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who for so many years has been making

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— Jack-o-Lantern

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

“Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself! Only give mother a son-in-law.”

— Le Journal Amusant

“Every time I kiss you I'm a better man.”
“Oh, you little angel.”

— Pelican

She: “How many lectures do you have a week?”
He: “Five, counting the letter from father.”

— Black & Blue Jay

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The Prom Number

which will appear just before Junior Week will be about the size of two ordinary issues, and will contain work of all of the former artists and editors of VOO DOO that you liked so well.

A SUBSCRIPTION NOW will get this and the following seven issues to you, or even better still to her.

CLIP THE COUPON NOW before you forget it. A letter to her notifying her of your subscription for her will be sent if you wish.

Please send VOO DOO for one year to

Kindly notify of my subscription as above

$1.75 per year.
The "PRACTICAL" Alchemist and "THEORETICAL" Robert Boyle

The alchemists wrote vaguely of "fluids" and "principles." Copper was potentially silver. Rid it of its red color and the "principle" of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher's stone (itself a mysterious "principle") a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so "practical" that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more "practical" by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

Using the air pump Boyle undertook a "theoretical" but scientific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a "spring" in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very "theoretical" discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term "analysis" in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle's work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.
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.

Prom Number

THE roaring lion has come in, and the frisking lamb is about to go out. For spring is here, or nearly here, and gayer smiles and lighter hearts are appearing every day.

Such lightness and good cheer is not caused this year solely by the approaching warm weather and balmy air and sunshine. 1923 has better and more deeply founded attributes than the perennial advent of April, May, and June.

The fundamental relations between man and man are more nearly correct than previously. We begin to see our way clear ahead for a few years, and everywhere people are going ahead with new courage. We have not reached the royal road to prosperity for all, to be had for the mere asking. Heaven forbid that we ever shall. But we can repeat with a great deal of truth the hackeneyed but ever welcome “Business is good.”

Business is good. Present production is satisfactory, and the outlook is wholesome. Competition, the savior of all industry, is keen but not cut-throat in general. Sane appeal is bringing sane results.

In April the Voo Doo offers its best advertising value of the year. Junior Week will be held at Technology April 19 to 22, and at this time the annual Prom Number of Voo Doo will appear.

The issue will be larger than usual, with more material in proportion to advertisements, and especial attention will be paid to all space which is used by either regular or intermittent advertisers. We solicit your patronage in the belief that we can justify it thoroughly. An advertising service is placed at the disposal of every advertiser. Please address correspondence to the General Manager.
TO TECH ATHLETES—Before participating in any Spring Sport look over our Equipment
Track Men, Base Ball Men, Crew Men, we carry everything necessary for Every Sport
If our trade-mark is in each article you are properly equipped

HARVARD SQUARE
BRINE'S
Official Outfitter for all Harvard Teams
CAMBRIDGE

Spaulding's Dairy Lunch
Boston, Mass.
We make a specialty of
Special Breakfasts and Suppers

Telephone, Back Bay 1731 1036 Boylston Street

She: "What did you say?"
He: "Nothing."
She: "I know that, but I wondered how you expressed it this time."
—Ski-U-Mah

Ike: "Swim out here, fadder, I'm sinking."
Abe: "I can't swim. Throw papa your watch and I'll pray for you."
—Brown Jug

"I went to see Eddie yesterday — poor fellow has lockjaw."
"Oh, how perfectly terrible. What did he have to say?"
—Pelican

Topsie: "Why, Aunt Dinah, you ain't gone and married again?"
Aunt Dinah (home from her fourth wedding): "Yes honey, I has. Jes' as often as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I."
—Tiger

Cora: "This woman Salome must have been mean."
Nora: "Yes?"
Cora: "I'll say so. This literary criticism says 'In the final analysis it was Salome that made Oscar Wilde."
—Froth

Fanny: "Just what are Italian forget-me-nots?"
George: "At a venture I should say garlic."
—Judge

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Holiday Evenings, Holiday Nights

Music under personal direction of Leo F. Wilwerth

She: "Where are Doris and Ed?"
He: "I saw them in the hall having a race."
She: "Who won?"
He: "I don't know; they were neck and neck when I left."

— Tuf-Tonic

Judge: "What is your name?"
Miscreant: "B-b-b-b-u-b-b-"
Judge: "Quick, speak out!"
Miscreant: "B-b-b-b-u-b-b-b."
Judge: "Officer, what is this man charged with?"
Officer: "Sounds like Bromo Seltzer."

— Puppet

Captain on Rifle Range: "How the devil have you made four straight hits? Your range is 1000 yards and your sight is set at 600."
Rookie: "See that little stone about half-way up there? Well, I'm banking 'em off that."

— Froth

Drop in and see our new store
TREMONT STREET
AT BROMFIELD

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY
Clothing of Character
"The Old House with the Young Spirit"

Have you seen the
Boston Garter

Vital Grip

with the new wide webbing?

Stripes of attractive color combinations
Look for your colors
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston
EVERYONE AdMires good style

It helps a fellow’s appearance; introduces him; makes friends for him. That’s the kind of style you’ll find in clothes made by

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
A Speculation

Across the street from me there lives—
I'd hate to tell you what—
Though I'm inclined to think she is
What others think she's not.

When in the early morning sun
I peep across the lane,
I see the shadows of her form
There on the window pane.

And after she has fixed her hair
And powdered up her face,
I found that she returns again
Once more herself to grace.

If she wouldn't only draw her shades
I might know more—ahem,
I think I've found the reason now,
I think she's two of them.
CONSOLATION

Oh! wicked maid to steal my heart
And of your trophies make it part;
Who'd think you'd do a thing so queer
As give yours to an engineer?
At life's long feast each has his mood,
And some souls need peculiar good.
THE FUTILITY OF HUMAN ENDEAVOR

To put it mildly, he seemed in a hurry. More truthfully, he was in a frenzy. He swung open the huge door of the dismal structure, and dashed down the cold, gray steps. A second more found him in the subway running to and fro across the platform, peering, as if mad, in hopes of spying an approaching car. His hopes were at last rewarded and he was on his way to the transfer point. There luck left him and in vain he waited for the car that would carry him to his destination. Seconds sped, minutes maddeningly, if only literally, flew, until the student was on the verge of self-destruction. A dash from the station, a hail to a passing conveyance, and he is on his way. Across the bridge hope again sets his blood aglow. One-half a minute to join the class, and the memory of his stilted forbears coerced him to make the effort. Three flights of breath-consuming, muscle-destroying, stair-climbing and our hero dashed into the classroom, hair awry and eyes staring; but, nevertheless, prepared to answer to the name that would count him as among those present. But "here" died on his lips for on the board, "Professor —— will not meet his classes today."

The boy's parents, when interviewed, could not account for his sudden homicidal tendencies.

AN ALIBI

Liza, of the soft-coal complexion, kept herself in training by massaging office floors six days a week. On Saturday night she signed her pay receipt with an O. Said the boss:

"What's the idea of the circle, Liza?"
"That? Oh, ah got ma'self married yesterday and ah tho't ah ought to change ma name."

Customer: "A dime's worth of oysters, please."
Salesman (with ominous politeness): "Yes, sir, with or without?"
Customer: "With or without what?"
Salesman: "Pearls, sir."

SOUP: "How can you distinguish the waiters from the guests in this hotel? Both wear dress suits."
FISH: "Yes, but the waiters keep sober."
1. Too bad the French smiler’s influence hasn’t affected little Africus Fricasee of Congo who is here expostulating to his fond parent because his brother has stolen his nose ring to play quoits with.

2. Then there’s the difficulty of Joshua Tinwiddie, the beach censor, who is trying to decide the delicate question as to whether Rosy Goldwishe’s bathing attire lives up to the two-piece limit.

3. Here is the masquerade party and a few difficulties. From left to right we have Mr. Alphonse Bugle who, on the last minute, lent himself atmosphere with stove polish and now is wondering whether it will come off; Myrtle Demour, the town beauty, who just knows that she isn’t making the hit she ought to; Mr. Henry Knarlwood who is the victim of circumstances in the form of his dear wife in the centre who just had to come as Cleo and so made Henry pose as her Marc Antony. At present Hen is badly suffering from the chills. Next we have Morton Packdish who is trying to look as sheikish as possible with only one side of a moustache; and lastly Minnie Snell who has answered a lifetime’s ambition by coming as a wood nymph and now feels that she has gone a little too far.

4. Every difficulty has its solution, and we now see Icranz Bjureckoczy giving up his luxurious life work for the sake of the National Mattress Fund.

5. Rembrandt Mulcahy is a case of crushed ideals if ever there was one. Having pledged never to flatter his canvass we see him here set up against the problem of starvation of a little slenderness for Mrs. Harold Gottroche, the wealthy mill owner’s wife. From all appearances one would say that Rembrandt will not die of hunger.
SINCE the very morning when Lord Carnarvon stumbled along the Nile just ahead of the milkman, and fell into old Toot N. Khamen’s apartment by mistake, a strange change has crept over these United States. Everywhere we are doing and saying things Egyptian. Frenzied modistes and haberdashers have returned frantically from Tootie’s tomb with the latest wrinkles in nineteenth dynasty habiliment, followed closely by enterprising bakers, perfumers, plumbers and undertakers.

We now have Pharaohs for subway guards, Nubian slaves for waitresses, and the henpecked men are hot on the trail of Sphinxes for wives. Thinking men who have worn out the facts use nothing but Hart, Shaffner, and Marx Loin Cloths, and always specify Colgate’s Shaving Obelisk, with removable base. And, what with giving us upper and lower cataforacts for our eyes, scarabs to replace the old rooming house variety, and Winged Sun-Disc Cord Tires, Lord Carney is right well known since his fatal misstep. The only disgruntled parties are those who, since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, have specialized on palm and olive combinations and skins you love to touch, and who always felt that they had a copyright on anything from south of the Mediterranean. Sic Semper Kiwanis, say we!

It is obvious, then, that the Egyptian wave is upon us. We had the Hawaiian, with its seasons of shredded-wheat and quivering abdominal tissue. We had the Russian, with its Chauve Souris, its boots, and its financially embarrassed nobility. We even had the Valentino, Coué, Ku Klux, International Conference, and Bootlegging epidemics, only the last of which gives much promise of being a permanent wave.

And now we wish to propose to the readers of Voo Doo a few entirely new and unique waves. The African wave was suggested to President Lowell, who indicated “thumbs down” to the venture. However, why not a tidal sweep from Baluchistan, or a furious importation of customs and ideas from Afghanistan? Such countries must feel terribly bad about not being “waved” in America, and something really must be done about it. Then, too, we could have a Viscount Lascelles wave, a season of Fiji Opera, or a reversion to Eskimo toilet articles. We could shake our handsomest shimmy to the soul-stirring anthems of the Laplanders, and make Thibet the Mecca of vacationists with short stays.

In short, no country is too large or too small to produce a wave of many kilometers length on the slightest provocation. And that regardless of whether there is the slightest thing in that country which we admire. If the Chamberlain of the Pope’s toothbrush is presented with twins, if the prune crop of Madagascar is an unparalleled success, or if Java adopts the Eighteenth Amendment, it is all the same.

If twenty thousand Abyssinians are scalped by the Turks, the “wave” develops in America somewhat in this fashion. Pathé Weekly shows Red Cross sailing for somewhere with a shipload of fresh herring for the starving natives of that country. Later, boatload of refugees arrives in New York, with Abyssinian Princess who served thirty minutes in Turkish harem, and who shows black and blue spot behind right ear to prove it. A. P. goes on lecture tour of States and Jersey. Popular song writers brush off forgotten airs of Chopin and Liszt and turn them into “Abbie from Abyssinia” and similar atrocities. Native princes, etc., open restaurant in Greenwich Village (they try to open jewelry store, but are caught in the act). Messrs. Comstock and Gest import troop of African Dodgers to do musical comedy at war prices in New York, and follow up with “The Zanzibar Art Theatre,” the world’s foremost actors. And then the thing is complete. What is complete? Why, the Abyssinian Wave, of course! It’s here! It’s there! It’s everywhere! Flappers flap to it. Babies cry for it. And it all goes to prove that old Pete Barnum was right when he said that the American people love to be humbugged.
PSLAM 23

1. The dean is my shepherd that I don't want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green misery: he leadeth me from beside the 'stilled waters.
3. He restoreth my text books: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4. Yea, when I walk through the valley of the shadow of the Bursar's office I fear some evil: my money has all left me; but my liquor and my nerve they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a letter for me in the presence of mine enemies: thou givest me vote ten; my father runneth over.
6. Surely faculties and bursars shall follow me all the days of my life: but I shall dwell in the house of Tech graduates never.

(Tut-Ankh)-Amen

One of two well-primed college men, returning home from Bible class, was exerting every effort to light a cigarette with a match borrowed from his companion. After eleven attempts he said in disgust:

"Damn thish match!"
"Wha's the matta with it?"
"Won't (hic) light."
"Tha's funny, lit awright jus' a minet ago."

Just Suppose:
Somebody answered the speaker's rhetorical question. Newspapers stopped this idiotic self-praise. There was a shaving soap that didn't claim to do away with "rubbing in."
Somebody got a laugh out of this column. Nobody said "Spring is here," the first warm day. Life ran out of new ideas for their subscription page.
1—Th. —1915 Major Pendleton tells first story and achieves success.

1923 King Tut-Ank-Am's tomb excavated. Scientists applaud.

1937 George Washington's tomb excavated. Americans against at seraglio.

2—Fri. —1923 Louis Derr breaks New Year's Resolution again. Says "Hot Dog."

3—Sat. —1897 Walton chain of restaurants founded.

1898 Castoria invented.

4—Sun. —1920 Civil Engineer investigates stresses.


1885 Balzac issues first edition of snappy stories.

6—Tu. —1923 No communication in Tech from J. S. Ward.

1923 Dolores signs model as model for life class.

7—Wed. —1923 Jo Sumner falls off platform.

1907 Professor Armstrong tells Perfection oil story first time.

8—Th. —1927 Street car appears on Massachusetts Avenue.

1922 Skater on Tech tennis courts falls through and is drowned.

9—Fri. —1923 Person from California attending Beethoven concert fails to be reminded of the West Coast climate.

1923 Jo Sumner breaks record by not falling off platform.

10—Sat. —1899 Marconi invents radio.

1923 10,000 bores give radio concert.

1911 R. O. T. C. adopts unique disguise.

1887 Mr. Jemmy tests eggs and darts on Boston Library.

11—Sun. —1921 Petronius discovered by Columbia student.

1919 Crocus blooms in great court.

Facultv action bars all foliage—Professor Drisko resigns.

12—Mon. —1920 Civil Engineer investigates stresses in Brooklyn Bridge and decides the bridge is safe.

13—Tu. —1971 Harvard team wins victory unaided by services of Greater Boston Boy.

1492 Columbus discovered eribbing.

1912 Mechanical engineer decides in thesis that Henry Ford has invented an economical motor.

14—Wed. —1927 Tech Engineering News publishes issue without amusing its staff with childish con.

1927 Republican party goes democratic.

1907 Expression "Down Maine" first heard by Southern.


16—Fri. —1940 Lloyd George plans comeback.

47 B.C. Cicero writes snappy article for Roman Tribune on red-haired women.

1900 Windstorm—New Haven train service deranged.

1924 Snakes driven from Ireland—arrives at various American colleges.

19—Mon. —1923 New term begins.

Boston moved to Washington due to coal shortage.

1923 Red Sox trade bat-boy and park to Yanks for a framed replica of the 1922 pennant.

20—Tu. —1900-23 Eddie Miller loses voice in boiler explosion.

1900 Low temperature causes interruption of New Haven train service.

1927 Scott Fitzgerald born.

21—Wed. —1923 First day of spring—blizzard sweeps New England—New Haven train on time.

1923 Eight seniors refuse to wear flat hats.


1918 Book revised to include diagrams of cat falling on four feet.

23—Fri. —1950 Simmons girl refuses invitation to eat at Copley.

1925 Leonard Passano cuts class—loses his sneakers.

24—Sat. —1923 Eight seniors refuse to wear flat hats.

1923 Eddie Miller loses voice in boiler explosion.


1906 Scottman drops nickel in collection box by mistake. Thought it was a telephone slug.

26—Mon. —1942 Freshman tips hat to Senior.

1923 Construction begins on New Dorms.

1909-23 Students vote for 'varsity football team.

27—Tu. —1923 Dr. Moore reports 3500 cases of spring fever and one case of Gordon Gin.

1925 Denton Massey announces loss of important box.

1925 Marjorie Pierce prepares to go to France. France prepares for Marjorie Pierce's visit.

28—Wed. —1925 Faculty votes against 'varsity football team.

1903 Student laughs at Voo Doo joke.

1922 Copley Derby won by seniors in Hack No. 1.

1858 John Stuart Mill burns Carlyle's books.

29—Th. —1923 Penfield Roberts drops cigarette in corridor.

Professor Tyler tests tobacco for first time. Professor Emerson seen without a smile.

1912 Congress adjourns after accomplishing something.

30—Fri. —1999 Man seen operating machine in engine lab.

1900 Arch. Department moved to Cambridge.

30—June —1999 Arch. Department moved to Cambridge.

32—Sat. —1887 'Valton chain of restaurants founded.

1923 Resignation in Course IV jumps to 1198.

1889 Castoria invented.

1807 Professor Armstrong tells Perfection oil story first time.
ONCE again the flood is bridged, and the Architects' Number of Voo Doo brings those at Rogers Building in closer contact with the members of Technology whose daytime efforts are housed in the newer buildings in Cambridge. The invasion by them of Phosphorus' Sacred Acres is cordially received; the link which is formed by this friendly invasion is equally welcome because it does, in a desirable manner, help to cut down the limits of space without destroying the individuality of the Architectural Department.

To those whose efforts are found upon the pages of this issue, grateful acknowledgment is made:

Miss Ida B. Adelberg  
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A. C. Schweizer  
P. S. Wadsworth  
R. N. Waters  
F. W. Westman  
H. R. Wiggs
ROGERS respectfully makes its bow to you. For the moment the denizens of its halls have forsaken the smock, the palette and the dust-covered slide rule, to don for you the annual cap and bells. The occasion is ripe, it seems, for Rogers to drive home beneath the shield of buffoonery a shaft of truth. *En garde!*

We are to you eaters of the Lotus. We never have anything to do, and our carefree hours are spent in sketching from life. You are wrong!

You are to us, the factory, vaunting in your machines, be they Pelton Wheels or sausage grinders, we know not. You awe us but you do not intrigue us. Aestheticism is not in you. We are wrong!

Because, due either to the nature of the work or our natural tendency, we do not work every day, you brand us as loafers. Watch us then on charette. Boiler tests are not in it. A week of sleepless nights, and nightmared days, when, pen and brush, head and hand cannot move fast enough to counteract the mortal flight of precious minutes toward the zero hour — leaves us prostrate — small wonder we hibernate — we don’t work steadily, but when we do — Man!

Aestheticism is in you. Your very machines are beautiful to look on, and you must appreciate their beauty. And although you are a factory what better product might a factory have than your product — men!

And now having recognized the facts let’s have a revolution. We need you — your steadying hand and your strong support. We would like to see you more often. Call on us! Look at our competitive design problems with Harvard! Use our Common Room! (How many of you have ever seen it?) And have a smoke in our halls! Come over to Rogers!

And then our little conceit likes to think that you need us. We brought you the Honor System and it is spreading. We are inextricably associated with Tech Show. We would like to be more so with Voo Doo. But we want you to need us more. Give us a lot to do, for we will do it and shout for more.

But whether or no you can do that now, let’s buck away from this splendid isolation that is hurting us both. Let us make this sort of thing continuous instead of spasmodic. Let’s get together.
After spending four years at Tech doing this—

Imagine a guy doing this for a living!

AS ISN'T, AND AS IS
Beaux: "Can you conceive of any situation where you would want to be separated from your wife?"
Art: "Yes, in Paris."

UNDISREIRABLES

A wan looking cockney entered the canine emporium and approached the dealer.
"Hi wants a dog about so 'igh an' so long," he began.
"What kind?" queried the dog dealer.
"Hits a kind a grey'ound," responded the cockney.
"Quite so."
"An' yet it ain't a grey'ound," continued the customer. "becos 'is t'yle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere grey'ounds."
"I see, continue."
"An' 'is nose is shorter."
"Well?" queried the dealer.
"An' 'e ain't so slim about the body."
The dealer by this time had turned away.
"But, still, 'e's a kind of grey'ound," concluded the cockney. "Do you keep sic'h dogs?"
"No, we don't," came back the short reply, "we drowns 'em."

Ann: "Did you say 'This is so sudden,' when Dave proposed to you the other day?"
Agnes: "No, I intended, but I was so flustered I forgot and cried 'At last,' instead."

HIS HORRIBLE MOTIVE

The respectable tramp knocked gently upon the door.
"Madam," he began, touching his cap to the lady who appeared, "A while back you gave me three doughnuts. Would you mind adding another one, to make four?"
The lady was all gracious.
"Gladly," she answered, smiling as she wrapped one up and handed it to the tramp. "So you like my doughnuts, do you?"
"No, Mum," replied the truthful tramp, "but me and some friends down in the holler wants to have a game of quoits."

Newsboy (outside subway exit): "'traveller', sir?"
Passerby: "Yep, salesman."
ARE THEY WORTH A DOLLAR?

Really, these “one-dollar-for-the-best—” daily racquets are getting rather tiresome. Perhaps, if the papers would vary their line a little some one might read the column. For example, how about a dollar each day for:

The oldest joke.
The most risqué.
The worst bore I ever knew.
My most intense moment.
My first murder.
Where is spring?
Odd bits picked up in gutters.
What I carry in my Vanity Case and who the hell wants to know.

THE REAL THING

"Excuse me, but can I speak to your stenographer a minute?"
"Not just now, she’s engaged."
‘Taxi’s all right, I’m the fellow she’s engaged to."

ECLIPSED

“Can you direct me to Creeker’s Cascade?”
The old man in the doorway of the cottage did not make immediate answer. He regarded the interrogator for a while. Then he began:

"Take the fust to the right, an’ foller it till you come to a fork where there’s a clump of bushes,” he said slowly. “Then stroke off to the left. Foller the path till you come to the next cross road, and then you’ll come to Abe Sorrell’s house. You’ll know him, ’cos he wears plaid overalls, and Oi’ve never seen anything like them ever before, Oi never did. Green and red plaid, they are, an’ yer can’t keep from laffin’ when yer sees ’em, Oi bet. There was . . . .”

"Excuse me,” cut in the traveler, “but I haven’t much time. Will Abe Sorrell be able to direct me to the beautiful cascade, then?”

"Mebbe he will an’ mebbe the wunt,” responded the old man, chuckling, “but arter you’ve seen them there plaid overalls, a little mess o’ water runnin’ over a little mess o’ rocks’ll seem pretty tame to ye.”

POLITE WORDS

“Your rejection is assured and your future pathway clearly defined,” said Saint Peter.

Doctor: “What is the result when a patient’s temperature goes down as far as it can?”

Medical Student: “Why-er he gets cold feet.”

She: “Sir, I have never met you before.”

He: “The gamble is mutual.”
Artist: And you wish a portrait of Mrs. Rotund? I suppose you want it full length.
Mr. Rotund: Yes, full length but about two-thirds width.
AS OTHERS SEE US

COURSE I
My course number's one, but they say it is not first.
Judgment tells me it is not the worst.
I build bridges and highways and colossal dams,
As well as excel as a railroad man.

COURSE II
We stage the best smokers in all the land
Without the help of any brass band.
Our number is great, but still we are meek;
But, if you want information — you know where to seek.

COURSE III
They search the deep levels for valuable ore,
And get that for you and very much more.
Columbus and the Pilgrims were great pioneers,
But hats off to you — noble Mining Engineers.

COURSE IV
Be it temple, tower, arena, or plaza
I derive inspiration from ancient Nebuchadrazza.
With utter abandon I flourish the brush,
Father Time — you never will cause me to rush.
Materialistic drivel I give not a reck,
For I'm God's gift to men — The Architect.

COURSE V
Of letters and numbers and symbols galore,
The chemist, you know, has a generous store.
When analyzing substance, he waxes phonetic,
But give us some gin that isn't synthetic!

COURSE VI
Alternating current pie
Underneath the crust they lie,
First a current, next a fly,
Alternating current pie!

COURSE VII
At the throttle of progress your hand is supreme,
To those who think not — this untrue might seem.
Due credit, unfortunately, you never did get,
But for you, the Canal Panama would be building yet.

COURSE VIII
A wonderful study is this Course Eight,
In the field of Theoretical Physics,
They say 'tis the course that most Freshmen hate!
Because it makes them so "dizzies."

COURSE IX AND XI
Like the dots on the dice
Course IX, Course XI,
You're so sweet and innocent
You should be in Heaven.
COURSE X
In adopting so admirably an ethical code
As a palatial mansion for an abode,
We congratulate you now as brother to brother,
May the good move continue from one course to the other.

COURSE XII
The earth does slip and slide and split,
We know — but see not — as here we sit.
And, pondering, do we scratch our brain
To absorb the history of the vein.

COURSE XIII
You build the ships that sail the seas,
A noble service to man, if you please,
You equip your ships with inventions grand,
Oh! it must be great to be an Officer — man!

COURSE XIV
An elusive ion once said to its mate,
"The electro-chemist no one more I hate!
He disturbs my home and interrupts my snore,
Now, wouldn't that make anyone sore?"

COURSE XV
Hooray for our side!!
Last but not least is my course's number.
Vie labor into hours when most people slumber.
The easiest course of all, they tell,
Should they follow me daily, they'd much prefer

COURSE RINGS
The futility of attempting to obtain a decision on a design for a school ring seems more or less obvious. Why not let each course choose its own. A few suggestions are given for the seals:

Mechanical Engineering: Coal shovel and pipe-wrench crossed. Field of cloudy steam surrounded by a border, consisting in lengths of pipe.
Motto: "It's all in the book. Try and find it."

Motto: "Nous ne travaillons pas, mais nous charettons."

Chemists: Tangle of test tubes, beakers, and still. Student, staggering, sampling product.
Motto: "Sans synthethis, Prohibition."

Physicist: Figure of Justice. World in one scale pan. Frankfurters, steaming, in other.
Motto: "Let us act while the dogs are hot."

General (very) Engineers: Student, couchant before a Tabular View, meditating, "which is the easiest."
Motto: "Refuge for all!"

Motto: "Spread it thick."
PARENTAL APPRECIATION

He was not particularly proud of his work, much less anxious to exhibit it to family and relatives. But, after much coercion, he condescended to bring a few design problems, etc., home over the vacation. Selecting the best of his own and several of his room-mate’s, who really did quite good work, he threw them in the Gladstone along with toothbrush, old letters, a book (for effect) and clothes.

The elevation of the constabulary made quite a hit, though pater mistook it for a garage. Mother thought it the prettiest little church she’d ever seen. Sketches from life class didn’t register so well, — father was a bit suspicious, and mother frankly shocked. They were explained, however, and put out of sight as soon as possible. Next, the work he was particularly proud of, — the plan of a reviewing stand. Much labor and time had been expended on this, and he thought it came the nearest to being a finished piece of any of his efforts. Proudly he unrolled it and held it up to the doting parents for inspection. The governor was puzzled, but tactful; he said nothing. Not so with mother, — “Oh, I know what that is, — it’s a grape arbor.”

In his mad frenzy to destroy the exhibits, the son ripped most of the paper from the walls before he could be stopped.

HISTORY REPEATS

Who knows but what this incident recorded long ago by the immortal lines of Ben King may be repeated in our own Tech show?

“Then a noise arose in the orchestra,
As the leader drew across
The intestines of the agile cat
The tail of the noble horse.”
THE STORE FOR MEN
A separate store in a separate building

Men's Clothing Sections

The following Selling Sections, formerly located in our Main Store, have now been transferred, in their entirety, to the Shuman Building.

Men's Clothing  Young Men's Clothing
Youth's Clothing  Men's Shoes and Hats
Automobile Clothing

THE ABOVE SECTIONS have been merged with the corresponding selling sections in our new Store for Men in the Shuman Building. Stocks are much larger than either store has carried previously.

Jordan Marsh Company
FORMERLY A. SHUMAN & COMPANY

OH YOUTH!!!
(A timely play in one act)
The time: After midnight.
The place: Any room in East, West, or Dean Hall.
Characters: Two students, Yo—, and Ho—. 
Curtain rises with Ho— seated before a desk, attired in a bathrobe. (Enter Yo—, yawning, and mumbling to himself)

Yo—: "Tuffnite. You up yet?"
Ho—: "Yeh. Where 'nell have you bin?"
Yo—: "Oh, small crawl. Sum cagey wimmen."
Ho—: "Yeh? Who jadrag?"
Yo—: "Fergotename. Sumblind drag."
Ho—: "She dance?"
Yo—: "Like the college mascot."
Ho—: "D'ja mugger?"
Yo—: "Do uh lookdum?"
Ho—: "Dunya five hours lit readin' yet?"
Yo—: "Naw, s'too late. Do it first period in th' mornin'. G'night."
Ho—: "G'night."

Epilogue — see title.
— Tuf-Tonic

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.

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

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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 50 cents

Our lunches for 35 cents are unsurpassed
Also a full Course Sunday Chicken Dinner 75 cents

Tables reserved for Parties
BACK BAY 70103

Artillery Rookie (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship): “Sergeant, please pick me out a nice, gentle horse.”

Stable Sergeant: “D’ja ever ride a horse before?”

Rookie: “No.”

Sergeant: “Ah! Here’s just the animal for you. He’s never been ridden before. You can start out together.”

— Black & Blue Jay

ANTICIPATION

The audience was very unkind at the speaker’s temperance lecture and kept interrupting. At last he hired an ex-prize fighter to keep order. That night he contrasted the content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness.

“What is it we want when we return home from our daily toil?” he asked. “What do we want to ease our burden, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our faces and joyous songs to our lips?”

He paused for effect, and in the silence the voice of the keeper of the peace could be heard:

“Mind,” he said, “the first guy that says beer, out he goes with a bang.”

— Boll Weevil
ESTABLISHED 1818

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Trunks, Bags and Leather Goods
Send for “Clothes and the Hour”

THE LITTLE BUILDING
In our Salesrooms on the second floor, we
can serve customers as satisfactorily as we
can in our New York Store

“And in closing, brethren, let us pray. I will ask
Deacon Brown to lead.”
(Just coming out of a nap) — “Er-r-r but it’s not my
lead, I dealt.”

— Flamingo

TRUE TEST OF LOVE
If, my son, a woman values your caresses above an
unwrinkled ball gown, she loves you.
— Widow

Jill: “How much did you get for your 80,000-word
novel?”
Jack: “I finally sold it for three dollars.”
Jill: “Only three bucks?”
Jack: “Yes, I cut it down to three lines and sold it
as a joke.”

— Purple Parrot

Customer: “Waiter, there’s a splinter in the cottage
pudding.”
Waiter: “What do you want, the whole cottage?”

— Punch Bowl

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Managers planning for their Athletic Teams should get our
Special prices on
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Uniforms
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The lady was rather condescending.
"My husband is very jealous," she remarked to her partner on the floor, "so I only dance with exceedingly plain people."
"It's a good system," said he. "I follow it."
—Judge

Attorney: Where was the prisoner milking the cow?
Witness: A little bit back of the center, sir.
—Tuf-Tonic

Milly: "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world."
Billy: "Of course not. You'd be killed in the rush."
—Pelican

ONE WILD NIGHT
"Hello! I want to order a box for tomorrow night!"
"What size?"
"There will be six of us in the party."
"But they only come in single sizes — we'll have to have it made special."
"Is this the Lyceum?"
"No, this is the undertaker!"
—Cornell Widow
Walton Lunch Company

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42 Federal Street    19 School Street
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The most modern up-to-date Pharmacy in Boston
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A Complete Stock of Foreign and Domestic Drugs and Chemicals

Bugs: "You say they have music in all the restaurants in Italy?"
Mugs: "Well, not exactly, but you find the national air of Italy in all of the restaurants there."
Bugs: "What's that?"
Mugs: "Garlic and onions."
— Ski-U-Mah

"I just saw a horse with a wooden leg."
"Where?"
"On the merry-go-round."
— Pelican

Father: "Young man, do you want to go to hell?"
Son: "Sure, when do we start?"
— Royal Gaboon

"So Jones is dead. Did he leave his wife much?"
"Nearly every night."
— Lemon Punch
Avoid Imitations

Famous for its Quality and Flavor

At Fountains

Refreshes the Student
Invigorates the Athlete

*Original

Keep a jar-full in your room
Carry a flask-full in lunch tablet form

Avoid Imitations

Newcomer: "Can you direct me to Greenwich Village?"
New Yawker: "Can it be that you mean Greenich Village?"
Newcomer: "Yes."
New Yawker: "Ten blocks to your right, fifteen to your left, etc., etc."
Newcomer: "Thanks. Oh, by the way, can you tell me where one can buy a good sanich?"
—— Sun Dodger

He: "Oh, pray, Miss Dalrymple, don't call me Mr. Brooks."
She: "But our acquaintance has been so brief. This is so sudden. (Sweetly): "Why shouldn't I call you Mr. Brooks?"
He: "Because my name's Sommerest."
—— Virginia Reel

She: "Oh, Jimmie, ja' hear my powder puff?"
It: "Naw, but I felt your lip' stick."
—— Froth
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FRENCH PASTRY

Excellent Food—Reasonable Prices
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“What was the most popular Hebrew actor?”
“Sampson, playing the part of the wronged husband in ‘The Bald-Headed Man,’ certainly brought the house down.”

— Dodo

“Student: “See here, where are those oysters on the half-shell I ordered some time ago.”
“Waiter: ‘Don’t get impatient, young man. We’re a trifle short of shells, but you’re next, sir.”

— Punch Bowl

“What did your father say when Jack told him you were engaged?”
“The mean old thing said not to come around to him for sympathy; what else could he expect after hanging around the house every night!”

— Record

“Sister: “Oh, Jimmy, you’re cruel. How could you cut that poor defenceless worm in two?”
“Jimmy: “Aw, sis; he seemed so lonesome.”

— Phoenix

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hand and needle work alone can impart.
FINEST IMPORTED FABRICS

Chapel Speaker: “And how may we bring our proud
enemies to their knees?”

Voice from rear: “Drop a dime in front of them.”

— Parrakeet

Judge: “What was the offense?”
Prisoner: “This man walked up to me and said he
was dry.”
Judge: “And what did you do?”
Prisoner: “I soaked him!”

— Octopus

In an auto
— With hands together
— At midnight.
— No, this can’t be censored for it was only a clock.

— Parrakeet

1st Stude: “S-say c-can I have about twenty m-m-
minutes of your t-time?”
2d: “Sure, what do you want?”
1st: “’B-b-bout f-fifteen minutes’ conversation.”

— Mink.

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