

Woody

FEBRUARY
1922



IT'S AN ILL WIND

THAT BLOWS NO ONE GOOD

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Judge:—"How is it that you have no horn on your car?"

Motorist:—"Oh, I don't think it's necessary. I have a little round thing on the hood that says, 'Dodge Brothers.' "

—Jay

Consider the lilies of the field,
And the lizards at the Ritz;
One sits and looks quite pretty
But the other simply sits.

—Banter

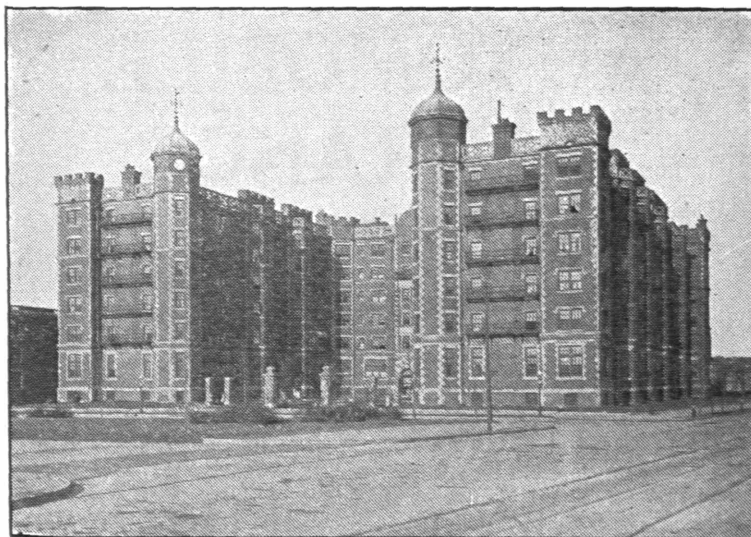
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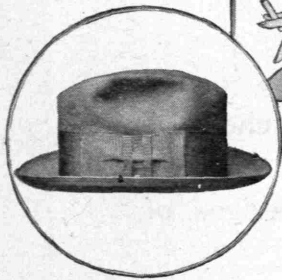
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Harry:—"My! You did get fat this summer."
Harriet:—"I weigh exactly 125 stripped."
Harry:—"You can't tell exactly, these drug-store scales
are liable to be wrong."

—Gargoyle

Barber (to sleepy customer):—"I cannot shave you, sir,
unless you hold up your head."

Sleepy Customer:—"All right, give me a hair cut, then."
—Jester

Chile:—"I hear Colgate and Williams had a swimming
meet."

Bean:—"Yes, there was so much foam in the water they
had to call it off."

—Brown Jug

"Mother, can the new maid see in the dark?"

"Why, I don't see how she could."

"Well, she told daddy last night in the hallway that he
needed a shave."

—Jay

"Quiet So"

"How do you like the new baby, Bobby?"

"Asleep."

—Awgwan

There was once a Phi B K
Who hated the sight of a Fl.
But in spite of the knowledge
He gathered at college
The poor boy is now a proud P.

—Tiger

"Do you like sports?"

"Yes, but father won't let them stay long."

—Jade

Pop (visiting son):—"These are better cigars than I could
afford, son."

Son:—"That's all right, Dad. These are on me."
—Wag Jag

Doggone

First Pup:—"Why are you running?"

Second Same:—"I'm fleeing."

—Wag Jag

"What do you think of my dancing pumps?"

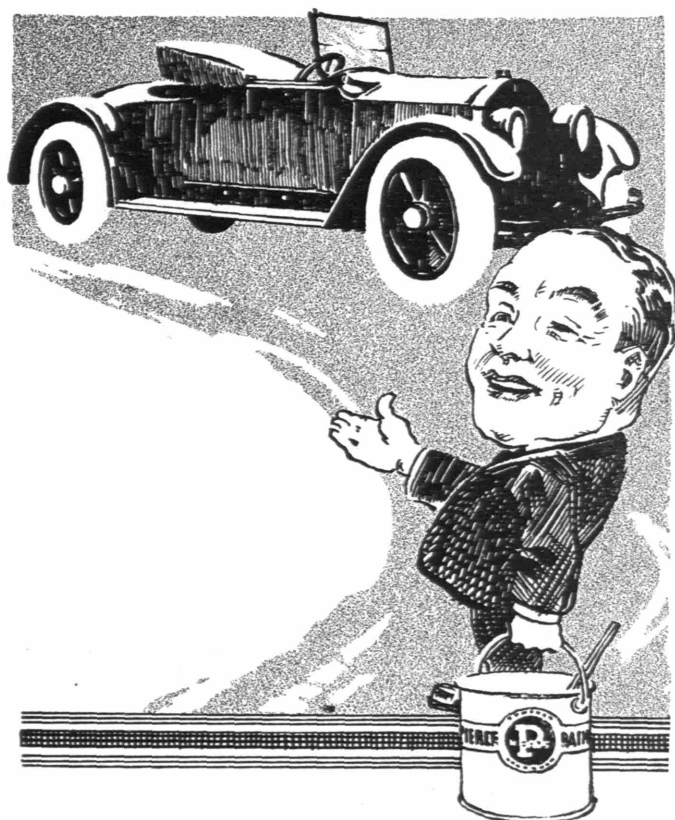
"My dear, they're immense."

—Virginia Reel

**"DID IT
MYSELF!"**

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He:—"Where did you do most of your skating when learning?"

She:—"I think you're horrid."

—Octopus

Prof.:—"Now when two bodies in motion come together, is heat generated?"

Voice from rear:—"No, sir, I hit a guy yesterday and he knocked me cold."

—Puppet

See the pretty girl? She is a chorus girl. Is she a good chorus girl? Don't ask such damfool questions. Is she bright? Well, she can carry on a decent conversation. But can she carry on a *decent* conversation? Go to the foot of the class, Ethelbert.

—Wag Jag

Winning a Wife

WHEN
Stone age
Middle age
Modern age

&

HOW
Crack.
Nack.
Jack.

—Punch Bowl

Doity Woik

"Them guys soitenly has got a noive, Mamie — askin' us to go ridin' wit 'em!"

"Yeah, day must t'ink we're a coupla them 'ere sorority goils!"

—Siren

Famous Sayings

"You've got to show me — I'm from Missouri."

"You've got to teach me — I'm from Harvard."

"You've got to watch me — I'm from Sing-Sing."

—Virginia Reel

The Typical Man

He laughs at Fords — but owns one.

He scorns the subway — but rides in it.

He abhors yellow journalism — but he reads "Swishy Stories."

He favors prohibition — but he brews his own.

He believes in the church — but he never attends.

He favors disarmament — but he has an automatic under his pillow.

He hates labor — but he works.

—Jester

"Where are all the little shavers this morning," said the barber, as he sat down to breakfast.

—Juggler

Why Guess?

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Its operation is as unchanging as that of the law of gravitation. Result follows cause. Business travels in a cycle of prosperity, decline, depression and improvement with almost clock-like regularity.

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From A Faint Blue Glow To Modern Miracles

EDISON saw it first—a mere shadow of blue light streaking across the terminals inside an imperfect electric lamp. This “leak” of electric current, an obstacle to lamp perfection, was soon banished by removing more air from the bulbs.

But the ghostly light, and its mysterious disappearance in a high vacuum, remained unexplained for years.

Then J. J. Thomson established the electron theory on the transmission of electricity in a partial vacuum—and the blue light was understood. In a very high vacuum, however, the light and apparently the currents that caused it disappeared.

One day, however, a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company proved that a current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum, and could be varied according to fixed laws. But the phantom light had vanished.

Here was a new and definite phenomenon—a basis for further research.

Immediately, scientists began a series of developments with far reaching practical results. A new type of X-ray tube, known as the Coolidge tube, soon gave a great impetus to the art of surgery. The Kenotron and Pliotron, followed in quick succession by the Dynatron and Magnetron, made possible long distance radio telephony and revolutionized radio telegraphy. And the usefulness of the “tron” family has only begun.

The troublesome little blue glow was banished nearly forty years ago. But for scientific research, it would have been forgotten. Yet there is hardly a man, woman or child in the country today whose life has not been benefited, directly or indirectly, by the results of the scientific investigations that followed.

Thus it is that persistent organized research gives man new tools, makes available forces that otherwise might remain unknown for centuries.

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A young lady, who often thought out loud, was being shown through a garter factory.

“Good Gracious!” she exclaimed, “ninety million pairs in one year? I don’t see where they all go to.”

“Neither do I,” replied the young man, blushing slightly.

—Virginia Reel

So it is

Bright:—“It’s all over school.”

Guy:—“What?”

Bright:—“The roof, my child, the roof.”

—Purple Parrot

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Rondeau — Personal

I've been away. Short time ago
My Eversharp, the lame and slow,
Unhappy, I laid down and said,
"O Muse, pray go and soak thy head;
Thy labors are in vain, I trow."

For months, no line of Higher Po—
Etry—no ballads, no rondeaux
Set up "Old English—Front page spread"
I've been away.

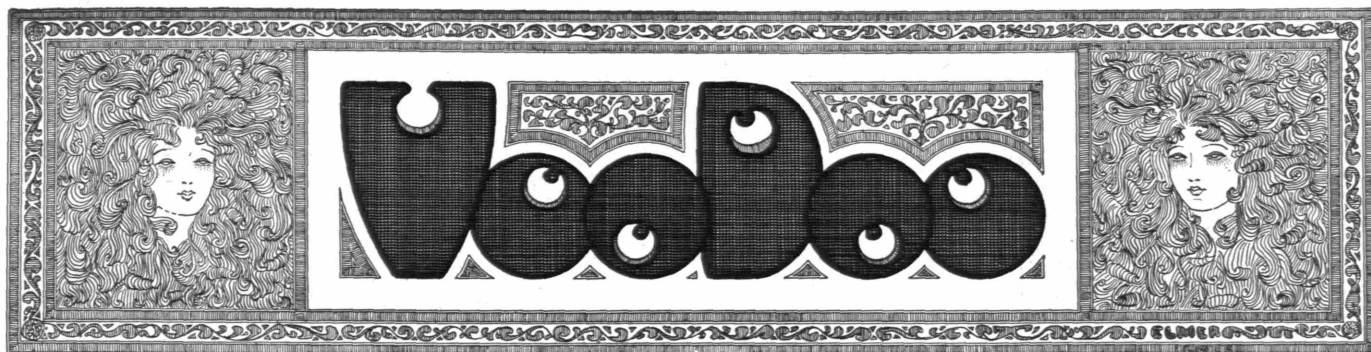
Now, I've come back; and frankly, ho,
I must confess I like it so.
Then why the bitter tears I shed?
Returning to the scene I fled
I find, quite rightly, none who know
I've been away.

—E. F. H.



Classic tho your features,
Grecian tho your face,
Loveliest of creatures,
I'd increase my pace
Should I come upon your
Living counterpart;
Swiftly, when I'd con your
Visage, I'd depart.

I could never love you.
Bitter memories
Would make me want to shove you
In the Charles to freeze.
Pardon the conniptions,
But you recall the bores
That used to sell subscriptions
In the corridors!



CULTURE IN THE CORRIDORS

(With obeisances to Dorothy Parker, who originated the form)

" . . . and I says, 'Funny,' I says, 'Yeh, funny as hell making me come goddam near spilling the whole quart of'"

" . . . lissen, I'll tellya whacha f'gotta do. You f'gotta divi' by two afta ya got this valya here, see? This here's double th' quan'ty you wanna get. Ya gotta divi' by two, you wanna get the right answer, see? What you got's awri' downta here, but then you shoul'da divi' by two, you wanna get the right answer, see? It woul'da been awri', you just divi' by"

" . . . so I didn't let on I knew what Ed told me about her, and after a while she come downstairs, and I didn't say anything at all, and she kept hanging around, so after a while I says to her, I says"

" . . . now lookit. Y' taka paira compass' and settem ekalta fi' timesa lentha AB, see, and then y' take ya point X as a centa, and where the arc cuts

MN, why thatcha pointcha wanta get, see? *Sure* thas' ri'. Whatha helly'a think I'm tryina do, kijja? Lissen, thas what Louie did, an' *he* gottha right ansa. All y' do, y' taka paira compass'"

" . . . and it seems there was this newly married couple. So * * * * and next morning the bride says to her mother, 'Mother,'"

"You know, he thinks he's sarcastic as hell, that guy. Some day I'm going to get sore and give him a bust in the jaw, that's what I'm going to do. I went in to his office the other day, and I says to him, 'Listen, Mr. ———, I think you've got a whole lot of crust to give me a mark of thirty-five on a paper like this.' And what the hell do you think he said? He said, 'Mr. Snork, if I changed your mark to anything I'd change it to thirty,' that's what he said. He thinks he's sarcastic as all hell, he does."

—E. F. H.

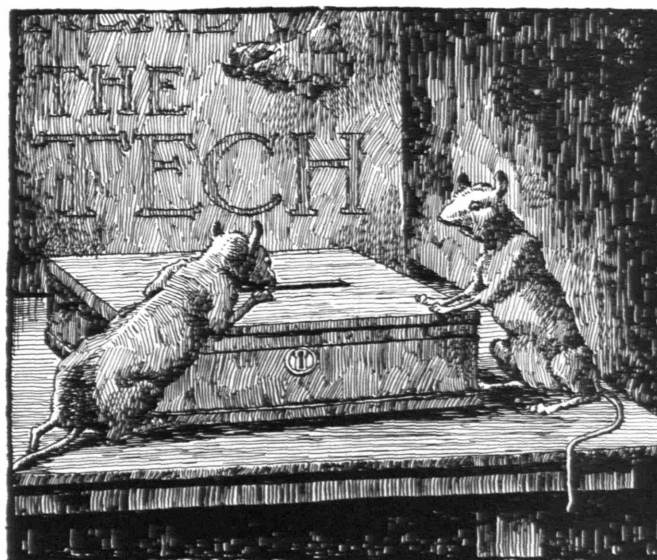


Famous Passes

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. _____port | 4. _____é |
| 2. Free_____ | 5. I_____ |
| 3. _____ion | 6. _____over |
| 7. 60% | |

A Bandit's ambition—to be Atlas and hold up the world.

Prof:—"Where do you get mercury?"
Stude:—"From H. G. Wells."



Sir, don't try to deceive me any longer: we are hopelessly lost!
Nonsense, Madame: can't you see this is the Bursar's office?

TRIBULATIONS OF THE TECHNICALLY TRAINED

I have just suffered a shattering shock. The orbits of my eyes are as hot as—have you ever been to W-----?; my ears ring like the black Maria going on a riot call; my throat is as rough as Scollay Square; and my tongue is as dry as a heat lecture.

It is a long story . . . May, patient reader, was the Queen of Hearts at La Salle. She "simply *had* to smoke." I had sworn off again, but I bought her some cigarettes. She led the way, along dark lanes where we would be alone and unobserved, just we two! But why shouldn't she? She *had* to find a secret place to satisfy her mad craving for the weed! . . . And she found it. No, I was not smoking that month—a bet or something. "Oh," she said, "you look as if you want

to. Open your mouth and close your eyes." She blew a mouthful of smoke into mine and managed to waste none in its passage.

I remember too well that terrible cramp after an evening with Rosalind. And the doctor had diagnosed my case as painter's colic!

It was way below zero, about the zero hour, too. I was taking Ruth home, and showed her two field-day arm-bands that I found in my pocket. "May I use them?" she implored. "What for?" I queried. In answer, she seated herself on a park bench, raised her skirts about half an inch, and displayed a pair of dimpled knees, powdered them, and slid an arm band over each to keep it warm. No, she was not a bit—wild.

Then I met Peaches! After learning to admire and respect the girl of today because of her high code of morals, because of her gentle attributes, her cultivated sense of modesty, reticence and unaffectedness, then—then I met Peaches. Never have I been so shocked. Never has my sense of propriety been thus shaken. Here is a girl who wilfully and knowingly ignores the customs of the times. She throws to the four winds the moral status of her sex. She is bewitchingly, bewilderingly different. Here is a girl whom my vast education has taught me to appreciate. She has anticipated the Paris creations by many, many generations. She is original! But even with my admiration for her individuality, I was stunned to think that a girl of to-day could go to such extremes. She does not smoke, paint or "roll her own," although her skirt must come at least six inches below her knees. It seems impossible, for she's a nice kid!

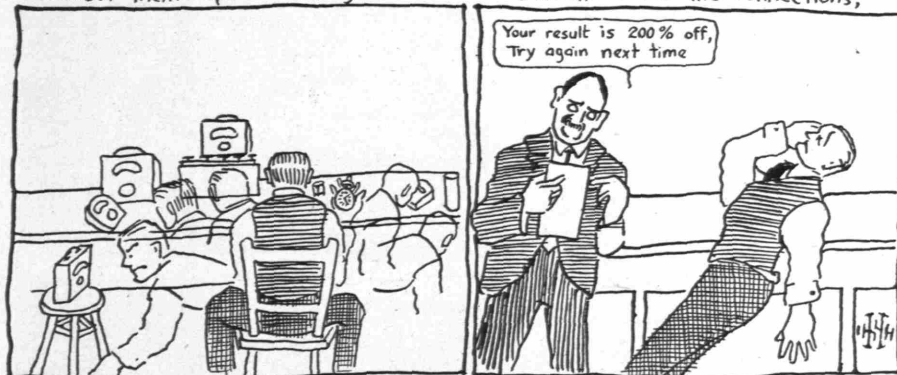
—J. J. G.



Just start with a smile, dig up some reference, hunt up some apparatus,



connect them up. if the galvanometer won't work, trace the connections,



get a few readings. and your experiment is accepted

LESSONS IN LABORATORYING

THE TECHNOLOGY PRIMER

II. Felix Freshman Meets A Celebrity

Well, well, Fe-lix, we are in luck to-day. There is one of Tech's Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Men, just a-head of us. We can fol-low him as he walks through the corr-i-dors, and you will learn how to be-have your-self when you, too, come to be a great man.

See him walk. See the Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Man walk. Let me see if you can walk that way, Fe-lix. That is good, but throw out your chest a lit-tle more. That is bet-ter.

The Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Man's o-ver-coat is un-but-ton-ed. Perhaps you had bet-ter un-bot-ton your o-ver-coat, also, Fe-lix. . . . You have no keys on your watch chain yet, but there is no harm in get-ting prac-tice.

Do you hear that clicking sound, Felix? Can you tell me where it comes from? That is right. It comes from his ga-losh-es. Let me see if you can make your ga-losh-es click that way, Fe-lix. Heavens, child! Your ga-losh-es are clasped to-geth-er! Un-clasp them at once. The worse the wea-ther, the fur-ther your ga-losh-es must be un-clasp-ed, al-ways! Do you not know the Tech-nol-ogy song which goes "For it's al-ways fair wea-ther, with ga-losh-es clasp-ed to-geth-er?"

See the fuz-zy wuz-zy things above the ga-losh-es, Fe-lix. Do you know what they are?

They are golf stock-ings. They are what Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Men go to class-es in. That is one of the ways you may al-ways tell a Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Man when you see one.

But you must be sure that the golf stock-ings are real-ly tru-ly fuz-zy wuz-zy. Some-times you will see poor cre-a-tures whose golf stock-ings are not real-ly tru-ly fuz-zy wuz-zy. Nev-er speak to them, Fe-lix.

Would you like to be in-tro-duc-ed to the Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Man, Fe-lix? Very well, I will call him. "James! James!" He does not hear us, does he, Fe-lix? I will call a-gain. "Mr. Whoosis!" There, he heard us. Mr. Whoosis, this is my lit-tle friend Fe-lix. Shake hands nice-ly with Mr. Whoosis, Felix, and . . .

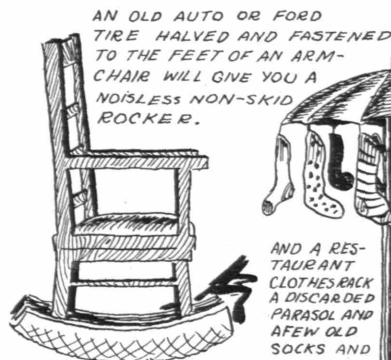
Dear me, Mr. Whoosis could not wait, Fe-lix. Nev-er mind, Mr. Whoosis could not have stay-ed, any-way. He is a Com-mit-tee Chair-man. He is a com-mit-tee chair-man for five com-mit-tees. Must not that be won-der-ful? If you are a good lit-tle boy, Fe-lix, you may be a Com-mit-tee Chair-man, some day, too. In fact, I do not see how you can help it. You have a per-fect com-plex-ion and no brains, and with both the pre-re-quis-ites you should go far.



A GARBAGE CAN COVER, A TRAFFIC SIGN AND A FEW MINUTES WORK MAKE A DELIGHTFUL ASH TRAY FOR YOUR STUDY.



TROLLEY ADS, PLUS A BIT OF RIBBON, AND "PRESTO," YOU HAVE A WALL-HANGING WHICH WILL BE A CONSTANT SOURCE OF BEAUTY AND PLEASURE.



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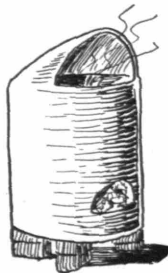


AND A RESTAURANT CLOTHES RACK A DISCARDED PARASOL AND A FEW OLD SOCKS AND YOU HAVE A PIANO LAMP SECOND TO NONE.

A CHARMING SET OF TWIN BUREAU PHOTOS CAN BE MADE OF A COUGH-DROP BOX AND AN OLD CRACKER TIN.



PLACE THEM ON YOUR DRESSER.



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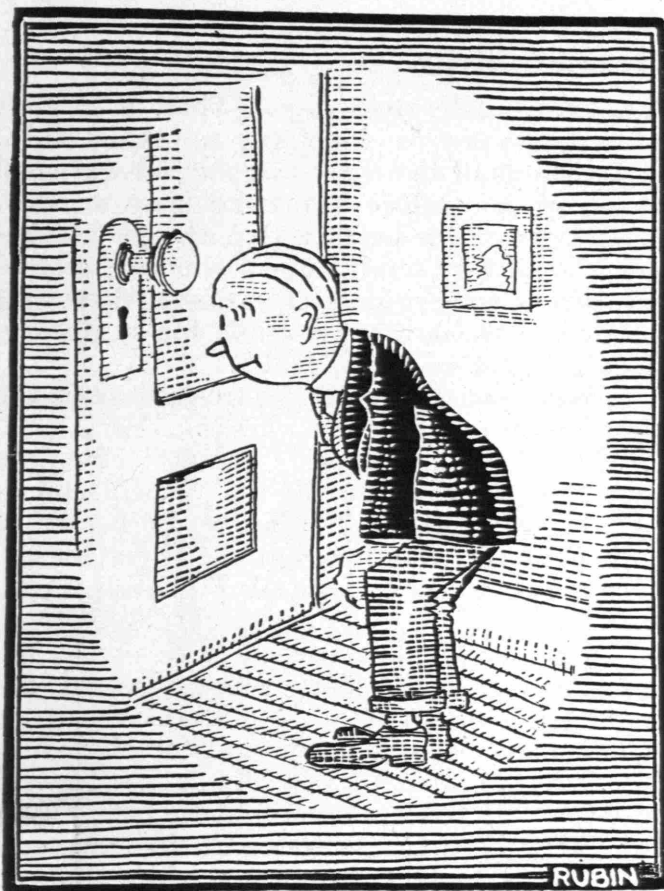


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A PLUMBER'S BLOW-TORCH MAKES AN EXCELLENT AND NOVEL CIGAR LIGHTER FOR THE CARD-TABLE. IT WILL ALSO LIGHT CIGARETTES IF YOU HAVE NO CIGARS.



THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



A Leaning for Knowledge

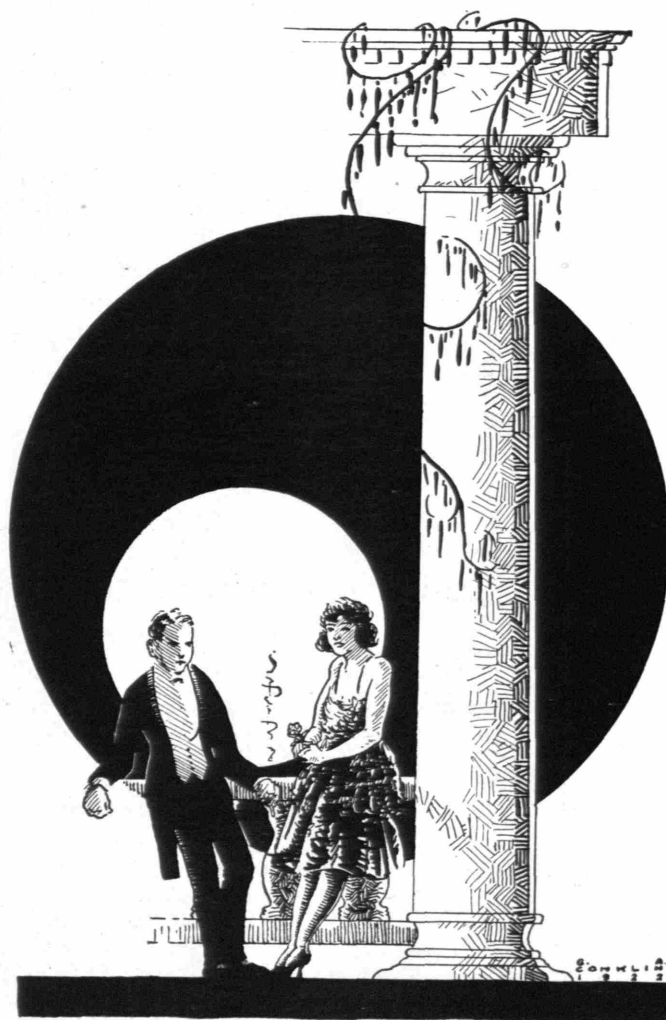
The Feminine Cycle

- At 10—thinks boys, and men, in general, are pretty useless beings.
- At 11—she changes her mind, and begins to admire actors.
- At 12—she changes her mind about actors, and finds herself captivated by strong men, i.e., athletes.
- At 13—she begins to wake up, and starts reading poems.
- At 14—she changes her mind about men entirely, as she finds all of them dull; she is beginning to get "cuts."
- At 15—she thinks she's a vamp, and takes up flirting; she ceases to be cute.
- At 16—she changes her mind, becomes more modest; she thinks she's nothing more than a perfect beauty.
- At 17—she becomes engaged.
- At 18—she is married.
- At 19—she is divorced.
- At 20—she has completed her education, and is ready to begin life.

To You

Slim dainty nothingness!
 Enhanced by none but
 Thine own fair grace and beauty
 To thee I lift mine eyes at break of day;
 Thy clinging caress feel,
 Thy lingering touch of softness,
 When I surround myself in thee—
 My B—
 My B.V.D.

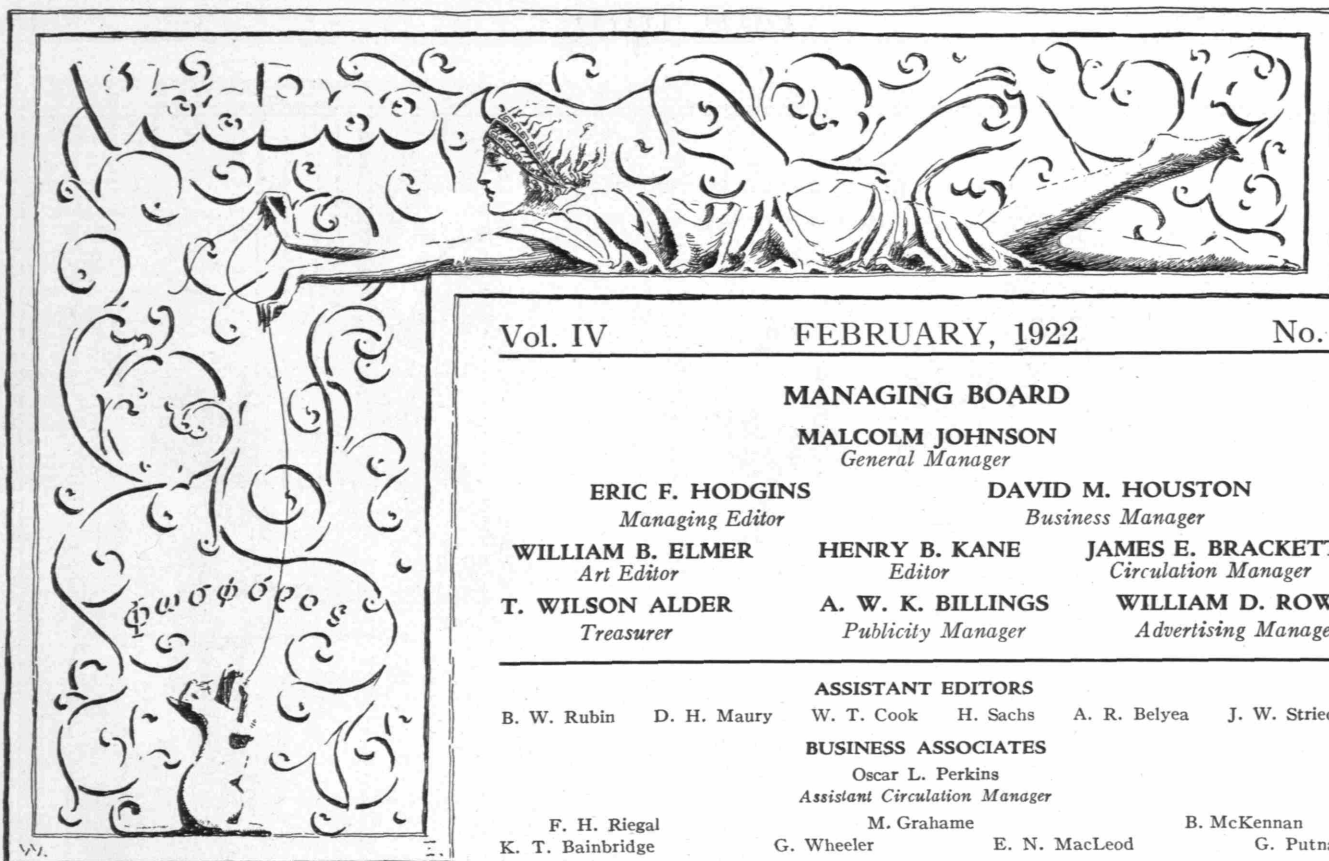
*"Does your fiancée know much about automobiles?"
 "Heavens no; she asked me if I cooled my engine by stripping the gears."*



*"How did Helene get her letter at Yale?"
 "I sh'pose for stroking the crew."*



LIFE OF PHOSPHORUS



Vol. IV

FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 5

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CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE 4100 COPIES

**Jazz and
Smoke-
Screens**

We learn fast, we Tech men. The Appreciation of Music, so newly offered, is no more than eight weeks old, yet so valiant, so intensive, has been our Appreciation, that the manager of the dining hall has felt impelled to fill the aesthetic void in his quarters by means of a four-piece symphony orchestra, student recruited. It plays to us now, the while we eat.

Phosphorus will not, rest certain, make the attempt to ring any humor from this situation. Apparently, Technology is standing upon the verge of a musical renaissance. It is not for us to scoff. If we do anything, we should prophesy. Unfortunately, we are bad at this. Great Movements come along, and flash by us before we ever get our bearings. New Tendencies spring up, and their significances never dawn upon us until the time for prophecy is gone. All we do now is gaze in a muddled silence at what may be the beginning of as a tremendous a revival of art and letters as ever the Fourteenth Century saw. Muddled, because we don't understand how Destiny works out her plans. We don't understand, for example, why the first outcropping of the Movement came in the dining hall. Music with meals is not wholly inappropriate; it is not as if the flippant and intolerable suggestion of lullabies during Economics lectures were offered. But for all that, we cannot see why the Life Force picked out the dining hall for its symphonies. Offhand, we can think of any number of lecture courses that are in desperate need of the ministrations of a jazz band. They were passed over, every one.

But just because we are unable to lay our finger on the cause of what has happened, we have no intention of joining in the shrill chorus that tries to explain it on a sordid, soulless, commercial basis. There are two major theories: the first that the orchestra is a desperate attempt by the management to coax a few persons into resuming use of the dining room once more, and second that the orchestra is a desperate attempt by the management to cut down a surplus whose bulk is rapidly growing unmanageable. We shall give credence to neither of these absurdities. We have our own theory.

We are not so young that we do not remember the itinerant Painless Dentist who gathered the townsfolk about him on summer evenings in the public square to give open demonstration of his anesthetic touch upon any townsman who might be afflicted. One such was usually found, and an examination invariably showed that "that tooth must come out." The victim was suitably mounted, magic healing balm was applied, and the operation commenced. Usually it was neither painless nor quiet. Long experience had taught the Painless Dentist how best to distract attention from its focus on the wrong. A four-piece symphony orchestra did the trick to perfection.

Kissing— and Telling

Every so often a College Comic starts something. Usually it is something weighty, like "Is the Modern Girl Degenerating?" or "Is the Student Council Justified in Moving the Totem Pole to the Other End of the Campus?" Not long ago our contemporary, The Pelican, from out of California, emerged with a variant on the first of these. It asserted all college women liked to be kissed, and was inclined to see a direct relation between this and their degeneration. "College women universally desire to be kissed, and they expect every man who takes them out to attempt it," said the Pelican. "Cave-man stuff is regarded with high favor with college girls, and they are disappointed with the meek and mild type of student."

That started it. Denials and affirmations chased themselves all the way across the continent and back again. There were college girls who admitted the charge, with or without blushes, and there were also those who invited the Pelican to try out its theories on them and see how much of its theories and its beak survived the experiment. All of which, from Maine to California.

This may strike you as familiar. Heaven knows it ought to. Almost exactly one calendar year ago, a similar storm broke, this time no further away than at Brown. It is funny how much comment this one little human habit can arouse. Touch, however abstractly, on the subject of kissing, and whoever be your companion, you are assured of a lively half hour. "General" (the word "promiscuous" here has already been lulled into unconsciousness) kissing, is criminal, deplorable, excusable, sensible, comforting, physically necessary, according to your lights, or the lack of them.

Now Phosphorus must confess that he has never been able to collect and collate enough material to make any statement of his on kissing particularly authoritative. He may be a wild cat, but he walks by his wild lone, to a certain extent, and the Pelican's easy charge of universality shocks him a little. He didn't know the Pelican was that kind of a bird.

He knows, now. One thing that sophomore sociologists never seem to realize is the completeness of the self-revelation



they make. It can hardly be supposed that when California's ardent daughters manifested to the Pelican whither their desires were drifting, the Pelican edged away primly and said, "Don't muss my feathers." It goes against experience. The Pelican met the crisis as would any other male. And yet, male realization of involvement in the ethics of the situation seems never to dawn. The talk is always that the modern girl should "reserve her kisses." Presumably then, she is going to receive as many requests for them, as formerly. There is to be curtailment of supply, but demand can go on at its same old gait. We are to have a sellers market again.

Phosphorus is here quite willing to confess that he thinks the present-day college girl has it all over the corresponding boy in sanity, sincerity and consistency on this question of the minor moralities. Note the Princeton freshmen who recently responded in illuminating fashion to a class questionnaire. To the question, "Do you approve of the modern girl," there came an overwhelming "No!" She was all kinds of things she shouldn't be. The next question was "What is your favorite novel," and to this there came the full-throated male chorus, "The Sheik!" No group of girls have, to the knowledge of Phosphorus, made a similar revelation. They hold the frank opinion that the morals of yesterday are bunk, and they refuse to be the slaves of bunk. The Sanctity of the Kiss, has gone to join bangs, bustles, and—oh, let's be frank—hose supporters. A kiss is no longer a pledge but a pastime. Girls who practice this preachment are surely not to be sniped at by pomaded youths who are glad enough of their sincerity any time after eight p.m. And surely they have come in for more than their share of lampooning on the editorial pages of college comic magazines—institutions whose infallibility on matters of faith and morals is still questioned every once in a while.



VooDoo announces with much regret the resignation of George Floyd Nesbit, Jr., as General Manager of Volume IV. Imperative orders from his physician forced his retirement, which may impress on the multitude that the editing of a humorous publication is a grim business, not unproductive of its martyrs. Malcolm Johnson, '22, assumes the General Managership herewith, and Eric F. Hodgins, '22, returns to the board, after an absence of three months, as Managing Editor.

Eat Your Steak or You'll Have Stew

She threaded her way between the tables of the crowded restaurant, and her walk was as stately as any queen's. Unconscious she was of the glances of the four seated at the corner table, who regarded her with looks of strange intensity. Suddenly, having seemed to have forgotten something, she turned abruptly, and walked in the general direction of the four. She caught their eyes in a steely gaze of her own, toyed with them for a moment, and cast them aside as she would a cast-off glove.

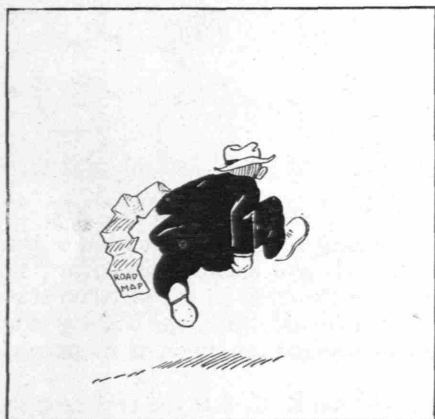
The four watched her covertly, and with that air of assumed nonchalance that most of us take on under similar circumstances. Her raiment of white melted into the voluptuous curves of her wonderful figure as we could imagine would the folds of the living Minerva, rendering her beauty the more pronounced

as the lithe movements of her walk placed each in a sort of synchronous fantasy.

There was no doubt but that she was beautiful. The four admitted it among themselves, and at the same time cursed her for a reason that to onlookers was as yet inexplicable.

She was approaching her destination, and by the expressions on the faces of the four it could be plainly seen that her reaching it was of the utmost import to them. She reached, and passed through, a door-way and doors swung on noiseless hinges closed behind her.

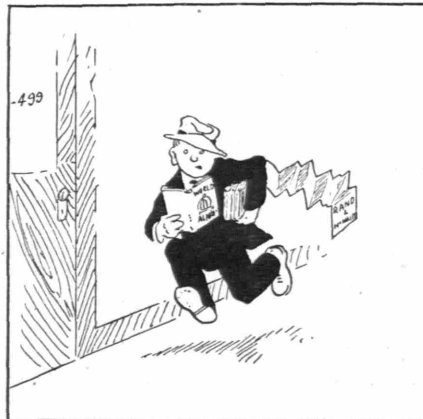
The millenium passed, and, with it, the four into a state of *coma vigil*, when finally the echo of her sweet voice with its rising lilt reached them. They began to tuck their napkins under their chins for what they had heard was, "Ham 'neggs fuh faw."



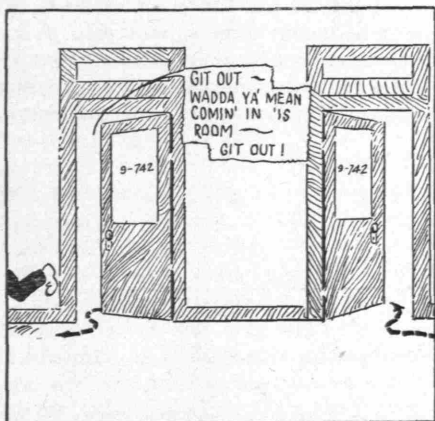
When nearing the Stute in the A. M., see that your road map is handy.



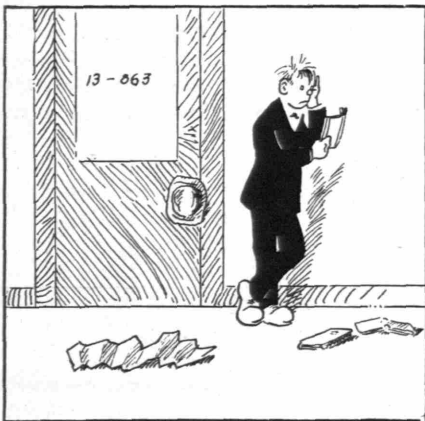
And when mounting the stairs, your "Guide to Boston" will be of service.



A "World Almanac" and a "Rand & McNally" of the Philippines will help.



Avoid strange rooms, especially when tenanted by strange instructors.



Consult your "Blue Book," or possibly your "Historic Points in and about Boston" for guidance.



But above all, do not despair,—think of Columbus, Peary, and a host of other explorers.

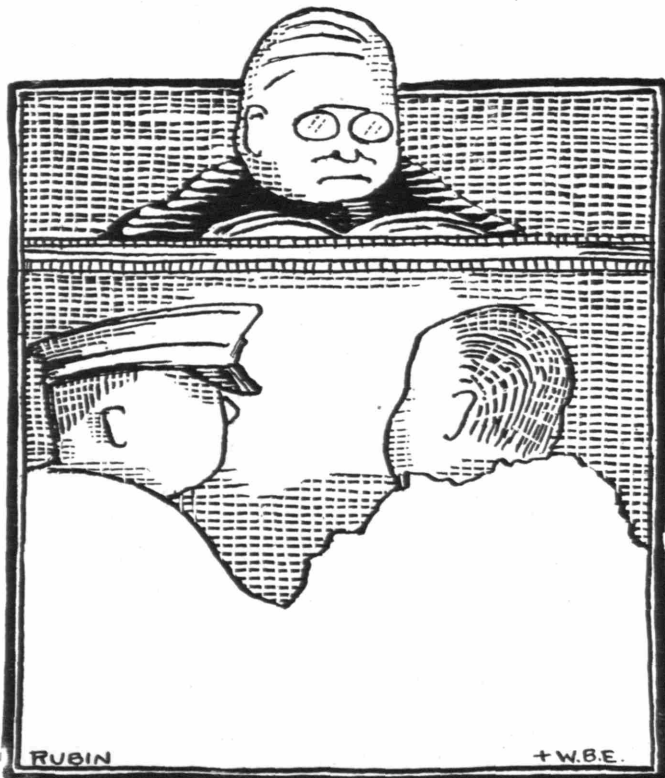
COOK'S TOURS FOR FRESHMAN

A Tentative Schedule for Course XVI Social Engineering

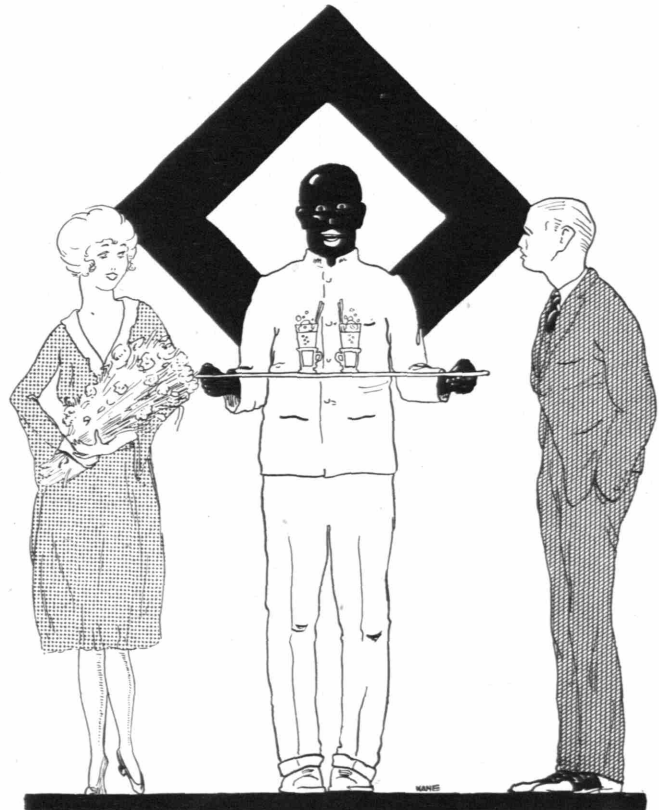
The recently instituted custom of serving cocoa and cakes in the Student Lounge shows a trend toward a broader social education of the Tech student. A program such as suggested below would do a great deal toward training our men for social activities:—

9:00	Coffee and rolls	Dean's Office
10:00	Cocoa and cakes	Student's Lounge
11:00	Grand Opera selections	Ore Dressing Lab.
12:00	Tasty Box-Lunch	Organic Lab.
1:00	Smoker and games	Emma Rogers Room
2:00	Lecture on "Clothes and the Man"	
		by Prof. Goodrich
3:00	"Anvil Chorus"	"Pop" Lamberth
4:00	Paper on "The Mechanics of the Wheelbarrow"	
		Read by Kid Zero
5:00	Light Tea	Class will meet in Bursar's Office

Notice:—A nominal charge of five dollars for this course.



MOTORIST:—"I have a fine record, your Honor."
JUDGE:—"Well, add on another ten dollars. Next!"



"Rastus, were you raised in the South?"
"Yes ma'm, once, but de rope broke"

While this schedule may seem rather severe, the student would not be required to take all the courses prescribed. If the "Smoker and Games" proves too strenuous, an option might be offered, such as Progressive Bridge in the Smoking Room of Building 5, or a Song and Dance, executed by Dr. Tyler in the Main Lobby and supported by a picked male chorus from the Engine Lab.

—H. A. M.

Chawlie:—"Percy made a bad break yesterday."
Sydney:—"How was that?"
Chawlie:—"He fell and broke his flask."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the still and the hip."

Banquet Scene

Fair One:—"Have you ever in your life seen such translucent yet iridescent wine!"
Companion:—"S'funny, it tastes all right to me."

The Movie Credo

That all ingenues are at least 42 years old, and that most of them have grown-up daughters.

That if a star has to get his feet wet, he uses a double.

That all doubles are paid fabulous salaries, but that they earn their money.

That all directors wear leather puttees and reversed caps, and when on location carry large red megaphones with the company's name on them.

That all screen vampires are sweet, lovable, unassuming, home-loving little things when off the lot, spending large amounts of their time making raspberry tarts for their dear old mothers.

That the mothers of all the stars whose pictures appear with them in the magazines are paid by the day.

That Charlie Chaplin is a well-educated Jewish comedian.

That the Kid was a fine picture, and contained a great deal of genuine comedy.

That Mary Pickford is "America's Sweetheart."

That Mary Pickford got her divorce from Owen Moore because she loved Mr. Fairbanks, and that before the divorce she was drawing \$1,000,000 a year in salaries alone.

That the de Mille boys are competent directors.

That Wallace Reid can act.

That Marion Davies is very beautiful, but cannot act.

That the Gish girls would still be playing extras for Carl Laemmle if it had not been for David Wark Griffith.

That David Wark Griffith is the greatest director in America, if not in the world.

That Pola Negri is one of the most passionately beautiful actresses alive.

That Pola Negri is a hopeless ham.

That Joe Schildkraut is the handsomest man in the world.

That Monte Blue is a full-blooded Sioux Indian, but that as the Frenchman, Danton, he was a knock-out.

That Jack Barrymore is America's greatest tragedian.

That Harold Lloyd is a modest young man who believes in hard work and lots of it, and who is not a Jew.

That foreign films could not compete with the native product, except for the low labour costs across the water.

That the Two Orphans cost more than one million dollars, and when seen, inspires a whole empire of ennobling emotions.

That if it wasn't for the music, which is usually better than the picture, all feature films would flivver.

That all villains wear small black moustaches and leer at women.

That all elderly brokers are apt to be crooked.

That a country girl alone in the big city hasn't even the chance of the fabled snowball.

That all motion picture magazines are heavily subsidized by the producing companies, and that if they weren't they couldn't last two weeks.

That if you send a company a scenario they will invariably reject it, but steal your ideas in toto.

That the motion picture industry is improving every day, and that in ten years it will be the greatest industry in the United States.

That the motion picture industry is on the rocks, and that it will be forgotten inside of ten years.

That no company will take a story unless it has previously appeared in the Saturday Evening Post or Snappy Stories.

That costume plays never pay, unless George Arliss is in the leading role.

That Robert E. Sherwood, of Life, knows a good movie when he sees one.

That every motion picture must contain at least one sub-title reading "... and with the dawn of a new day ..."

That there is more assorted vice to the square foot in Hollywood than in any other part of the U. S. A., including Chinatown and Cambridge.

That all prisons are miniature hells, and that not punishment, but the love of a good woman is the only thing that will redeem a crook.

That all bedroom sets are suggestive.

That a woman in a bathing suit is not immoral, but one in a teddy-bear is.

That a man falling down, or slipping into a batch of concrete or tripping into a barrel of tar, is funny.

That throwing plates, pies, knives, pails of paint, grease, chairs, flour or dough, is funny.

That no picture will go across any more unless it carries a strong sex appeal.

That to get a job in the movies a girl has to go through all sorts of degrading experiences, and that no actress is any better than she should be.

But They Always Come Back For More

Once upon a time there was, in one of our higher institutions of learning, a poor prune whom we will call Chauncy. Now Chauncy was in love with a beautiful fair-haired creature of potent line, who was possessed of as many thoughts as a French curve straight edges, and she was called Heloise. It was Chauncy's favorite indoor sport to sit and gaze by the hour at this fair one, visualizing a quiet little home with his children on his knee, and Heloise by his side—clinging vine support of the sturdy oak and all that.

Heloise always would evade these vital topics of conversation, but she always gave him to understand that he really was a very clever boy, and that he was her nearest and most admired boy friend. All of which Chauncy swallowed whole, and made him rush Heloise the harder in order not to give anybody the edge.

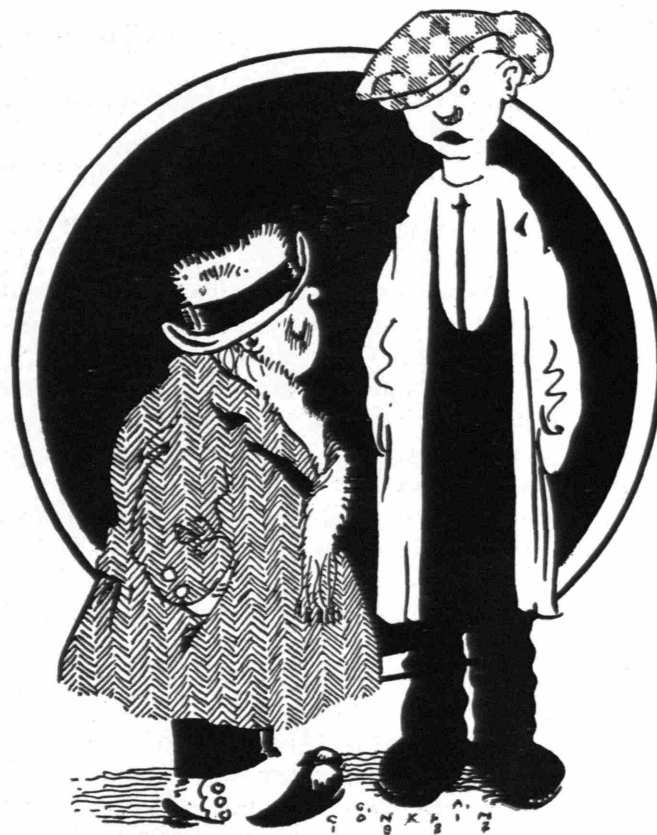
Well this state of affairs lasted through his Junior, and half of his Senior years at college, with frenzied and very passionate letters of the new school during the interim. It might be remarked about here that Heloise was a wise little dame, who knew how to play her cards, and keep all comers interested. Some people called her cold hearted, but a psychoanalyst would have predicted a rosy future in the world of commerce. But all this is merely for those who are slow to catch on.

Anyhow it came to pass that Chauncy took Heloise to a dance. It was one of the biggest dances of the college year, very formal, and everybody of any account was there. Of course taxis were in order, and Heloise lived so far away that it was necessary for Chauncy to keep his foot over the meter to enjoy the ride. Everything was rosy up to the tenth dance, when the cutting-in became heavy, and Heloise, being very popular, was not often seen in the arms of Chauncy. Well, it was written (on the dance order) that Heloise should have the tenth dance with her own true escort, but when it began she was not to be seen on the floor.

Perplexed and sore dismayed, Chauncy wandered hither and yon in search of his beloved, but she was not to be found. In despair he wandered into one of the dimly lighted alcoves, and there, horrors——?

Closely wrapped in another man's embrace, her fair hair resting on his shoulder, Heloise was informing him that she simply must get back and dance with that egg she came with, but he could find her telephone number in the book.

MORAL: When folly is bliss 'tis ignorance to be otherwise.



ASH:—"How'dja get that cut on your face?"

CAN:—"A guy called me a low-down, good-for-nothing, lazy, worthless, sawed-off, bow-legged, cross-eyed loafer, and I cleaned him up."

ASH:—"He shouldn't have called you that."

CAN:—"No, of course not."

ASH:—"Why, everybody knows you're not cross-eyed."

A Woman's Wailing

I have followed thee, my dearest
Ever since the world was born
I have followed thee through ages
Far, forlorn.

I have followed thee, my lover
As the sweet Psyche of old
Followed thee with ardent fervor
To behold.

Now I've found you've been a liar
And I think it was too mean
To sprinkle on your handkerchief
Gasolene.

*Little drops of treacle, little grains of mash,
Within one short week'll gingerale surpass.*

CAT-ASTROPHE

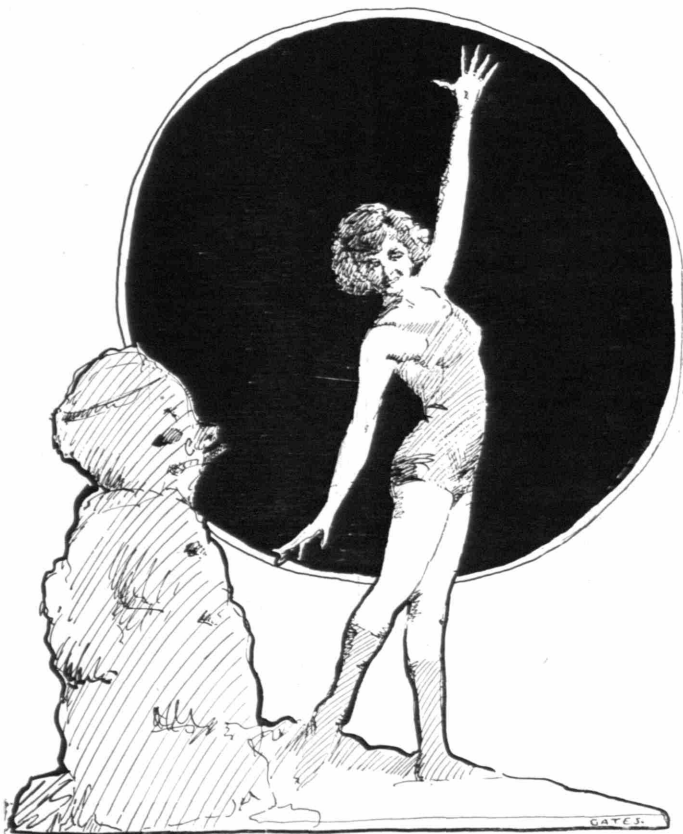
It was the mystic hour of midnight. Below, in the hall, a feeble glow pushed itself with difficulty thru the murkiness. All else was dark and quiet, save for an occasional low sigh from the big front room. Suddenly—with startling clearness—came an agonized cry—a cry carrying in its throbbing waves a world of yearning and entreaty. Now all was quiet—yet again came that piercing sound. There was a slight stir in the big front room.

"Oh, Harold, please let the cat in. I'm afraid he'll wake father."

Mrs. Dugan:—"Ar-r, Mrs. Murphy, me little Jimmy went to the hoshpital for an operation."

Mrs. Murphy:—"Ain't that too bad, now? Did he have ether?"

Mrs. Dugan:—"No, he had appendicitis."



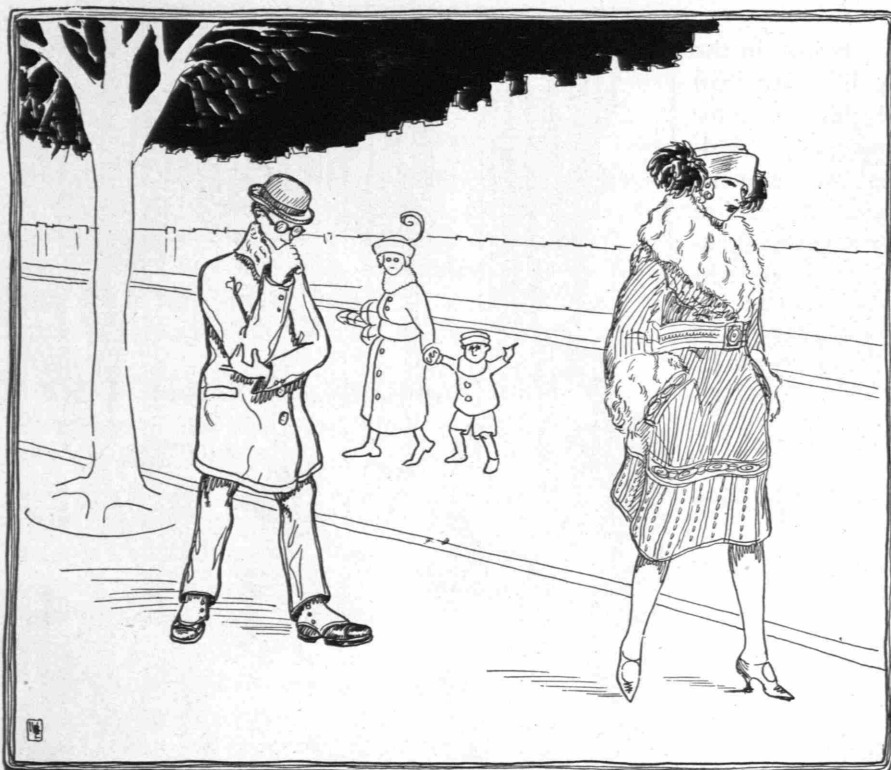
A maiden, young, charming, and bold
Met a snow man, exceedingly cold.
Her ardent attentions
Quite changed his dimensions
And soon he grew mushy, I'm told.



He: How is it you're ready so much sooner than usual?
She: I've just bought a larger powder puff.

The Chocolate Fad

Chocolate here and chocolate there,
Chocolate, chocolate everywhere.
Everything is chocolate now
It seems to be a fad somehow.
Chocolate ice cream, chocolate soufflet,
Chocolate soda, chocolate frappe,
Chocolate custard, chocolate cake,
Chocolate pudding, chocolate shake,
Chocolate crackers, chocolate float,
Chocolate, chocolate gets my goat.
Then hot chocolate, chocolate drops,
Chocolate for Russians, Swedes and wops;
Chocolate coating, chocolate parfait,
Chocolate cookies and chocolate sundae,
Chocolate sauce, and chocolate roll,
As long as there's a chocolate mol,
Chocolate extract, chocolate bar,
Chocolate, Caillers, Lindt, and Noire,
Chocolate pie, and chocolate eclair,
As long as there's some chocolate there.
Everything is chocolate now,
They seem to have gone mad somehow.—H. S.



Small Boy: Mother, why does that man fix his gaze so intently on the ground?
Mother: Silence, Waldo; he is a Technology Professor, and he has his mind on Higher Things."

With a Moral

A Highway Engineer once said: "If I were going to build a road, the first thing I'd do would be to see what drainage I had; the second thing would be to get good drainage; the third would be to make—sure I had good drainage."

"Just shaved. Heavy date to-night. Little theatre party, and supper and a dance or two in the grill. Hot dog! —Say Mac, is your clock right? Eight-twenty!

Oh, studs, gambol into those holes. Necktie, don't fail me. Come on pumps, shake yourselves on to my toes."

Out I ran toward Kendall. The street was dark—and cold. I gave a leap from the curb and landed in three inches of water at $32\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr. Rain three days before.

"Drainage? Front 'page Professor Breed."

Little Proverbs

A fool and his honey are soon parted.

A rolling stone knows no boss.

Still whiskey ruins sleep.

All is not pups that litters.

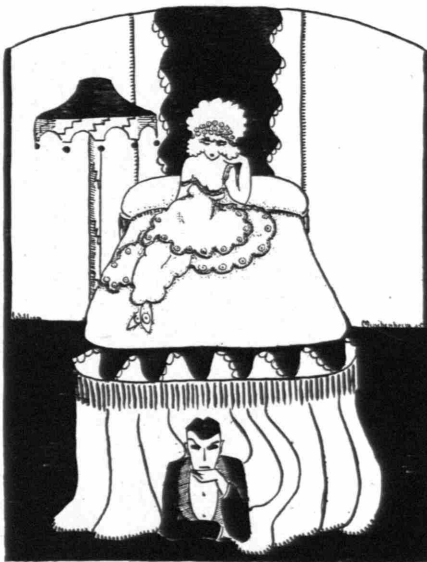
Jerry:—"My sister wants some advice how to get thin."

Merry:—"Russia all around."

Handy:—"Why do they call the moon Silvery?"

Andy:—"Because it comes in halves and quarters."

Heaven will protect the Working Girl—but she often has to walk back.



Scene in Any One of the Latest Bedroom Farces.



She wrote to him and said, "Dear Tom—
 "Won't you invite me to the Prom?
 "If you're too bashful, I've got Jack."
 "Fine! Bring it all, dear," he wrote back.

—Brown Jug

They used to kill the fatted calf
 In times of greatest joy;
 But now they swath it round with silk
 And show it off; oh boy!

—Pelican

Jew (arriving upon the scene of an automobile accident, to only conscious victim):—"Oye, a iccident? Effrybody laid oud, eh?"

O. C. V.:—"Yes, all but one, and I just came to."

Jew:—"Has de insurince achent come by yet?"

O. C. V.:—"Not yet, but he'll probably be here soon. Why?"

Jew:—"Vell, if he ain't come yet and you expect him soon, I vonder if you'd mind ef I lie down vit be bunch?"

—Lord Jeff (*Amherst*)

Mrs. Newlywed:—"I'll take this pair of pajamas, and charge them, please."

Clerk:—"Who are they for?"

Mrs. Newlywed (hotly):—"My husband, of course!"

—Virginia Reel

"Father," said the boy, "I hope when I am as old as you are I'll know more than you do."

"Well, my son, I hope that you will know as much as you think you know now."

—Virginia Reel

"Next Stop—"

He lurched up the aisle of his wedding-journey Pullman. He crawled into their lower with a dignified air and a "'Sh, only me, my dear!"

John, dearest, what is that terrible cut in your forehead?"

"'Sh, jusht a berth-mark, m'love; 'sh, jusht a li'l berth-mark!"

—Log

He:—"What shall we do tonight?"

She:—"I'm willing to do whatever you do."

He:—"But we've only been acquainted two days."

—Lemon Punch

Stylish

Art:—"Here comes a plucky girl."

Bart:—"How do you know?"

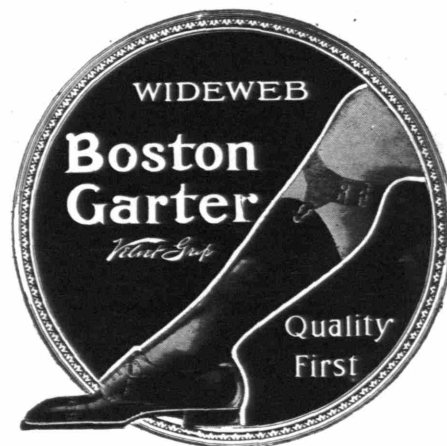
Art:—"Look at her eyebrows."

—Sun Dial



The GARTER

for neatness and efficiency—that
 is what men say who wear the



Made of wide mercerized, shirred web with
 slide adjustment and hook-and-eye cast-off.

The **Only** Wideweb Garter **without**
 Metal Parts on the Face of Pad

These wonderful features insure perfect fit
 and long service. Try a Pair.

George Frost Company—Makers—Boston





The Congress—A National Institution.

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

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

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



CONGRESS HOTEL AND ANNEX

S. R. KAUFMAN, President
MICHIGAN AVENUE AT CONGRESS STREET
CHICAGO

Thy Name is Woman

She crossed her slim ankles and settled back among the cushions of the hammock.

He put his arm around her and sighed.

She sighed.

He sighed again and murmured, "Darling—"

"Yes," she queried.

"Darling, will you marry me?"

And when he had gone she cut another notch in the porch swing.

—Jester

One day, when Eve, in jolly mirth
Perambulated on this earth,
And looked at Adam's scant array
Of fig-leaves, one or two they say,
She said as only a woman can:
"It's a good thing clothes don't make the man."

—Juggler

Him:—"What do you call your kitten?"

She:—"Santy."

Him:—"Why?"

She:—"Because Santy claws."

—Lemon Punch

At That Student Boarding House

Pie:—"Thought you'd room over here, eh? Didn't you like your chambers?"

Eyed:—"I went in loaded this morning and got fired out."

—Widow

"Does Bill go out and smoke between acts?"

"No, he comes in to watch the play between drinks."

—Virginia Reel

Juicy Fruit

"Had a date last night."

"Peach?"

"No, lemon."

"You poor prune, I told you you'd pick a pineapple."

"All the nuts gave me the raspberries."

—Puppet

I know of a girl from Bologna
Whose name, I think it is Mogna.

I once heard her yell,

And turned, as she fell;

She was slipping on her kimogna.

—Brown Jug

In Time of Peace

Alice:—"Why don't you wear your new garters?"

Ruth:—"Oh! I'm saving them for a rainy day."

—Octopus

Get a slice of that \$200

TAKE a hand at Durham-Duplex "Limericking". It may pay you well. You don't have to be a poet with flowing hair and a bow tie—any limerick that is humorous, novel or witty and that contains the words "Durham-Duplex" has a good chance of winning some of the "big money" in the

DURHAM-DUPLEX

Intercollegiate Limerick Contest

The limericks printed below were selected from some of the replies, but are not necessarily prize-winners. They give you an idea of what others are doing in the contest.

There was a young lady named Grace,
Who enjoyed one young man's fond embrace
"Durham-Duplex", he'd rave
Gives a wonderful shave,"
And 'twas pleasant, the feel of his face.

JOHN L. CAREY Yale University

There was a young fellow named Dave;
He was always in need of a Shave.
When his sweetie got vexed
He bought a Durham-Duplex,
And now you can't make her behave.

M. I. BROWN, Jr. Brown University

A studious young chappie from Tex
In a barber shop waited for "nex"
When the chapel bell rang,
He walked out with a bang
And bought him a Durham-Duplex.

CLARKE OLNEY Denison University

There was a young man named Bill Klopping,
Whose whiskers were always out-cropping,
Bought a Durham-Duplex
For one-tenth of an X,
And now the out-cropping is stop-ping.

W. R. PENGUET U. S. Naval Academy

Young Johnnie was learning to shave,
And though gory was still very brave,
But a friend of his said,
"Use a Durham instead,
Durham-Duplexes always behave."

JOHN BAILEY University of Chicago

A fellow who wanted to vex
All his friends of the opposite sex
Let his whiskers grow long.
Their resentment was strong
So they sent him a Durham Duplex.

O. J. BORNGESSER Univ. of Penn.

"What Cheek" said the sweet petite maid
As he kissed her behind the front shade.
"Thank you," murmured he,
"But I knew you'd agree
That Durham-Duplex is some blade"

C. A. YEATMAN Cornell University

In Russia the fact is unique,
For peace they eternally sique,
With Durham-Duplexes
The Cossack Alexes
Shave beards off the Red Bolshe-vique.

H. CUNNINGHAM Princeton Univ.

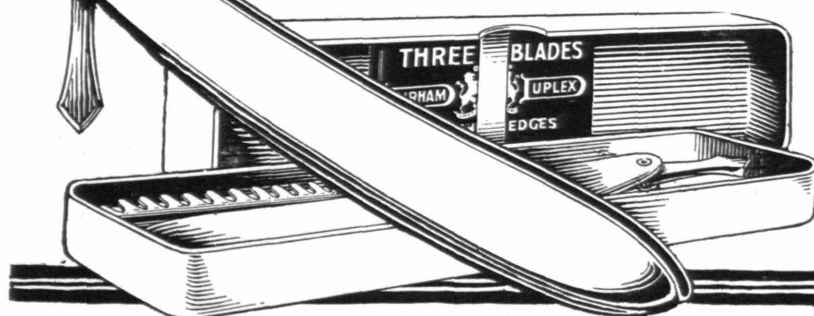
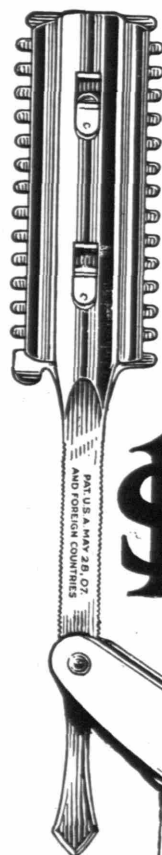
Said a stude with a heavy black beard
To the first counter clerk who ap-peared,
"If you don't want to vex me
Just Durham-Duplex me . . .
And darn quick about it" he jeered.

C. F. GORDON Dartmouth College

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

In addition to these prizes we will give a Durham-Duplex Demonstrator with one famous double-edged, detachable, hollow ground Durham-Duplex blade to every student who sends in a limerick. The Durham-Duplex "Demonstrator" shaves just as well as the regular Dollar model.
For the Best Illustration of any Limerick we will give an Additional Prize of \$25.00. For particulars and full information address the Limerick Editor of this publication.

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2nd Reporter:—"Nope, all my stuff has been rotten."

1st Reporter:—"Writing for Whizz Bang?"

—Lemon Punch

All Balled Up

Miriam:—"Bella told me that you told her that secret that I told you not to tell her."

Marion:—"Cat! I told her not to tell you."

Miriam:—"Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you if she told me, so don't tell her I did."

—Medley

"Say, have you forgotten that you owe me twenty bucks?"

"No, not yet. Give me time."

—Lord Jeff (Amherst)

"The manager of the department store fired Umson."

"What for?"

"Umson took the sign 'How Would You Like to See Your Girl in This?' off a swell dress—"

"Uh, huh."

"And carelessly hung it onto a bathtub."

—Judge

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At the Dinner Table

Sister Sally:—"I wonder what I can give Jack for a Christmas present."

Brother Billy:—"The poor mutt liked the kiss you gave him last night. Give him another."

Mother:—"Billy!!!!"

Father:—"Billy?????"

Sally:—"Billy%\$%?!X"

Billy thoughtfully considers the future.

B. B.:—"Well, maybe just one piece of candy wouldn't be so good after all."

—Banter

Mrs. Prof:—"Do you think Wednesday would be a good time to hold a shower for Beatrice?"

Prof. (dead to the world):—"Any time she needs one, mother."

—Banter

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Barely True

"Why do you seem so fussed?"

"Oh, I always feel self-conscious in an evening gown."

"Sort of all dressed up and no place to go?"

"N-nothing on for the evening!"

—Frigol

The bride tripped slowly down the aisle;

Her gown proclaimed a costly staisle,

Exquisite lace half hid her smaisle;

But oh!—those hose of cotton laisle.

—Orange Peel

Dam !!

One day as I chanced to pass

A beaver was damming a river,

And a man who had run out of gas

Was doing the same to his flivver.

—Awgwan

Cy:—"That there soldier college don't spare any expense
on their men; teaching them to milk now, I guess."

Si:—"Is that so?"

Cy:—"Yep; Jeb writes that they have bought eleven
Jerseys just for the use of the football game."

—Virginia Reel

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There Were Others

1st Coed:—"What gown are you going to wear to Prom?"

2nd Coed:—"I don't know; so far I have decided on nothing."

—Purple Parrot

"We girls have to be so careful these days."

"How's that?"

"If a fellow tries to tell us a risque joke and we stop him too soon, he knows we've heard it before."

—Jack-o-Lantern

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The Architects' Number Comes in May

The Architects' Number will be the bona-fide product of the Institute's Life Class Hounds. Watch carefully, to see what happens when History of Architecture and European Civilization and Art have a few raisins dropped in 'em.

All These and More

These three numbers, and five more of the next volume, are eager to come to you. There is an abstruse connection between this statement and the coupon at the bottom of the page. See if you can figure out what it is.

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—Widow

Swear:—"Gee, that girl is blond. She must use peroxide."
Cusse:—"Maybe—I saw her in the bleachers Saturday."

—Widow (Cornell)

A Popular Guy

Poor Boob (delighted):—"Yes, and I'll be a Santa Claus to you."

She (rather bored):—"Good, and remember he comes around once every year."

—Punch Bowl

"There is a lot in what you say," said the Real Estate agent as he waited eagerly for the prospective buyer's answer.

—Jester

The Bear Cat

Anxious:—"Where is Nellie tonight."

Humerous:—"She caught colt in her bear calf and she's too horse to speak."

Anxious:—"I believe your lion."

—Punch Bowl

Belle:—"I don't understand why Clarice lets that common grocery boy play around with her?"

Buoy:—"Neither do I, unless it's because he delivers the goods."

—Froth

Ikey:—"Bet you can't guess vot I'm got to my house, Jakie."

Jakie:—"Vot you got, a little home brew?"

Ikey:—"Nein, a little Hebrew."

—The Jade

"'ullo 'awkings, wots wrong with the bloomin' 'orse?"

"Well, you see, guvnor, 'e was rid by a lydy in pants and 'e's got a bit of a stiff neck."

—Puppet

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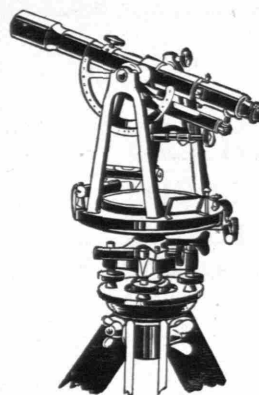
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—Judge

Daughter (admiring a set of mink skins from Father):—"I can hardly realize that these beautiful furs come from such a small, sneaking beast."

Father:—"I don't ask for thanks, my dear, but I must insist on respect."

—Purple Cow

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"So you were in Paris, eh? How did you like the Eiffel tower?"

"Gosh! my eyes never rose more than two feet from the ground."

— Medley

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I wonder would the poet have changed his mind
If, standing in a crowd, he'd chanced to find
A fellow-feeling in his coat behind.

— Phoenix

I tried to love her near the old mill,
One starry summer's night;
She shook her head, and sweetly said,
"Not by a dam site."

— Gargoyle

"Here is where I pick up an acquaintance," said the cop as
he lifted the souse from the gutter.

— Jester

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"Where'd you get the bathing suit?"

"Mack Sennett."

— Juggler

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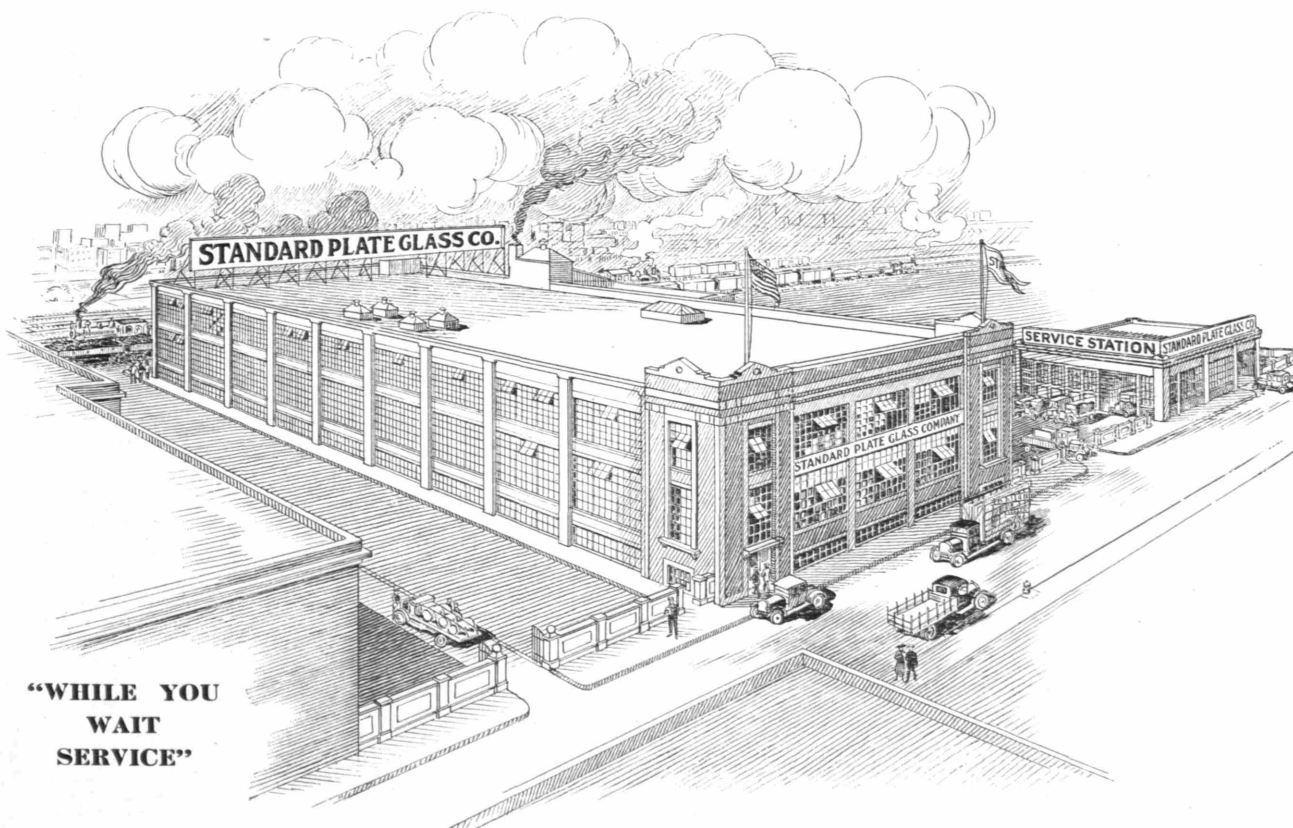
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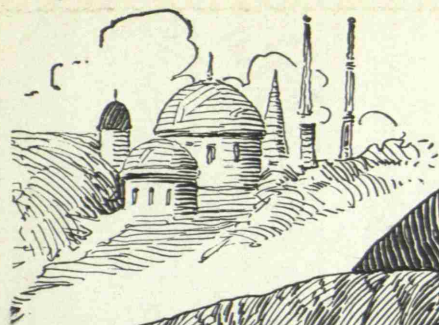
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