

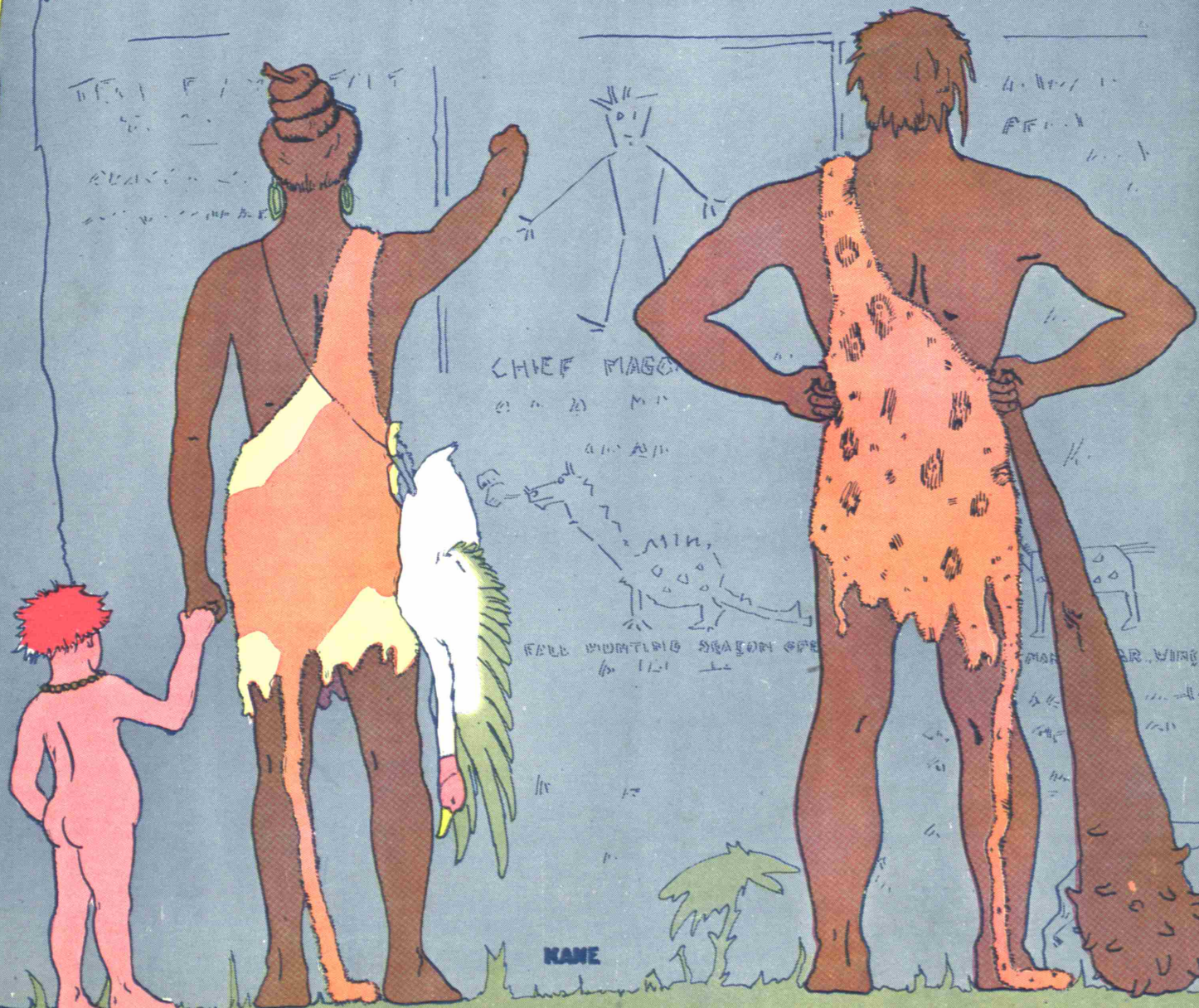
WooDoo

NEWSPAPER NUMBER

JANUARY 1922

MASS. INST. TECH.
JAN 24 1922
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THE
MORNING TELEGRAPH



KANE

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NEW YORK

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CHICAGO

Technical Term

"You do not speak to him?"

"No," replied the scholarly girl, "when I passed him I gave him the geological survey."

"Yes. What is commonly known as the 'stony stare.'"

—*Washington Star*

"Marjie, have you been smoking?"

"No, mother."

"But your breath smells of tobacco."

"Father kissed me good-bye."

"But father doesn't smoke."

"I know it, mother, but his stenographer does."

—*Siren*

Hello! Are You There?

Central:—"812 Green?"

Voice:—"No, drank one too soon."

—*Showme*

"Snap out of it," he yelled, ripping open a box of ZuZus."

—*Widow*

"I've got a date. I wonder if I ought to shave first."

"Known her very well?"

"Yes, very well."

"Better shave."

—*Wag Jag*

"Do you smoke Home Run cigarettes?"

"No, indeed, I smoke one-baggers."

"Never heard of them. What are they?"

"Why, Bull Durham, of course."

—*Widow*

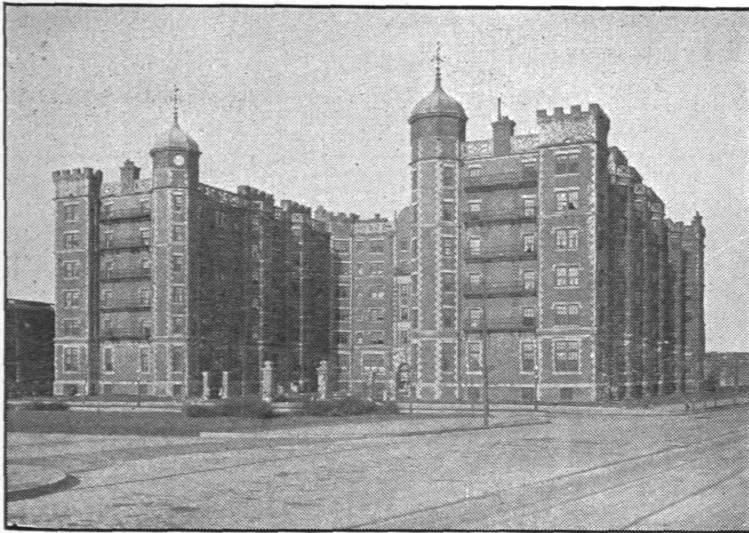
When you're hungry—get Libby's

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Ah—Choo!

One morning an old man was busy in the back yard with a saw and hatchet when the next door neighbor came to inquire after the health of his wife. The wife, it seems, had taken a severe cold.

"Good mornin', Mr. Smith," said the neighbor, "how is Mrs. Smith this mornin'?"

"Just about the same," answered old Mr. Smith. "She didn't sleep very well last night."

"Poor dear," said the neighbor sympathetically, "I s'pose that's her coughin', ain't it?"

"No, it ain't her coffin," said Smith, keeping his eyes on his work. "It's a new hen house."

—Drexler

Flip

She:—"Why do they call this the gridiron?"

He:—"Cause it's a great place to see flappers."

—Punch Bowl

With Apologies

The sun was hot upon the beach,

Her suit was little sister's.

She thought she was having a wonderful time, but

All is not bliss that blisters.

—Auwgan

Beating!

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Vagrancy, your honor. He was loafing around a street corner."

"Ah, impersonating an officer."

—Puppet

Prof.:—"Who first made Paris green?"

Stude:—"Helen of Troy."

—Brown Jug

"Terribly rough," said the stranger on board the ocean liner.

"Well," said the farmer, "it wouldn't be near so rough if the captain would only keep in the furrows."

—Virginia Reel

A leading soap concern advertises:

"Keep that schoolgirl complexion."

We're with you, Company, but why wash it off?

—Wasp

Hay:—"My father's pen is quite prolific."

Seed:—"Author or artist?"

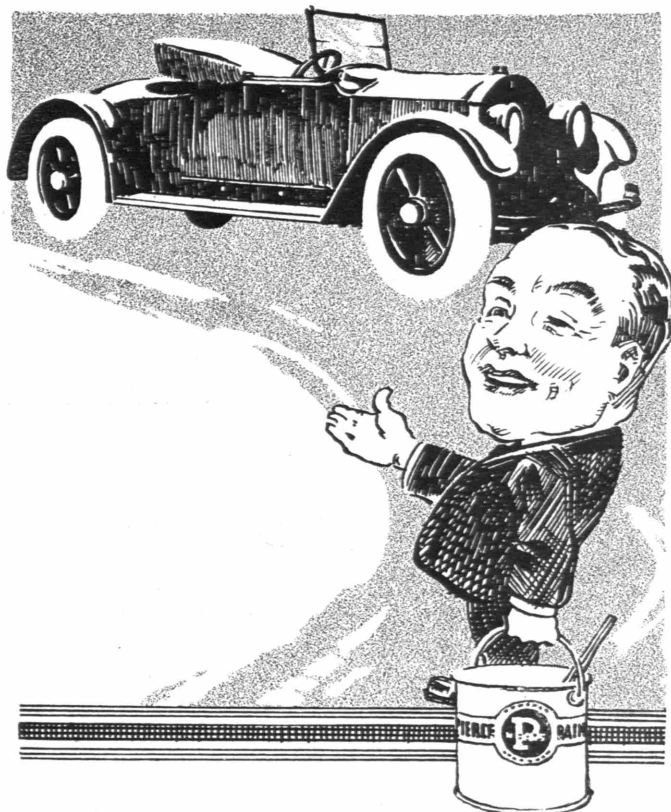
Hay:—"Neither. Hog raiser."

—Sun Dodger

**"DID IT
MYSELF!"**

WITH

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That's the whole story! If the little old last year's car looks run down and peaked, now's the time to ginger her up with a glossy new color coat.

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Both Weak

Phil:—"There are two things that you can't disguise, a man and a Ford."

Lips:—"How can you tell?"

Phil:—"By the clutch."

—*Mirror*

Yes, Yes, Go On

As the blushing bride said to the furniture salesman: "Twin beds are very well, but why buy them until we get the twins."

—*Tar Baby*

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said"

As he stubbed his toe against the bed,

!!!!!!**?*????? - - !!XXXXXXXX*****?

—*Orange Peel*

Aimless

"So that's Mrs. Smith! What was her maiden name?"

"To get married, naturally."

—*Orange Peel*

Jim:—"That girl over there is a live wire."

Jam:—"Introduce me; I want to be shocked."

—*Wasp*

FORENSICS



There is no argument! Men all admit by their actions that *Appearance counts.*

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"Have you ever seen a broad jump?"

"No, but in the town where I came from the girls have their own baseball team."

—Punch Bowl

Educated Dog

"Lay down, pup. Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you."

"Mister, you'll have to say, 'Lie down.' He's a Boston terrier."

—Nashville Tennessean

"I feel like sitting down. Let's go to the movies."

"The seats will be too crowded. Let's go to church."

—Chaparral

"Dear Me," said the Missionary, as the Cannibal Butcher sold him at 90c a pound.

—Goblin

Habla Espanol

Coe:—"She comes from Panama."

Ed:—"How do you know?"

Coe:—"I can tell by her locks."

—Goblin

Why Guess?

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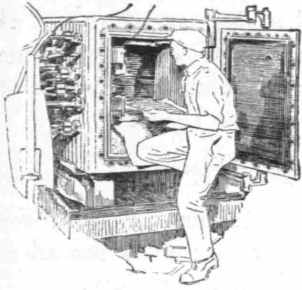
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What Is a Vacuum Furnace?

IN an ordinary furnace materials burn or combine with the oxygen of the air. Melt zinc, cadmium, or lead in an ordinary furnace and a scum of "dross" appears, an impurity formed by the oxygen. You see it in the lead pots that plumbers use.

In a vacuum furnace, on the contrary, the air is pumped out so that the heated object cannot combine with oxygen. Therefore in the vacuum furnace impurities are not formed.

Clearly, the chemical processes that take place in the two types are different, and the difference is important. Copper, for instance, if impure, loses in electrical conductivity. Vacuum-furnace copper is pure.

So the vacuum furnace has opened up a whole new world of chemical investigation. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have been exploring this new world solely to find out the possibilities under a new series of conditions.

Yet there have followed practical results highly important to industry. The absence of oxidation, for instance, has enabled chemists to combine metals to form new alloys heretofore impossible. Indeed, the vacuum furnace has stimulated the study of metallurgical processes and has become indispensable to chemists responsible for production of metals in quantities.

And this is the result of scientific research.

Discover new facts, add to the sum total of human knowledge, and sooner or later, in many unexpected ways, practical results will follow.

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CAMBRIDGE

"Mother! I learned that our Sunday-school teacher doesn't take baths."

"Johnny! What do you mean?"

"She said that she never did anything in private that she wouldn't do in public."

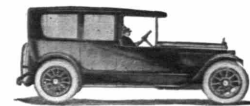
—Gargoyle

"Oh, Billie, wouldn't you love to have been made love to by an old time knight?"

"Nix on that, kiddo — sitting on an iron knee never appealed to me."

—Mugwump

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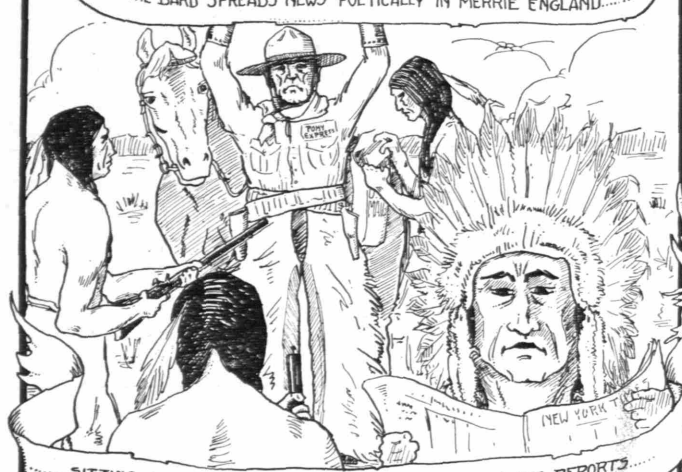
CLEOPATRA WELCOMES THE BEARERS OF ILL TIDINGS.....



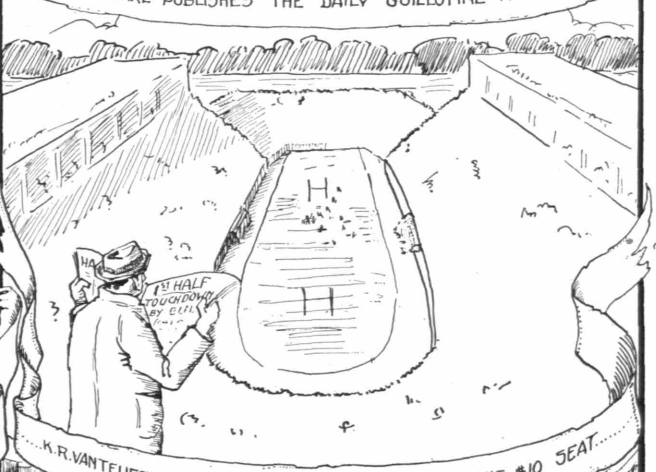
BERTIE THE BARD SPREADS NEWS POETICALLY IN MERRIE ENGLAND.....



ROBESPIERRE PUBLISHES THE DAILY GUILLOTINE ASSIGNMENTS.....

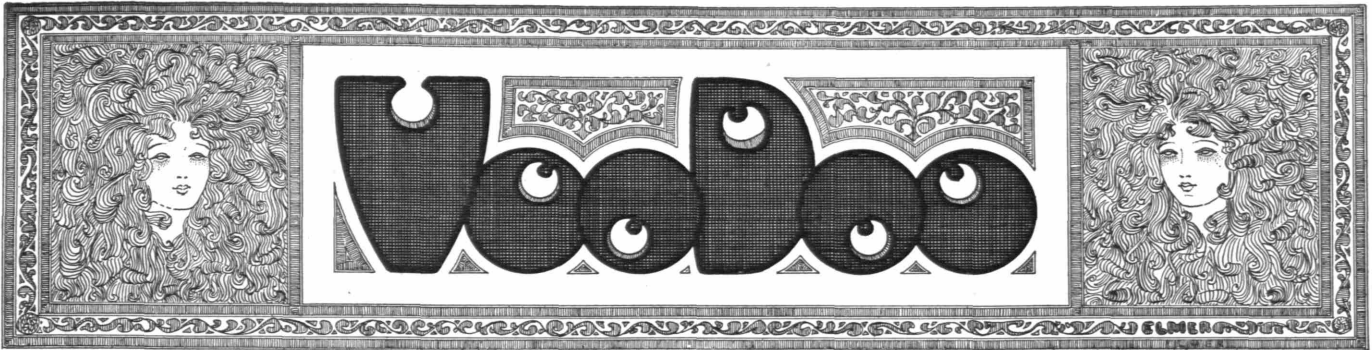


SITTING BULL PORES OVER THE STOCK MARKET REPORTS.....



K.R. VANTEUFEL FOLLOWS THE H-Y GAME FROM HIS \$10 SEAT.....

News Through the Ages.



The Headline Artist

To the staid and colorless English newspapers, our own are a source of great wonder and often ridicule. It is a revelation to an Englishman to obtain possession of an American newspaper, and he derives as much enjoyment from its perusal as we do from the Sunday comic sheets. The captions, in particular, are weird and meaningless to one uninitiated into the intricacies of colloquial English—slang in other words.

A British journal recently published a comment on American newspapers, beginning by stating that when one has read the headlines there is no more news in the paper worth reading.

When you have read:

WOMAN BANDIT SANBAGS MODISTE LURED FROM SLEEP

"I hate to do this," Remarks Assailant in Hallway: Men Gather up Loot.

It would be a pity to spoil the story by reading the rest of it, especially as it is likely to be much less exciting.

Here is another revelation of the capacity of the English language to tell a story in a few words:

NO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN AMERICA, PROFESSOR SAYS

Hands Palm to African Belles, and Chicago Co-eds* elect Him King of Crepe-hangers†.

No one ever dies in America. They are always "slain." Thus in the headlines of an account of a death by drowning the deceased is described as

FOUND SLAIN

"Jolt" is chiefly employed on the foot-ball page, where the headline artist shows perhaps his greatest resource in the invention of new phrases to describe defeat. These, all from a single page.

POOL'S FIELD GOAL—JOLTS HOLMESBURG PENN'S SOCCER TEAM TIPS SYRACUSE 5-1 LAFAYETTE MAULS QUAKERS 38 - 6

Glancing through the more racy papers one realizes why America is the home of the cinema. Nowhere else can so many exciting things happen so ceaselessly. Read through the following rapidly and then close the eyes.

SPEEDING AUTO HITS MAN: FLEES IS SLAIN, 8 HURT IN KENTUCKY VOTE- FIGHTS

Now, then, close your eyes. What do you see? No, America is not really like that.



Breaking The Bank.

GIRL THO BEATEN, OUTWITS THUGS AND SAVES PAY-ROLL

INSISTS HE IS NOT NEW JERSEY GIRL'S SLAYER

METHODISTS ADVISE DRY AGENTS TO USE THEIR GUNS

The faults in our papers are glaring enough for even an editor to see. Would it not be much better for the paper's sales to have headlines sufficiently disguised so that one paper would not have supplied a whole car-full of people with the day's news by the time three subway stations had been passed? Arthur Brisbane himself might gain some knowledge of this art if he would occasionally glance through the columns of our worthy contemporary here at Tech, the tri-weekly news sheet. Their headline artists have reached a standard which is, to say the least, disconcerting.

Who but a clairvoyant could decipher the following without running through the rest of the story?

INSTITUTE HIRES BLIND RUBBER

TUG-OF-WAR LOOKING UP

CLARK AND AGGIES TRAMPLE BEAVER FIVE

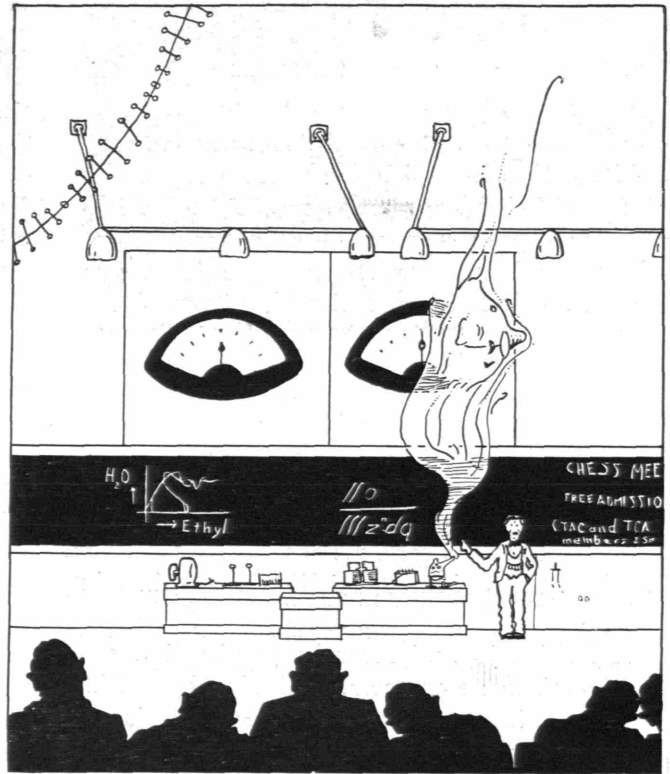
*Students in a co-educational institution.
†American for kill-joy.

THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANGS.



Apologies to Fontaine Fox

GLOBE'S DAILY PUZZLE.



Find the Wide-awake Student.

Normalcy

O call the hearse, O bring the hack,
For ivy clings about my stack,
And deep is my adversity,
Normalcy, oh Normalcy.

The lark builds in my furnace door
Where furnace fires are built no more,
Gone, all gone, is life from me,
Normalcy, oh Normalcy.

Though joyous bards acclaimed thy reign,
A poor thing 'tis, and I would fain
Return to old prosperity,
Normalcy, oh Normalcy.

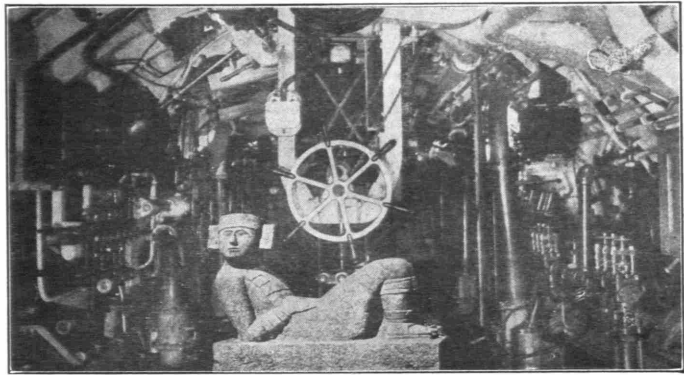
"You don't seem to get me," said the convict as he jumped into the Stutz and sped off.

**Sign at Harvard Square
AUTOMOBILES
LOOKOUT FOR
SCHOOL CHILDREN**

Pictures For People Who Cannot Read.



Armenian picnic in the Schutzverein. Notice the novel, practical method of preparing the luncheon.



Prof. Emil Z. Cohen and his newly-patented Cream Separator. The flashlight startled him from his siesta, hence the novelty in posing.



Pretty eighteen-year-old Sadie Schlotz who posed especially for the Post camera-man.



Who wouldn't like to go to Tech with a wonderful lot of co-eds like this to cheer him up? Photo taken on the bank of the Charles, as they were about to be pushed in.



Sylvia Crankcase, popular movie actress at a masquerade ball. Her costume represents The Sea Nymph.



Technology's newest president, taken at a bridge-party just before his election.



Hilda V. Battles, world's strongest woman, raising a record weight of 16 pounds $7\frac{9}{16}$ oz. at the fair grounds, Oskawoosha, Okla.

WHAT TO RUN ON A HOUSEHOLD PAGE

(See any newspaper)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELOST

By Leatrice Barefacts.

Dear Leatrice:

My husband came home late last night from the office. He came to bed and put his cold feet in the middle of my back. What should I have done?

Mrs. Fri Gid Spine.

You might have married a man with wooden legs, but since you didn't, you might let one of your children sleep between you. Their hardy constitutions and steady nerves don't know what cold feet are.

Curly Locks:

Where there's a will, there's a way. Be your own sweet, natural self, and Jack will come to you all right. You are unfortunate in having only one eye, but true love knows no barriers. Gold teeth will attract him for a while, but he will soon tire of them, or grow jealous.

Dear Leatrice:

I am a young girl of twenty-nine. I have a boy friend, a few years my senior, which I love dearly. Mother will not let me go with him because he kisses me on the steps. I don't want to hurt Mother, but I can't live without him. What shall I do?

Lorna Doone.

Your Mother is right. He should not kiss you on the steps. Invite him in on the davenport. Talk to your Mother again. She ought to be old enough to know better.

Betty:

1. You did not say how he took you home. If you walked home, refuse him. If you went home in the street car, you should marry him. In case he hired a taxi, send him to me.

2. How could I tell, dear girl? You should see your doctor at once. The rib is probably broken.

Letty:

Your photograph shows me that your friends would enjoy your presence more if you washed your face with concentrated sulphuric acid. For the same reason, you can take the tobacco stains from your teeth by cleaning them with cyanide of potassium. You're welcome.

ALLEMANDE-AMERICAN

Cook-Book

We regret very much having to drop this column in future issues on account of lack of contributions. Since June 30, 1919, we have been flooded by a new type of recipes. One by one the authors have become ossified, cancerous, tubercular, idiotic, senile, blind or interred. The last one left literary work yesterday. We saw them drive him past, on his way to a small oxidation plant. The entirety of these contributions will soon be bound, and on sale under the title, "Poisons We Have Known." (Gin and Company, etc.).

Highly Painted Female Orator:—"Environment has a great deal to do with our habits. We are bound to take color from our surroundings."

Voice from the rear:—"Where do you live? In a paint shop?"

Dad (reading son's letter):—"Oswald says he is now playing the traps in the Tech orchestra."

Anxious Mother:—"Dear me! I just know he'll catch his fingers in them."

"That looks like a frame-up," said the student as he noticed the skeleton in the doctor's office.

HAIR FALLING OUT?

Does your scalp itch? If you are sleepy at bedtime, hungry before meals and have pains in the small of the back after falling on the ice, you probably have dandruff's arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the dandruff in your arteries.

Dr. X. Ema once had the same symptoms and was the first to diagnose and recognize this dread superstition. He was then as bald as you are. Now you can't touch him. His method is simple,—no machinery, no springs, no trusses, no hair.

Take two quarts of water, a pinch of common table salt, two potatoes, an old pork bone and a pint of Hotassy, which may be gotten at any fraternity house. Mix the water, salt, potatoes and Hotassy and rub on the scalp with the pork bone. If, three hours or more after this, a single hair ever falls from your head again, you will have your money refunded, upon surrender of the soup bone.

—Adv.

POLLY AND HER PALS.

Apologies to Sterrett



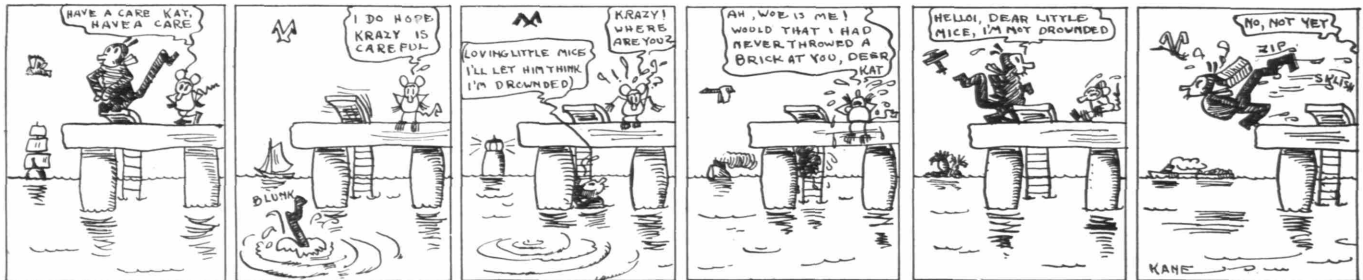
JERRY ON THE JOB.

Apologies to Hoban



KRAZY KAT.

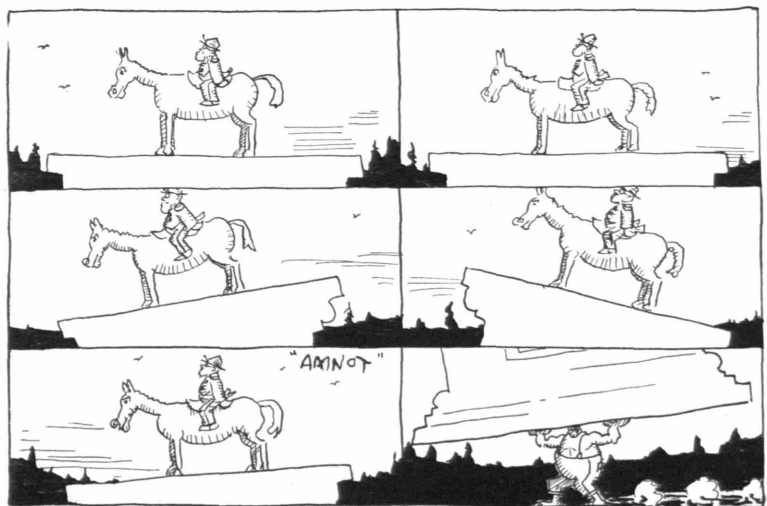
Apologies to Herriman

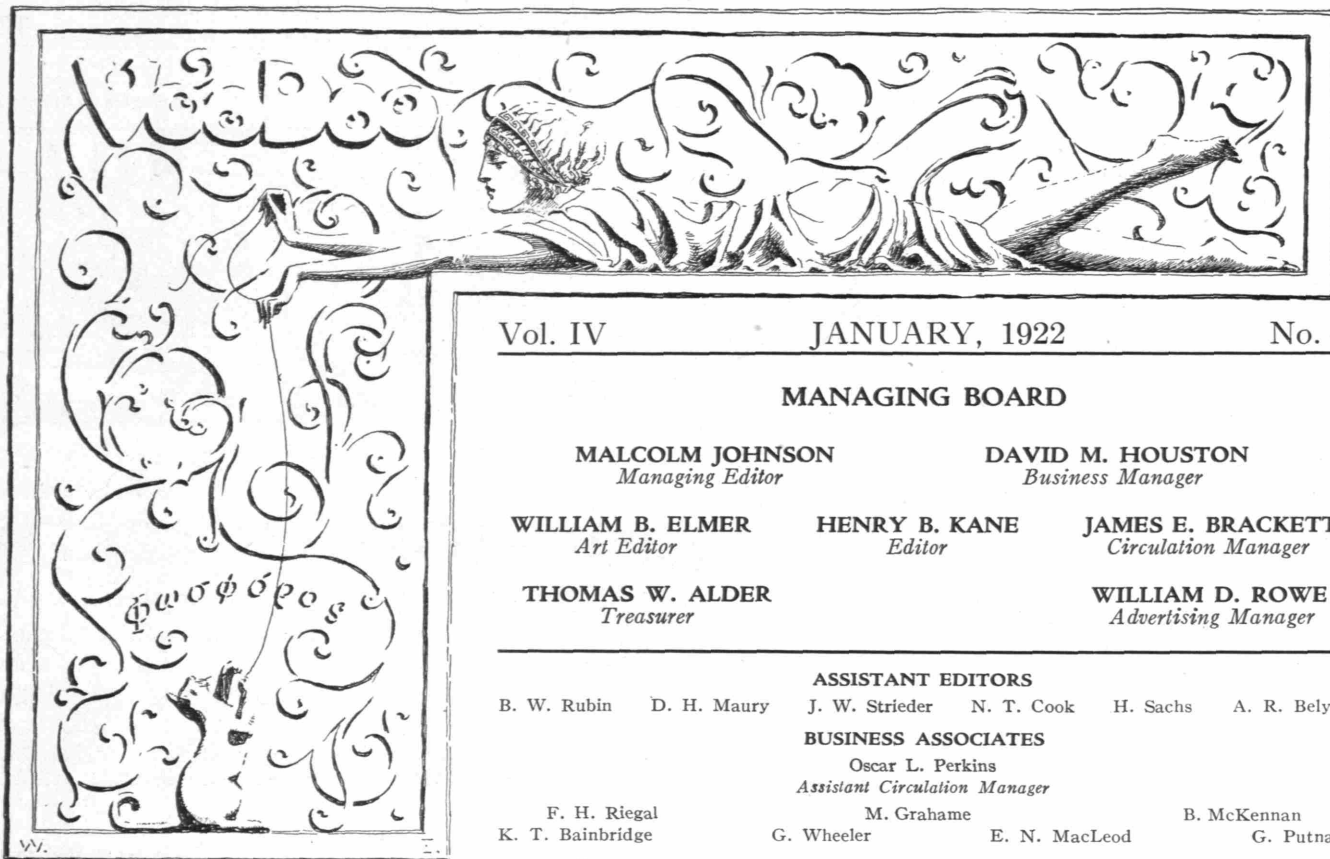


THEN THE FUN BEGAN.

THE GENERAL.

Apologies to Arnot





Vol. IV

JANUARY, 1922

No. 4

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CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE, 4500 COPIES

WHEN disheartened spectators, viewing, say, the election of Hylan in New York, and Curley in Boston, bitterly affirm that the power of the press is a myth, a superstition, they reckon without our neighbor, The Tech. Few triumphs are writ larger in journalism than the one it has just so brilliantly achieved. We refer to the thirty feet of wooden planking now laid between Walker Memorial and the Main Buildings, to lead us with unmoistened foot through the R. S. waters.

The piteous futility of man's efforts to fashion a sidewalk where Nature had determined a watering-place, has long been evident to all of us. The trouble with us, as with the Great Over-Taxed, wherever, was that we were inarticulate, incapable of making known our sufferings intelligently. A Revolution, the marching of the Buildings Superintendent and a few other guilty ones to the guillotines, would have righted our wrongs in time, perhaps, but would have left feuds and bitterness that would have been long in dying.

That was the old way. Contrast it with the new, and tell us, if you dare, that our democracy is a failure. One day there appears an editorial in The Tech, demanding the protective planking, and the next day, lo, the carpenters appear, and in a few short hours, construct it.

It lies there now. It is a real plank walk, however great may be its resemblance to a set of duck-boards. It was designed and erected with studied discourtesy to the Theory of Beams, but it is there, effective, and a monument to that Archimedean lever which moves the world—the press.

Come to think of it, it is not the first monument. A taxi dock in front of Walker was the result of a journalistic agitation last year Ahem! What we need around here is more dormitories, a publications building, a tunnel from Buildings one to two. Oh, yes, and a President.

There. The carpenters will be on hand tomorrow morning.

THE Institute seems finally to have solved the problem of how to get publicity for itself. If the warmth of our reception to distinguished foreign visitors, or the intellectuality of our professors is not rated very high in news value by city editors, we may still console ourselves; the hyperacidity of our stomachs is Front Page Stuff.

It was the strange case of Dr. Morse and Mr. Smith that opened our eyes to the value of the New Publicity. Within six hours after our Medical Advisor had discovered our hyperacidic and hypo-nutrifed condition,

and the dining-room superintendent had offered, poor man, to correct the condition with crackers and hot milk, news of the affair was published in all of Boston evening newspapers. Within twelve hours, the Associated Press had broad-casted the news from the rock-bound shores of Maine to the Everglades of Florida. Not since Professor Derr weighed the earth had there been such a stir. Every New York paper published the news, under such headings as "Vitamines Feed Hungry Tech Men" and "Starving Students Need Hot Milk, Professor Finds."

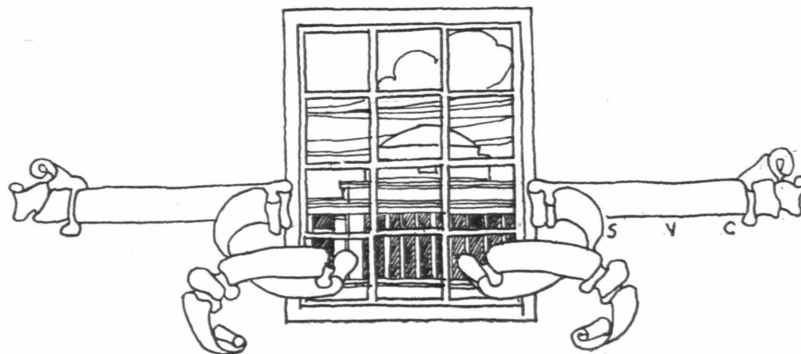


Widely though the Institute's name was caused to figure in the public prints by this, we cannot help but feel that it is a little unfortunate. We'd always known we were undernourished, and we haven't been able to see the good of letting everybody else in on the secret. And now, assuredly, they are. Home town friends whose staple line of vacation greeting had been for years, "Did you bring this weather down (up) from Boston with you?" revised their attack in accord with the modern tendency and said last Christmas, "Well, how are all the vitamines up (down) at Tech now, ha ha ha?"

This is catastrophe. Time was when the world would look upon a Tech student and say, in charitable extenuation, "Well, but think how hard he has to

work." That time will never come again. The world knows the truth now—the brutal, jeering truth that we don't get enough to eat.

And so, for the next ten years, no Tech man will marry, beget children, attend a banquet, fall sick, or apply for a job without having this hot milk wheeze flung in his face. In event of death, the executors of his estate will get it. We shall take our hot milk, of course, and thank the generosity that makes it possible. But we shall wonder, now and again, if, after all, we are any better off than in the old days when we went about, quietly undernourished, and snugly and securely isolated from the world of ideas, of emotions, of citizenship, and its jeers. We hope the first hundred jeers are the hardest.





"Hurry, Maria, or we'll be late for class."
 "No, John, it's only six after now."

Blind Tigers

Blind tigers are usually associated with stripes. Ask any judge or warden.

Blind tigers are not known by their growl, but by their kick. Some don't call it kick; they call it bite. Blind tiger bites may cause poisoning, but not blood poisoning. Blind tiger bites may cause lumps—from a policeman's club.

If blind tigers could see better, they wouldn't get caught as often.

Blind tigers were not made blind by wood alcohol. They were blind before, but their customers weren't.

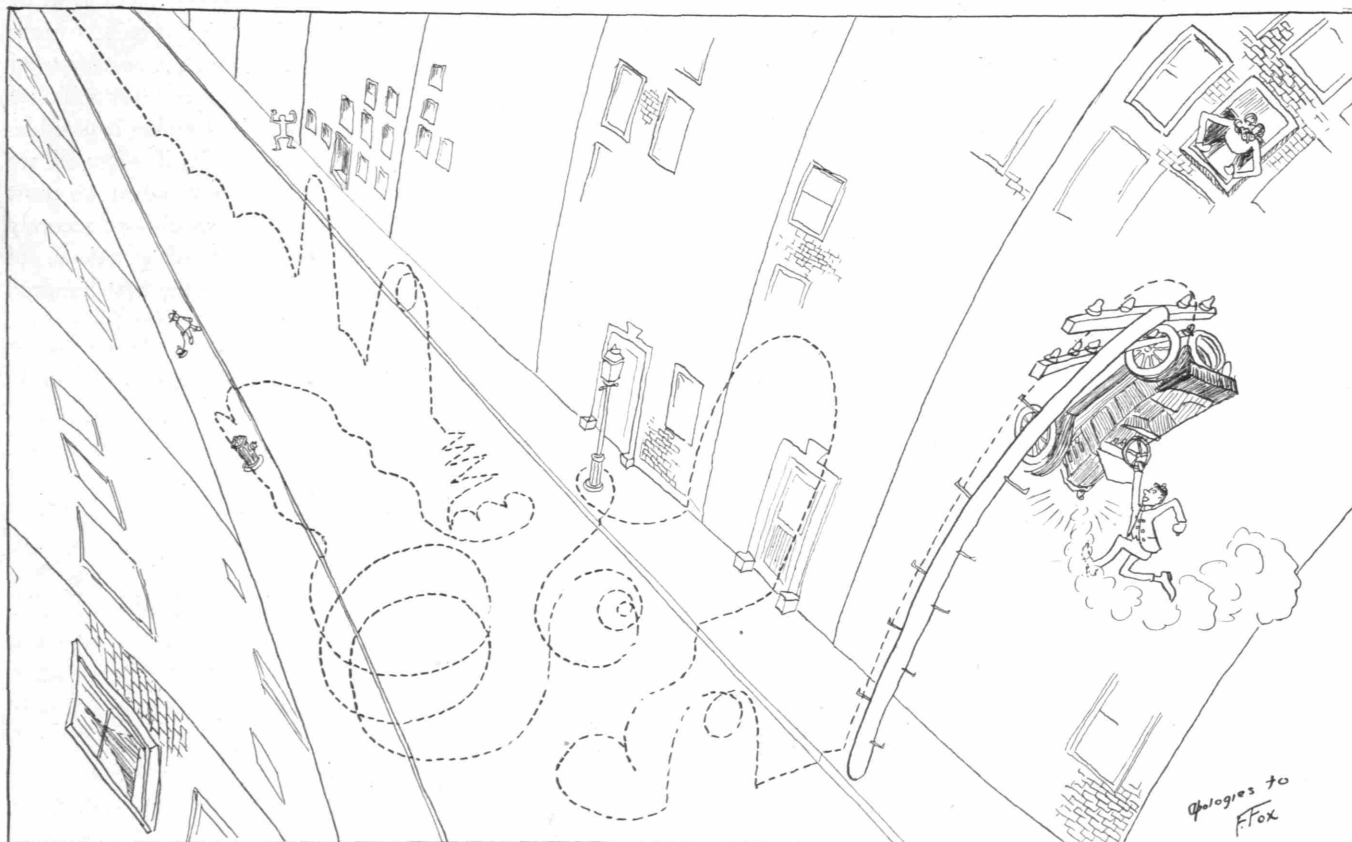
You can't trust a blind tiger. Buy your own still at the Coop and get a dividend.

Household Hint

Much anxiety is often felt by one in the act of consuming a portion of moonshine liqueur, as to its freedom from that deadly fluid, wood alcohol. An idea has recently been advanced, however, by a well-known local authority in chemistry and associated studies, which entirely alleviates this uneasiness. It is one of those ideas which we see every day, and which is so simple that we often wonder why we have not thought of it ourselves. It consists merely in this: add to the suspected liquid a small amount (say 20 ccs per qt.) of sulphuric acid, concentrated or otherwise. The acid attacks the wood immediately, leaving only the harmless and stimulating alcohol.

"Why did he call that motion osculating instead of oscillating?"

"Probably because the motion is elliptical."



What Happened When Oswald Put Alcohol in the Radiator of His Flivver.

"Pardon me, are you one of the English instructors?"

"Gosh, no! I got this tie for Xmas."

Motorist (arraigned for speeding):—"But, Judge, I had to make time!"

Judge:—"All right, you've made it! Thirty days!"

No, Hortense, Happy New Year is not Santa Claus' mother.

In the Naval Hospital

Patient:—"What's the matter with that fellow they just brought in?"

Orderly:—"Shell shock! He got hit on the head with a quahaug!"

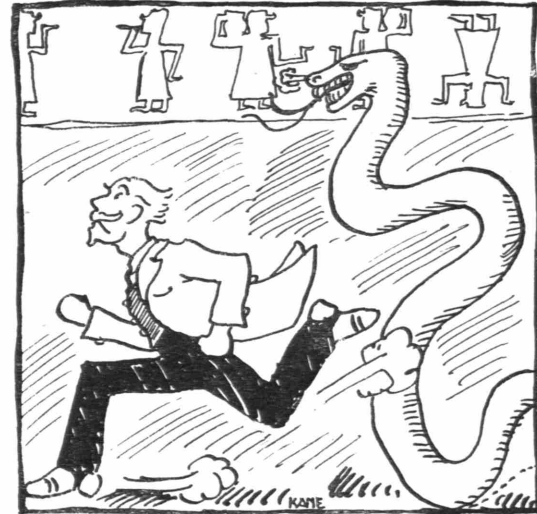
HAMBONE'S MEDITATION.

DEY TELL'S ME DAT COCOA
AINY GOT 'NUFF WITAMINES
TO SUSTAIN A INGINEER FO'
ONE DAY, SO DAT NOW DEY'S
GOIN' SERVE AFTAHOON
TEA IN DE EMMA ROGERS
ROOM. PUHSONALLY AH THINKS
A GOOD LIVELY BRAGER WOULD
GO BETTER DESE COLD DAYS



Apologies

**SAM LOYD'S
BRAIN FOOD S**



Apologies to the Boston Post

½ minutes to answer this.

"It's no joke about the size of snakes that used to frequent the Brunswick in the old days, and still do," says Col. M. Int. Julep of Kentucky. "Why the biggest snake I ever saw chased me from the lobby to the Egyptian room and out into the Rustic Garden one night, and I finally escaped only by disguising myself as a Prohibition officer until he had gone past."

When pressed for data the old Colonel said:

"Well, I calculate the monster's head was 2½ feet long, his body 20 feet long, and his tail added 10 feet onto this. He stood about a foot off the floor."

What was the length of the Colonel's snake?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

There was at first a canary in the room, then a cat came in, then a bull-dog. There was only one animal in the room when they had all entered.

Aesop entered the door softly, his shoes in his hand. "I was detained at the office, my dear," he explained. "That," said Mrs. Aesop, reaching for the rolling pin, "is the last of your fables."

Scared? I Should smile!

"You ain't scared of him, is you, 'Lias?"

"Skeered? Me? I ain't skeered of but one t'ing, an dat is ef dat nigger monkeys wid me he'll be arrested for manslaughter, an' I'm skeered to think o' his goin' to de chair."

Anecdote

It was at a fire in Switzerland. The remains of a victim had just been removed. "Well," said an Englishman, "I wonder who that is?" "A Swiss chard (charred)" gleefully answered his companion, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion.

Willy:—"Who brought the baby to our house, Pop, the doctor or the Stork?"

Pop:—"It's all the same, Willy, they both had a big bill."

Mable:—"Talk about being stingy! They say he doesn't give any Christmas presents until New Year's, so as to come in on the after Christmas mark-down sales."

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?



Apologies to the Herald

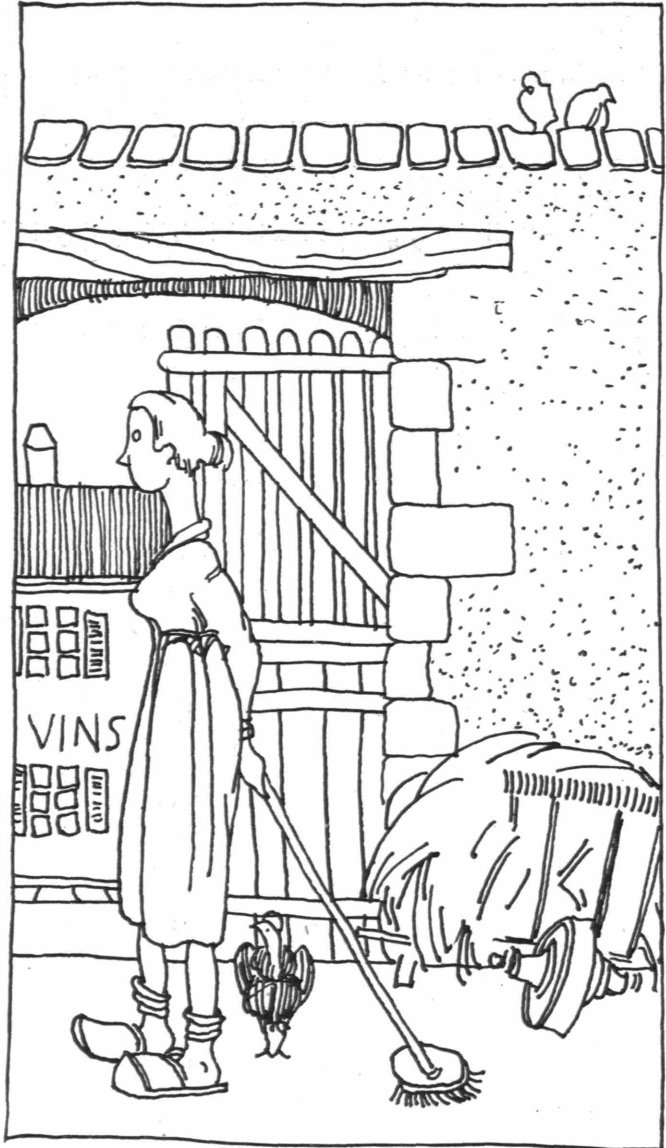
Yesterday's answer: Nothing.

He (to make conversation):—"I've just bought a new slide rule."

She:—"Oh, if you'll only go back it out of the garage I'll go riding with you."

Jim:—"Wonder who that bird over there is. He seems to be sailing with about six sheets to the wind."

Jam:—"Oh, he's a booz-um friend of mine. Want to meet him?"



VooDoo's Educational Series

Scene in one of Florida's largest paper mills. Here the stock is made for the Boston Newspapers. Note the large hoppers, where the pulp is often soaked: also the stock room in the distance.

Sounds Reasonable

She:—"John, I believe you're having money troubles, and are keeping it from me."

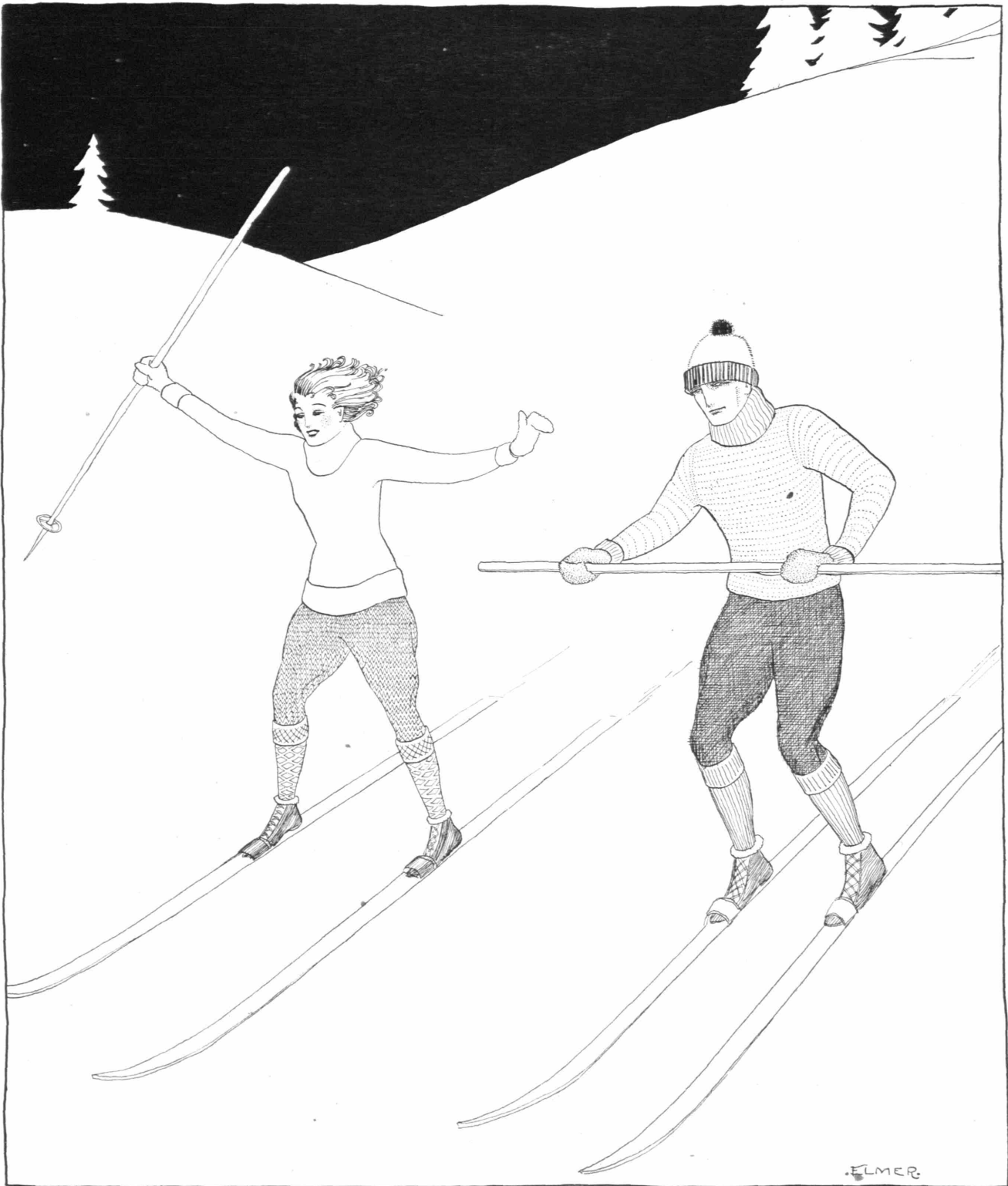
John:—"My dear, if I could keep anything from you, I wouldn't have money troubles."

Moonshine was meant for Romance

In my youth, as I recall;

But times have changed and moonshine

Now means wood alcohol.



PHIL:—"You say those robbers stripped your car of everything of value?"

BERT:—"Yes, they even stripped the gears!"



**Alvin Adolphus
Berquist McRule
Took a four years' course
At a certain law school.**

**In all his marks
He used to get "A"
And many folks said
He'd be famous some day.**



**And Richard Douglas
Robert DeVeck
Was caused by the Profs
To spend four years at Tech.**

**It became his hobby
His studies to flunk
And people all said
His brains were defunct.**

Freedom

*By John J. Parlors
Chap. XIV.*

The Dawn-wind

"Darling," he cried, "I did not mean to speak so soon, but I love you, my love is like a surging, rushing tide, I cannot hold it back. It is as irresistible as Niagara, as steadfast as Gibraltar." His companion drew away coldly. "Sir," she exclaimed in frigid tones, "We have not been introduced."

"True, I had forgotten," he whispered, dropping his head on his breast horrified at his ungentlemanly conduct. A slight breeze whispered through the trees and shrubbery. The full moon illumined all the garden, but here in the pergola only an occasional beam flickered through. It was the sort of night that makes men mad. Footsteps sounded nearby, and she shrank against him with the instinct for protection. But it was only their host, a gentleman of the old school whose marriage, it was said, had not been happy. Drury stepped forward. "Introduce us, please," he said. "Certainly," was the reply, "Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth—Mr. Harold Drury," and he tactfully left them alone.

"I may go on now, Elizabeth?" he whispered.

"Yes, Harry," was the soft reply.

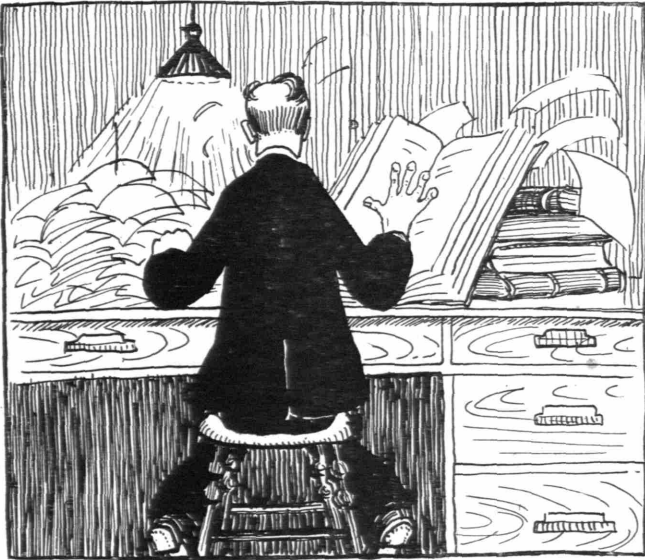
"You know that I am not one to make speeches, but a great passion is stirring in my heart. It takes possession of all my life," he choked. "Will you be my wife?"

"But my husband," Elizabeth faltered.

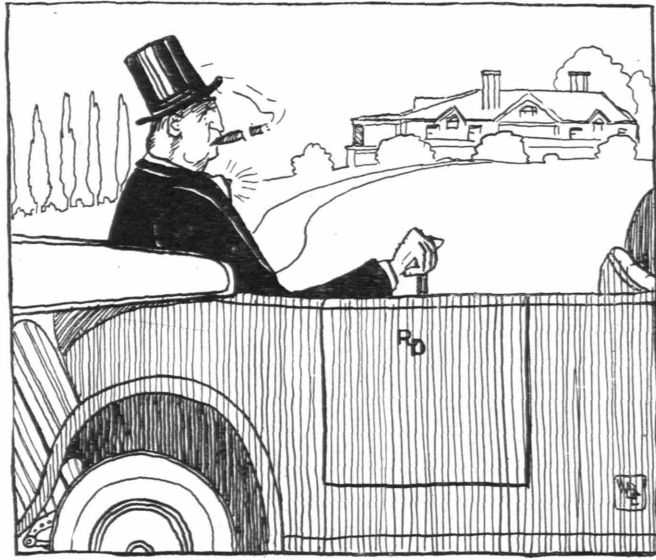
"What," he replied, white with passion. "I lay my heart at your feet and you talk of your husband." His voice broke.

"Not that," hastily, "but the judge said I positively could not have another divorce this month—and it was only the second." Her voice quavered at the thought of the cruel injustice of it all; man-made Society's tyranny over impotent Woman.

Drury groaned aloud. Scudding clouds hid the moon. Presently he spoke. "Shall we submit to their silly conventions, shall we betray Love? Before Society was, before men were, our love was. When I was a jellyfish and you were a lobster, I loved you. When you were a dove and I was an eagle, I loved you. I wooed you in the jungle and in the hill-side caves. Shall we deny the consummation of all Time rather than incur the displeasure of stupid women



**Now Alvin Adolphus
Berquist McRule
Is spending his life
On an office stool.**

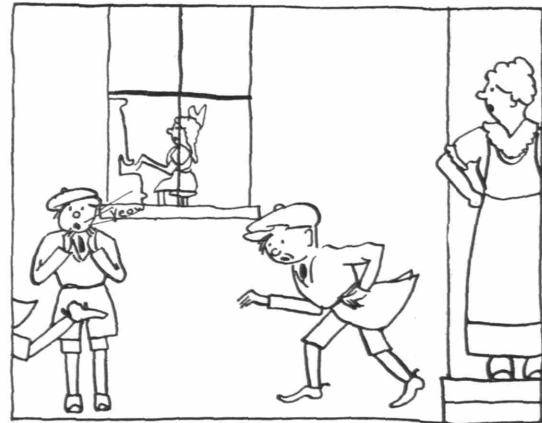


**While Richard Douglas
Robert DeVeck
Recently gave
Five millions to Tech.**

by shocking their dull respectability? Ah, no, love, that would be the great sin, the unpardonable sin. What can they know of a sacred passion that consumes the soul and leaves the heart on fire and the brain dizzy? They have no souls, they cannot comprehend love like ours." He stopped.

Only a moment did Elizabeth hesitate, then she held out her arms in sweet surrender, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Two souls, battling toward each other through an infinitude of Time and Space were made one at last. (To-morrow. Harry Meets Mr. Edgeworth.)



Mrs. Watkins came out and the audients left

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

Apologies, 1922, by Voo Doo

Weather: Usually.

Sissity: Miss Mary Watkins gave a piano recital last Wensday afternoon at her home. Among these present was Leroy Shooster, Benny Potts, Skinny Martin, Ed. Wernick and Artie Alexander. They was standing underneath Miss Watkins frunt window listening and enjoying? it and Ed. Wernick started singing a accompaniment sounding like a cat, when Mrs. Watkins came out and the audients left.

Intristing Facts about Intristing People: Benny Potts received among other things for Christmas a air rifle and sum ammunition to go with it. He is the only one who has a real rifle now and expects soon to becom a expert shot. He thinks he will proberly organize a rifle team too, with himself as captain, being the last shot.

Pome by Skinny Martin Winter

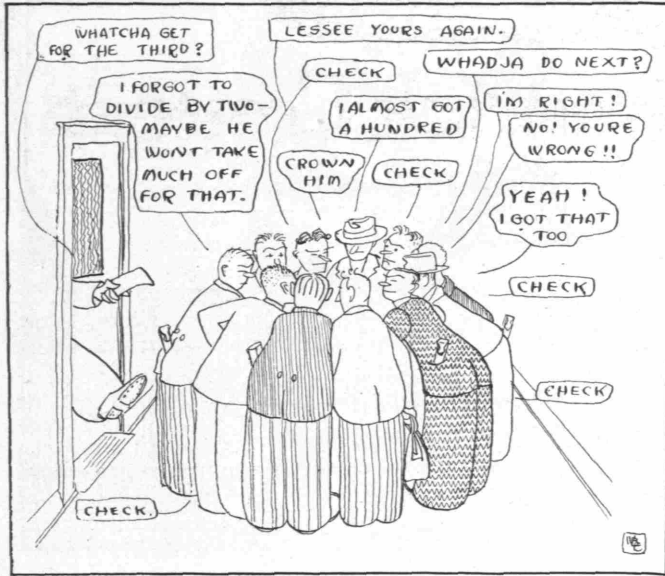
I love to see the snow
When the blasts of winter blow
Because then I know there'll be sliding
Though then proberly won't be very much good
skating.

Bootan Shoeclerk's Column

Pretzel Isle, Maine,
Jan. 1, 1922.

Dear Boot:

Now that your income is non-taxable up to \$2500, we feel that you would appreciate some gentle hint on how to earn that extra \$2,000. Well, Boot, we've got it. Ever since Noah first sailed the bounding main countless numbers of gold and silver fish have played unhindered in the deep blue waters of the Caribbean. It is estimated by eminent statisticians, such as Babson, that at least 5,000,000,000 of these fish are in these waters. Now listen Boot. All you have to do to earn countless millions is to let us have \$500,000 with which to fit out two ships. With these ships we will sail to the Caribbean. Stationed about a mile apart we will pass a current between them, causing gold fish to approach the charged ships and



The Aftermath.

Freshmen are informed that physical examinations are not required of candidates for the chess team.

"Some things go a long way," said the monkey as he wound his tail around his neck.

George:—"And what has become of that burning love you once confessed?"

Georgette:—"I'm sorry, I've met a Pyrene agent."

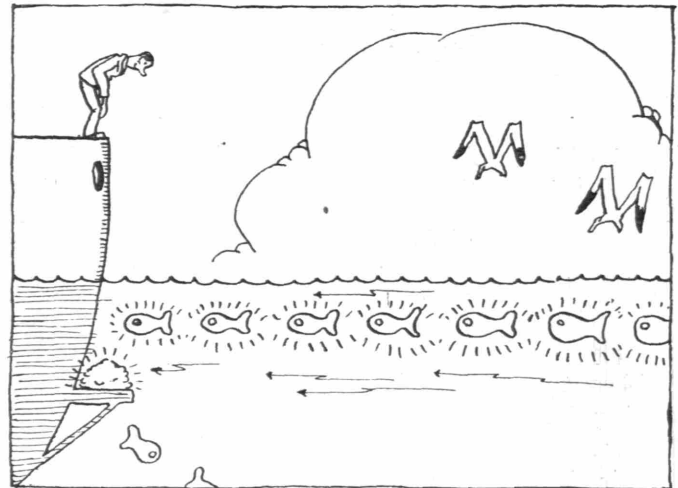
A hearty Mormon's life
Must be like a rolling stone,
For there must be lots of rolling
If his wives all "roll their own."

No, Emil, you don't have to be a lawyer to practice at the bar; that is, if you know where there's a bar.

The class in Stills will meet in the Library, where all is quiet.

Drama

Both:—"Is 'oo ever did 'at b'fore?"



deposit their gold, leaving as an ordinary herring. When sufficient gold is deposited, we will return and sell the gold-plated keel of the ship, refit, and return for more. Think this over Boot, and think of your position in this enterprise, with nothing to do but invest the gold as fast as it comes to you. Hoping for an immediate reply, we remain,

Electrolytically yours,
The Boinstern Deposition
Corporation.



DURHAM-DUPLEX

Intercollegiate Limerick Contest

Great Stuff!

WE'VE STARTED something—enough at any rate to make our judges roll over in laughter and show us that Durham-Duplex "Limericking" is now the favorite college indoor sport. Keep it up. Write more limericks and send them in. It's loads of fun and you're sure to get a Durham-Duplex Demonstrator whether you "grab off" first honors or not. It's worth a try.

[The limericks printed below were selected from the first batch of replies, but are not necessarily prize-winners]

Try to beat these **\$200**
and get a slice of that

This Senior had razors by pecks,
But his skin and his beard sure were wrecks,
But his troubles he bested,
One day he invested
In a safe, smooth, keen, Durham-Duplex.

P. C. MARTIN U. of Notre Dame

"A razor I need," said John Guest,
"But in what make I ought to invest
I can't quite decide."
The clerk quickly replied,
"A Durham-Duplex is the best"

E. C. STONER, Jr. Lafayette College

There was a young man from Ann Arbor
Who shaved with any old carver.
His face burned and bled,
Till a friend wisely said,
"Let Durham-Duplex be your barber."

A. K. GOODMAN U. of Michigan

If giraffes had to shave their long necks,
Of most razors they'd surely make wrecks;

Only one stands the gaff
Thinks old Papa Giraffe,
And that is the Durham-Duplex.

R. N. STOUFFER Penn. State College

I was calling to pay my respects
On a sophomore named Mr. X.
Looked once at his face;
Then knew a fine place
For the-use of a Durham-Duplex.

A. HARRIS U. of Pennsylvania

Now a fellow named Durham from Tex
Was addressed by the opposite sex;

"If to 'plex' meant to shave,
We would say to you, knave,
Oh, please Mr. Durham—Du plex."

Midshipman D. H. RIDDELL
U. S. Naval Academy

The great Bearded Lady of Asia,
Whose moustache had begun to phase her,
Was absolved from her grief
And was brought prompt relief
By a brand-new Durham-Duplex razor.

D. B. WALLACE Williams College

If your shave is an irksome old pest,
Take a crack at this wonderful test:
Just pay down a dollar,
And take off your collar,—
Let Durham-Duplex do the rest.

VAIL MOTTER Princeton University

A salesman whose razors were wrecks,
Once purchased a Durham-Duplex;
He liked it so well
That he bought some to sell
To the Poles and the Finns and the Czechs.

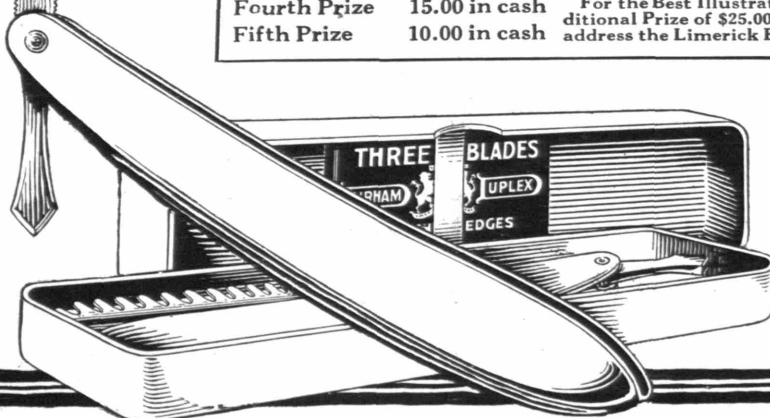
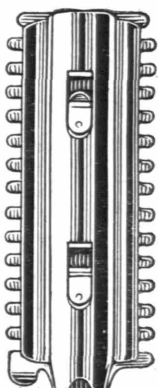
S. G. HOUGHTON Harvard University

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 Illustrator of any Limerick we will give an Additional Prize of \$25.00. For particulars and full information address the Limerick Editor of this publication.

You are not barred from the contest if you have already submitted a limerick and received a Durham-Duplex "Demonstrator". Send in some more.



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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

Hick farmer:—"Be this the Women's Exchange?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be you the woman."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I kinda guess I'll keep Mirandy."

—*Am. Legion Weekly*

"I feel sort o' down in the mouth," said the worm as he slipped down the bird's beak.

—*Jester*

Soph 1:—"Do you still go to see that little brunette you went with last winter?"

Soph 2:—"She's married now."

Soph 1:—"Answer me!"

—*Punch Bowl*

It Is a Wise Landlady

Visitor:—"Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

Landlady:—"Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

—*Goblin*

"Isn't that some Chicken?"

"That's my wife."

"Better duck."

—*Juggler*

She:—"Oh, please don't remain standing!"

He:—"But there's only one chair!"

She:—"Goodness, how dumb."

—*Widow*

Instructor:—"That was a rare theme you handed in yesterday."

Freshman:—"In what way was it rare?"

Instructor:—"Not well done."

—*Lyre*

Ladies' Tailor:—"Do you want a belt in the waist?"

Customer (angrily):—"Do you want a crack in the jaw?"

—*Jester*

Acrobatic

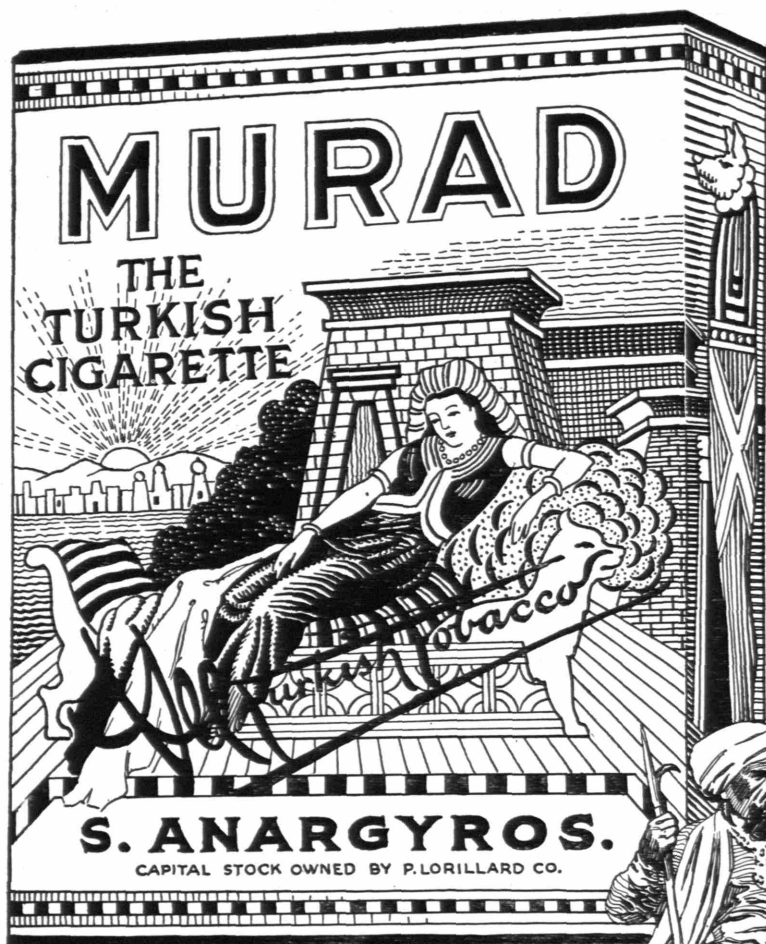
Irate Wife:—"And how did you get that cut on your forehead?"

Envied Gent:—"Musta—hic—bit meself."

Irate Wife:—"Gwan! How could you bite yourself up there?"

Envied Gent:—"I guesh I mush of stood on a chair."

—*Chaparral*



THOUSANDS of smokers have proved it—and now give the verdict to you—

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

None has the delicious FLAVOR of the finest Turkish—

None gives the ENJOYMENT of the finest Turkish—

None will SATISFY you as will the finest Turkish—

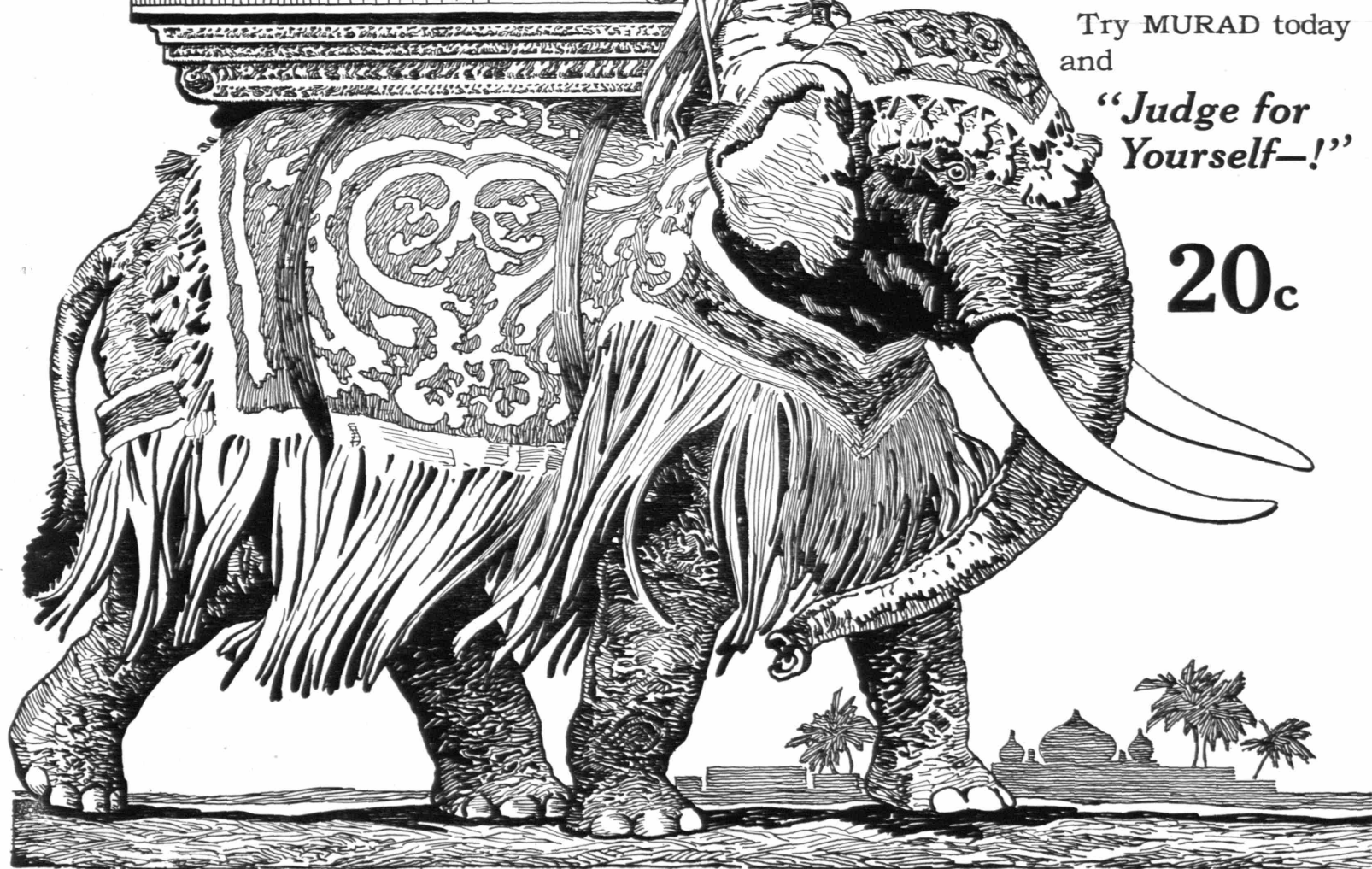
None but the highest grade and personally selected Turkish tobaccos is used in MURAD.

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

Try MURAD today and

“Judge for Yourself—!”

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Distinctive and Exclusive Styles
Foreign and Domestic Manufacture

Coats

Agents for
Burberry and Aquascutum English Coats
Golf Suits Caps Gloves Neckties

Collins & Fairbanks Co.
383 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON

"I don't see how any man can put a nasty old pipe in his mouth," exclaimed the sweet young girl—and then she stooped over and kissed her bull dog.

—Orange Peel

A Hellish Remark

He:—"Do you care if I smoke?"

She:—"I don't care if you burn."

—Octopus

Hook:—"I've got the most expensive fraternity pin in the world."

Fish:—"How much did it cost you?"

Hook:—" \$5000."

Fish:—"Whew! Diamonds?"

Hook:—"Naw, lawsuits."

—Mirror

Enmeshed

Parked in a morris chair
A co-ed on my lap
My ear caught in her hairnet
A kiss? Hell no, a slap.

—Pelican

FOUNDED 1856

EXTRA garments for practical usage—

Leather coats
Sheeplined coats
Furlined coats

Materials carefully selected, modeled with precision and priced with discretion.

Woolen mufflers.
Mail service accurately executed.

BROKAW BROTHERS
1457-1463 BROADWAY
AT FORTY-SECOND STREET

Conductor:—"Watch your step, Miss."

Vamp:—"It's safe enough; every man in the car's got his eye on it."

—Purple Cow

"Do you know," said the successful merchant, pompously, "that I began life as a barefoot boy?"

"Well," said the clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on, either."

—Aurigan

"She Done Gone"

A salesman, bringing his bride south on their honeymoon, visited a hotel where he boasted of the fine honey.

"Sambo," he asked the colored waiter, "Where's my honey?"

"Ah don't know, boss," replied Sambo, eyeing the lady cautiously, "She don't wuk here no mo."

—Sour Owl

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All Work Guaranteed Ladies' and Gentlemen's All Shine 10c.

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84 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

GIVE US A TRIAL

COR. COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

Soph.:—"You want to keep your eyes open around here today."

Fresh.:—"What for?"

Soph.:—"Because people will think you are a fool if you go around with them shut."

—*Pelican*

'21 (before elections):—"Where have I seen your face before?"

'34:—"Just where you see it now."

—*Mirror*

"Does she dress well?"

"I dunno; I never watched her."

—*Princeton Tiger*

The Forceps, Please

Razz.:—"Why do you limp?"

Berry.:—"I was walking in the Cactus Gardens last night, and we decided to sit down on a bench. The bench was a shadow."

—*Chaparral*

He.:—"You girls look much shorter in bloomers."

She.:—"But you men look much longer." —*Lord Jeff*

The Center of Interest

Risque Co-ed.:—"To think that we are to be prevented from rouging our knees!"

Conservative.:—"But we can still rouge our faces."

Risque Co-ed.:—"True, but who looks at our faces?"

—*Pelican*

Many a Slip

Young Wife.:—"The post-office are very careless sometimes, don't you think?"

Sympathetic Friend.:—"Yes, dear; why?"

Young Wife.:—"Hubby sent me a postcard yesterday from Brockville, where he is on business and they've put the Montreal postmark on it."

—*Toronto Goblin*

"Don't cry, little boy. You'll get your reward in the end."

"S'pose so. That's where I allus do git it."

—*Life*

Insect 1.:—"What was that scandal about your English prof.?"

Insect 2.:—"He dismissed class early."

Insect 1.:—"What for?"

Insect 2.:—"Said he wanted to examine a few co-eds."

—*Punch Bowl*

Where Three Worlds Meet

The men and women of three worlds meet in the lobbies of the Lenox and the Brunswick—the Business and Professional World, the College World, and the World of Society.

Year after year the Lenox is a cordial host. And this year the Brunswick, home of famous feasting, dancing and music, is surpassing all previous records with the new

Egyptian Room of 1922

On either side of Copley Square, near the theatres, neighbors with fine shops—two hotels that share the traditions with which the Seven Arts have endowed the "most beautiful Square in America."

The
Lenox
Boylston Street
at Exeter

The
Brunswick
Boylston Street
at Copley Square

L. C. PRIOR, Managing Director

VOODOO will be found on sale at the following stands:

Harvard Co-operative Society, Harvard Square.
Harvard Co-op. (Technology Branch).
Walker Memorial Building.
Miller Drug Company, Cor. Beacon St. and Mass. Avenue.
Herrick's, Copley Square.
Riverbank Court Hotel, Cambridge.
Fred L. Beunke, Central Square, Cambridge.
W. and F. Caragianes, Harvard Square.
H. L. Flagg & Co., Wellesley, Mass.
E. L. Niquette Co., Northampton, Mass.
Norris Drug Store, Gainsborough St. and Huntington Avenue.
Old Corner Bookstore, 27 Bromfield St.
Old South Building Magazine Stand.
Smith and McCance, 8 Park St.
Elevated Stands at
 Kendall Square
 Massachusetts Avenue
 Park Street
 Boylston Street
 Winter Street
 Copley Square

And in case none of these are convenient, the usual coupon will be found directly below

The Feminine Number has been postponed one month. It will appear on the 15th of March. Contributions due on or before the first. Information, form letters, entrance blanks at the office. Mail orders filled.

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

To _____

From _____

HEWINS & HOLLIS
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Life's Little Jokes

It sometimes takes a girl fifteen minutes to "say hello" to a girl friend, but she can say "hello" to a boy friend in a half minute.

A girl can say "good-bye" to a girl friend in a half minute, but it sometimes takes her two hours to "say good-bye" to a boy friend.

—Punch Bowl

In The Balance

First Plummer:—"Certainly is work going up this hill."

Second Plummer:—"Yes many a foot pounds up here each morning."

—Widow

At the phone:—"Hello, hello, who is this?"

At the other end:—"How in hell do I know? I can't see you."

—Siren

An alcohol lover, MacMat,
 Beholding above him a bat,
 Cried: "Mousie has wings,
 Or I'm seeing things,
 I'll buy a flying machine for my cat."

—Sour Owl

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Voice:—"Hello, is this the weather bureau?"
"Uh huh."
Voice:—"How about a shower this afternoon?"
"I dunno. If you need one take it."

—Virginia Reel

The Apple of His Eye

A peach came walking down the street;
She was more than passing fair;
A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye,
And the peach became a pair.

—Mugwump

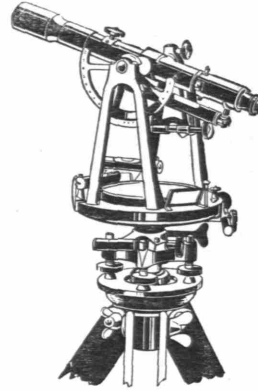
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He:—"That's a nice looking chap you spoke to. Is he a friend of yours?"

She:—"Oh, yes, indeed."

He:—"Won't you ask him to join us?"

She:—"Oh, this is so sudden. He is the new minister, you know."

—Tiger

A:—"Marriage certainly changes a man."

B:—"Doesn't it. Take my husband—he used to offer me a penny for my thoughts, and now he offers me fifty dollars to shut up."

—Royal Gaboon

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Darn!

Beneath her feet a trace of sleet;
Alas, she seemed to slip!
She tried to stop, she fell kerflop —
We heard a startling rip!
A saint might cuss and make a fuss,
By righteous anger stirred;
But, oh, to think, a maid so pink
Would use that awful word.

—Lehigh Burr

Fruitful

"The stork has brought a little peach."
The nurse said with an air.
"I'm mighty glad," the father said,
"He didn't bring a pair."

—Washington and Lee Mink

"Believe me, she'd make some chorus girl."
"Howzat?"
"Well, she's got the three qualifications."
"What are they?"
"Well, a good voice is one of them."

—Lord Jeff

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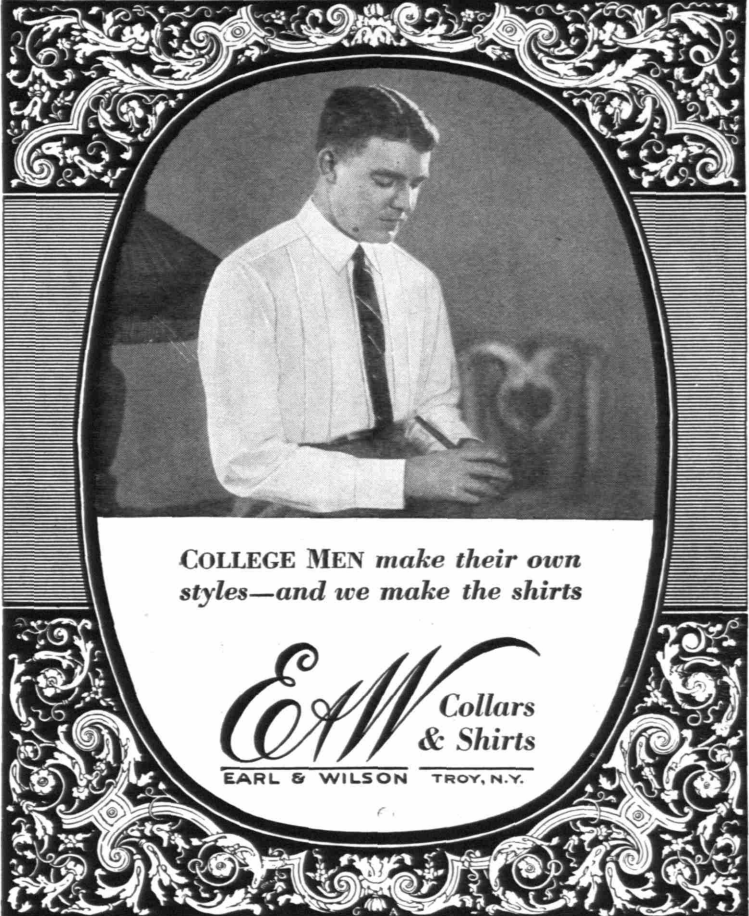
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A Bad Case

When you watch twice a day for the postman
And read every letter three or four times
And study the geometric exactness of the penmanship
And translate each sentence into several meanings
THEN you have fallen boy, you have fallen!

—Mirror

"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

"Sis, haven't you and Jim been engaged long enough to
get married?"
"Too long; he hasn't got a cent left."

—Jester

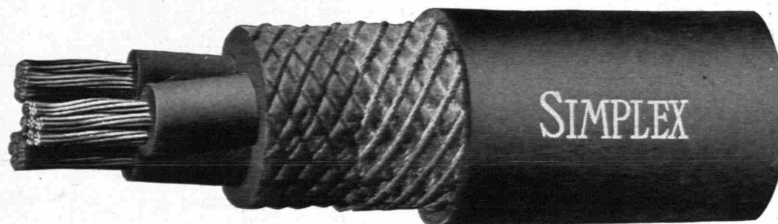
One can scarcely think of anything more pathetic than a
man who works for his board and loses his appetite.

—Lyre

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"Now, please don't go out tonight," said the paternal janitor to his wayward furnace.

—Sun Dodger

"This is the first time I ever smoked," she said as she blew rings into the air.

—Ghost

Cholly:—"You know, last year the doctor told me if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded."

Grace:—"Why didn't you stop?"

—Lyre

Father (reading a letter from his son at college to mother):—"Myopia says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Mother:—"I just knew he'd win something in his athletics."
—Mugwump

"That ends my tale," said the monkey as he backed into the lawnmower.

—Orange Owl

Chorine:—"You say the new chorus girl has pretty legs?"
Bennie:—"Yes, I can speak very highly of them."

—Punch Bowl

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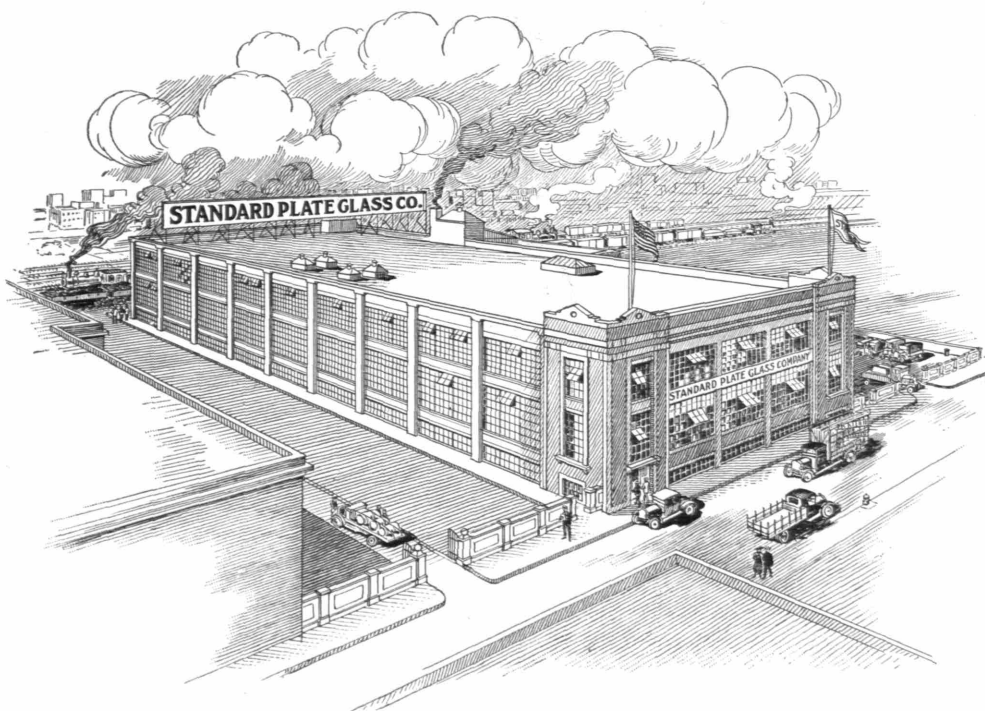
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