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MASS. INST. TECH.  
17 NOV 1922  
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## THANKSGIVING!

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# The Massachusetts Institute of Technology Cambridge

**T**HE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers courses in Civil, Mechanical, Mining, Electrical, Chemical, Sanitary, and Architectural Engineering; in Architecture, Chemistry, Electro-chemistry, Biology and Public Health, Physics, Geology and Naval Architecture, and in Engineering Administration.

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Corner  
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"How long before she'll make her appearance?"

"She's upstairs making it now."

— Gaboon

*Prof.* (after a trying first-hour class): "Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise early every morning with dumb-bells. Will the class report tomorrow before breakfast? Dismissed."

— Froth

Some place in the unholy scripture is recorded the phrase: "All is fair in love and war." We don't know about the war, but everything that is engaged in love these days has to be fair.

— Awgwan

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In Sport Suits we are showing the new Brookline, which is a four-piece Norfolk Suit, belt all around, single plait back, double plait front.

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**A** PROPER conclusion—you may figure with accuracy that we have the very suit, overcoat, shoes, hats and furnishings you have in mind, and a larger variety and at lesser prices than you contemplated.

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young men's  
wear—from  
hats to shoes*

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 FOUNDED 1856

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**BEST COMPANIES  
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**ROBERT A. BOIT & Co.**  
 40 KILBY STREET, BOSTON

## *Lend Your Support*

to the team by following its activities as well as those of other colleges in the

**Boston Evening  
Transcript**

The more than usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had gotten under the professor's skin.

"Class is dismissed!" he said exasperatedly. "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."

— *Froth*

"It sure pays to fiddle your time away," said the violin player as he drew down his \$150 a week.

— *Purple Cow*

They had been spinning along in the moonlight for over an hour, with no sound save the soft, even purr of the motor. He consistently kept both hands on the steering-wheel, and there was plenty of elbow room when he shifted gears. Suddenly the motor coughed convulsively and stopped with a dismal wheeze. He looked at her gravely for a moment, then said: "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid the engine is dead."

"Indeed!" she said, icily. "Well, it has plenty of company."

An hour later the *Motor* was still dead.

— *Froth*



*The Feminine Number*

should go to her.

*The Architect's Number*

is coming and

*The Prom Number*

she can't do without.

*CLIP IT NOW*

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

To \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

From \_\_\_\_\_



## "WORD MONGERS" and "CHATTERING BARBERS"

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can remagnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass, crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

"Not in books, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.

**General Electric**  
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

95-624J

**Friendship and Service**  
is our policy

**The Manufacturers National Bank**  
Kendall Square  
Cambridge

**The Nearest Bank to Tech**

*"Large enough to serve you  
Yet small enough to know you"*

**Student checking accounts welcome**

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,  
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,  
Bare are the limbs of all the shameless trees;  
No wonder that the corn is shocked.

— *Tiger*

*1st Barber:* "Why were you so late?"

*2d Barber:* "I was shaving myself and couldn't get away until I'd talked myself into a hair-cut and a shampoo."

— *Gaboon*

"Selling a family heirloom, eh?"

"Heirloom nothing. This car's only been driven 500."

"How far has it been towed?"

— *Yale Record*

**HEWINS & HOLLIS**  
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS  
4 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON  
OPPOSITE PARK STREET CHURCH

## Index of 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.*



Babson Statistical Organization . . . . .	27
Robert A. Boit & Co. . . . .	2
Boston Evening Transcript . . . . .	2
Brokaw Brothers . . . . .	2, 32
Brooks Brothers . . . . .	27
Browning King & Co. . . . .	1
Buff & Buff Co. . . . .	29
Edwin F. P. Burns Co. . . . .	30
Cafe de Paris . . . . .	6
Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc. . . . .	Outside Back Cover
Collins & Fairbanks Co. . . . .	29
Commonwealth Coal Co. . . . .	32
Thomas F. Galvin, Inc. . . . .	1
General Electric Co. . . . .	4
Harry & Martin's Barber Shop . . . . .	30
Hart Schaffner & Marx . . . . .	8
Harvard Co-operative Society . . . . .	28
Hewins & Hollis . . . . .	4
Leo Hirsh . . . . .	26
Jordan Marsh Co. . . . .	25



*A surge of revived buying power has been felt throughout the length and breadth of the country. That long-predicted and fervently prayed for return to stable conditions is sensibly closer.*

*The automobile business has felt decidedly the new impetus in the buying of commercial vehicles. Steel is now moving; coal is in demand, and is more available. Everywhere the elements of manufacture are moving. The ultimate outcome cannot be in doubt.*

*The revived buying ability of students has been noticed strongly. Support of expensive activities that have hitherto gone somewhat begging shows plainly that luxuries as well as necessities are within their grasp.*

*The VOO DOO holds a commanding position among advertising mediums at Technology. To a far greater circulation among students than any other undergraduate publication, it has added its service to advertisers.*

*This service welcomes the opportunity of assisting advertisers in any way that is reasonably possible. It has during its first month of existence rendered real service to several advertisers. Have you used it yet as a supplement to your printed advertisement?*

*Please address all correspondence to the General Manager.*



Lenox & Brunswick . . . . .	6
Lorraine Hotel Co. . . . .	31
Lucky Strike Cigarettes . . . . .	30
Frank McCann . . . . .	31
Macullar Parker Co. . . . .	7
Manufacturer's National Bank . . . . .	4
M. I. T. . . . .	Inside Front Cover
The Miller Drug Co. . . . .	7
Murray Printing Co. . . . .	26
W. F. Noble & Sons Co. . . . .	32
Old Colony Trust Co. . . . .	26
P. Pappas Bros. Co. . . . .	7
Riverbank Court Hotel . . . . .	29
A. Shuman & Co. . . . .	31
Simplex Wire & Cable Co. . . . .	Inside Back Cover
Spaulding's Dairy Lunch . . . . .	28
Standard Plate Glass Co. . . . .	Inside Back Cover
Walton Lunch Co. . . . .	29
Ward's . . . . .	28



## 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

**BOSTON**

*The*  
**Brunswick**  
Boylston Street  
at Copley Square

L. C. PRIOR, Managing Director

Here's to the girl  
That is mine, all mine.  
She drinks and she bets,  
And she smokes cigarettes,  
And sometimes, I'm told,  
She goes out and forgets—  
That she's mine, all mine.

— Gaboon

If

If you can keep your girl when all about you  
Are wanting and keep calling her for a date;  
If you can keep her wondering, hoping, fearing,  
Yet happy even though she has to wait;  
If you can flirt with other girls, yet not too often,  
And being caught, can pass it off as fun;  
If you can do all this, yet keep your virtue,  
You'll surely be a ladies' man, my son.

— Malteaser

“That bracelet, madame, is unique. It was given to the Empress Josephine by Napoleon Bonaparte. We are selling a great number of them this year.”

— Gaboon

Kay: “Harold is so erratic. Some evenings he is so cold, and at other times so very friendly.”

Jay: “Try me; I maintain a mean average all the time.”

— Purple Cow

Mike: “Gee, this is a tough bird!”

Ike: “Yeh! Must have been a hard egg in its youth.”

— Gaboon

## Where Do You Eat?

### Cafe de Paris

12  
HAVILAND  
STREET



Near  
Boylston Street  
and Massachusetts  
Avenue

is the place where you get full value for your money  
in food and service. ALL HOME COOKING.

JUST THINK OF GETTING A  
SEVEN COURSE DINNER FOR 50c.

Our lunches for 35c are unsurpassed.

Also a full Course Sunday Chicken Dinner 75c.

TABLES RESERVED FOR PARTIES

Back Bay 70103

Tho' better papers I have seen,  
 I like the college magazine;  
 The jokes are rank — lit's not smart,  
 The drawings are the worst of art;  
 But still there's something in the stuff  
 That makes you like it tho' it's rough;  
 You like to read what they've to say  
 Of chorus girls and dances gay,  
 Of painted lips and powdered cheek,  
 Of silken hose and ankles neat,  
 Of how they love and how they neck  
 And not become a total wreck,  
 And stay out nights and shake 'em mean,  
 And not be brought before the Dean,  
 And how they cut and make him sore  
 And then get out and cut some more;  
 Of how they pass and how they flunk,  
 And how they get home when they're drunk,  
 And how they learn some fifty names  
 Of different kinds of gambling games,  
 And how they learn the dice to use,  
 And buy the baby pairs of shoes —

Of all the papers I have seen  
 I like the college magazine.

— *The Imp*

*For the Winter Season*

# Coon Coats

## 20% Reduction

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

You are invited to visit

## THE MILLER DRUG CO.

CORNER BEACON AND MASSACHUSETTS 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*

"Well, auntie, have you got your photos back?"

"Yes; and I returned them in disgust."

"Gracious! And how was that?"

"Why on the back of each proof they wrote: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

— *Gaboon*

*The First Tapeworm:* "Going to the meeting tonight?"

*The Other:* "Yes, we'll be there in a body."

— *Malteaser*

## Which will it be?



### It Is a Waste of Money to Buy New Shoes

when we can rebuild your old shoes as good as new. After we are finished with them you will have those comfortable old shoes of yours looking as snappy as they ever did. Good for months of wear. We rebuild them the factory way. Try us.

**PAPPAS BROS. & CO.**

## Pappas Bros. & Co.

1100 Boylston Street  
 Boston, Mass.

*First Class  
 Shoe Repairing  
 Shines*

Telephone Back Bay 6328

*First Attorney:* "Your Honor, unfortunately, I am opposed by an unmitigated scoundrel."

*Second Attorney:* "My learned friend is such a notorious liar —"

*Judge (sharply):* "The counsel will kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute!"

— *Virginia Reel*





THE BEST-DRESSED MEN  
KNOW GOOD STYLE IS  
CONSERVATIVE , , THAT'S  
WHY THEY ARE WEAR-  
ING CLOTHES MADE  
BY  
HART SCHAFFNER  
& MARX



## TO A LADY

*Gentlemen, I must remark that  
Things aren't always what they seem.  
White is made from many colors,  
Listen well unto my theme:*

*Little lady, you are cheating,  
You are cheating Father Time,  
With meticulously dainty,  
Girlish youthfulness, sublime.*

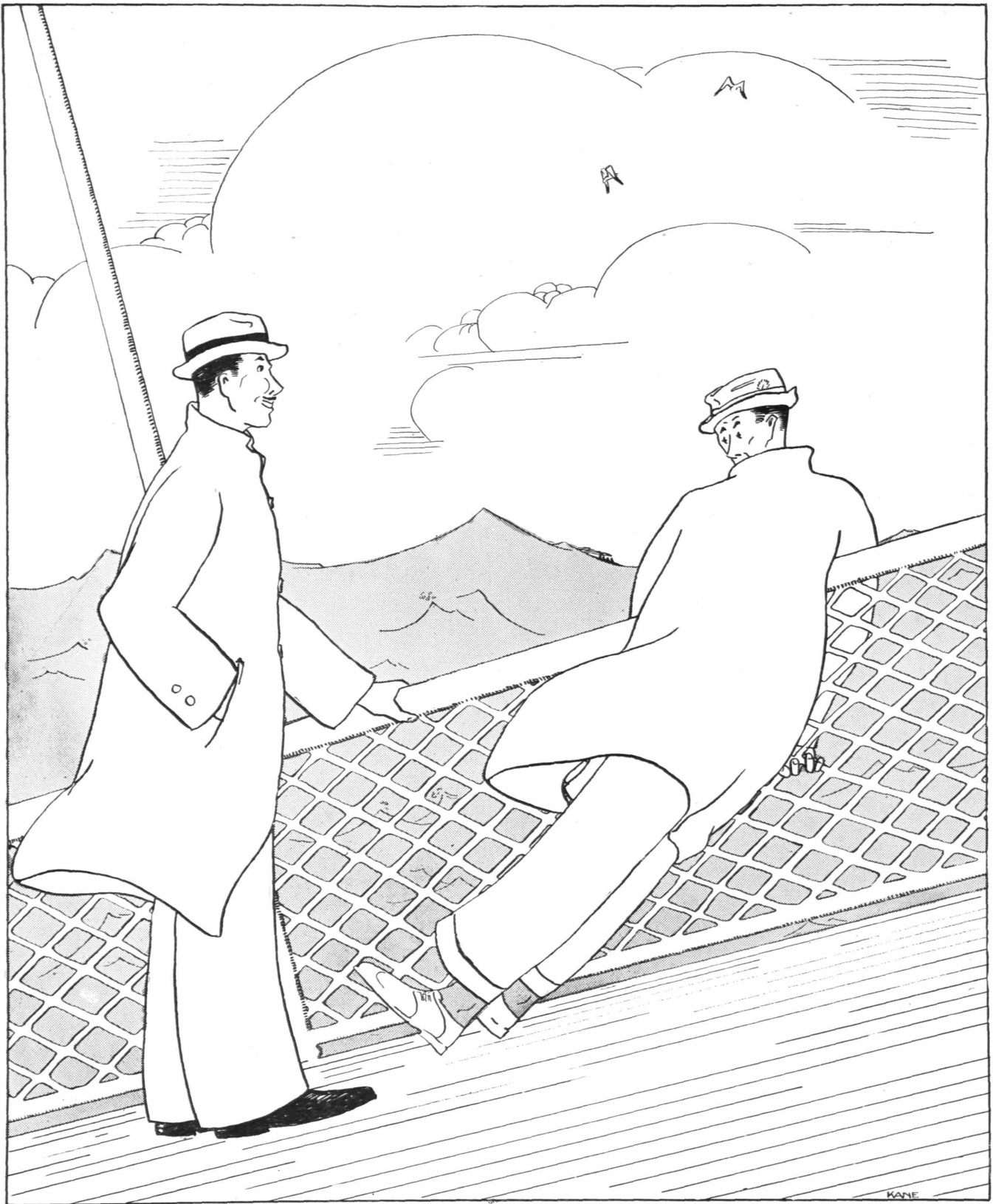
*Now, whereas, you seem an infant —  
Well, say sixteen, for a guess —  
Yet, I know that you are really  
Thirty-seven, more or less.*

*Little lady, you are cheating  
Mother Nature; yes, you are —  
Lips of crimson velvet softness,  
Cheeks of pinkish cinnabar.*

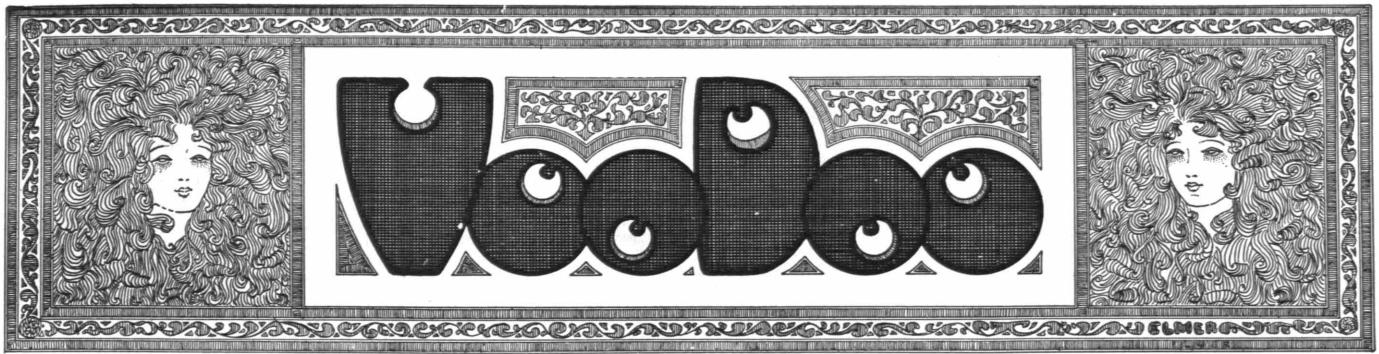
*Hair of sun-lit golden radiance,  
Lashes of the blackest night,  
Dream-eyed, silky smooth completeness —  
Well, somehow, it isn't right.*

*White is made from many colors,  
Listen well unto my theme,  
Where one finds the rarest beauty,  
Things aren't always what they seem.*

— W. W. R.



"Had dinner yet, old top?"  
"No. Quite the reverse."



### BROADS AND BUTTS

Kissing's a thing both strange and queer,  
The feeling's mighty grand,  
And yet it's just like cigarettes,  
For each man likes his brand.

There's the flapper wild, a darling child,  
She makes a man a roamer,  
Her fragrance sweet, it tastes so neat,  
And her Djer-Kiss spells "Aroma."

There's the Southern belle who raises — well  
When not on good behavior,  
Her kiss is strong and lasts quite long,  
"It's got the Dixie flavor."

Then the little miss, who likes to kiss,  
And here's a fact I'll ratify,  
Though light as fluff and never rough,  
They're "mild and yet they satisfy."

The Prom Girl, too, is known to you,  
And as she's not so young,  
She isn't green, her kiss is keen,  
"It does not bite the tongue."

### *L'Envoi*

Although meticulous, I'm not ridiculous,  
I like my own sweet brand,  
If it can't be got, as like as not,  
I'll smoke what comes to hand.

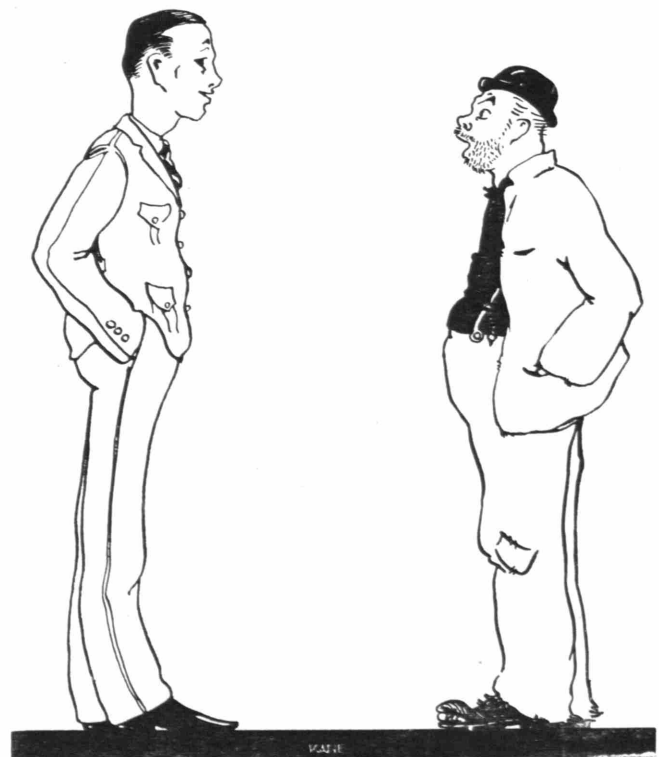
— T. + T.

An optimist is one who hops out of bed on a cold morning, saying: "Well, old bed, I'll be back to you in seventeen hours."

The pessimist hops in bed, saying: "Gee, up again in seven hours!"

A centipede has a thousand legs, but never dances in the chorus of one of Ziegfeld's shows.

"It's quality not quantity that counts," says "Flo."

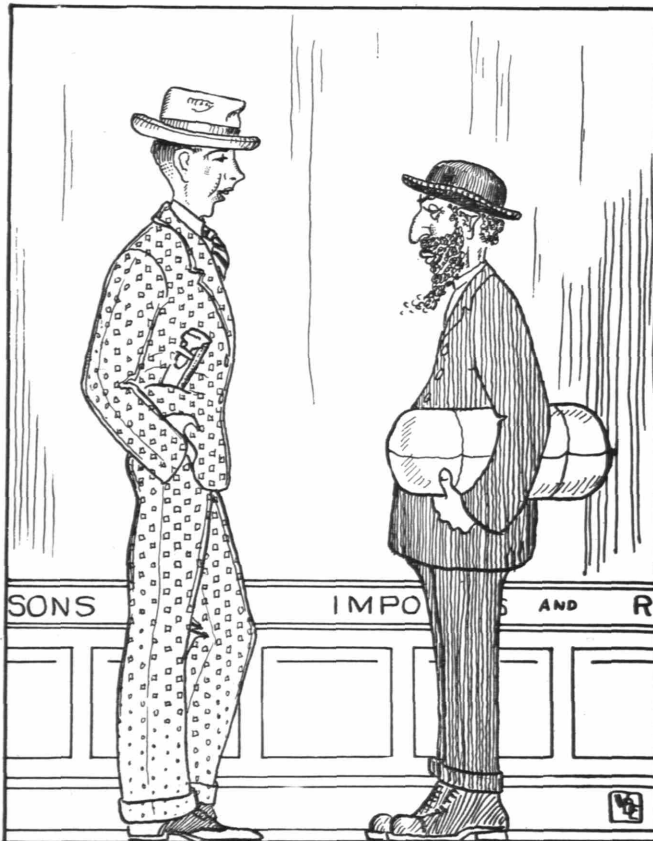


"Gimme a quarter for a drink, willa, mister?"  
"Let's see the darn stuff first."

## VOO DOO VERSELETS

'Twas an evening in September —  
 How well I do remember  
 That night I walked with her beneath the moon.  
 One evening in October,  
 When I wasn't quite as sober,  
 I asked: "My dear, wilt marry me right soon?"  
 Then one evening in November;  
 In fact, 'twas almost in December,  
 We ran away and got hitched up for life.  
 Now a year has passed away,  
 And I wonder every day,  
 How in —— can I get rid of my dear wife?

*Answer:* If she really must be dead,  
 Best try arsenate of lead,  
 In sufficient concentration for her case.  
 Although arsenic is better,  
 Arsenate of lead will get her.  
 Try it, brother, ne'er again you'll see her face.



"Excuse me, my friend, but could you tell me vare is the subway trains?"

"One block to the entrance—then follow your nose."



"Ain't art wonderful?"

If Amy Lowell should visit D. E. M. Lab.

I enter a dreary room,  
 Many tables, funny tables,  
 Covered with strange things.  
 A whirring noise, a flash,  
 A groan.

Red leads, blue leads, yellow leads,  
 All helter-skelter, tangled.  
 A whirring noise, a flash,  
 Much cursing.

Wires, long wires, short wires,  
 Leading nowhere.  
 230, 115 —  
 A bell rings —

## ONE MORE INTELLIGENCE TEST

1. If a heavy rain followed by zero weather is a sign of an early fall, and goloshes are, therefore, better than rubbers, underline the letters of the alphabet not used in the above.

2. Since *pomme de terre* is a word of greeting, is it right to give your seat to a young lady in a Dudley car? Cross out the correct answer: NO! CERTAINLY NOT! NEVER!

3. If the third leg is the most important leg of a three-legged stool, sign your name here and cross out all except the silent letters.

4. Without the use of a slide rule or Paleontology indicate at the upper right-hand corner of the page how far is up?

5. Place a cross here; now, if "fish cakes and macaroni" is cheap at Walton's, how does the caloric content of stewed prunes at the Walker Memorial compare with the amount of Vitamine B, and why not?

— J. B. G.



# Phosphor Essences

The new R. O. T. C. uniforms have proven a complete success — everybody is laughing at them.

It is a well-known fact that Tech is about the only college in the U. S. A. from which you can write home you're studying hard — and get away with it.

If there was such a thing as perpetual motion, what would happen to Congress?

Some people like to suck at a milk bottle, others prefer an empty pipe.

By last night the Prince of Wales was engaged for the thousandth time. Too bad the poor boy never knows about it.

It makes no difference if they do wear long skirts, as long as the ocean does not dry out.

News reached us from Winsted, Conn., that a prominent scientist succeeded in converting diamonds into coal. This ought to help consumers a great deal.

Henry Ford was persuaded not to send a peace ship Patrick II to Ireland. It might spoil ideals.

The idea of long skirts might not be so bad after all if their wearers won't buckle their goloshes.

Now the Refrigerator Lab is gone, elections are expected to be held in the hot air and steam labs.

It's funny how the English sense of humor is ridiculed in the United States — and how many English jokes are reprinted.

The Germans had the dope when they said: "*Wis sich liebt, das 'necht' sich.*"

They say Rockefeller put Prohibition over on us, but he can wait a long time till we drink his oil.

Now the new gym is going to be opened all Tech needs is some new chess men to have all major sports on par.

The Rockefeller foundation seems all right; but what is he going to build on that foundation?

The sick man of Europe seems to have recovered after a short cure in Asia. Some of our Senators should take a vacation there.

Phosphorus has no doubts but that world peace could be established if somebody smashed all saxophones.

Artists and poets have inspirations, others must always think up new excuses.



The artistic temperament of Tech men has been recently proved by the fact that no less than two dozen kodaks were counted at one Life Class.



Canadian Indians shooting the rapids

### SPEAKING OF PROVERBS

"All's well that ends well" does not apply to Roman noses.

"A little bit goes a long ways" has no reference to two bits.

"All that glitters is not gold" originally applied to pre-prohibition nasal extremities.

"Make hay while the sun shines" is also applicable to hay fever.

"Let's get down to brass tacks" is not the slogan of the Carpet-layers' Union.

"A man is known by the company he keeps" should be changed in this industrial age to "A man is known by the company that keeps him."

### THANKSGIVING

The Pilgrims, many years ago,  
Upon this soil did tread,  
And offered thanks for their success  
In harvesting, 'tis said.

They didn't suffer as we do  
With Heat and Triple E,  
They didn't have to integrate  
Or take M23.

We wonder, as the time draws near,  
With cynical misgiving,  
If Pilgrims went to M. I. T.  
Would they observe Thanksgiving?

He told of his love and passion,  
And spoke of his mate miles away,  
She scathingly mentioned her husband  
In the slums of Mandalay.

He asked for her past, she recited  
The tale of a woman wronged,  
There was something familiar about it,  
"Good God, my wife," and another suicide occurred.



Hick: "Why so bleary-eyed, old man?"

Sick: "I can't sleep with the shades up."

Hick: "Why don't you pull the shades down?"

Sick: "That's the trouble. They aren't my shades?"

## THE WORKAWOCKY

(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

'Twas flunkem and the circle marks  
Did gaily follow one the other.  
All wiggley were my drawing arcs,  
And zero on the cover.

Beware the chem report my son!  
The acid acts like burning match.  
Some bases make the color run.  
They land you in the Booby-Hatch.

I took my wandering mind in hand,  
Long time the fourth dimension sought.  
Then rested I by Harvard Bridge,  
And stood a while in thought.



Stumped

And while in uffish thought I stood,  
A whiffenpoof with eyes of flame,  
Came rambling o'er the splintered wood  
And ha ha-ed as he came.

I ran, I ran, it flew, it flew.  
His heavy feet went pitter-pat.  
I reached my room and hid in bed.  
Its eyes were green like a tabby cat.

And hast thou writ thy English theme?  
Pass it in, my dummish boy.  
I woke with joy. 'Twas just a dream.  
Conjectures of a fractured brain.

'Twas flunkem and the circle marks  
Did gaily follow one the other.  
All wiggley were my drawing arcs.  
And zero on the cover.

— E W. D.

The math. prof. had just read off the names of several men who were to change their rooms.

*Prof.:* "Are those men present?"

*Voice from rear:* "Yes!"

*Prof. (looking at student):* "All of you?"

*Poor Working Girl:* "Hay, Pa," you've gotcher pants on backwards."

*Proud but Soused Father:* "W's'at?"

*P. W. G.:* "I tell ya the front of yer pants is in the back. Yer coo-coo."

*P. B. S. F.:* "Ya wanna try ta show respec' for yer old man's judgemint, see? 'Ow 'n'ell d'you know which way I wanna go?"

"Say, Sam, you wanta buy a mule?"

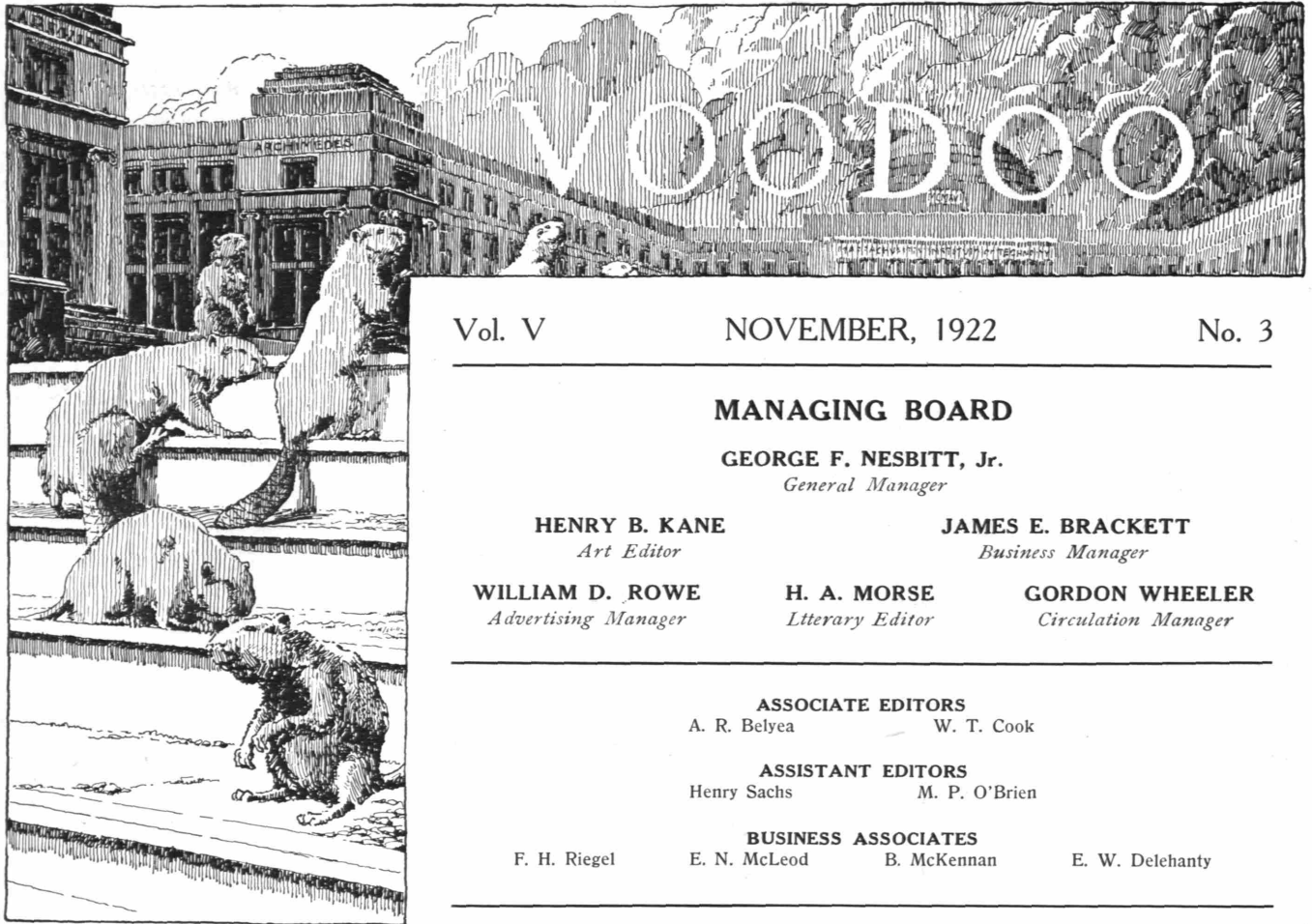
"What's the matter with him?"

"Nothin'."

"What you want to sell him fo'?"

"Nothin'."

"I'll buy him."



Vol. V

NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 3

### MANAGING BOARD

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CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE 4400 COPIES



### STRANGER THAN FICTION?

Plowshares are very profitably bent into swords at times; but why should the sword be wrought back into another agricultural instrument propelled by the foot rather than by horses? And why should this implement be used by newspaper reporters rather than farmers? While Amos Agricola bars his door against the wolf after a hard day's work, the newspaper magnates go to theatre parties with the public they so ably misinform, and whose over-the-back-fence-gossip they render superfluous.

A war aftermath is explicable; the public cannot drop quickly to boresome normalcy. But why the interminable and increasingly deplorable aftermath? Can we never again satisfy ourselves that our eyes are good enough to read as small as half-inch headlines on white paper?

And must Boston, the fictional center of culture and intelligence, be always assailed with Back Bay-Murdered Pastor-Hotel Scandal-Deposed Attorney General items of no importance whatever?

When the war was over there was an audible prayer for freedom from the press. When the struggle of converting New England into New Ireland was over for a while we saw a mirage of hope; when Lodge was re-elected we thanked God on our mental knees that the end was at hand. But now we give up! Men may come and men may go, but headlines go on forever.

But one single straw remains at which to grasp. In 1896 the then head of the United States Patent Office resigned because he wished to leave before everything that could be invented, devised, and planned by mortal man had passed before his ken. Boston editors please take notice.



### NEW POLICIES FOR OLD

Traditions seem to be for the most part policies that are old enough to boast a flowing beard. Some of these policies die young; others reach a ripe old age. Something sacred seems to hover about hoary headed traditions; they are often perpetuated solely by hand-me-down respect from the neighbors. But even then some people feel about them as Huck Finn did about crab apples and green persimmons: "If we gotta give up something, it might as well be them."

But these old patriarchs ought not in real life be left on the shelf like crab apples on the limb after we discard them. If we are to leave them, they at least deserve a decent burial. Around Technology we have met one hoary veteran of the Rogers-Walker days who has been sadly neglected, and will drop off his shelf to the floor very soon if he is not attended.

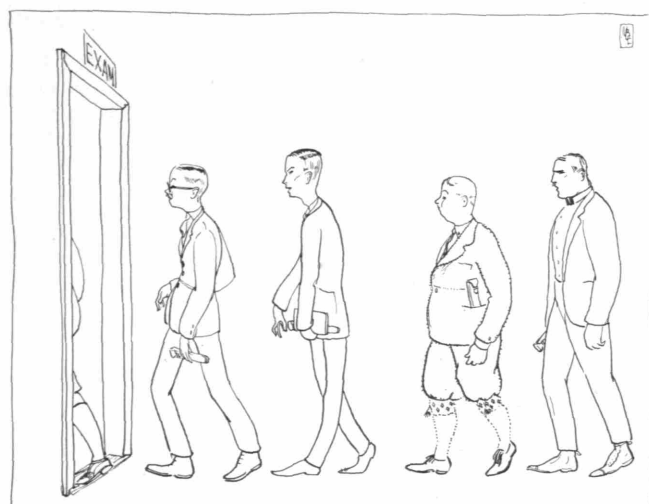
This old fellow answers to the name of "Uniform Diploma." He is a half-brother of "Cum Laude" and "Summa Cum Laude," but has been long apart from them. He was taught by the early Presidents of Technology that his older half-brothers were not nice boys, and that their cellar door was crammed full of splinters and skiddy places. In definite pursuit of a definite policy they taught him his Song of Hate, and only now is his "Gott Strafe Particular Recognition" being thrown into discord by the strains of the Pharisaeic "Thank God, I am not as other men."

Old "Uniform Diploma," who recognizes no one as being of superior scholastic ability, is tottering and needs either a doctor or an embalmer very soon. For he is about to be gagged and left on his shelf, and it appears that the authorities are not on their job.

The body which is stealthily doing the gagging is Tau Beta Pi, a national fraternity which presumes to fill in the engineering field the place that Phi Beta Kappa does in the liberal arts and scientific institutions. It is not our intention to condemn Tau Beta Pi on prima facie evidence as an impossible part of the Technology ensemble. If "Uniform Diploma" has been a wolf in sheep's clothing we owe Tau Beta Pi a debt of gratitude. But has a verdict been handed down on old "U. D."? We understand not. The cherished tradition that all Technology graduates make good after graduation, as before it, by their own efforts alone, seems to be fundamental and vital. If it is a false or outgrown idea, some more true recognition of genuine competence might be discovered than the Tau Beta Pi key. Such recognition should come from and be authorized by a higher source than the undergraduate.

The administration of our Institute has in the past both sanctioned and initiated important changes in policy. Phosphorous curls up on his mat for the night in the hope of hearing of an early decision handed down instead of handed up.





Strange things have come to pass

Is there anyone who doesn't imagine

That with his looks he'd make a good leading man  
for Gloria Swanson?

That he could play the traps a darned sight better  
than the bird who murders them in Walker?

That with his brains and Rockefeller's money he could  
own the world?

That he knows more about these actresses than most  
college men?

That he'd make a good man for the track squad if  
he weren't so darned lazy?

That he's not a grind like the rest of these Tech men?

That if Tech had a football team, he'd have his  
name in the headlines?

That if he had the drag he could make Technique?

That he could be a helluva lot funnier than those  
guys who write for Voo Doo?

"Four jackasses are standing at the brink of a hundred-foot precipice. One of them takes a notion to jump off. How many jackasses are there left?"

"Three?"

"No, he only takes a notion."

## 'T WAS EVER THUS

Five years ago just last October,  
Some freshmen arrived at the Stute,  
Fifteen were their number, exactly,  
They started to grind and to root.

They left us the first of last summer,  
A man from each course here at Tech,  
Just listen and I will now tell you,  
How grinds always end up a wreck.

The Course I man is digging a sewer,  
The Course II man is pouring hot lead,  
The Course III man is living in prison,  
The Course IV man has worked till he's dead.

The Course V man is working for father,  
The Course VI man now works for the El,  
The Course VII man sells ladies' stockings,  
The Course VIII man now rings a church bell.

The Course IX man is living on hand-outs,  
The Course X man for Walton's does work,  
The Course XI man is selling tobacco,  
The Course XII man switch levers now jerks.

Course XIII is making toy sailboats,  
Course XIV no shekels can find,  
Course XV is selling fake oil stock.  
Our motto: Don't start out to grind.

"This is hot dope," remarked the Chinaman, as he  
pulled at his opium pipe.

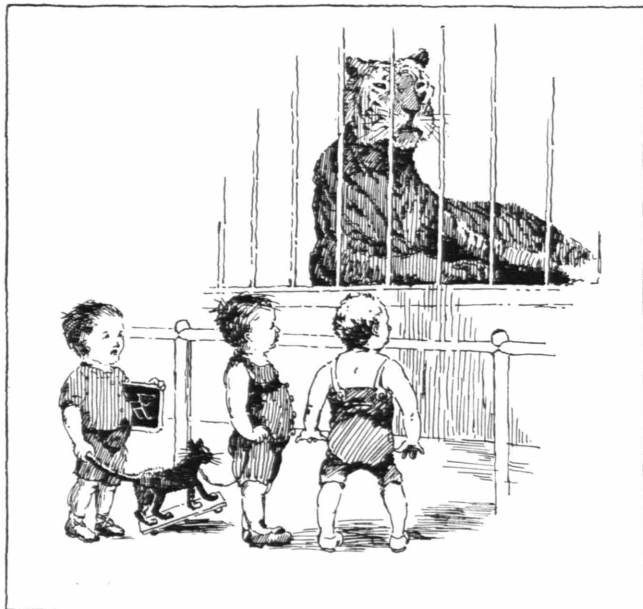
Some Anti-Tobacco League recently put out a pamphlet stating that the use of tobacco in excess takes at least five years off the life of the average man. It is a pleasant thought that we may smoke many cigars at forty years of age and promptly become only thirty-five.

THE TECH MAN

I am a wonder.  
 I am a sign of intelligence.  
 I am the superman —  
 Everybody says so;  
 I like to hear people talk that way,  
 It makes me feel fine to know  
 That I am so different.  
 Consequently,  
 I let my slide rule peep further out of my pocket,  
 Swing my brown bag in simple harmonic motion,  
 And carry more books under my arm,  
 Than I might do under less ardent observation.  
 Everyone has something to say about me:  
 Policemen, professors, street cleaners,  
 Lawyers, old women, assistants,  
 Philosophers, flappers, fools —  
 All these have had their say —  
 It makes me feel terribly dignified!  
 I am not really smart at all.  
 I am only obeying the traditions of the Stute,  
 To act in such a manner  
 That I might be considered smart.  
 As a matter of fact,  
 I don't even know how to use my slide rule,



"Why did you go back to Boston two weeks ago?"  
 "For the election. I just had to vote to have those horrid  
 moving pictures censored."



"Jimmie, why did your papa tell you to bring your muvver's  
 Pomeranian instead of your kitten?"

As my physics prof. can testify.  
 I also love the movies and shows,  
 And like to go out with women;  
 But that is another story.  
 I often burn midnight oil,  
 Not so much because I have to,  
 But because the people who pass by  
 Are so far behind times  
 And think  
 That every Tech man must work,  
 And I do my best to satisfy —  
 And also incidentally  
 I do study late at night,  
 Although I don't like it at all.  
 Anyway —  
 Here I am  
 In a new sport suit with golf stockings  
 And a slide rule  
 In my hip pocket  
 And a big brown bag,  
 And everybody knows:  
 I AM THE TECH MAN.

### "JIGGLED SERENITY"

Some people have all the luck . . . Now, you take my room mate, Bill, for example. Of course, this story I'm going to tell you is all "inside stuff," so don't tell a soul, for if Bill hears it, he'll come storming in on me and make better use of his slip stick than he ever did before.

Bill was in the Musical Clubs — had a specialty number, in fact. It all started in a hick town near Boston. Bill was on the stage at the time, looking over the hick audience as he played. Then it happened! SHE was walking down the aisle and looking up at him. Bill played a discord, and another, and another.

He stopped! Who was she? Oh, what a peach! Wonder where she lives? Then he remembered that he was on the stage—alone, and no tremolo was audible. He couldn't go on with his peace. And so he arose, bowed to the audience, and strutted majestically and dizzily off the stage. What a beauty! He must meet her!

He did! And he danced with her and he fell even harder than he had at first. It looked pretty hopeless to me when he told me about it that night.

As the school year won on Bill said less and less about Mary, although he saw her continuously. That was a bad sign. Then came vacation; that is to say, "Summer School," and Mary was going away! One day she left, and Bill came home all smiles, for he had her picture.

He tinted it, and framed it, and put it on his desk. Never before had I seen him spend so much time at that desk, and he wasn't studying much, either! "The poor nut," I use to say to myself; but, as all good room mates should (but don't), I held my tongue.

One night, around the beginning of July, I turned in early, and lay wakefully watching Bill as he sat over his desk. He turned and looked at me. Assured that I was asleep (which I wasn't) he slowly took the picture in both hands, looked at it tenderly, and even more

slowly raised it to his lips. But it never reached them, for he lowered it with a sigh, replaced it before him, said "Good night, dear," turned out the light and came to bed. Well, he tossed a bit, and I did, too, and when he saw I wasn't asleep, he wanted to talk, so I let him rave about Mary this and Mary that and Mary what not! I was pretty tired now and must have dozed for a minute, for I lost part of his sob stuff. When I came to, he was saying, "But she's so puritanical, she's such a highbrow,

that I know she wouldn't do it. If only her serenity could be jiggled. If she'd let me, I'd be the happiest man on earth; but I worship her so. I would not even hold her hand lest it shock her sense of righteousness." And what do you think the poor fish wanted to do? All he wanted was to "enfold her in a fond embrace," and it was tearing him apart that he couldn't, for I really am inclined to believe that he loved her. (Or thought he did.)

Well, Bill's cousin was spending the summer where Mary was, so Bill went down to see his cousin. Now Mary had a little car. It was the night before his return, and he took her for a ride. This would be his last chance to satisfy his burning desire to "enfold her in that fond embrace"; but somehow he couldn't muster the courage. He felt miserable driving that demure little lady over that country road. Finally he turned to go back.

It had been raining, and the streets were still wet. As he hit town, he also hit a car track and started a long and giddy skid. He grasped the wheel tightly as the car swung dizzily across the road. "Hold everything!" he commanded. She did. With a bump they hit the curb—no one hurt—no damage done, but Mary's arms were locked about Bill; for, you see, her serenity has been jiggled.

Life's a queer game after all — some people have all the luck!

— J. J. G.



MORNING DAWNING

Meeting,  
Greeting,  
Heart stopped beating.

Chap,  
Sap,  
Girl on lap.

Kiss,  
Miss  
Heavenly bliss.

Tease,  
Squeeze,  
"Stop it! Please!"

Didn't,  
Wouldn't,  
He just couldn't.

Pout,  
Shout,  
Who came out?

Dad,  
Mad,  
Things look bad.

Fight?  
Right!  
— Good night!

— J. B. G.

"What, is Maxwell?"

"No; he's dyne."

*Phospho*: "You're troubled with insomnia? Why don't you try to count sheep as they jump through a hole in the fence?"

*Rus*: "I have tried it; but just as they get to going good one of them bumps his head against the side of the hole and in the excitement that follows I always wake up."



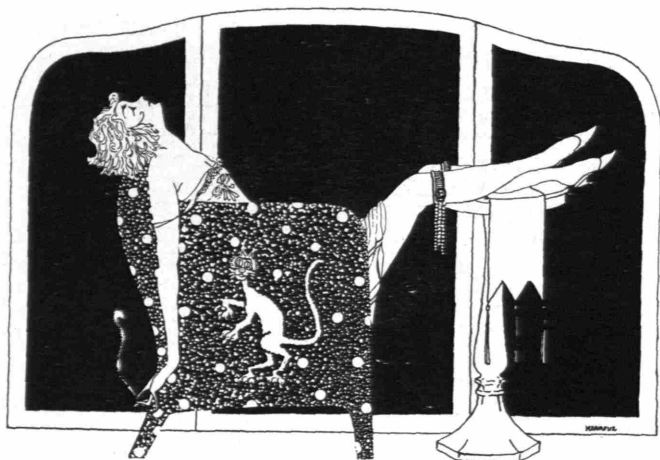
GIRLS

There is that girl from Wellesley,  
I always liked them thin.  
I'm sure I could love her always —  
Doggone that Wellesley Inn!

Then there's that girl from Sargent,  
With her no evening's drear;  
Yet "Physical Education"  
In me inspires great fear.

Then there's that girl from Pembroke.  
She's always used me nice.  
Yet who in days of flappers,  
Would stick around cold ice!

Then there's that wondrous Smith girl.  
She's the one for me, I know.  
She takes first place for this year,  
Thank God, there's a Tech show!



Hello! Honey?  
 Yes, Jackie.  
 How abouta dance?  
 Can't, Sweetness, gotta date.  
 Make it tomorrow?  
 Sorry, going to a show.  
 Let's go Monday.  
 Fred's coming over.  
 Got Tuesday off?  
 Hafta play bridge.  
 Wednesday?  
 Going to Steve's party.  
 How about Thursday?  
 Promised to see Al, but lemme see, Jackie, I  
 Might get off Friday.  
 Sorry, Honey, going to study Friday.  
 G'night, Jackie.  
 G'night, Honey.

— B. P. L.

"You're one in a hundred."

"Yes," she sighed, "and so are the other ninety-nine."

Here endeth the first lesson.

"Hey, you robber!" yelled the irate legatee as he tore into the monument works. "Here I get a bill for a cold hundred and there isn't a word on the stone!"

"S'all O.K.," replied the boss. "Didn't you order some blank verse?"

Damn! Well, go out and change it to some of that free verse, then. Receipt that bill!"

A begging man stood by my door,  
 And awful was his plight,  
 He spoke between his shrubb'ried lips,  
 "Please, sir, give me a bite."

He looked quite tough, a hard-boiled egg,  
 With his fists clenched up quite tight,  
 He was too hard for my young teeth,  
 So the dog gave him the bite.

— T. + T.

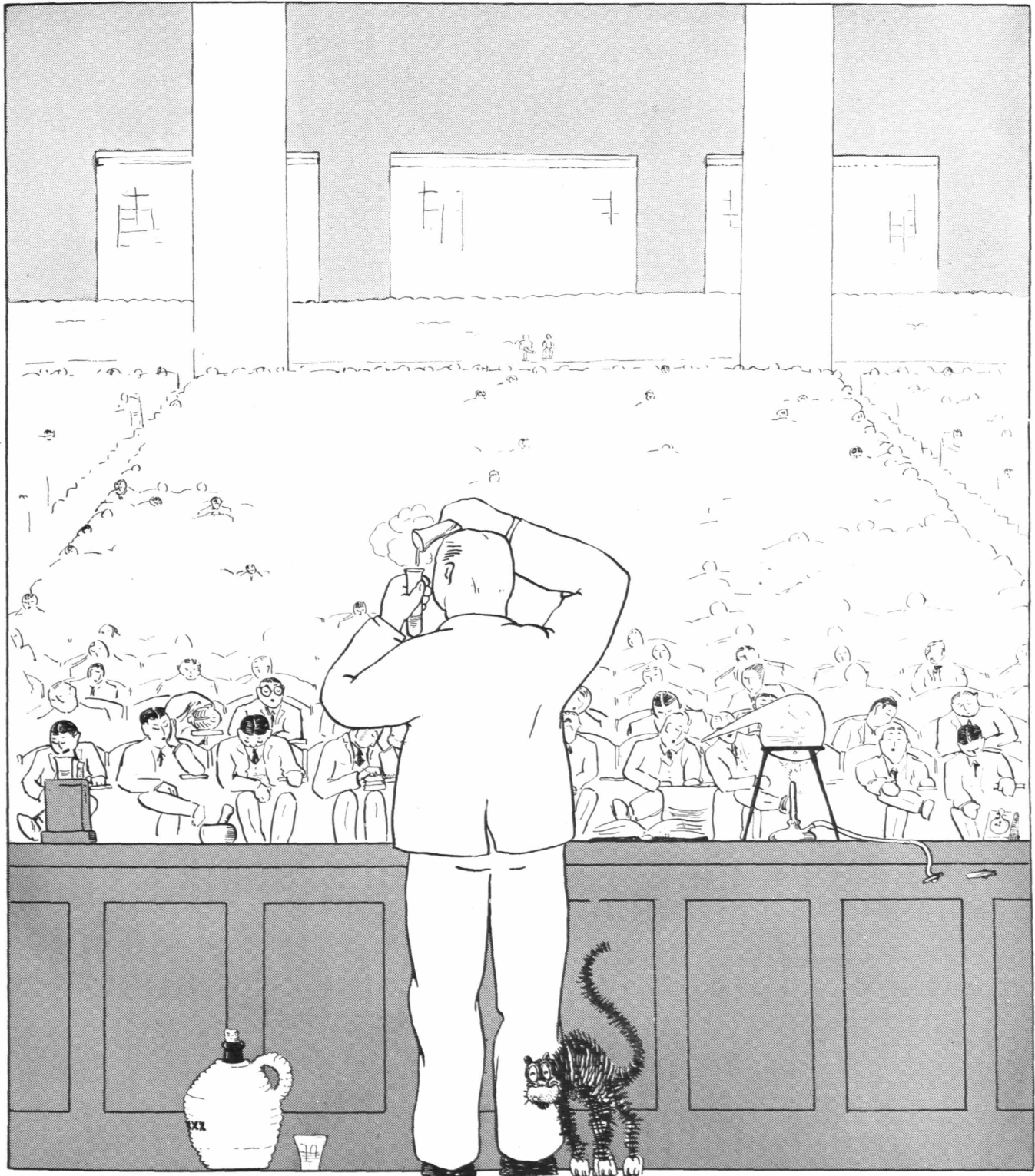


More to be pitied than censored

Did you ever  
 Meet one of your seedy friends  
 On the street  
 And he decided to go your way  
 And you wanted to be charitable,  
 So you didn't shake him off?  
 And then you pass a couple of hooks\*  
 Who snicker  
 And you think they're panning your pal,  
 So you feel even more patronizing;  
 But then you hear the crack  
 One of 'em makes:  
 "Do you know  
 Those two tramps?"

\*Wambies.





Sleeping sickness hits Technology

## TREMONTOMANIA

Ain't she some queen? Hay, ain't she, Pat?  
 Say, kid, dis is de cake!  
 Fogossakes slip me five! I'm flat,  
 I'll say that boy's a snake.

It's only fifteen bucks a quart,  
 You'se must be college guys;  
 The big stiff hailed me into court.  
 You ain't so awful wise.

I gotta go, I gotta date!  
 Oh, girls, he's just divine!  
 Jim, dear, I'm sorry to be late —  
 Say, cancha read that sign?

A freshman's first attempt at an English theme:

"King Henry VIII was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domino in the year 1492. He had thousands of wives, also some children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake. A fable states that King Henry 8 was the son of a Mermaid. A Mermaid is a maiden from the waist up."

*Harv:* "Here! Can I go to New York for five dollars?"

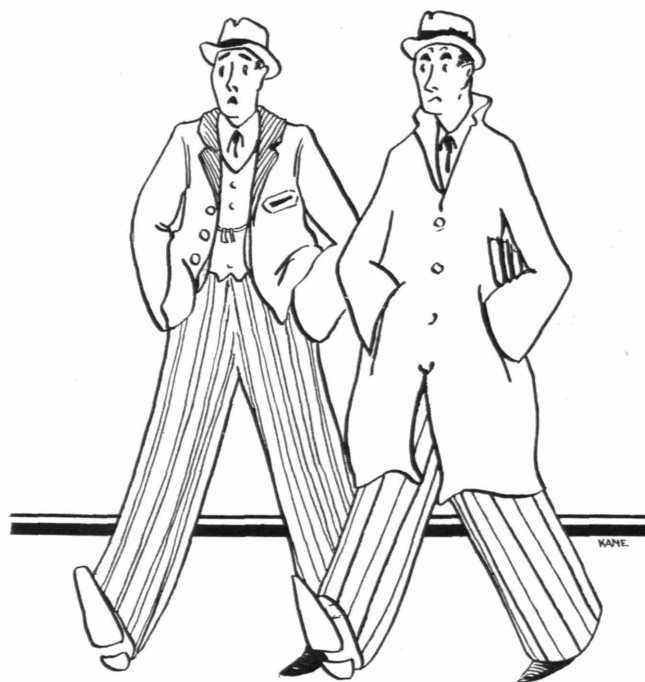
"No," answered the booking clerk.

*Harv:* "Well, Can I go to Providence?"

"No," replied the clerk again.

*Harv:* "Well, where can I go for five dollars?"

All the clerks answered in chorus —.



'24: "How do you like John Stuart Mill?"

'25: "I don't recall the name. Must be a Freshman."

## GUYS THAT MAKE ME SICK

The guy who says he only enjoys a musical comedy if he sits in the first row orchestra — and gets a second balcony ticket.

The guy who's getting drunk all the time — and can't tell gin from rye.

The guy who tells everybody he's training — and smokes two packs of cigarettes a day.

The guy who studies nightly till 3 A.M. — and picks up all the women in town.

The guy who flunks all his exams — and then gets H's.

Those are the guys that make me sick.



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*Street Floor, Main Store—Enter from Summer or Avon Street*



"Where was Napoleon crowned?" asked the instructor.

"At Waterloo, sir."

*Instructor* (growing impatient): "And by whom?"

"The Duke of Wellington, sir."

— *Gargoyle*

## Let It to Youth

"Say, Pa."

"Well, my son."

"I took a walk through the cemetery today and read the inscriptions on the tombstones."

"Well, what about it?"

"Where are all the wicked people buried?"

— *Orange Peel*

"I'm in the swim now," said the hair as it fell in the soup.

— *Awgwan*

## The Scientific Mind

They led him out of his cell early that morning and down the short stone flagged corridor to the little room. It was the first time he had ever been in the death chamber. He looked about and noted its appurtenances—the small barred window and finally the chair. As they strapped him in it he turned curiously to one of the guards:

"Does the prison generate its own electricity?" he asked.

— *Goblin*

*Mrs. Prof.*: "Are you quite sure you are true to me?"

*Mr. Prof.*: "Why, of course, dear. What an absurd question!"

*Mrs. Prof.*: "Well, then, kindly explain who this Violet Ray is you are always talking about."

— *Tiger*



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## Some of the other Jokes may not be funny, either

INTERLOCUTOR—Well, Mr. Bones, you seem very well pleased with yourself this evening.

BONES—Yes sah, ah am ve'y well pleased with mahself, indeed ah am.

INT.—Perhaps you might tell us what has happened to make you so self-satisfied.

BONES—Well, y'see it was this way, boss. This mo'ning ah was taking a job of printing into Boston—

INT.—Taking a job of printing into Boston. Yes go on.

BONES—An' ah was jus' passin' THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY when —

INT.—Yes, yes, go on.

Well, ah stopped right there.

INT.—Mr. Vew Dew will now sing "The Lights are shining bright at Kendall Square."

### The Last Handshake

We must not joke about near-beer;  
Of co-eds, too, no jokes you'll hear,  
And naughty things we must leave out,  
Migaude! what shall we laugh about?  
— Gargoyle

### Oh!

She looks like Aphrodite  
As she stands there in her nighty.  
Admiration brings my headlong course to check.  
Crêpe de chine and sheer georgette —  
An expensive thing, and yet  
Three dollars says the sign around her neck.  
— Log

### A Good Reason

*Insane Man:* "Bring me a piece of toast."  
*Attendant:* "What do you want with a piece of toast?"  
*Insane Man:* "I'm a poached egg and I want to sit down."

— Whirlwind

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Mrs. Noah: "Noah, dear, what can be the matter with the camel?"

Noah: "The poor devil has both the fleas."

— Wasp

"Why was it that you didn't name your baby Warren Harding, as you had planned?"

"We named it Mary Jane."

— Gaboon

### The Morning after the Night before

Mr. Bones: "When you married me last night, Bishop, you told me to pay you whatever I felt like, and I felt like \$50."

Bishop: "Yes, yes."

Mr. Bones: "Well, I want \$49.98 back."

— Purple Cow

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chine Tool Work. These garments are cut easy and  
free. The texture and workmanship is the best. Priced  
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Boston : : Massachusetts

"I done bin on a elvated train las' night."

"Sho, niggah, no elvated trains in dis town."

"Well, a bunch of dese robber gentlemen done hol'  
it up."

— *Lampoon*

*Suitor* (waiting for lady): "Is your daughter com-  
ing out next winter?"

*Father*: "She'll come out when she gits good and  
ready, and if you git fresh I'll knock your block off."

— *Gaboon*

A dentist is never happy unless he is looking down in  
the mouth.

— *Awgwan*

## Spaulding's Dairy Lunch

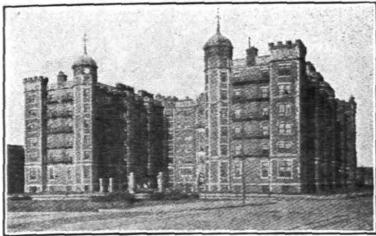
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William W. Davis, Manager

Madame!

He: "Why don't you like my brother?"

She: "He's always so ossified!"

He: "Why, when did you start using the broad a?"  
—Tar Baby

"Hey, Duke, can you tell me the name of Coleridge's last poem?"

"Kubla Khan."

"Thanks. Where's his room?"

—Lampoon

He: "My brother's living the simple life."

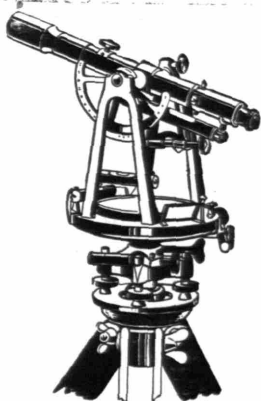
She: "Howzat?"

He: "He's in an insane asylum."

—Yale Record

"Well," said the parrot, after listening to the lecturer on evolution, "at any rate no one can make a monkey out of me."

—Goblin



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*Fond Aunt:* "Are you mamma's boy or papa's boy?"

*Little Guy:* "That's for the courts to decide."

— *Gaboon*

*She:* "I was in a very tight place last spring."

*He:* "How'd that happen?"

*She:* "I accepted a bid to the Yale Prom."

— *Purple Cow*

**Of Course She Knew**

*Lady of the House:* "You may go to your room now and change your dress. John, the butler, will show you the way."

*New Maid (fussed):* "Oh, I know how myself, missus!"

— *Virginia Reel*

**It Is More Blessed to Give**

*Charity:* "Will you donate something to the Old Ladies' Home?"

*Generosity:* "With pleasure. Help yourself to my mother-in-law."

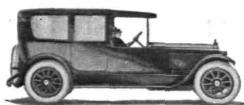
— *Orphan*

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### Possible, but Improbable

He won't get up to answer phones.  
He just kneels there and rolls the bones.

He hears their shrieks; he hears their moans.  
He doesn't care; he rolls the bones.

He starts to frown; they talk of loans.  
He cannot seem to lose the bones.

He first cleans Smith and then takes Jones.  
He somehow cannot lose the bones.

He's all their money stacked in cones.  
He still rolls on; they're still his bones.

— *Goblin*

*Geology Prof.:* "The class will now name some of  
the lower species of animals, starting with Mr. Smith."

— *Gaboon*

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Next to the Shubert Theatre

Boston's Only High Class Restaurant

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Special Italian Table d'Hote, \$1.50 per cover

Dining Room open Sundays at 5 o'clock

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fabrics, assure perfect  
fitting garments,  
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Wakefield Coal Supply Co., Wakefield, Mass.

### On the Boulevard

*George:* "You're not afraid of snakes, are you?"

*Georgette:* "No, dear. I feel perfectly safe with you."

— *Gargoyle*

Now that booze jokes are barred from vaudeville, the next news we expect to hear is that "stills" are taboo in movie studios.

— *Judge*

### Aw, Leave Her Alone

"Gladys must be a pretty wild girl."

"How's that?"

"I heard her father say he could hardly keep her in clothes."

— *Punch Bowl*

### Drip

*Woman* (hiring plumber): "Are you a Union man?"

*Plumber:* "Gawd, no! I'm Hawvard."

— *Jester*

### G'wan Orf

"Is my father in there?"

"Get away from that swinging door, little girl, you may get hurt!"

"Well, is my father in there?"

"Well, what if he is?"

"Mother says she can't get the home-brew off the stove."

"Aw, what's the difference?"

"Well, brother Bobbie's jest fell in it!"

— *Goblin*

### Where Were They?

*Soph:* "I was over to see her last night when some one threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the side."

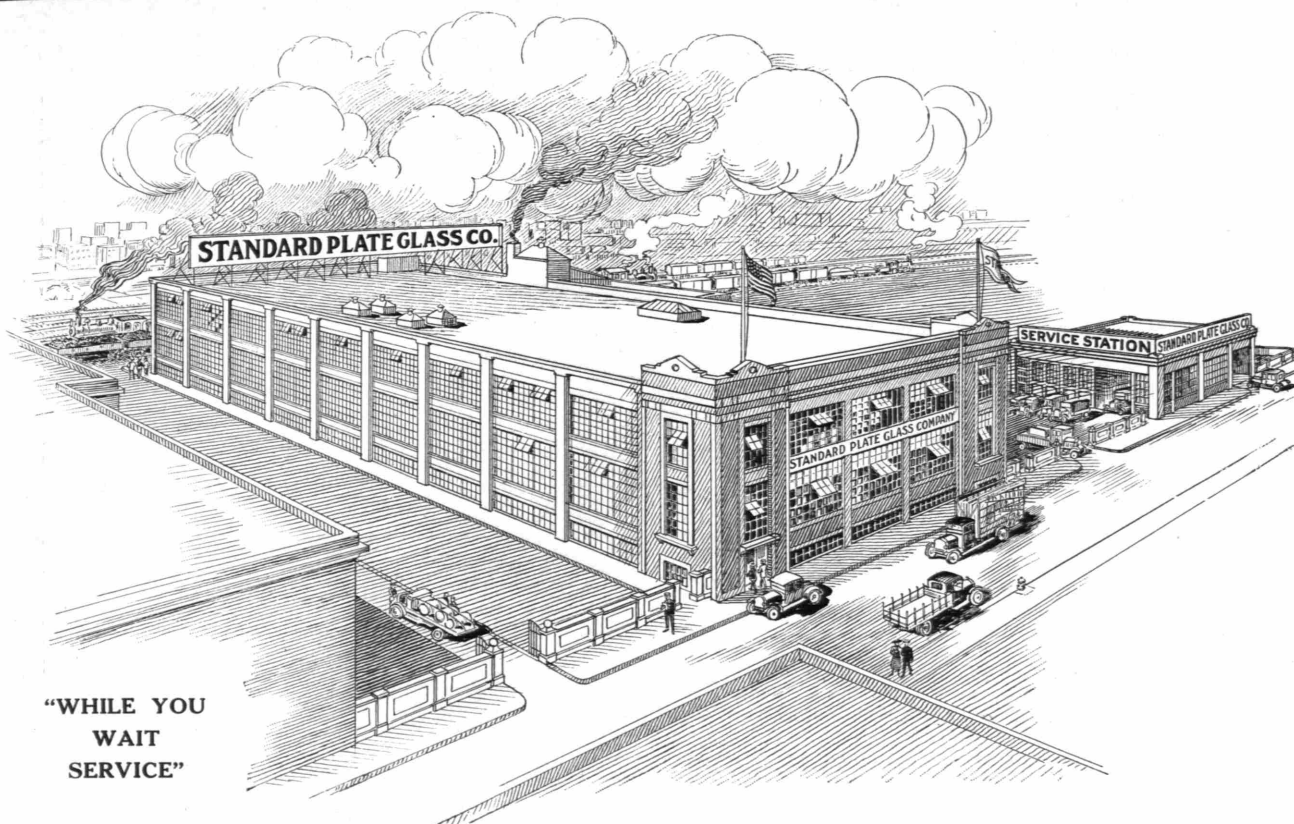
*Fresh:* "Did it hurt her?"

*Soph:* "No; but it broke three of my fingers."

— *Lehigh Burr*

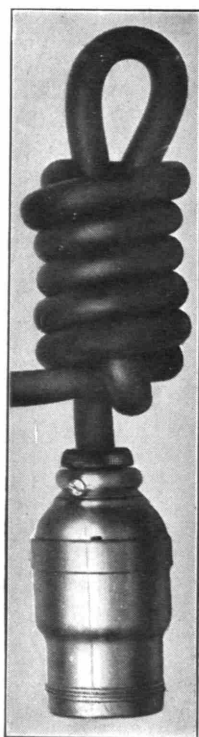
"Nifty kid," said the man to the girl at the glove counter.

— *Gaboon*



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*Send for descriptive circular*

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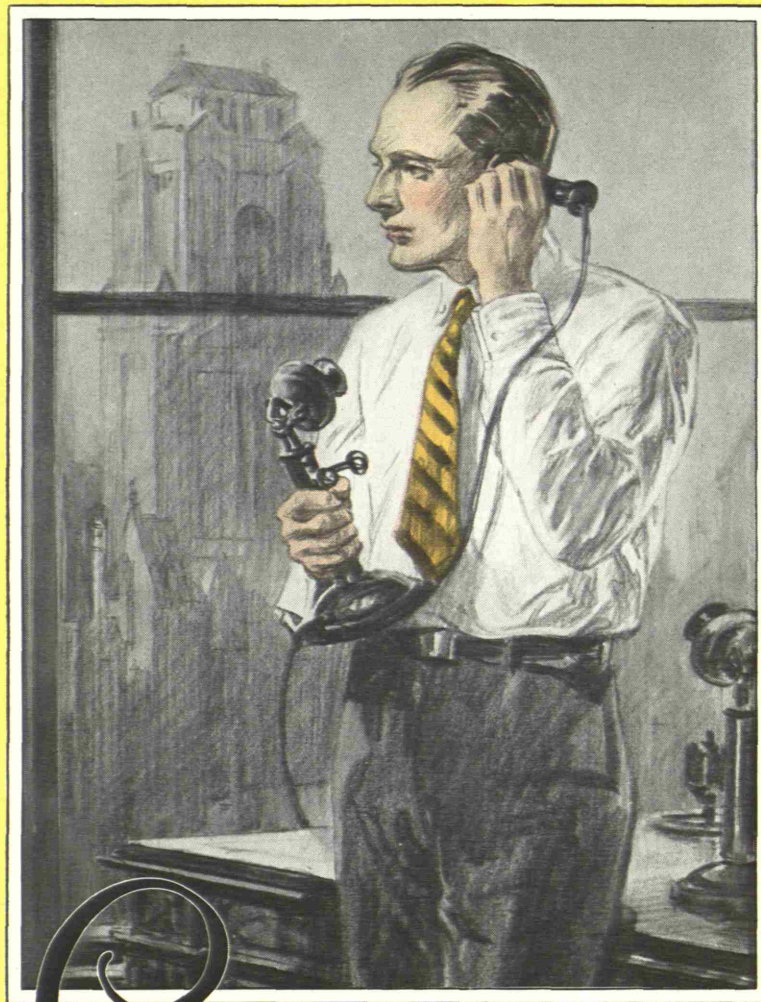
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