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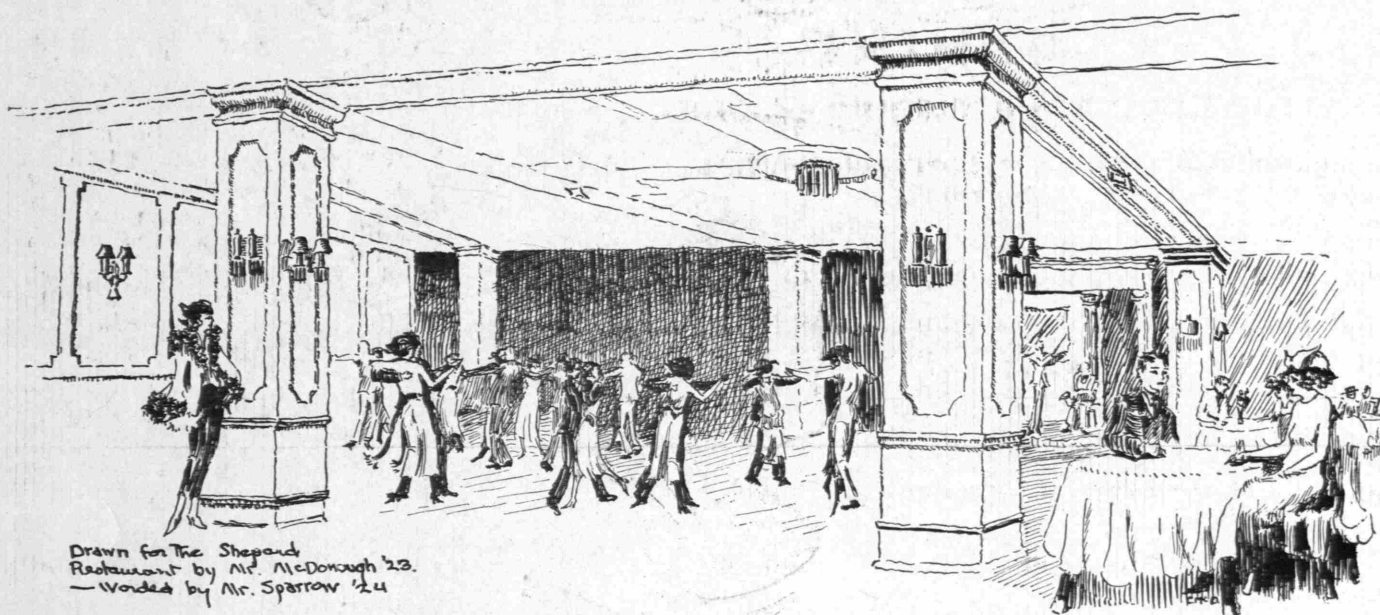
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—Vended by Mr. Sparrow '24

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PRE-THEATRE DINNER DANSE 6 p. m. to 8 p. m. daily

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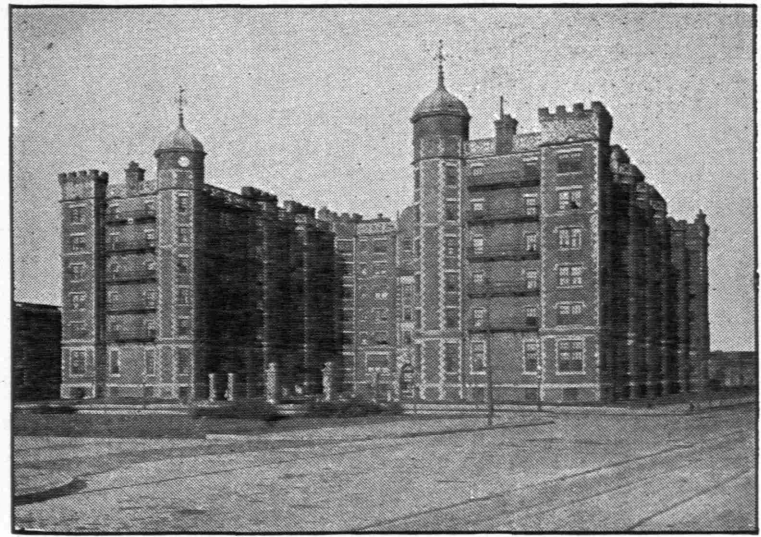
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She:—"I can't light this match, my foot is too small."

He:—"Scratch it on your—er—better let me light it."

— *Purple Cow*

Sign in undertaker's emporium: "Not responsible for goods left over 30 days."

— *Phoenix*

This is Wharful!

She:—"Sir, do you realize who you are speaking to? I am the daughter of an English peer."

He:—"Not so fast, I'm the son of an American doc."

— *Wampus*

When you're hungry—get Libby's

When you are hungry, you will find sandwiches made with Libby's corned beef are just what you want. When you feel that craving for something sweet and refreshing—open a can of Libby's fine, sun-ripened fruits—pineapple or peaches, cherries or whatever you like best.

Buy them from
your grocer

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

We believe every advertisement in these pages to be reliable. Voo Doo does not accept bogus nor questionable material, neither does it allow complimentary advertisements.

Dollars ---- and Sense

In the matter of circulation, the great national monthlies and the college monthlies are not to be compared. The largest national monthly prints 1,250,000 copies, the largest college monthly in the United States probably does not run beyond 6,000. Dollar for dollar, rate for rate, there is no comparison.

The value of advertising, however, is not measured by its first cost, but by its ultimate returns. It is not the audience which any given medium may supply that matters, but the portion of that audience which are prospective buyers. Whether it is good will or merchandise that is the commodity, the sale is to the individual, not to the mass.

The circulation of a college periodical is wholly among two general classes of men; undergraduates who are in the process of being educated, young and usually well-to-do; and the alumni, who are older and much better-to-do. Together, they form the most homogenous body that an advertiser could wish. If his is a commodity in which they are interested, the cost of reaching them through the columns of college periodicals is exactly one cent per prospect for a full page, a figure that few publications of other types can meet, since readers of the latter are composed of all classes and sexes and any given article will appeal to only a very small percentage of the whole.

For the advertising then, of cameras or Coronas, hotels or hosiery, Marmons or Murads; anything, in fact, which appeals to the college man, there is no better vehicle possible than the college periodical.

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William E. Smith

Verne Philbrook



OUR MOTTO:

Choice Food—Cleanliness—Economy

GEORGIAN CAFETERIA

22 DUNSTER STREET
Near Harvard Yard, Cambridge

4 BRATTLE SQUARE
Quincy House, Boston

4 BOYLSTON STREET
Cor. Washington, Boston

You are invited to visit

The Miller Drug Co.

Corner Beacon and Mass. Ave.

The most modern up-to-date Pharmacy in Boston

College Graduate Pharmacists
at Your Service

A complete stock of Foreign and
Domestic Drugs and Chemicals

Jack:—"I hit a guy in the nose yesterday and you should have seen him run."

Mack:—"That so?"

Jack:—"Yeh; but he didn't catch me." — *Widow*

Read Out Loud

Effie:—"Let's don't dance any more. I'm so danced out I can hardly move."

Elmer:—"Aw no you ain't, I just think you're nice and plump." — *Phoenix*



HIGGINS'

DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, ETC.

Are the **FINEST** and **BEST GOODS** of their **KIND**

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the "Higgins' Inks and Adhesives." They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up and withal so efficient.

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Branches: Chicago, London

C. EMANUELE

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BY GOODYEAR WELT SYSTEM

POPULAR PRICES

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

Telephone Back Bay 2517-M

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GIVE US A TRIAL

COR. COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

We Carry

THE FAMOUS SKIBO SHIRT

with a soft collar that stands up like a starched collar and won't shrink! Also a nice line of collar attached shirts with button down collars, \$1.45 up.

A good line of silk and knit ties
55 cents up.

SUBWAY HABERDASHERS

115 Massachusetts Avenue Opposite Subway Station
One Day Laundry Service

Gnashing of Tooth

Tuesday I joined the Elks.

Wednesday I called on her to tell her about it and to show her my Elks' tooth, which was my new watch charm. She showed surprise when I explained all about it. Finally, I asked her to wear my "tooth." She laughed and said she had one already.

I saw she did.

— Juggler

"How do you keep your gas bills so small?"

"I have four daughters and there's a caller in the parlor every night."

— Virginia Reel

Why Guess?

The basic law of action—reaction governs our business, exactly as it does our scientific world.

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.

Babson's Reports.

Based on fundamental conditions, interpret these laws and forecast conditions for you with remarkable accuracy. *They take the gamble out of business.*

By basing your plans—expansion, sales, buying, advertising, production—on the facts and forecasts furnished by Babson's Service to Executives, you can reduce your margin of errors and increase your net profits materially.

Reports on Request.

Your request will bring full detail, samples of recent reports and copy of "Increasing Net Profits."

Ask for Booklet VD2

The Babson Statistical Organization

Wellesley Hills 82, Mass.

Largest organization of Business Advisers in the World.

NOTABLE



In every detail worthy of note because correct and smart.

Such is the apparel supplied by us to four generations of College and "Prep" School Students.

For every activity of a student's life we have clothes of that character.

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

WALTON LUNCH CO.

30 Haymarket Square

44 Summer Street

8 Tremont Row

78 Massachusetts Ave.

42 Federal Street

242 Tremont Street

629 Washington Street

7 School Street

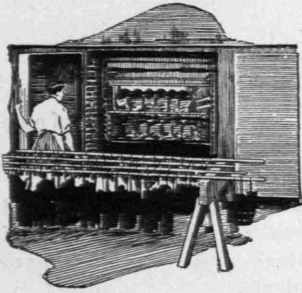
424 Tremont Street

1080 Boylston Street

Office:

1083 Washington Street

Boston, Mass.



What Is Water Japan?

JAPAN—not the country but a metal-coating varnish—and your morning bottle of milk. Totally unlike, yet associated!

Ordinary japan consists of a tough, rubbery, tar-like “base” and a highly inflammable “solvent.” The solvent dilutes the base so that the metal may be coated with it easily. The presence of the solvent involves considerable fire risk, especially in the baking oven.

Milk is a watery fluid containing suspended particles of butter fat, so small that one needs the ultra-microscope to detect them. An insoluble substance held permanently in suspension in a liquid in this manner is in “colloidal suspension.”

The principle of colloidal suspension as demonstrated in milk was applied by the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to develop Water Japan. In this compound the particles of japan base are colloiddally suspended in water. The fire risk vanishes.

So the analysis of milk has pointed the way to a safe japan. Again Nature serves industry.

Connected with the common things around us are many principles which may be applied to the uses of industry with revolutionary results. As Hamlet said, “There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

General Electric Company
General Office Schenectady, N. Y.

95-479-J



Old Colony Service

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

Three Modern Safe Deposit Vaults

Old Colony Trust Company

17 Court Street
52 Temple Place BOSTON 222 Boylston St.

MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Age Cannot Wither

At a Boston Immigration Station one blank was recently filled out as follows:

Name: Abraham Cherowsky.

Born: Yes.

Business: Rotten.

— Harvard Lampoon

The joke in the preceding is the word “recently.”

— F. P. A. in *New York Tribune*

“Have you a cigarette?”

“Yes, plenty, thank you.”

—Flamingo

MOTOR LIVERY SERVICE



Featuring Latest Model

PACKARD TWIN SIX

LIMOUSINES and TOURING CARS

Telephone B. B. 4006-4007

FRANK McCANN

15 CAMBRIA STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

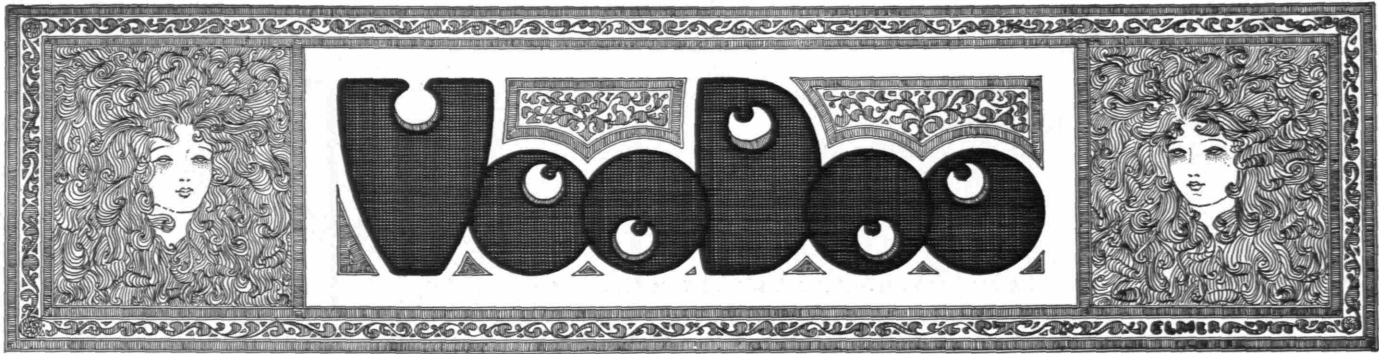
Voodoo





—Miss E. E.

If from anything you think we've planned,
Comes that wistful, pleading look, dear lover,
Calm yourself, and don't misunderstand
Words that you see written on the cover.
Come, let's join the inner, giddy whirl;
We'll let soporific canines slumber;
Smile, oh smile, in pity's name, dear Girl,--
We won't *really* let 'em get your Number.



PHANTASY

I've made a garden out of idle dreams,
 Filled with the blossoms that we used to love —
 Lilies and larkspur, phlox and eglantine;
 Fragrant, and lit by splintered stars above.

There is a marble faun that overhears
 The love songs sung by every sighing breeze
 That woos the fitful fountain's jeweled spray
 And clasps mist-mantled fingers 'round the trees.

Sometimes you come and stand and smile at me,
 And look at me that way I most adore —
 With infinite caresses in your eyes
 That but contrive to make me love you more.

Your glowing eyes, dark with a thousand dreams
 Gazing at me, are all my romance now —
 I want to drown within their lustrous depths
 Nor stop to question wherefore, why, or how.

The stars are trembling in the paling sky,
 The night of wearied dreams is almost through,
 The winds cease sighing—all is calm and still
 But in my heart there stays a want of you.

—Miss R. B.

The Seven Wonders of Wellesley

Wonder why he doesn't write.
 Wonder if I'll get a bid to the prom.
 Wonder if I can cut again without being put on pro.
 Wonder when Wallace Reid is coming to town again.
 Wonder if I can gather in his fraternity pin.
 Wonder who's kissing him now.
 Wonder what the monitor would say if she knew
 that the quantities of incense I burn, disguise a
 multitude of cigarette smoke.

—Cleo

“Lady,” said the old man to the librarian, “will
 you read this aloud to me? My eyes are bad today.”

“Sorry,” replied the comely cataloguer, “but there's
 no reading aloud here.”

Guest:—“Do you serve chickens here?”

Colored Waiter:—“Yes, sah, if deys wif a gemmen
 escort, sah.”



Mama's Little Pet.
 Aged 8.



Mama's Little Petter.
 Aged 18.

—Miss C. S.

Famous Keys

Latch_____.

_____West.

Don_____.

_____Stone.

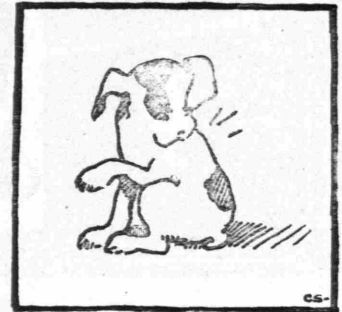
Turn_____.

Mon_____.

Whis_____.

Ris_____.

—Miss M. B.

Coach:—"Ready, now let's give fifteen rahs for touchdown."*Observer*:—"Who's that?"*Chip*:—"You interest me strangely, as no other boy ever has."*Pip*:—"You sprang that on me last night."*Chip*:—"Oh! Was that you?"

A Boring Subject.

A Las

Our Sally came out of the movies,

At sight of her everyone fled.

She thought in the dark she had powdered her nose,

But found she'd put rouge on, instead!

Protestation

We want to register a protest to a certain opinionated sex who think this generation of girls is going to the bow-wows.

We're what you men have made us—we started stepping out in nice soft girlish white frocks with blue sashes, sweet natural complexions and no line. Yes, and we draped the wall on every occasion. But we were wise, and when we saw our sisters with dresses held up only by their mothers' advice, rouged, powdered, marcelled and mascaraed, inhaling Luckies, boasting about their hangovers, shooting craps, using gin to perfume their hankies, swallowing dozens of aspirin tablets, and necking for hours, well, we thought if it were to be a survival of the fittest, we'd better speed up a bit, or we'd be out of the running. And speaking of necking—of course, in justice, we will admit that some girls are born that way, but in nine cases out of ten you men take the initiative, and if we want bids, we've got to be "broad-minded."

So we develop a line ranging in potency from being low enough to trip you, to being high enough to hang your good resolutions on. You believe that variety is the spice of life, and, oh boy, but you want plenty of pep in your spice! You cultivate the flapper with the greatest capacity for cocktails. You don't want a girl who will keep you on your feet, but one who will take you off. What's the difference if she does remove her charms with her washcloth? You don't marry when you lose your heart, but when you lose your centre of gravity.

So you may rant all you please about the degeneration of ideals, but we'll keep on being what you make us, and, by jiminy, we'll be good enough for you!

—Cleo



SHE: "I'm getting a dollar a line for my stuff in a woman's magazine."

HE: "Ah, a sort of a Fee-line."

—Miss P. B.



An exhausted suit-

Time to cut-

A guarded queen

No bid-

28 below the line

IN BRIDGE WE HEAR ABOUT

-Miss C. S.

To a Chorus-lady

Chorine, you are very pretty,
And sometimes you're rather witty —
You're a dream in spangled skirts and black silk tights.

But it's hard upon a chappy
To be kept from being happy
By wond'ring how you look on Sunday nights.

Plus cosmetics, you're a beauty
I'll confess, for it's my duty
That you dance upon my heart behind the lights.

After all, dear, what's my flurry?
There's no cause for me to worry —
I don't have to see you, Chorine, Sunday nights!

—Miss R. B.



A Modern Portrait Painter.

—Miss P. B.

If She Did — But She Never Does

Dear Dave,

I certainly was glad to hit New York again after that awful house party you invited me to. The feather fan favors were wonderful, but what possessed you to pick that pink one for *me*, when black would have been stunning with my auburn hair?

Your room-mate, on whom you wasted three of my dances, was one of the worst goophers I ever had the misfortune to meet. There are professional dumb-bells who can get away with it, but he was the real article and no error! Had I the money *now* that I spent on the dress I wore Saturday night, I'd stay up all night and watch it! The only decent time I had was sitting out four dances with Mal in the back of his car. We found three vanity cases and some hairpins in the back seat, which surprised me. I asked Mal why, but he merely looked wise and laughed it off. I'm going to give the cases at Christmas to three girls who gave me Colgate's perfume, felt slippers and a subscription to the Youth's Companion last birthday. Oh, yes, we also found a pair of long kid gloves which I have sold to Mother for \$4.25. Fair enough.

How do you feel for that weak line I handed you about not thinking it ethical to kiss anyone I didn't love! That wonderful moon and everything! Ask Mal if it went to waste. He's human, if you aren't and he'll start rushing me now, and probably ask me up to Commencement.

Still, I shan't be "out" next time you 'phone, for you're no slouch when it comes to throwing a good party.

—Cleo

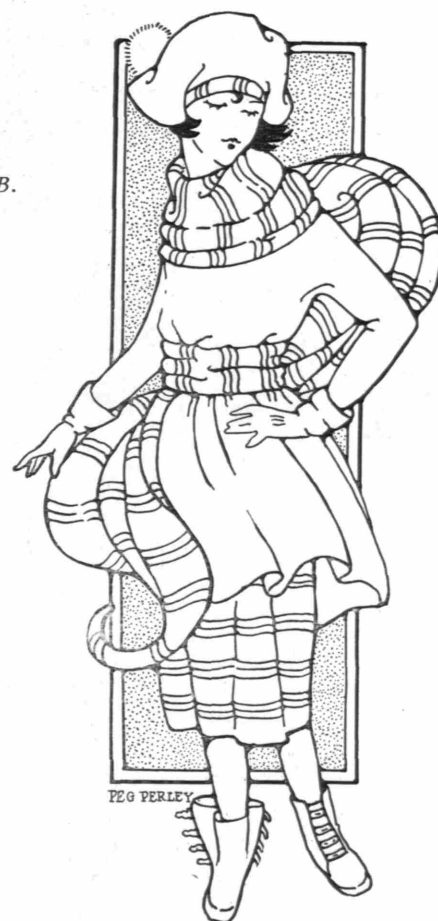
When a woman has to look after a gambling husband, a sporty son, and a painted daughter, we think she has every right to the title of "Director of Sports."

Arboreal Anecdote

Fresh Frosh:—"Do you know Theresa Green?"

Simple Soph:—"No."

F. F.:—"Well they are."



To Flap or Not to Flap.

College Men I Have Loved

There was Pete
He had nice hair
But he would never let me muss it
He considered it
One of his assets
He was awfully clever
And musical
He had a most potent line
He would propose
To every "petty" girl he met
He got that way
By getting away with it.

Then Norb—he had dark hair
And green eyes
Such eyes!
He reminded me of Amory Blaine
He had wonderful ideas
About love
His letters were worthy

Of framing
He never took advantage
Of taxi-cabs.

And Arnold
He had patent-leather hair
And velvet eyes
That made one think
Of tropical islands,
Pale moons and phosphorescence
And stretches of perfumed sand
Ink bottles and alligator pears
But Catherine came along
And took my pet
To *her* parlor.

Bill — one of those wonderful
Dinner partners
Who can tell a risqué story
Without being vulgar

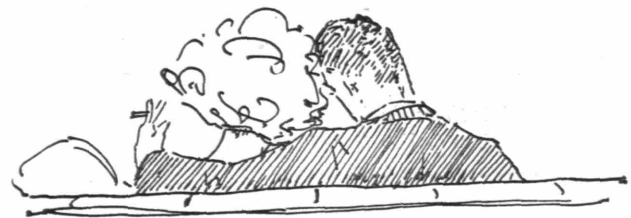
The sort of boy who
Takes you to see Barrie
And explains what it's all about
Meantime wondering
If you believe him
Or whether it's your line.

Frank — tall and good looking
And literally covered
With gold-dust
The kind of fella who takes you
On a party
And accidentally kicks over
The gin which is
Under the table
He rarely made love
Except in a Cunningham
Under the moon
Or under the influence.

—Cleo



As Her Family Imagined It.



As It Was.

—Miss C. S.

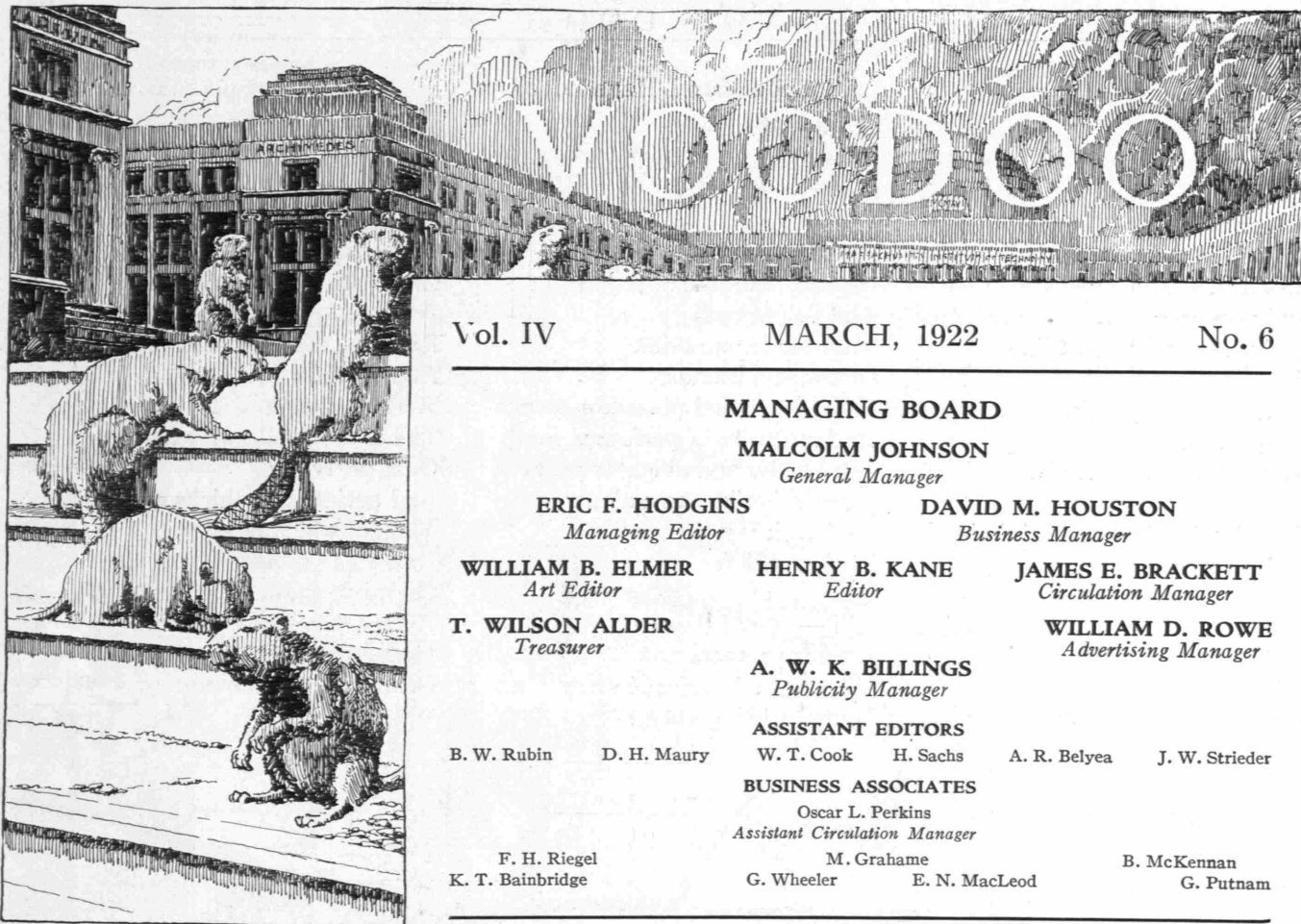
She Was Expelled for Petting.

The Embossed Sheep

Oh, you foolish little sheep.
Always following the leader —
wondering whether you ought to
have your hair hennaed, because
it's "awfully smart." Or else to let
it grow, because most of your
friends are tired of bobbed hair.
Tricking yourself out in "flapper"
clothes because "all the most popu-
lar girls do." Inhaling when you

know it isn't good for you, but it's
so pleasantly wild.
Thinking, because of the general
opinion, that men will think you
highbrow if you ever let them even
suspect that you have ideals. Hat-
ing to answer the telephone at 8:30
on a Saturday night, for fear he will
think you haven't a date on Satur-
day of all nights! Boasting about

various tea and dance places to
make a good impression, when you
probably haven't been inside half
of them!
But wait—there goes the 'phone
—but I won't answer it, because
it's Saturday night and I don't
want him to think I'm not dated
up. You see, I'm a sheep too—that's
what makes me so mad!



Vol. IV

MARCH, 1922

No. 6

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Published eight times during the school year by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Address all communications and contributions to Voo Doo, 309 Walker Memorial, Cambridge, Mass. Subscription rate \$1.75 per college year, single copies twenty-five cents. Advertising rates on request. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE 4500 COPIES

Regiment of Women

Here are ladies. The feminine invasion of VOO DOO is complete, in this issue, and the male rout, precipitate. With this, you behold the much-heralded Girls' number, and in it you will find, from cover to cover, no masculine sanctuary save within these two pages. VooDoo's editorial offices still sound with the swish of skirts, the fragrance of *Quelque Fleurs* still hovers over them, but the editors retain a hold, precarious, upon their editorial chairs, and supported by them make feeble motions at filling their small allotment.

The contest is over, and its results are spread before you. To Miss Ruthe Barcher, of New York, goes the prize for literary endeavor; to Miss Catherine Spencer, of Northampton, that for artistic. To both these young ladies Phosphorus extends felicitations, coupled with humble and hearty thanks. The Woopgaroo Society welcomes them with open arms.

Herewith, the list of other successful contributors, into whose soft, white hands will be delivered the next nine lives of Phosphorus:

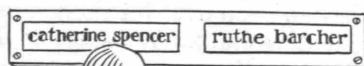
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Dorothy Shaw
Elizabeth Hemeon



bwr

The Puritan Male

Technology's enfants terribles, the class of 1925, may regard this issue as they choose: politically and economically, it is of extreme interest. It marks an advance in the annals of college journalism which, not so many years ago, would have been impossible.

The idea of a Girls' Number would never have occurred to our fathers. In those days, it would not have been polite for girls to have had numbers. The girls themselves would have been horrified at the suggestion. If some young dude of a college editor (for they were, in those days) had ventured the suggestion to any fair damsel, the f. d. would have sprung from him with mingled horror and disgust, and exclaimed, with the true George Eliot mechanism, "Leave me, sir, and henceforth, pray avoid me." Quite fitting, too, for the suggestion would have been wildly improper. Girls were supposed to possess no accomplishments in those days save blushing and fainting. Anything else was destructive of feminine modesty, and an insidious wallop at the Sanctity of the Home.

All of which is different, now. Girls have taken to themselves all manner of accomplishment which, twenty-five years ago would have caused them to be driven, outright, from their fathers' homes. Are they any the worse for it? Phosphorus thinks assuredly they are not. For compensation, it is true, Nature has taken from some of these girls their one-time ability to blush — causing thereby the necessity for rather careful editorial scrutiny of the material for this issue, but no other harm.

All in all, it is a healthy age, this flapper one. Girls can go where they please, do what they please, be what they please. And talk as they please, too. Once upon a time, it was impossible to be a girl without being a hypocrite, too. In that nasty age, when half the civilized human race could not be respectable if smoked, voted, petted or wore flopping galoshes, there was a stubborn refusal to recognize that girls were made of the same protoplasm as boys. Nor was that age exclusively Victorian. Only within the last few years has the girl been able to cast off completely the cloak of hypocrisy that she has been so snugly wrapped in.

But now she has done it, and stands free of all encumbrance. She stands for an age of unity. The double-standard and the two-piece bathing suit are equally hateful things, and the flapper has superseded both together. She is frankly as her brothers.

And now, incomprehensibly enough, the question is rising, "How long will her brothers remain as she?" The astounding thing is that the emergence of the flapper has been closely paralleled by another process: the steady retreat of the flapper's



male counterpart into a newly constructed abode of Puritanism professed. The retreat started as so many do with an attempted flanking movement. The male, at first, resented the advance of the flapper, and told her so — told her what was right for her to do, and what was wrong. He told her so often that soon the monotonous noise of the words he was saying hypnotized him, and he came to find himself believing what he said, and not only believing it, but applying it to his own behavior.

At present, this catalepsy is manifesting itself in peculiar ways. You will find them as close as you care to look for them. While the flapper is busy denouncing Phosphorus for being "too quiet," in his jests, the Puritan Male writes to the Tech bitter plaint that the last Shred of Decency has disappeared under the paw of Phosphorus, and that he gets his laughs not by being funny, but by being vulgar and salacious. This is pretty hard on the Masculine Modesty that must be preserved, lest the race perish. Phosphorus has come to shrink from the "wise crack" as much as most of his sex, and he is overcome with chagrin sometimes, when another male, more progressed a Puritan, accuses him of one. Life is not easy, these changing days.

But, being a Philosopher, too, he often thinks on these strange matters, and wonders Who Started It All, and Whither We Are Drifting. It bothers him, for if we continue to drift as fast, ten years will find the positions of the sexes, in everything from morals to economics (and that's a long road!) reversed completely. The flapper of today will be the tired business woman of tomorrow, with the Technology Student and his male friends the possessors of the hand that rocks the cradle. Higher education will begin going out of fashion for boys. Technology itself will become an exclusively feminine institution, and

Stop! *There's* a fascinating speculation. What kind of a VooDoo will they put out? Will they, if we wait long enough for another swing of the pendulum, ever consider sopping us with a special "Boys' Number"? Will they ever sit at their typewriters, as one of the last of the male editors does on the night that these words are written, and write a defence of the gentler sex, to help us along in our aspirations to become as they are? No doubt they will. The dynamics of history leave us not much in doubt that although the male is due to go out of power for a period of years, he is due to come back — not permanently, of course, but still, due. His present overthrow will not be forever. Some day it will strike the flappers of the future that they are going too far. One of them will write to the Editress-in-Chief of the Tech, protesting that the latest issue of VooDoo positively oversteps the last bound of decency. "I'm not a prude," she will say, "but I was ashamed to send that last number to any of my boy friends." That will be the beginning of another end.

That softens the blow a little. History is a great solace. We can take our medicine, now, and say to the contributors who made this issue possible, "Hail, flapper; those about to die salute you."



"Do you believe in love at first sight?"
 "Yes, but I usually take a second look." —Miss C. S.

"And how's the wife?" bubbled his friend from across the state, "still alive and kicking?"

"Er—decidedly so," he replied, gingerly seeking a softer spot on the car seat.

My Tech Ambitions

— To see if Doc Lewis is as wild as Tom says he is. I bet I could tame him!

— To get above the second floor of Walker on a night of a dance. I don't see why —

— To find out for Jim if the Co-eds really smoke in the Emma Rogers room!

— To hear Eddie Miller say "Without exaggeration, gentlemen."

— To see Phosphorus, the famous Voo Doo feline.

—Ysobel

Portrait of a College Man

Brooks Brothers make his ties,
 And likewise cut his suits,
 His low black derbies come from Knox,
 And Hanan sells him boots.

He wears his trousers bagged
 About his ankles slim,
 And how to cultivate his line
 Is all that worries him.

He's fearfully upstage,
 A blasé plutocrat,
 Who raves of politics and love,
 With nothing 'neath his hat.

His trick collegiate style
 Gives Boston girls a thrill,
 But while he sports a doggy air,
 His father foots the bill!

—Miss R. B.

Proverb

A cross-eyed deb and her money are soon married.



A Designing Creature

—Miss P. B.



She:—"What are you going to be after you graduate?"
 He:—"A motorman"
 She:—"Quite elevating, isn't it?" —Miss C. S.

"What rotten service," remarked the elephant to the expressman, "I always have to carry my trunk."

Capitalist:—"Why aren't you working with the rest of the men?"
 Batter, just returning from the plate:—"Out on strike."

Times are Changed

1917:—"It used to be Polly wants a cracker."
 1922:—"Now it's Polly wants a drink."

Those Knickers

Some college men whom I know well
 Cajole me 'bout my knickers,
 And state that when I cross their sight
 They can't suppress their snickers.

I ask you, though, is that quite fair?
 I think they've done me dirt!
 They're much more modest, I believe,
 Than a Scotsman's knee-length skirt!

—Ysobel

Summer Tragedy

He had hovered about her all evening notwithstanding her efforts to repulse him. At length, stung to a madness by her evident desire to rid herself of his presence, he was about to leave. Then the fluttering of her fan disarranged the lace at her throat, leaving her white neck bare and gleaming in the moonlight. With a passionate longing, utterly oblivious of the consequences of his rash act, he flung himself upon her. The next instant he lay crushed at her feet. Alas!—poor Mosquito!

—Miss M. G. W.

Stude (desiring attention of his friend across the way):—"Hey!"

Prof. (with gentle sarcasm):—"Your dinner—or his?"

Sonnet

Love is not like a length of heavy cloth,
 Judged by its durability and weight —
 Fingered by those who powerlessly prate
 Against unstable hearts and broken troth.
 Love is a bit of rare exquisite lace,
 Wrought of fine threads, beneath a subtle hand,
 And hold its beauty in a gloried place.
 Then if a filmy cobweb thing it be,
 Oh never stop to deem and ruminatē —
 Love Love for all its swift intensity,
 Its fire and fragrance, and, insatiate,
 Desire it for its very frailty,
 And ever cherish it, inviolate. —Miss R. B.



Technical Phrases:
 Queen Takes.

—Miss



SHE:—"When I'm gone you'll forget all about me."
 HE:—"No, indeed! I'll think of you when all else is forgotten."
 SHE:—"Just as I supposed! You'll think of me when you have nothing else to think about." —Miss C. S.

Famous Horses

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Man O'War | 6. _____d'oeuvre |
| 2. Night_____ | 7. _____de combat |
| 3. Saw_____ | 8. _____fly |
| 4. _____power | 9. _____radish |
| 5. _____laugh | 10. _____shoe |

Sonnet

Could it be Fate that we should meet tonight,
 Beneath the silver of the summer moon?
 Here bending pine trees croon a whispered tune
 To woo the moonbeams, chaste and virgin-white.
 Quick-beating hearts have we — in love with love,
 And yet tonight, who has the power to say
 You do not love me for this evening? Nay —
 Take me within your arms again to prove
 That you are happy in your finding me.
 This night all others from your memory bar;
 Have done with dancing; let me thrill to see
 Your ardent eyes, brighter than any star.
 Then why must Fate so unrelenting be,
 To make you dear and yet to keep you far?

—Miss R. B.

Shady Story

Willy:—"Is the sun round yet, papa?"

Father:—"Of course, Willy, the sun has always been round."

Willy:—"But, papa, you said to pull down the shades when the sun got round."

Little Ethel:—"Mother, do they have moving pictures in heaven?"

Mother:—"No, dear, it is too light. The shades are all up there."

Hypochondria

Each week I come home with my pay and cheerfully give it to my wife, she buys herself some glad array and says, oh, gee, this is the life. The butcher's bill is still unpaid, the grocer, he is hopping mad; cantankerous men my evenings raid and say my credit's getting bad. The first I owe a million sou, the last a billion trillion yen. I'll never see the matter thru, it takes my coin to clothe the hen: I spend my daytime dodging bills, my evenings hunting alleys black, to hold me up would give no thrills, I fear no blackjack on my back.

There used to be a time forsooth, when I had kopecks to destroy, for I was then a college youth, and papa kept his darling boy. My pockets bulged with yellow jack, and I had piles of filthy lucre; I always traveled in a hack, and spent my evenings playing euchre. The clothing stores my business craved, and sent me ads and things galore. I bought their stuff like one depraved, a hundred thousand suits, and more.

My dad, gadzooks, he stood the test, and spent his evenings filling stubs, and every time I bought a vest, I thought, "Hooray, ain't home folks dubs." Methinks I was a foolish drone, and now my aching heart it wrecks, for dad is by the heavenly throne, via writer's cramp from signing checks.

I should have saved when I was small, and counted on glum Fortune's blows, but that was not my worst misfall, for I got into Hymen's toils. The coat upon my back is thin, the doorbell has been taken out, in order to prevent the din and put the evening guest to rout. No one approaches my abode, but poisons me with quick gangrene, my friend who on the street cars rode is now conveyed by limousine.

And still I struggle for my grub, and still to termagant it goes, and while I face the daily rub, she goes and buys herself some clothes.

A million things upon me fall, and set my cosmos all a-tingle, but this stands out above them all, oh why in hell ain't I still single?



He saw me at the shore one day —
I wore a bathing dress.



He knew me at the ball tonight —
Tho' how, I could not guess.

With the Usual to Shelley

I arise from dreams of thee,
Too devious to cite,
I shall telephone at once,
And date you up tonight.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And my spirit, indiscreet,
Hath led my mind afar —
To your cellar-entrance, Sweet.

I have hardly dared to speak
Of that secret Paradise —
I have hardly dared to dream
Of its Heavenly device.
So I rushed you all last week,
With one small hope at heart —
That you'd tell me where it hides,
O, Beloved as thou art!

Dear maid, thou knowest well
The thoughts that fill my soul —
Oh, speak some words to ease
The burden of my dole!
For, dear, dost know what hell
It is to curb my will?
Then tell the secret I would know!
Where is your father's still?

—Miss R. B.



Ennui.

—Miss C. S.

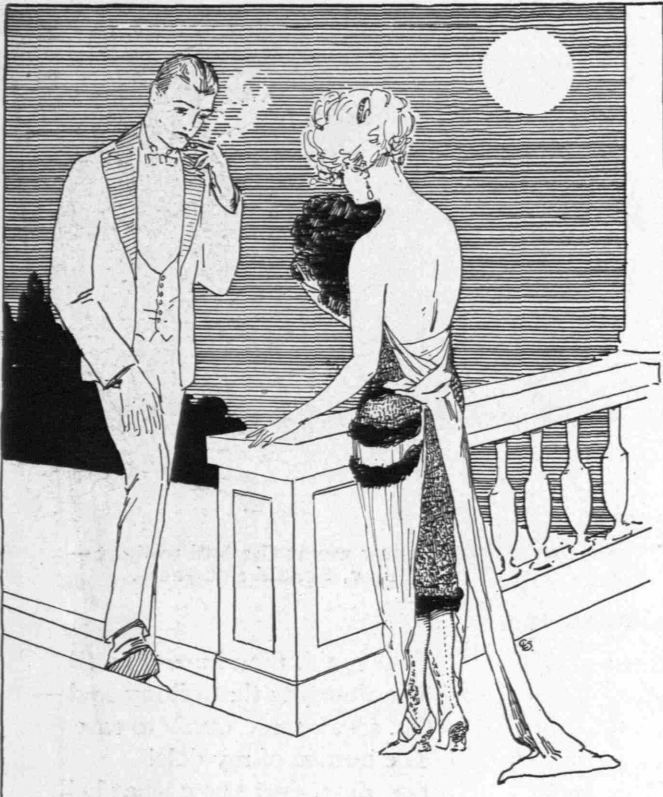
A Fellow I Would Like To Meet

One who doesn't talk about his "booze" quite all
of the time.
Who doesn't take in every burlesque show in town
from the first row in the orchestra.
Who can talk of somebody, or something, besides
himself.
Who doesn't smoke more than four cigarettes every
ten minutes when he's calling.
Who can enjoy an evening without trying to find
out just what speed he can make.
Who doesn't try to pick up every girl he meets on
the street.
He could have my heart — and all that goes with it.

—Miss V. A. O.

"George," said friend wife with the gentle com-
placency of her sex, "I'll never forget the night you
proposed. You acted like a chicken with its head
cut off."

"Yes — I'll admit my brains were somewhere else."
(Then the gong sounded for the first round.)



Moon—light
Date—heavy

—Miss C. S.

Nice Girl

A bit of kidding now and then
Is just the way to keep the men —
So, if you desire him true,
This is what you have to do.

Make him think that he's your only,
That will help him when he's lonely;
He'll be quite contented, then
You'll be out with other men.

Come — do not say, "It isn't fair."
What's the diff? He won't be there —
Take a chance — good men are few,
And he may be kidding *you!*

—Bobby

A Black Future

"Gladys, Ah loves yo! I cain't live widout yo!—I—"
"Well, uh-good Lawd, man!" interrupted Mrs.
Gladys Guggles: "Doesn't yo never aim to do no work
at all?"

Three men from M. I. T.
Went to class in a fit,
If the booze had been stronger
My tale would be longer.

—Miss M. E. W.

Personal Preferences

(With a Glance at Franklin P. Adams)

A lad I love
Is Larry Lott
He never says
"That's not too hot."



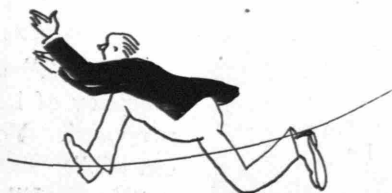
A lad I love
Is Clarence Crewe
He sticks to me
Like Carter's glue.

A girl I like
Is Persis Power
She's taller than
The Eiffel Tower.

A lad I love
Is Jimmie Stover
He never says
"Kid, look me over."

A girl I love
Is Gladys Roth —
She always says
"You and me both."

—Miss R. B.



Dilemma

Phil likes me to be most demure
I'd shock him, if some day
I'd say, a moment off my guard,
"Kid, howdygetthatway?"

Now Ted is just the opposite —
He likes a girl with chic —
If she has snappy flashing eyes,
She needn't be so meek.

She's got to be a lu-lu, boys,
A Frenchy sort of miss;
Red lips that beg for kisses,
And moreover, want to kiss.

So you can see I'm up a tree —
My heart is torn in two —
How can I be an angel-vamp?
Lord, what's a girl to do?

—Cleo

Renovation

Marcel ruined, waves all gone,
Powder and rouge half off, half on,
Line exhausted, feet half dead,
Wishing she were home in bed,
The "knock-out" feels at half past four
She'll never knock out any more.

Noon next day, still asleep,
All curled up in a little heap,
Cheeks all pasty, shiny nose,
She doesn't care, for nobody knows.
You'd never think, to see her then,
She ever could look half-way decent again.

Hair all marcelled, waves in place,
Rouge and powder on her face,
Line all working, good as new,
Ready for whate'er to do,
Thinks while dancing, cheek to cheek,
She could keep on for a week.



—Miss P. C. K.

"Did you ever hear the one about the mousetrap?"
"No."
"Well, it's snappy."

Rub:—"Have you had your iron today?"
Dub:—"I wear Paris garters and no metal can touch me."

"Is she a modest girl?"
"Very; she won't even look at the weather strip at the house."

Her:—"I hear Yvonne was in the country this summer."
Him:—"Yes: she was certainly there with the calves."

In Tech there once was a bragger,
Who early to classes would stagger,
Of dances he had dread,
So he studied instead,
And they called him a little brown-bagger.
—Miss M. E. W.

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady to the orphans.

Cheriesette

Ma chere petite is beaucoup sweet,
There's no one quite the same —
I hold her hands in both of mine,
While she says "Je vous aime."
Now Cheriesette, I've never yet
Loved anyone comme vous —
Your kisses set my brain en feu —
Don't tease me as you do!
Last night, although it wasn't right,
I saw you just the same —
You let him hold your jolies mains,
And whispered "Je vous aime."
Dear Cheriesette, oh please forget
And snuff your latest flame,
For can't you guess? My heart's a mess —
You know that je vous aime!

—Miss R. B.



She rolls her own.

—Mrs. E. H.

To My True Love

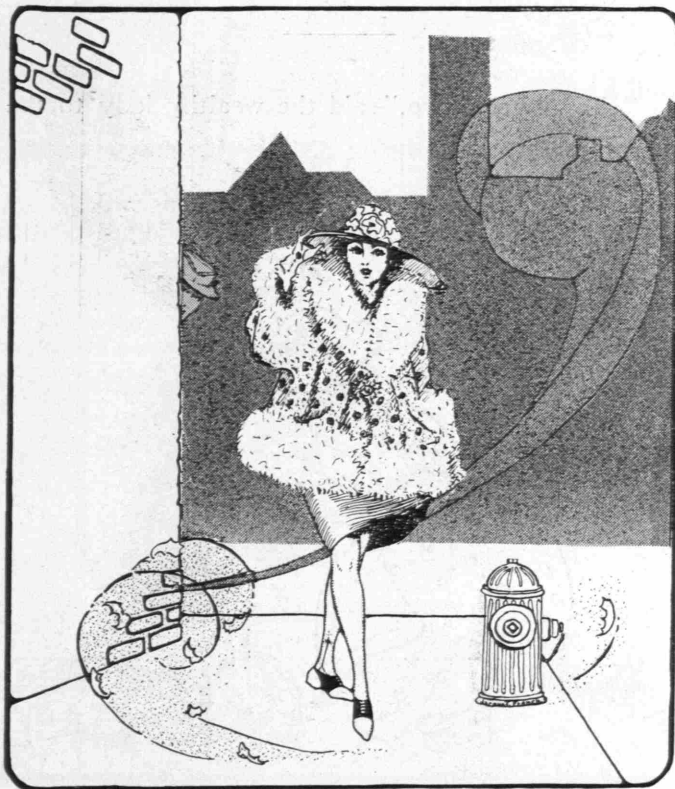
A Sonnet

I cannot write a sonnet; 'tis a thing
 Too hard to ask a normal man to do.
 I cannot write, in words of mine so few,
 Of love, as ancient poets used to sing.
 I cannot write a sonnet; on no wing
 Of fancy may I fly; 'tis sad but true.
 I have no inspiration, nothing new
 To write to Thee, my Love, and to Thee bring.
 A sonnet is a fearsome thing, — so hard!
 There are so many rules to follow, too!
 I scarce expect my poor lines to compare
 With sonnets by some long-forgotten bard.
 My hand at poetry is yet so new —
 (And yet I do not think you really care!)

—Miss P. W.

“Well,” she said, as she placed her cough drops under her pillow, “Diana had nothing on me. She may have had the imprint of the ‘Sheik’s’ head on her pillow, but I have the ‘Smith Brothers’ under mine.”

—Miss R. K.



One of those ill winds we hear about.



A Stone's Throw

Teatime

Late sunlight gleaming through the yellowed lace
 Makes shadowy patterns on the shining set
 Of antique silver tea things on the tray,
 The same old glamour clings about them yet.

As when we used to sit together here
 Until the light grew dim, and gold and blue
 Coloured the river and the snowclad hills,
 When all Adventure and Romance were You.

I've had so many lovers since the days
 When you would come and have your tea with me!
 Still, though I talk and smile upon each one,
 Your face alone above the cups I see.

Those fragile tea-cups of pale apple green,
 Wild roses painted on the inner rim
 You said you liked, and I remember once
 How you admired their golden handles slim.

Vague thoughts come crowding by, and words you said;
 Mute memories of things too sweet to miss,
 So, when I drink from them, rememb'ring you,
 I frame my lips as though it were a kiss.

—Miss R. B.



"Don't you love to dance?"
"No, quite the reverse."

—Miss D. H.

Famous Sticks

- LIP_____
- RIVER_____
- ROYAL GLUE_____
- WALKING_____
- SLIP_____
- HARVARD MEN_____

—Miss S. S. M.

She was a sweet girl
I met at a tea
We were discussing
Tech men
And I told her
About an awful gorilla
I knew
Who would
Never even ask you
To a game
And was so tight
He squeaked
Good Lord!
How was I to know
He was
Her brother???

—Cleo

"This is going to be a terrible strain" remarked the bass saxophonist as he limbered up the keys.

Radcliffe:—"What do you think of Fielding?"

Harvard:—"Oh, it's important, of course, but it doesn't amount to a whole lot without good batting."

—Miss M. E. W.

This is Not a Ford Joke

Inebriated Gentleman:—"Shay, d'juh know they was Chevrolets in Chicago?"

Second Inebriated Gentleman:—"Sh'lie! S'only one!"

Flapper:—"Is he a D. C. A.?"*

Innocent Young Thing:—"No, I don't think he belongs to any fraternity."

* Dark Corner Athlete.



"Let's go over to the sofa and talk."
"I won't: I'm no divan girl."

—Miss C. S.

Tell Us Not in Feminine Numbers

"Oh, the Devil!" Grace fumed.

"Another female out of feminine ideas for the Voo Doo I'll bet a lump of coal," his majesty said to one of his assistants. "You will have to answer the call this time, I can't be everywhere at once, and none of the ladies seem to be seeking Empyrean aid," he grumbled.

The supposition was correct. A poor art stude was struggling with a cover for the Voo Doo. She had tried bobbed hair, curls and all the prevailing styles, but nothing seemed sufficiently feminine.

The Bottle Imp when requested to show himself, created no greater panic than did this devil's aide, who, in answer to her call, presented himself with a courtly bow, and said,

"His majesty begs that you will accept such poor assistance as I may offer, as he himself can not serve you."

For a moment the silence was violent.

"I see you are attempting a cover design and are having trouble with the head. That is easily remedied. I'll bring you a collection of heads, say five or six

varieties, and you can try them all. However," he added, "don't be impatient for my return. I am rather lame. Since I have helped one girl write poetry for the Voo Doo, I have an iambic foot and it is very painful."

And he limped from the room.

Only a few minutes passed, when Grace was once more startled by the entrance of the thing. This time he bore a strong resemblance to some "Sagamore, Sachem or Powwow" of Miles Standish days. From his hands and from his belt dangled heads of every description, and these he proceeded to hang on the wall until the place might easily have been mistaken for the den of Bluebeard.

"The heads of the elite — take your choice. Any of them are sure to please the Royal Woopgaroo and now if I can serve you in no further way, I shall return to my master and report a job well done."

"It is — enough," Grace gasped.

Moral . . . Avoid Voo Doo contests, lobster salads, Welsh Rarebits and nightmares.

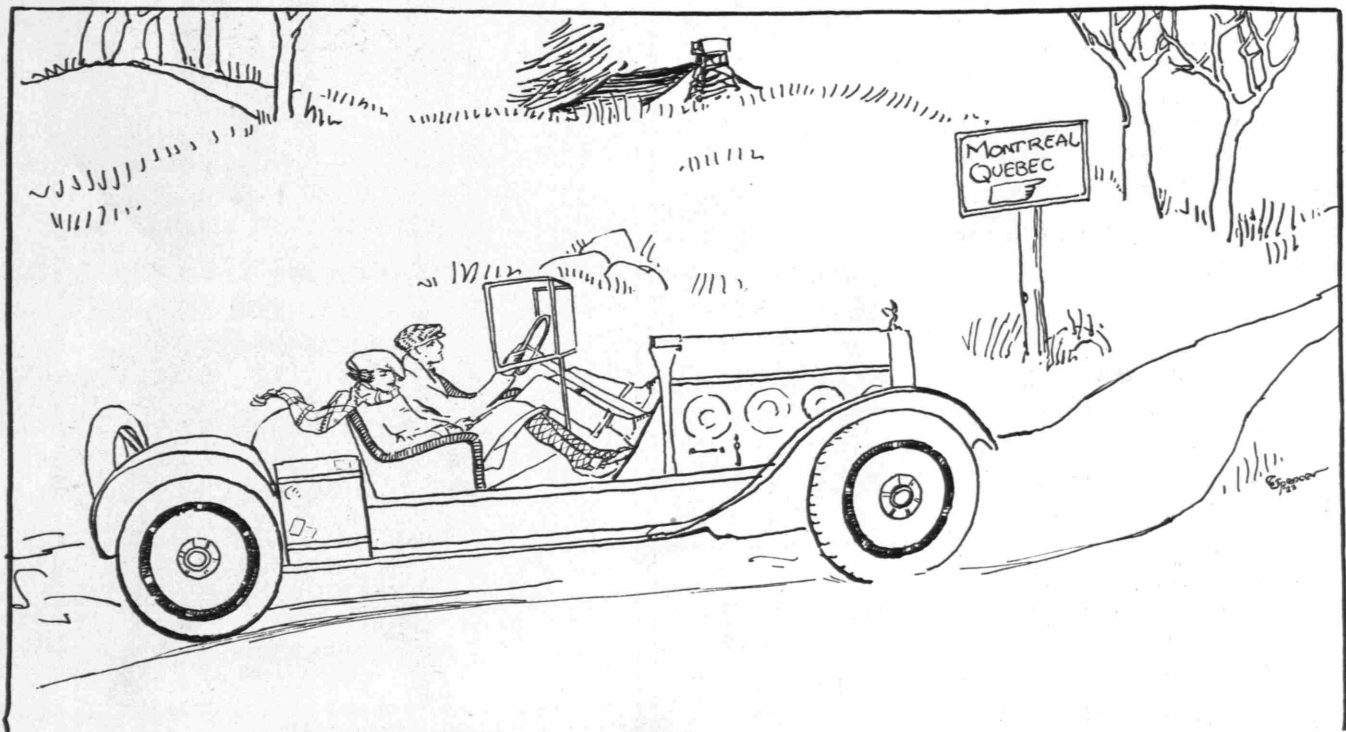
—Miss E. W. G.

D. D.—"What's a metaphor?"

M. M.—"That's easy, it's a pasture for cows!"

—Miss M. G. W.

Cauliflower ears are not always associated with cabbage heads.



Driving Her to Drink.

—Miss C. S.

Baggs:—"I'm worried. My girl is running around with that new doctor in town."

Jaggs:—"Feed her an apple a day." — *Phoenix*

This'll Drive You Bugs

First Cootie (on a Nabisco box):—"What's your hurry?"

Second Cootie:—"Don't you see that sign, 'Tear along this edge'?" — *Panther*

He:—"Can you float?"

She:—"Certainly, I'm 99 44-100 per cent pure." — *Banter*

He:—"Jane's heart is certainly in the right place."

She:—"Yes, she doesn't believe in corsets." — *Puppet*

Try a Coke for This

Fritz:—"My gal's sure handy with the needle."

Heinie:—"Good seamstress?"

Fritz:—"Naw; dope fiend." — *Sun Dial*

Liberty Bell

Weary Voice:—"I'm utterly opposed to having ten minutes between classes."

Cheery Voice:—"How come, bo?"

Weary Voice:—"They interfere with my sleep." — *Scalper*

Tourist in a French Cafe

Tourist (pointing to menu):—"Waiter, bring me some of this."

Waiter:—"Sir, the orchestra is now playing it." — *Yellow Jacket*

"The Yanks are coming," hummed the dentist as he prepared for an extraction.

— *Octopus*

A Good Sign

Sponge:—"I think that a street car hash just passed."

Wet:—"How yuh know?"

Sponge:—"I can see its tracks." — *Jester (Columbia)*

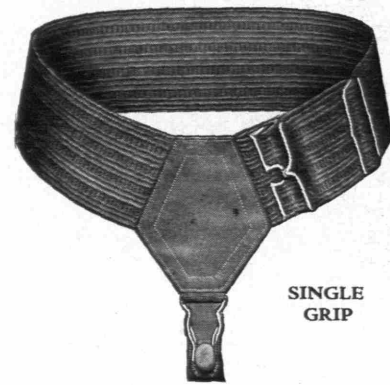
Signs is Signs

Sign on Main Street:—"Woman wants Washing. She's not timid." — *Mugwump*

On With the Dance

Robert:—"The music is getting pretty fast, don't you think?"

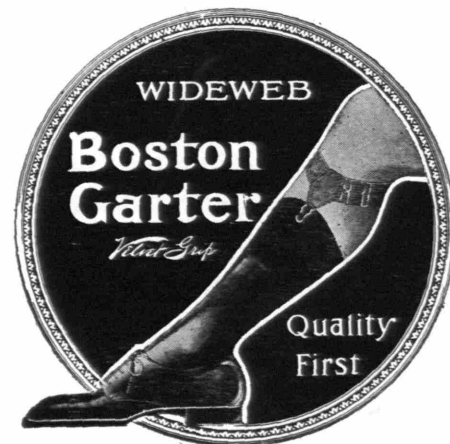
Roberta:—"Yes, I blushed when they sang that last song." — *Widow*



SINGLE
GRIP

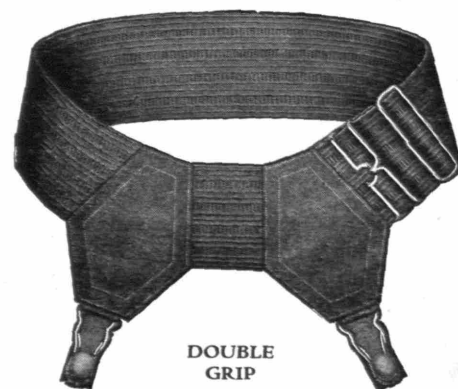
The GARTER

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



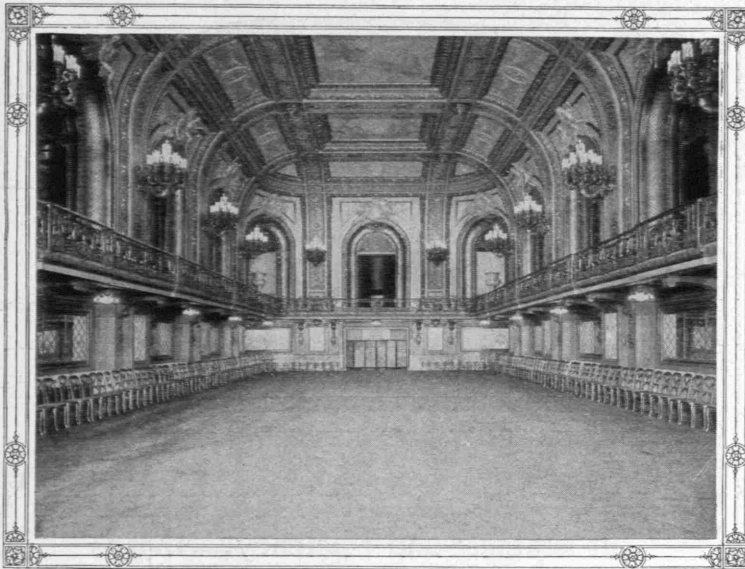
Made as *Wideweb* Garters should be—with a slide adjustment and Hook and Eye cast-off, having *no metal parts on face of Pad*.

Try a pair and be convinced.



DOUBLE
GRIP

George Frost Company—Makers—Boston



THE GOLD ROOM AT THE CONGRESS

Gentlefolk

IN the conduct of the modern hotel, it is trite to say that the guest's word must not be disputed in the conduct of THE CONGRESS, the very admission of potential friction between guest and servitor is a thing unthought of.

—unthought of because the occasion never arises to bring the admission to mind.

—unthought of because both guest and servitor are invariably gentlefolk.

CONGRESS HOTEL AND ANNEX

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

The Puritan Purifying

It was Christmas eve in the home of Deacon Hardtack. The little Hardtacks were gathered about the hearth, waiting to see what Christmas was all about. Suddenly Santa Claus bustled down the chimney and said, "Hello, kids, where are your stockings?"

"Why, what an improper question to ask pure little children," said the Deacon, "on their legs, of course, where they should be."

"Well, hurry up and take 'em off so's I can fill 'em up with toys," laughed Santa.

"This is most indecent," said the Deacon, and calling his friends, they drove Old Man Christmas back up the chimney.

—Punch Bowl

At the dance:—"Dearest, you have wonderful hair—but it has a peculiar taste."

—Widow

Newlywed, watching the painters working on her new home: "Jackie, dear, I just know that we shall be warm this winter. Our house has two coats on it."

—Puppet

My legs are cold.
So you wear yours that way too.

—Beanpot

"The poor girl hasn't slept a night. She is so worried."
"What about?"
"Her nightgown is out of style."

—Puppet

Boarder (after a hearty meal):—"Haven't you any tooth-picks?"

Landlady:—"No. I had a few, but the boarders took 'em away and never brought them back."

—Flamingo

Ec 32

"Why did you sell your vote for five dollars?"
"Oh, a li'l political economy, judge."

—Octopus

Pat was a real Socialist. He said so himself. He chanced to meet his friend Mike one day and began explaining to Mike the mysteries of Socialism.

"Now, Mike, if I had two million dollars, and you didn't have any, being a good Socialist, I'd give you one. And if I had two steam yachts and you didn't have any, I'd give you one of my yachts. That's Socialism."

"Yes, Pat, and if you had two pigs, would you be giving me one of your pigs?"

"Ah, go on with you, Mike, you know I have two pigs."

—Drexered



Now every man can shave HIS OWN WAY with the famous Durham-Duplex Blades

HERE is the biggest piece of news ever handed to the shaving men of America—*The famous Durham-Duplex Blades can now be used by all shavers THEIR OWN WAY*—either as a regular razor, as the Durham Duplex safe razor, or as a regular safety razor.

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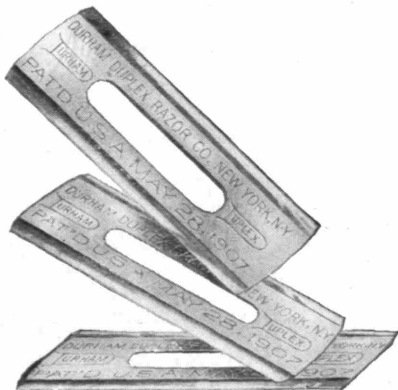
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"Out of order, I presume," muttered the absent-minded professor as he unsuccessfully endeavored to fill his eversharp in the library inkwell.

—Lemon Punch

A Previous Engagement

"I went to a wedding of a friend of mine today."

"Well."

"And the minister stopped a minute and said, 'Who will give the bride away?'"

"What about it?"

"Well, I could have; but I didn't want to!"

—Punch Bowl

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And Then He Tires

"If a man marries a widow by the name of Elizabeth, with two children, what does he get?"

"Give up."

"A second-hand Lizzie and two run-about."

—Cornell Widow

History Prof (in lecture):—"The King was continually losing his supporters."

Wild-eyed stude:—"Ah! I suppose that accounts for the Fall of Paris."

—Chaparral

A Smoky One

Chalah:—"Why are collech engagements like Chesterfield cigarettes?"

Mollah:—"I give up, old dishrag."

Chalah:—"Mild, but they satisfy."

—Lemon Punch

A Snappy Shot

Miss:—"My, what a dark room!"

Take:—"Yes, here's where things develop."

—Chaparral

The Kicker

Frosh:—"Georgette is a wonderful kicker."

Soph:—"You don't say."

Frosh:—"Yeah, her mother's on the Century Roof, and her father's a football star."

—Sour Owl

Wife:—"Will you buy me that handkerchief. It only costs two dollars."

Hub:—"That's too much to blow in."

—Lord Jeff

"Your father made his money in agriculture, didn't he?"

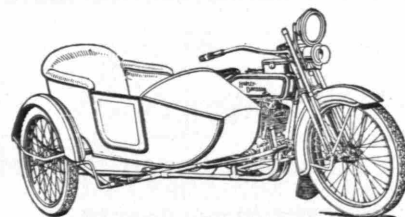
"Yes, he raises checks."

—Chaparral

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Deep

He (slyly):—"It's getting real hot in here. Let's go out to get a change of air."

She (subtly):—"Let's not—the orchestra will play a different tune in a minute."

—Lord Jeff

May:—"Now I've got to go down town today."

Dot:—"What for?"

May:—"Joe has a new suit, and I've got to look up some blue serge powder."

—The Sour Owl

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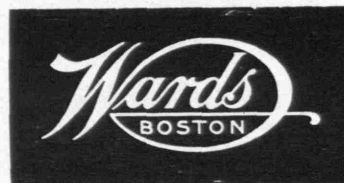
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She:—"I suppose you had a pleasant sea voyage."

He:—"Oh, yes, everything came out nicely."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

The Scotch of it

The old man leaned out of the window just as the eloping maiden dropped into her lover's arms.

"Hi say," he bellowed, "don't weaken that grape arbor; I gotta 'nother darter on my hands yet."

—Sun Dodger

Wise:—"Are you the young lady who took my order?"

Waitress:—"Yessir."

Wise:—"You're still looking well. How are your grandchildren?"

—Burr

"Help, help, queek!"

"What's wrong?"

"Tony, he stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to da knees."

"Aw, let him walk out."

"No, no. He no can walk; he wronga end up."

—Tiger

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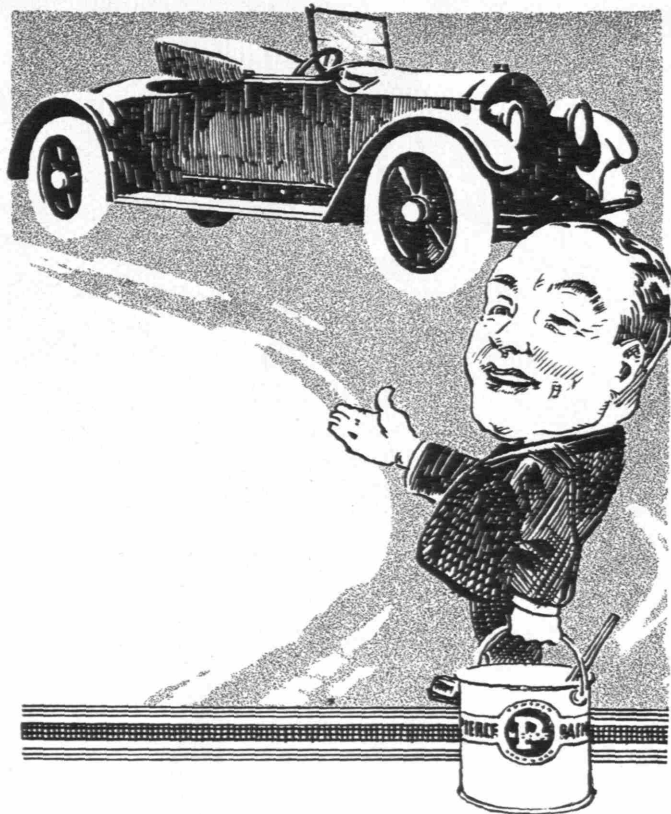
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Flora:—"But it only has one seat."

Dora:—"I know it."

—Virginia Reel

Child (at first age of man):—"Papa, what's the difference
between an instructor and a professor?"

Father (at the eighth):—"A self-edited textbook."

—Yale Record

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Sedate Senior desired to know the cause of a disturbance
outside his window. He leaned out and noticed a group of
freshmen. To gain their attention he shouted: "Hey!!——"
"What stall?" came the answer from below. The window
slowly closed.

—Juggler

1st Bachelor Girl:—"I always look under the bed before
I retire."

2nd Bachelor Girl:—"So do I, but I never have any luck."

—Jack o'Lantern

Who said the Indians are stoical and never laugh? Didn't
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—Punch Bowl

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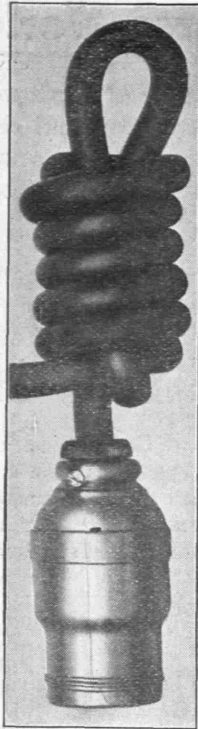
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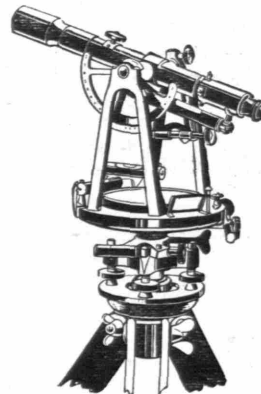
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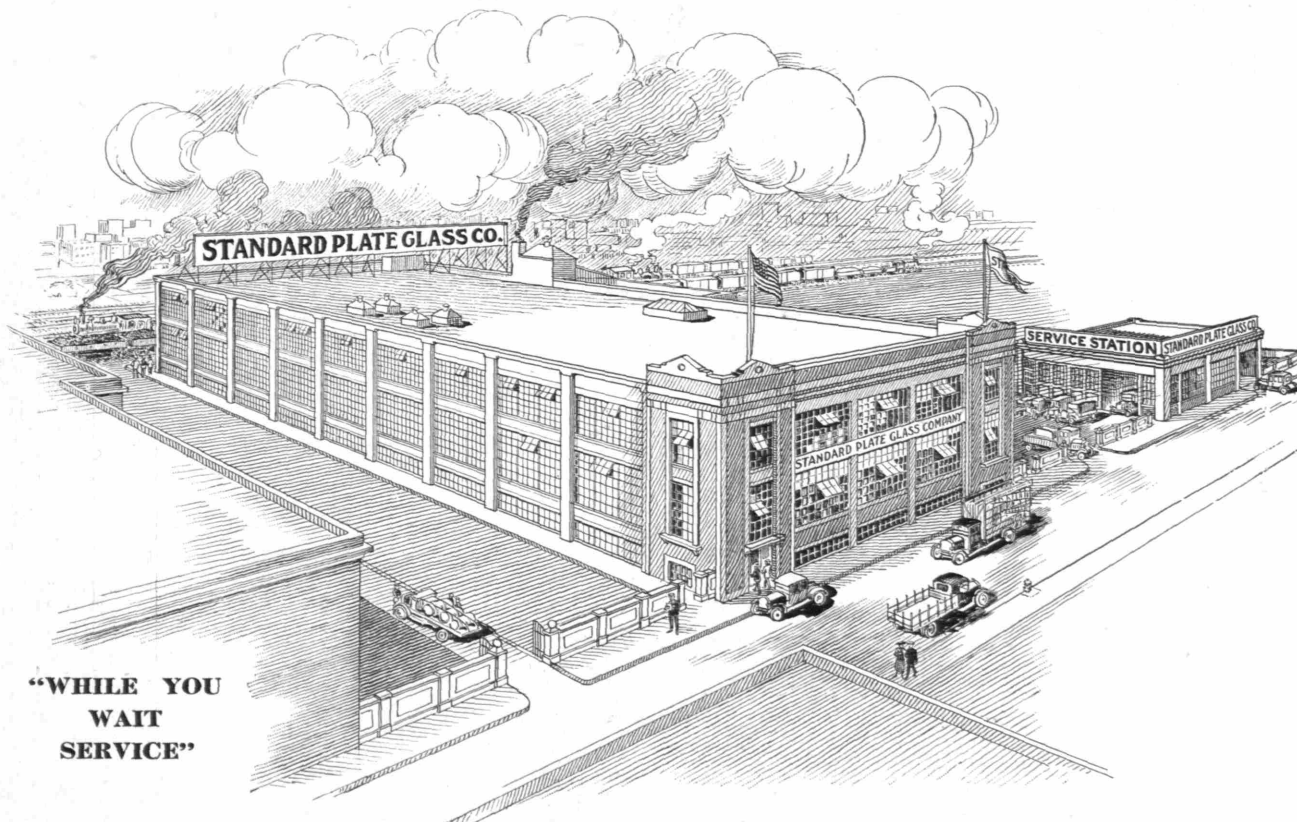
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