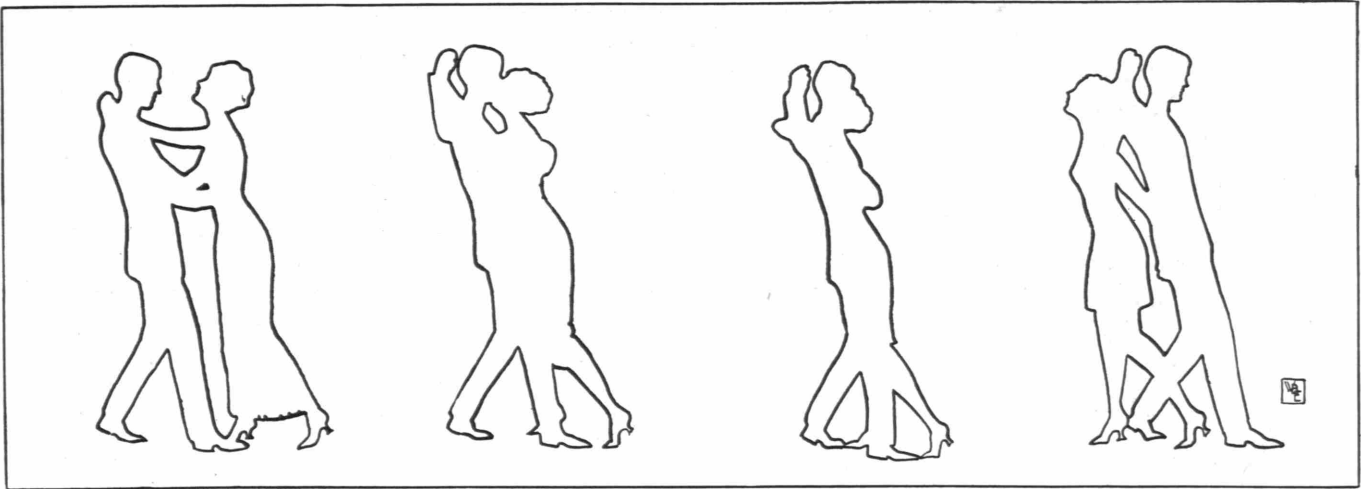
"Lois, have you arrived at your decision?"

A surge of the protecting mother instinct swept over her. She gathered the Chow dog in her arms, and faced her tempter, "Gold will not buy Suey," she choked.

The door closed softly behind him. She was alone, a woman triumphant.

"That's fair, let's shoot it again," said the director.

—J. W. S.



The Evolution of the Dance

He:—"Well, I've passed Theoret at last."

She:—"Honestly?"

He:—"What difference does that make?"

"This is certainly a terrible case," said the doctor as he tasted the latest shipment of bootlegged gin.

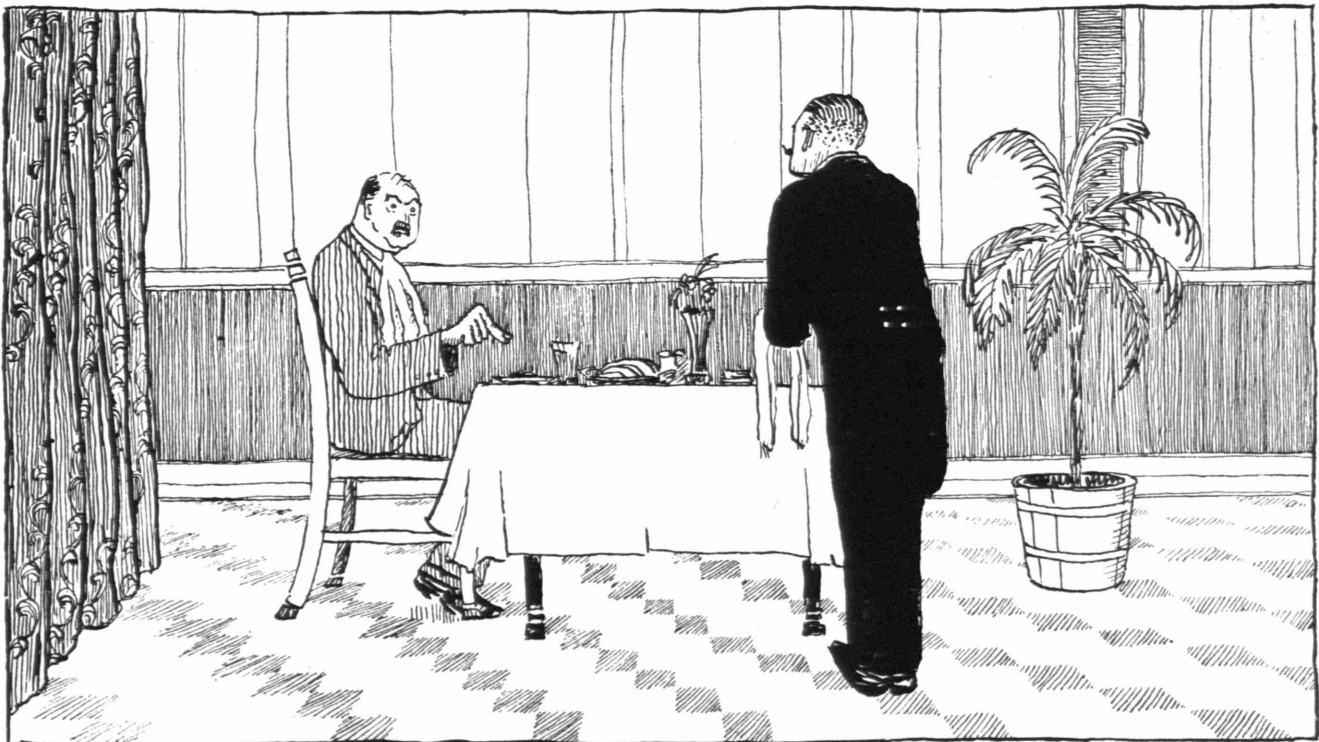
"They said time Flies," complained the man with he stop-watch, "but it can't be done."

Professor (in history):—"How was Alexander II killed?"

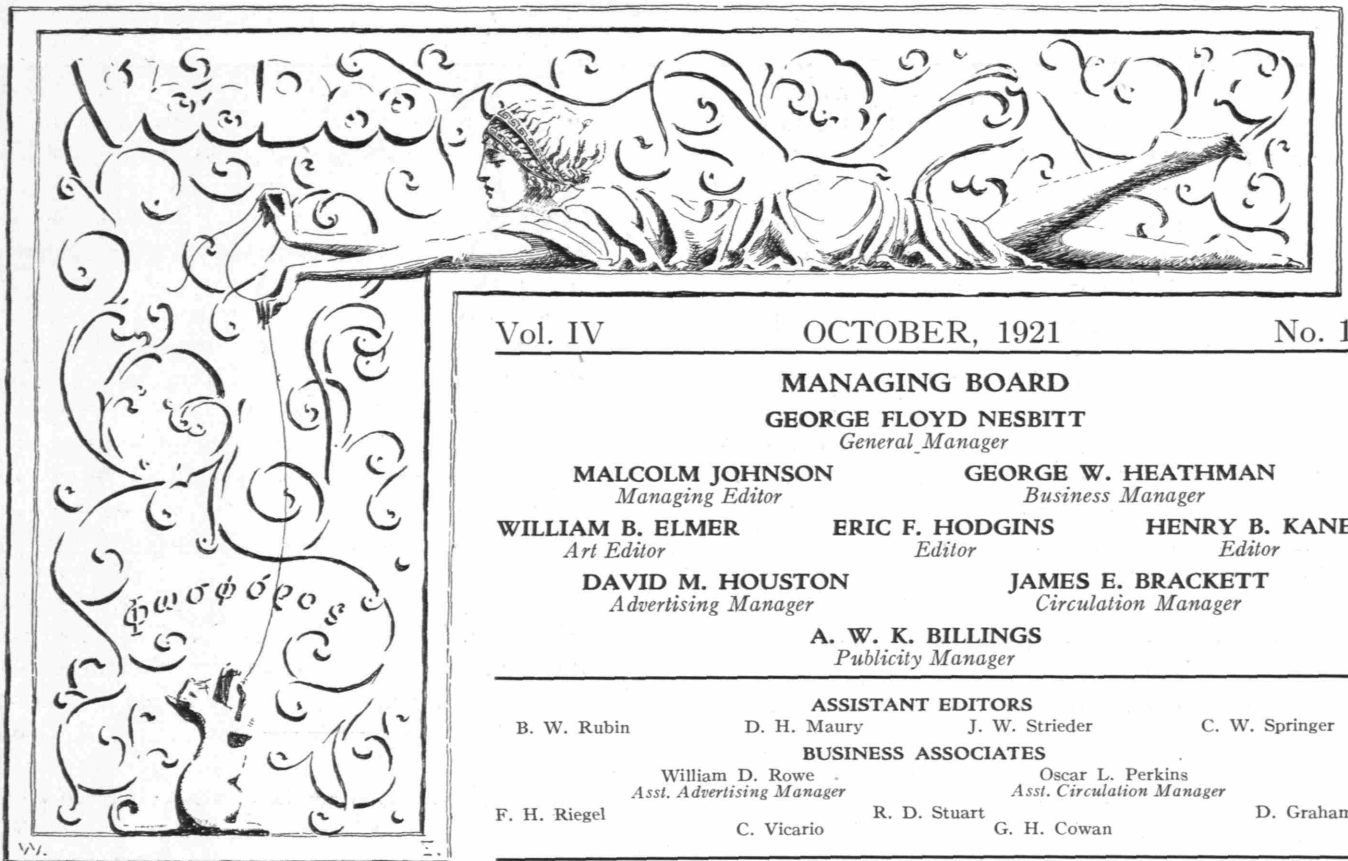
Student:—"By a bomb."

Prof.:—"How do you explain that?"

Student:—"It exploded." [Professor follows suit.]



The Old Order Changeth



Vol. IV

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 1

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HERE beginneth the 61st year for Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the year of the establishment of Voo Doo, the 4th. The year has already done more than beginneth. It has begunneth. Even so, Phosphorus (if your advisor has not told you who Phosphorus is, Freshman, you should report him for negligence) has the pleasure of greeting you much earlier than usual this year. A pleasure it is, indeed. To all his old friends and enemies he would say that he is delighted, and in some instances surprised to see them back again, and hopes the best for them. During the first weeks, one can still be sanguine.

To the Freshmen who have stormed the gates, and, poor little Babes-in-the-Woods-and-Bailey, have got inside, he offers his combined congratulations and condolences; likewise he begs to introduce himself and his efforts. This is Phosphorus, his book. It is pub-

lished eight times during the school year by the Department of Comical Engineering, and it is a magnificent means of self-expression for the brilliant and talented, but-misunderstood-by-the-faculty young Freshman.

To all members of the new class, this editorial is addressed. We are glad to see you. You have come, you have seen: now go out and conquer!

And a word or two, before you go. It is the time-honored privilege of anyone who can get himself heard, to offer complimentary copies of his advice to the members of the incoming class. Phosphorus feels a little guilty at thus becoming serious for a moment, but some things are so vitally important that they must be said as soon as possible. Hence, we wish here to advise the members of the Freshman Class not to take all the advice people give them too seriously.

There has been current for the last few days a persistent rumor that Urbain Ledoux, the well-known "Mr. Zero" of Boston Common, will next week auction off all the members of the Physics Department of the Institute for what they will bring. The Physics Department office would neither confirm nor deny the rumor.

WE start this year with a full set of Aspirations. We want Voo Doo to become a bigger and better medium for the Comic Spirit than it has ever been before. We realize that if it is to become this, reliance cannot be placed entirely upon Riggs-Jiggs jokes to see us through the year. There will have to be some change in the formulæ. As the greenest Freshman has already learned, there are only seven original Tech jokes, and these seven in the ascending order of their puissance are: the Chemical Supply Room, the Registrar's Office, the T.E.N., the Walker Dining Service, the Coop, the Co-eds, and Louie Derr. Now, the humorous values of all these articles have been thoroughly tested, over a long period of years, and are known with perfect accuracy to the 6th decimal place. Phosphorus does not for an instant dare so to fly in the face of precedent as to suggest that any of them be superseded. That is too daring. It is our present belief, however, that there may be one or two other funny things somewhere in uncharted space, and we are going to make an effort to find these things, come what may.

Of course, we shall not predict definite success for ourselves. We realize our handicaps. By no later than October 14, we shall receive from this year's set of contributors the first of the year's supply of parodies

Phosphorus wishes to assure all prospective contributors that acceptance of a manuscript does not necessarily imply a lack of literary merit.

PERHAPS not all of us realize that the Institute has raised its scholastic standards another notch while we have been away. Perhaps most of us regard such a thing as impossible. It is not: it has been done.

The operation revealed strategy in its high estate. Last January, the mark of L (*low pass*) which had long been a means of grace and a hope of glory for the submerged nine-tenths was quietly jettisoned. The Registrar's Office gave out a bulletin to that effect. "'Tis unsatisfac'thry and conthra'dic'thry," said the R. O. "Lave us abolish it." So they abolished it.

There was lament, but there was no suspicion. The faculty was apparently well pleased with itself, and sought no further triumphs. There was peace.

And then, last May, the thing happened. There was a revival. A perfect Moody and Sankey fervor swept the faculty from the youngest Assistant Professor

on "If" and "The Ladies" and the balance of this supply will inundate us steadily until three days before the June exams, to the increasing detriment of our health and mental vigor. By November 1, it will be borne in upon some Freshman that a certain professor of Mathematics likes to express his ego by means of canvas ground-grippers, and he will thereupon communicate this fact to us in the form of an "Ode." By December, the Sophomore class's indignation at its Military Science Lectures will become articulate, and a number of mock-quizzes (all the papers will spell it *quizzes*) conceived in a bitterly ironic mood, will be offered to us for immediate publication. This assorted musketry will continue without break until April, 1922, when Professor Rogers' monograph, "The Voice of Science in Nineteenth Century Literature," gets into Sophomore hands. Whereupon a perfect frenzy of creative effort will descend upon all students in EH 23. Salvo after salvo of Rubaiyats, Rabbi-Ben-Ezras, and Gardens of Proserpine will rain down upon the staff, and this, too, will cease, along with the fermented versions of "If," no sooner than May 30, 1922.

And so, if anything happens to these Aspirations of ours, you will have some inkling of the cause. We shall do the best we can, if only you will help us.

to the most grizzled veteran. Hymns were sung, prayers offered, Spiritual Experiences were exchanged, and the upshot of it was that the mark of H (*passed with honor*) came back to its vacant dwelling amid sobs and hallelujahs.

Now this mark is not new, of course. It existed in by-gone days and was abolished in the latter half of the nineteenth century because nobody ever got it. It is brought back at the present time, presumably for the benefit of those same students for whom our Sign-Painter has so carefully lettered all entrances and exits. And the L has gone. The crest of the wave is just a trifle higher now, the trough a trifle lower, than before. The Brown-Baggers will drive themselves a little harder; a slightly increased number of Others will crash at the end of the term . . . It is done . . . O, the wonders of Natural Selection!

Perhaps the faculty brought back the "H" to give the lie to Oliver Goldsmith who once said, "Honor sinks where commerce long prevails."



"Is Bill taking a course in Zoology?"

"No, why?"

"I heard he was an expert on bones."

Breathes there the Frosh with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he opened his eyes to the morning light,
"I hope that Tech burned down last night."
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
He never saw a gambling hell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Solid his grades as wish could claim,
Despite his grades and thoughtful looks,
The wretch, concentrated all in books,
Living shall forfeit all the fun,
And passing on when his course is done
Into the world from whence he come
A little wiser but twice as dumb.

—I. L.

The Flapper:—"Oh, mother, can I go to the Masquerade tomorrow as a milkmaid?"

Mother:—"No, child, you are too small."

T. F.:—"Then can I go as a condensed milkmaid?"

The Boy:—"Je t'adore!"

The Girl:—"Shut it yourself."

No, Hortense, getting a ring out of a dumb-bell is not as easy as it sounds.

Whetstones grind, and quite a lot of men attend Tech.

Norbert:—"I hear that Alice strained her voice last night."

Norberta:—"Yes,—she sang through a screen door."





— Jack is crazy to learn to swim!
— Yes, he certainly is.



"Daddy, the waves are rougher than usual today."
 "Yes, son, so I see."

To the Missing Cashier at Walker

Oh! Damsel with the raven hair
 And features classical and fair,
 Why did'st thou leave our wondrous hall
 And heed another clarion call?
 Thy scornful glance on every day
 Quite took our appetites away;
 Thy ruthless punching of the check
 Did'st leave our pocketbooks a wreck;
 Thy smile bestowed on favored few
 Restored old jealousies anew;
 And now thou 'st left us, nevermore
 We'll stagger heartsick thru the door!
 Alas, alas! Vague memories pass!
 I leave! I have another class!

He:—"My, but that is a beautiful arm you have."

She:—"Yes, I got that playing basket-ball."

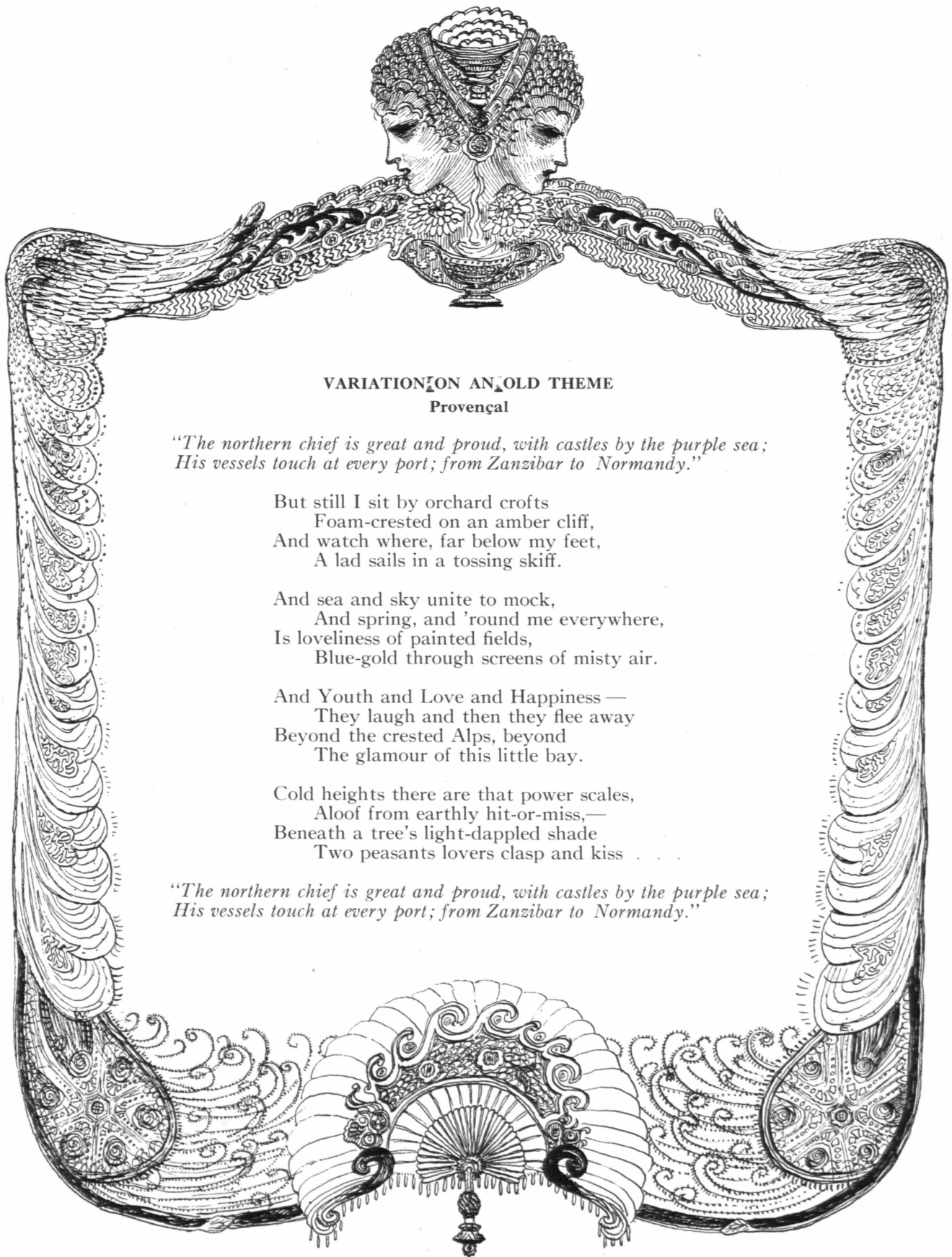
He:—"Do you ever play football?"

Once there was a
 Freshman who
 Came to
 Technology.
 The first week was
 Hard.
 The second week was
 Harder.
 The third week would have been
 Harder, BUT.—
 Just then, like an
 Angel from Heaven
 Voo Doo appeared, and
 The Freshman
 Smiled and was happy
 And studies came easier, and
 He got a
 C in
 Military Science.
 Motto,
 Subscribe for the year
 Now.
 We thank you.



WHAT IS BEING SAID?

For the best answer to the above question by a bona-fide reader of this magazine, we will give one hand-tinted art photograph, suitable for framing, the subject being "The Kiss," by Rodin, as posed by Wilbur Crafts and Marie Prevost. Answers should be in not more than 13,456 words.



VARIATION ON AN OLD THEME

Provençal

*"The northern chief is great and proud, with castles by the purple sea;
His vessels touch at every port; from Zanzibar to Normandy."*

But still I sit by orchard crofts
Foam-crested on an amber cliff,
And watch where, far below my feet,
A lad sails in a tossing skiff.

And sea and sky unite to mock,
And spring, and 'round me everywhere,
Is loveliness of painted fields,
Blue-gold through screens of misty air.

And Youth and Love and Happiness —
They laugh and then they flee away
Beyond the crested Alps, beyond
The glamour of this little bay.

Cold heights there are that power scales,
Aloof from earthly hit-or-miss, —
Beneath a tree's light-dappled shade
Two peasants lovers clasp and kiss . . .

*"The northern chief is great and proud, with castles by the purple sea;
His vessels touch at every port; from Zanzibar to Normandy."*

PHOSPHORUS WELCOMES THE FROSH WITH A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE



BE SURE TO WEAR ALL YOUR HIGH SCHOOL AND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PINS. WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT A BIG MAN YOU WERE IN YOUR HOME TOWN. AND DONT FORGET THAT WE HAVE A C.E. SOCIETY HERE ALSO



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ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE, NEVER STUDY. IT IS DETRIMENTAL TO THOSE THINGS FOR WHICH ONE REALLY COMES TO COLLEGE



Rich Girl



Poor Girl



Beggar Girl



Thief

"Excuse my dust" murmured the departed spirit as the urn fell off the mantel and it scattered over the new Persian rug.

He (at the shore):—"Did you ever wear a one-piece bathing suit?"

She:—"No, the bare idea makes me shudder."

I Ask You!

This question that I ask you
You'll answer sure as fate,
Oh! Tell me where did "Iodine"
Is that where "Silicate?"

This one here I made myself
(You know I never lied),
Tell me where has "Argon,"
With whom did "Anhydride?"

Here are two awful riddles
(They are for me I mean)
Will clothes hang on an "Alkaline"
And why is "Ethylene?"

If you can give the answer
Your knowledge do not hide,
What kind of dress had "Xenon"
And where did "Disulphide?"

This very eager question
Should bring the truth to light
Is it true that Ponzi "Gypsum,"
And did he "Selenite?"

I've bored you with my questions,
I know that they're a fright.
I'm going to quit, but want to know
Did I get my "Meteorite?"

— W. D. R.

FINANCIAL NOTE

As soon as the faculty devise a few more excuses for collecting the standard fine (\$5.00) the Institute plans to pay off the entire European War Debt, thus doing its bit towards Rebuilding a War Torn World.



FROM THE SATEVEPOST

"All that the girl could bear"



"Can you compose in five flats?"

"I don't know. I haven't lived in that many yet."

"This is pretty soft," remarked the movie comedian as the custard pie hit the back of his neck.

Doctor (to plump client):—"Madame, the Italian climate made the Tower of Pisa lean, why not you?"

Lady:—"Is that so" [Business of looking for another doctor.]"

A Plea

O Phosphor! spare us songs of girls,
Of Maisie's eyes and Susie's curls,
The anguished cries of hearts in pain,
Silly sonnets of love-sick swain.
For Susie's curls are only "props,"
And Maisie's eyes depend on drops,
And Mary's lips of cherry red —
Part linseed oil and partly lead.

— C. T. B.



Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.



A Bust of Caesar



Freshmen!

Read these *unsolicited* testimonials to Voo Doo from members of the faculty:

Read what *your* professors think of this magazine!

The last issue was way ahead of Oedipus Rex in point of wholesome, all-around fun."

*R. E. Rogers,
Professor of English.*

"Nothing that a Winter Garden chorus girl could not read with entire impunity."

*W. T. Hall,
Professor of Analytical Chemistry.*

"All my students have used this publication in my heat lectures for some time, and seem to have derived great benefit."

*D. M. Taylor,
Instructor in Heat Engineering.*

"The members of the Managing Board have been in close touch with this office for the last seven years. I know them well."

*H. P. Talbot,
Dean of Students.*

"Of sterling quality—subject of course to the prevailing exchange rate."

*D. R. Dewey,
Professor of Economics.*

"I have just seen the latest issue. Hot dog!"

*Louis Derr,
Professor of Physics.*

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To the Thin:—"Don't eat fast."

To the Fat:—"Don't eat. Fast."

—*Beanpot*

"Yes, they are supposed to be connected with some of the best families in town — by telephone."

—*Brown Jug*

Conan Doyle says there will be spirits in the next world. Ask him which world he refers to.

—*Tar Baby*

Waiter:—"Has your order been taken?"

Waitee:—"Yes, and so has Bunker Hill!"

—*Showme*

If education makes a person refined, why is a college course?

—*Jester*

Made It Warm for Him

Hero:—"I was made a prisoner in the war and they stripped me of all my clothing."

She:—"Did you feel the cold?"

Hero:—"Not at all. You see, they covered me with their rifles."

—*Lehigh Burr*

Chem Prof.:—"Why didn't you filter this?"

Student:—"I didn't think it would stand the strain."

—*Brown Jug*

He (uncertainly):—"Yesh, my dear — we are twin stars giving out but a shingle gleam."

She:—"Yes — that is because only you are lit."

—*Frivol*

Mary Has a Little Calf

My Mary has a little calf,

It's round and smooth and plump and full;

And now, dear reader, time to laugh,—

Its father was a Holstein bull.

—*Octopus*

Modern Version

"Get thee behind me, Satan — and slip the stuff in my hip pocket," is the modern version."

—*Nashville Tennessean*

"That's a hell of a note," said the monkey as he sneezed into the saxophone.

—*Scalper*

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Underdrawers	12c.	Tablecloths	15c.
Union Suits, wool	20c.	Bath Rugs	15c.

Technology Branch

Farmer:—"Those pesky automobiles are forever knocking my chickens down."

Newly Wed:—"That's nothing. Automobiles are forever picking up my wife."

—Aggie Squibb

Old Lady to drunken student:—"Young man, don't you know when you have had enough?"

Studegent:—"Madam, I don't know anything when I've had enough, I'm unconscious."

—Virginia Reel

Scene:—A couple car-riding.

He:—"My clutch is awfully weak."

She:—"So I've noticed."

—Lord Jeff

She:—"I'm cold."

He:—"Let's try the cover of darkness."

—Pitt Panther

Young Lady (who had just been operated on for appendicitis):—"Oh, doctor! Do you think the scar will show?"

Doctor:—"It ought not to."

—The Lyre

On The Level Now

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Jingle, Jingle

Mary had a little lamb
But now the lamb is dead,
But Mary still takes him to school
Between two hunks of bread.

—Lemon Punch

His arm, it slipped around her waist —
Why shouldn't it?
Her head, it dropped against his breast —
Why shouldn't it?
Her heart, it gave a tender sigh —
Why shouldn't it?
Her hat pin stuck him in the eye —
Why shouldn't it?

—Siren

He:—"You know Kipling called woman "A rag, a bone and a hank of hair."

She:—"Yes, but there seems to be plenty of rag pickers."
—Ohio Wesleyan Mirror

Heard in a Short Story Class

"Our hero had worked in the creamery so long that the odor of sour milk and cheese nearly turned his stomach, so he threw up his job and——"
(We would say he must have had some stomach.)

—Mugwump

A Slight Error

Bees:—"My wife is suing me for a divorce."

Wax:—"Why so?"

Bees:—"Just because I stole a kiss."

Wax:—"Do you mean to tell me your wife is so unreasonable that she's going to divorce you because you stole a kiss?"

Bees:—"Well,—er—you see, I didn't steal it from her."

—Gargoyle

Little stacks of dollars,
Piled all in a row,
Are about enough to take
Your girl to see the show.

—Drexerd

Eddy:—"You are not a true Democrat. Why, you even refused to recognize your barber when you passed him this morning."

Quette:—"Why, the dirty beggar cut me three times this morning."

—Tar Baby

Another Bad Job

Dr. (looking at garden path):—"Pat, that's a bad job. It's all covered with rocks and gravel."

Pat:—"Faith, sor, and there's mony a bad job of yours that's covered with rocks and gravel."

—Drexerd

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He:—"I think there is something dovelike about you."

She:—"Not really!"

He:—"Sure. You're pigeon-toed."

—Drexer

He:—"Let's go to the dance tonight."

She:—"Why do you like to dance so much?"

He:—"Oh! for many reasons—I can put my arm around you, draw you up close, feel your soft cheek against mine, and—"

She:—"That will do! Let's stay at home and make believe we went to the dance."

—Drexer

"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home."

"Sh' no ushe! My wife wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in th' houshe."

—Banter

Phyllis:—"What do you think about girls wearing rolled stockings?"

Gillis:—"Oh, it's all right as far as I can see."

—Scalper

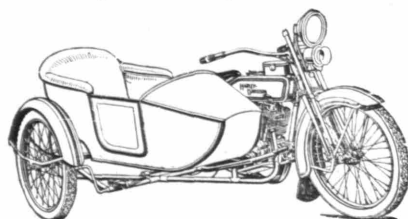
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Ruff:—"Had a date with Margie last night. Her kisses were like the wine of the gods."

Huff:—"Nectar?"

Ruff:—"Of course, I did."

—Scalper

Old Saying

"Would you like to take a walk with me?"

"But I don't know you—"

"Ah, but what you don't know won't hurt you."

—Medley

A Striking Affair

"Whence the black eye, old thing?"

"Oh, I went to a dance last night and was struck by the beauty of the place."

—Widow

Tragedy

They sat on the steps at midnight,
But her love was not to his taste—
His reach was just 36 inches,
While hers was a forty-two waist.

—Jester

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Fact

Work:—"I paid \$5 for Gym fee last semester and only got one bath in return."

Cork:—"I should say that you got soaked."

—Pelican

Fishy

There was a young fisher named Fischer,
Who fished from the edge of a fissure,
When a fish, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in;
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

Another Epitaph

Here lies I
Killed by a sky—
Rocket in the eye—
Socket.

—Goblin

Saved!

"I thought that you were going to quit going with that girl because she was bow-legged."

"Didn't have to. I took her to a revival meeting, and she reformed."

—Froth

It Happens In Spring

"Some day you'll be fat, dearie....."

"Yes—and someday you'll be bald...."

"And you'll dye your hair....."

"And you'll wear a toupee....."

SMACK!

"But what do we care!!!"

—Froth

Once Harry essayed to lead cheers,
Each day he'd ignore the crowds jeers;
In the midst of a yell
His pants ripped all to—well
And the boy was embarrassed to tears.

—Froth

A cat has nine lives, so they say,
And that indeed is right.
But you never hear about the frog
And he croaks every night.

—Froth

There was a young lady named Milly,
Whose actions were what you'd call silly.
She went to a ball,
Dressed in nothing at all,
Pretending to represent Chile.

—Ghost

NOW FOR FOOTBALL

Keep up with the news of the
Football Elevens by reading
the Sporting Pages of *The
Transcript* each day, and the

Friday Transcript's Special Football Pages

containing accounts of the
progress of the teams, develop-
ments of the game, etc.

A Swallow-Tale

If you should offer me a drink
An insult I should take it.
That I've a thirst, how dare you think,
Or any wish to slake it?

Yet though the insult's offered me
It possibly might follow
That through my magnanimity
The insult I should swallow.

—Goblin

The Gambler's Chorus

Mourn you not, my little sweetie,
For rides in great big Packard Cars;
For I will win them for you, dearie,
With my little pack of cards.

—Beanpot

Soft and Low

Mable, dear,
When I asked you to
Give me your lips
I had not meant to
Keep them until
I got home
To a wash basin!

—Showme



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TELEPHONE MAIN 53366

Can This Bee?

Oswald:—"I hear that Elmer's sick."

Pete:—"What's wrong?"

Oswald:—"Last night his girl called him 'honey' and this morning he broke out with the hives."

—Sun Dial

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That Should Be Printed*

"Box of Handkerchiefs?"

We suggested
While carry—

Ing a pack—
Age for a
Young lady

She said
"No" and
We blushed

And
She didn't and
We thought how
Times have changed.

—Showme

If, as the poet says, in spring,
A young man's thoughts to love must go,
With seasons cold and frigid winds
How woos the youthful Eskimo?

—Yale Record



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Even the style in men's clothing is being affected by prohibition — notice how the form fitting overcoat is disappearing?

—Showme

Not Much To It—

"Here's a snapshot of my girl at the beach."
"Snapshot! Boy, I'd call that an exposure."

—Frivol

Bootleg liquor makes the pink elephant seem like an ordinary circus variety.

—Showme

Spaulding's Dairy Lunch

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She (to fair friend):—"I'm not going with Harry any more."

Fair Friend:—"Why not?"

She:—"He knows too many naughty songs."

Fair Friend:—"Did he sing them to you?"

She:—"No, but he's always whistling the tunes."

—Exchange

He:—"I wish I were a star."

She:—"I wish you were a comet; then you'd only come around once every 1500 years."

—Orange Peel

Bass Notes

"She reminds me of the sea."

"Howzat?"

"She looks green — but some times she is awfully rough."

—Awgwan

Madeline:—"I understand your relations with Jack are becoming strained."

Guenevere:—"Yes, the nasty thing has grown a mustache."

—Purple Cow

"Were you ever pinched for going too fast?"

"No, but I've been slapped."

—Sun Dodger

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"Vive la Volstead"

He didn't want to quit his Schnapps,
But Prohib. said, "You've gotter."
And so, to quit booze gradually,
He's drinking Distilled Water.

—Chaparral

Said a Cupful

Said a bald-headed man to a waitress bold;
"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold!"
She scornfully answered: "I can't help that;
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat."

—N. Y. Central Magazine

And More of the Other

"They used to say that dancing was hugging set to music."
"I think I see a tendency toward less music."

—Judge

Ed:—"It's a nice day, don't you think?"

Ned:—"No, not on a nice day."

—Goblin

House Mother (to S. Y. T. just returned from automobile ride):—"And did you have a nice ride, my dear."

S. Y. T.:—"No, the mosquitoes were too thick."

—Jack-o-Lantern

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BY

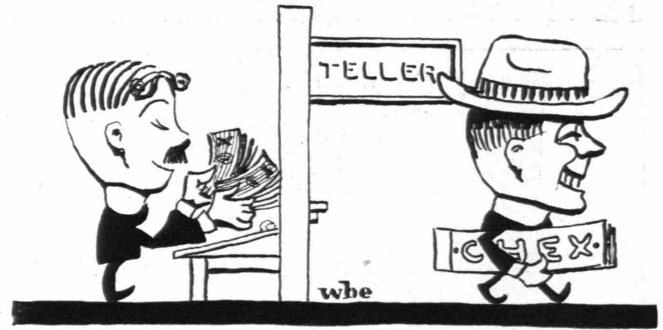
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I want to be a vampire
And with the vampires stand,
A yard of tulle around myself,
Suitors on every hand!

—Frivol

Under the heading "Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath," the following appears in a local paper:

"Miss Cecelia M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and Rufus Baucon, janitor."

—Ghost

She nestled against the two strong arms that held her. She pressed her flushed cheek against the smooth skin-so near-so tan-so glowing.

"How handsome!" she cried, her eyes noting the fine straight back, the sturdy, well-shaped legs.

"How handsome!" she repeated. "I adore a leather up-holstered chair."

—Georgia Cracker

"What's that? Home-brew?" asked a curious one as his room-mate returning from a date lifted a bottle to his lips.

"Nope. Paint remover," gurgled the other.

—Octopus

Some women are so fond of arguments that they won't eat anything that agrees with them.

—Ghost

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← Insulation of 30% rubber compound.

← Inner jacket and filling of 40% rubber compound.

← Double hard twisted reinforcement binding inner jacket tightly to outer jacket.

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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

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Said Mrs. August McLoon,
"My daughter will be here quite soon."
Then daughter came in, with raiment so thin,
She caused the poor mater to swoon.

—Showme

It would take a mighty good theatre to put on a better
show than some of our co-eds favor us with.

—Pelican

Love's Labor Frost

I penned a purling poem to Nan;
"Your eyes are stars," the thing began;
"Your lips, your hair," and lots beside.
I mailed it in a flush of pride.

I got a letter soon from Flo,
As cool as concentrated snow;
"Your poem received," the note began.
And ended thus: "Some girl, this Nan!"

—Punch Bowl

He:—"I had a good joke to tell you this evening, but I
see you are not in a condition to receive it."

She:—"Why?"

He:—"Because if your face lights up, the powder will go
off."

—Goblin

Barr:—"I owe a great deal to that woman on the corner."

Rale:—"Sort of guiding spirit, eh."

Barr:—"Naw, she's my landlady."

—Sun Dial

One of Life's Mysteries

Why do they call nickels and dimes "Chicken Feed?"

—Beanpot

Napoleon fut très sagace
Dans toutes ses grandes batailles,
Mais dans affaires de cour, hélas,
Il n'était si sly!

Et moi, j'essaye à être un homme
Très brave et très adroit,
Et, si je n'étais pas un bum,
I'd outshine Nap. je croye!

—Yale Record

Rose is wed,
Violet's blue
'Cause she wanted to be
His "Flower Wife" too.

—Pitt Panther

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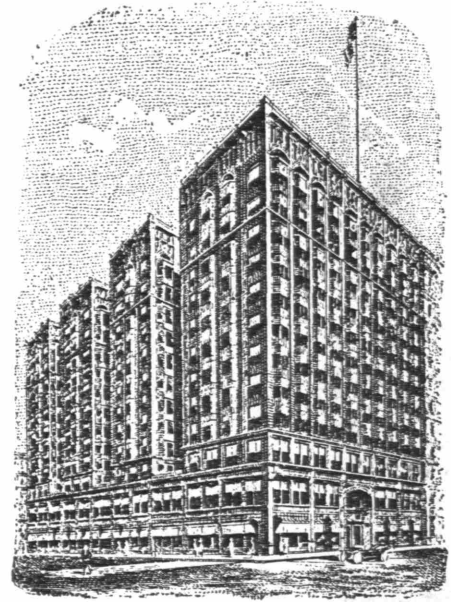
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