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"The Best Comedy in America"

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Q With the current issue we have attained a quality circulation in excess of a quarter of a million copies.

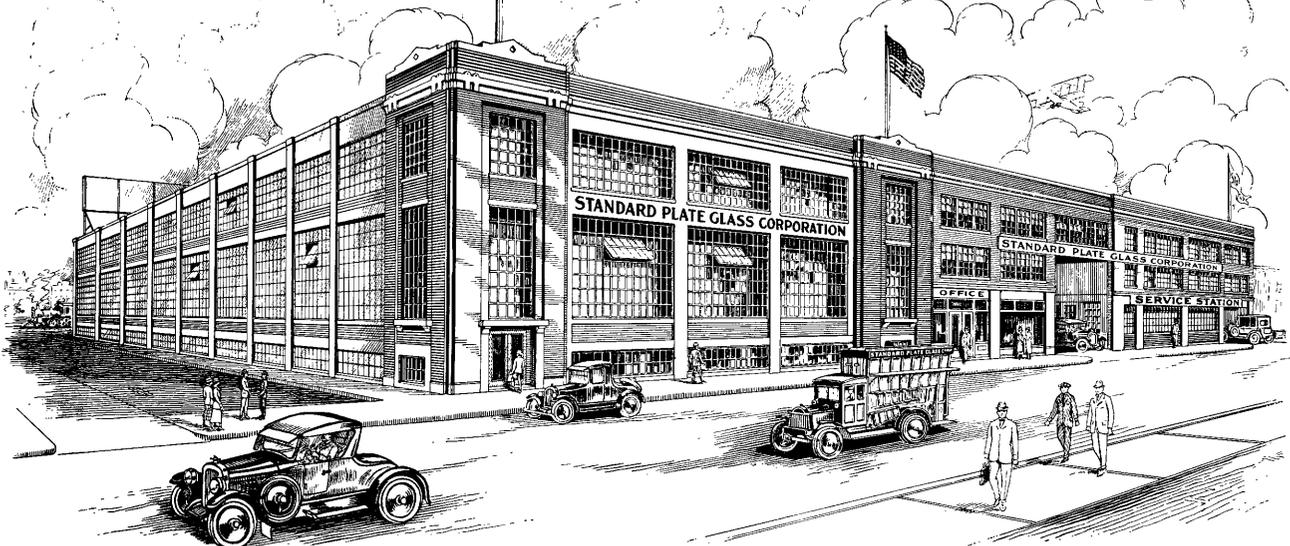
Q Among our contributors are George Jean Nathan, Wallace Irwin, Meredith Nicholson, H. C. Witwer, John T. McCutcheon, Arthur Somers Roche and Octavus Roy Cohen. By a series of articles, "The Men Who Make Our Comics", we are acquainting the public with the college editors.

Q COLLEGE HUMOR, issued five times in 1924, is priced at 35c a copy, or \$1.50 a year. We invite your inspection of "The Best Comedy in America"!

College Humor

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THE FLAPPER'S PRAYER

Lead us not into temptation, show us where it is
and save yourself the trouble.

— *Beanpot*



I kissed her in the parlor
In the log fire's ruddy glow,
And the flaming sparks that hit us
Felt like little flakes of snow!

— *Mink*



You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep nor wail;
But if it wish it can unfold
A very painful tail.

— *Lemon Punch*



A colored preacher rose to address his congregation one Sunday morning when he noticed a former fellow inmate of the penitentiary sitting in the front row. He realized the need for quick action and accordingly he gave out his text thus: "Ah takes mah text from de sixty-seventh chaptah ob de book ob Isaah. 'Dem what sees me heah, and know me, and doan say nuthin', dem will ah see latah.' "

— *Lyre*

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Love is like an onion,
We taste it with delight —
But when she's gone we wonder
Whatever made us "bite."

— Punch Bowl



"Didn't your wife bawl you out last night when she woke up when you came home?"

"No, I fooled her. I stood in the hall an hour, delivered a lecture on 'Civic Righteousness,' told a bedtime story, and sang three grand opera selections, and she thought she had forgotten to turn off the radio."

— Judge



"D-do y'know, I believe I've found out what makes me s-stuttah!"

"Really?"

"Yawss; I've been watching myself very c-carefully and I've discovered that I nevah stuttah except when I t-t-try to t-t-talk!"

— Lampoon



Senior: "Wop, that razor sure does pull."

Wop: "That's all right, I'll get the whiskers off if the handle doesn't break."

— Yellow Jacket

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NO man who smokes LUCKY STRIKES ever feels that he has smoked too much. He is satisfied but never sated.

He finds that the Toasted Process produces a flavor mild enough to be continuously enjoyed.

He doesn't have to debate whether or not he ought to have another one, because he knows from experience that even if, in his private opinion, he sometimes smokes too many, he never has the sense of having smoked too much.

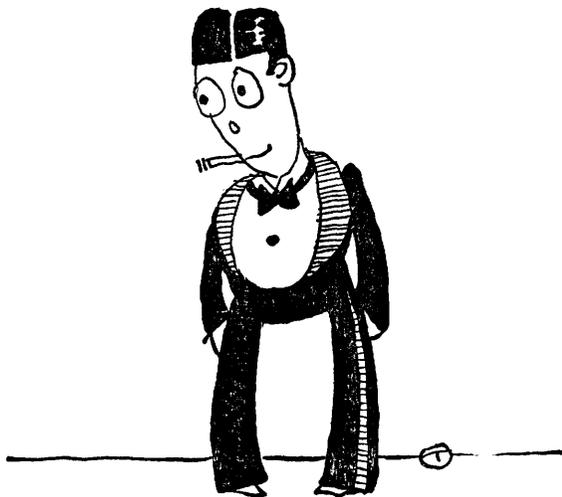
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The American Tobacco Co.

**CHANGE TO THE BRAND
THAT NEVER CHANGES**



THE STORE FOR MEN

A Separate Store in a Separate Building



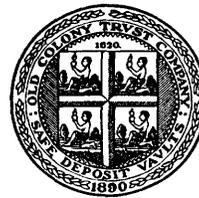
*May we introduce
you, Freshmen*

To the Store for Men?

Those of you who come from Boston or thereabouts need no introduction, but those who come from other parts of the U. S. A. will be glad to know that there is a Store for Men, which will furnish you with the *right kind* of clothing and furnishings.

The Store for Men is ready at all times with the best clothing, furnishings, hats and shoes for college men.

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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.

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HONI SOIT

He had often seen her in the little front room on the second floor. Her remarkable beauty reminded him of the photographs of some of the Follies girls. Strange, but it appeared that she never worked. To be sure he had occasionally noticed the shadow of a masculine figure on the partly drawn shade — but let us hurry. He quickened his pace as he approached the street door leading to her room. Resolutely he ascended the creaky stairs. After a moment's hesitation in the hallway, he walked to her door and knocked timidly. A pleasant voice ordered him to enter. With a sigh of relief he pushed open the door and was welcomed by the smiling beauty. In a few moments he was seated at her side — gazing steadfastly into her dazzling eyes. She grasped his hands and cast her eyes downward. * * * * (denoting lapse of time).

At last he felt satisfied at having made her acquaintance and was ready to leave. Somewhat embarrassed, he questioned her,

"Combien?"

"Un dollar, monsieur."

He pressed a two-dollar bill into her hand and hastily made an exit.

"Ah," he exclaimed, as he was about to leave the house, "I must not forget this place." He glanced at the door: "No. 309—*Madam de Cognac, Manicure.*"

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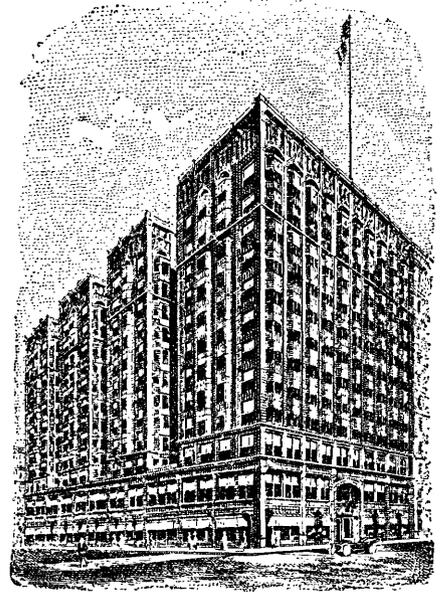
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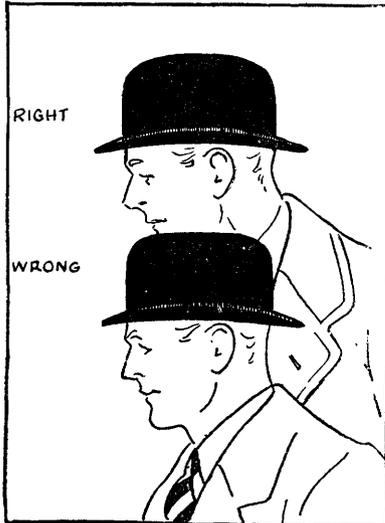
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THE LITTLE BUILDING

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

For the Collegian who cares about his clothes
The Man and His Bowler Hat



© VANITY FAIR

THE right shape for a bowler hat is the shape that is most becoming. This is true as regards hats in general, but particularly so with the bowler. From the fashion point of view there is a right and a wrong bowler as illustrated above. But even above the point of view of what is correct, it is essential that a bowler have the proportion in height, in the amount of depth, front and back, and in the width of brim which will make it most becoming to the face of the wearer. Since a bowler hat is becoming to almost every man, one need not be discouraged if the shapes to be found in one shop do not seem to suit, for there are always other shapes to be found

in other shops. Like every other hat, it should be worn well down on the head. And when all is said and done, it is the hat for town wear in winter. From November to April every man passed his teens should take to the bowler, for with a dark blue or brown guard's coat, a smart pair of slip-on gloves and a dark cashmere muffler, he is more properly dressed for the street than he would be in any other combination or turnout.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the (Voo Doo) and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1924, by Vanity Fair, New York)



COME here to feast royally and dance to the coaxing strains of Leo Reisman's syncopating orchestra. Mr. Reisman conducts, of course.

L. C. PRIOR

President and Managing Director

next to
your
millinery



If you would be dressed right, next to your millinery you would regard your shoes.

No, don't buy a new pair, that's too expensive and unnecessary. Bring them to us. After we have rebuilt them our factory way you can enjoy the comfort of an old shoe with the appearance of a new pair and at one quarter the cost.

—your
footwear

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1100 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Voo Doo—

Stops being funny when it comes to placing the order for printing. Humor gives way to sound business sense. Voo Doo takes quality, service and price into consideration and places the order with us.

This pleases us, of course, and we further enjoy the touch of humor which the work brings us each month.



The Murray Printing Company
at Kendall Square

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

Prosecuting Attorney (to opponent): "You are the biggest boob in the city."

Judge (rapping for order): "Gentlemen, you forget that I am here." — *Burr*



Customer: "I want a couple of pillow-cases."

Clerk: "What size?"

Customer: "I don't know, but I wear a size 7 hat." — *Chaparral*



Prof. (peevd): "Mr. Jones, you are ten minutes late."

Jones: "Sorry, sir. I overshaved." — *Juggler*

HEWINS & HOLLIS

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OPPOSITE PARK STREET CHURCH

Wellesley Inn

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is a *sales agency* for all the Whitman's chocolates and confections—*Quality Group*.

Every Whitman package sold in this store is received *direct* from Whitman's—not through a middleman.

This is one reason why entire satisfaction can be guaranteed with every package bearing the name Whitman's—doubly guaranteed, by the merchant and by Whitman's.

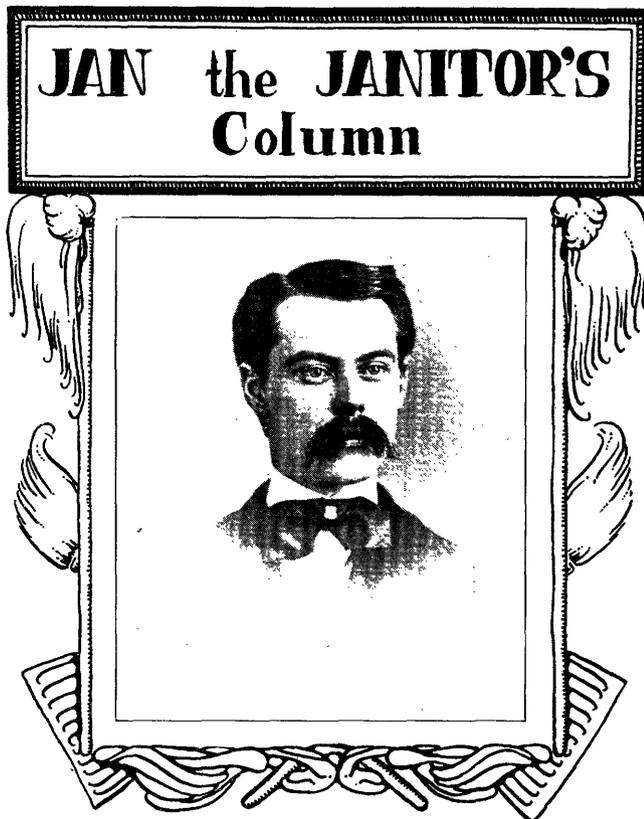


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Yes, I am sore, but I'll try to act the part of a gentleman. Here I've been trusting the Voo Doo and not bothering to read the column I give them every month. But now I'm through. What d'yu think these gorillas have done? Well, lissen. . . .

Last month I took a copy home to the wife and told her to read it. All of a sudden she ups and says: "John, who is this awful looking wretch over your column." I looked and sure as sl-sh there was this goof that has his picture runnin' in this number. I even went so far's to get back numbers and there the same guy sneered at me through the bushes.

Well, as I said before, I was pretty sore and I tore up to the office to get the dope. I did . . . and then cleaned out the place, including furniture and appointments. *Lissen*, those heathens weren't satisfied to insult my column with the picture of somebody else and terrible looking at that. Do yu know who that hyena was — a gent that the Physics department *wouldn't hire* two years ago . . . *turned down* . . . inagine that.

Well, I'm willing to be insulted like a gentleman, but I'll not have the old self-respect trod on. This is my last appearance, boys.

(Curtain and sounds of sweeping back stage.)

A CYNICAL QUESTION

Smoke rings floating in the air —
 Formed by my mouth
 Out of me into the currents they are embarked.
 Floating with the tide,
 Twisting to the will of what they meet,
 Rolling, stretching, writhing, fading,
 Dissipating themselves longer and longer.
 Lengthening and turning,
 Thinner and yet more thin
 Until they become just a part of the haze —

So, are not we all as rings of smoke?
 Pushed into this life to twist and writhe
 And eventually disappear?



G-O-L-D

*I am the Thing
 Men give their lives for.*

*I am revealed
 In the mighty sun.*

*I am the misers' pleasure
 When long days are done.*

*I am the gay-hued idol
 Worshipped from the start.*

*I am the buried treasure,
 Hid in the earth's great heart.*

*I am often found
 In rainbows that gleam above.*

*I am a kingly ransom
 But — I cannot buy Love.*



Some girls go for the Nobility, while others go for the Ability.



A man never appreciates what a good cook his wife is until she "cooks his goose."

HOW TRUE

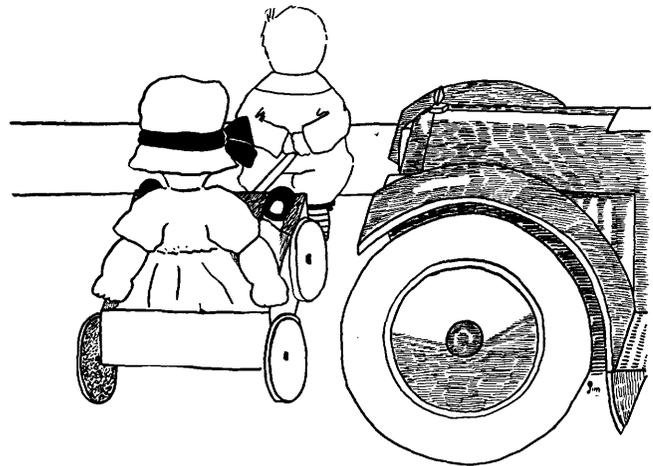
A poet lived in years gone by,
 A writer bold, whose dribbling lines
 Had gained him much deserved renown,
 Through well spent years he'd climbed aloft
 Ascending straight the steps of fame,
 And now, with life's prime full in sway,
 The poet laureate of the land.

His fondest dream, his choicest work,
 The active mind had made complete,
 A story couched in living words,
 Unprecedented work of art,
 He gave the World. 'Twas well received
 With much acclaim, and yet a few
 Saw fit to scowl and liked it not.

Their power great was called to hear,
 And brought the poet to the earth.
 His visioned dreams of castles fell,
 All shattered into thinnest air.
 The World with sorrow shook its head,
 The Fogies grinned and licked their jowls,
 'Twas nothing new, always the same.



We read in last night's *Transcript* that a man married
 a girl by radio.
 That is what we call "Broadcasting."



Something cute in the way of an automobile.



Headline in *Boston Traveler*: "Dog Face Monkey
 Steers Ship." Evidently some people are not too choice
 as to their opinions of their superior officers!



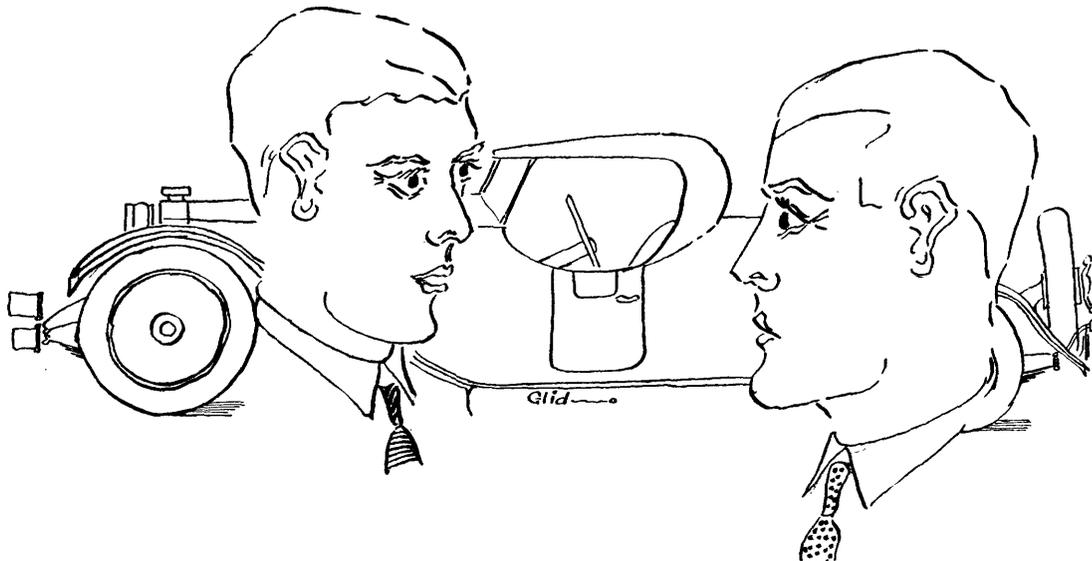
Biology Prof says that three fourths of the people
 who chew gum are Wrigley.



You never go to bed in London all the time.



Local magistrate says that marriage is like a police
 court. It begins by courting and ends by courting.



Pete: I got pinched for speeding out at Wellesley last night.
 Roleum: I suppose you got a summons to court?
 Pete: Oh no, I wasn't pinched by a cop.



IMAGINATION

*The moon is leading lady,
The sun is her leading man,
The stars are the bright footlights,
The orchestra, "pipes of Pan,"
The night is the final curtain,
That many times will fall.
The audience? I near forgot,
It is earth's people, all!*



A WOIKING GOIL'S CONFESSION

Ah, woe is me! Jack has refused to marry me. Can it be that he doesn't understand? Last night, as we were seated on the old plush sofa before the glowing gas log in the fireplace, I begged him for the eighth time to become my husband. But cold-heartedly he turned me down. His excuses were only falsehoods designed to cool my ardor! Oh, why should he discard me thus and leave me in this pitiful condition? Why does he overlook the hardships with which I must face life if I am to be without him? Only eight months ago he pretended to be madly in love with me. And to think that I confided in him, placed faith in him — deceitful brute! To think that he wooed me and appeared to worship me, and yet had no intention of making me his wife! How I have been tortured by this suspense! How I have longed for this opportunity! Soon it will be too late. What will become of me? I care not — treacherous monster — horrible villain — you who have answered me for the eighth time, "I will not marry you." — Aw, this Leap Year stuff is all bunk!

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

Isn't it funny
The way you
Always see merchants
Advertising something
Like this:
"Because of increased
Rent, We are Forced
To Close."
Or sometimes they
Try this one:
"On account of
Remodeling and
Repairing, We are
Forced to Close."
And some even put
It over by saying
"Due to Lack of
Business, We are
Forced To Close."
DAMMEM!
Why don't they
Be perfectly frank
And say:
"Inasmuch As We Are
In Poor Condition
We Are Forced
To Clothes."



FORESIGHT ON A BENCHMARK — "CHECK"

METHODS OF ASSERTING CHARACTER AT THE INSTITUTE

When coming in late to a class, never take off your hat until comfortably seated.

Secure Institute mail box and then register as a foreign student.

Make a specialty of smoking in the main lobby. Cigars are most noticeable.

Try arguing with the "Coop" salesmen over the price of stationery and thumb tacks.

Spend at least half of each lunch hour reading the Congressional Record in the Library.

Have your hair cut as short as possible, carry a brown bag, wear your hat rolled in on top and on very, very straight, and walk very, very rapidly, as if anxious to get to class.

Become an outstanding and actively participating member of the Math Club.

Make it a point not to become acquainted with your classmates. Most of them are not worth knowing.

Such men are bound to succeed!



A GREEK LETTER MAN

THAT'S OIL THERE IS . . .

There is altogether too much wrangling over this graft question. Stirred by the Oil Donation, six thousand four hundred and thirteen people have written to the Investigating Board suggesting matters about which they think there is something shady. All the inquiries are not given below:

Was the Department of Fisheries actually given charge of the White House gold fish?

Did Senator Hopp pay for that brass receptacle he was seen leaving the Capitol with last Thursday?

Two hundred pounds of ice were seen going into the White House last night. Does this mean that Coolidge is giving away Alaska to the Big Interests?

I have not received this month's bulletin from the Poultry Raising Branch of the Department of the Interior. Is that department undermined with graft?

The pint of strawberry jam I sent the President in January has not yet been acknowledged. Somebody made off with it, I know.

. . . This last from a Vermont admirer. As a matter of fact the whole thing has gone too far. Before long Congress will be afraid to give their salaries a five thousand dollar boost for fear of public opinion.



Cleveland man arrested for beating his wife was charged with "Punching his own meal ticket."



"They told me that in France the girls will kiss almost anyone."

"Didn't you find it was true?"

"No, they will kiss anyone at all."



THE BEAUTIFUL AND DARNED



LULMAN

"Have you been thinking about me lately, *mon petit Lapin?*"

"I've had you on my mind a great deal, *mon amour.*"

"Are you sure you love me, *mon choux?*"

"Of course, *cherie*, of course."

"But you haven't been kissing me as much as usual."

"Well, that's probably because I've had so much on my mind."



CHILLY BEAN!

The Eskimo climbed aloft and kicked vigorously in his uncomplaining bunk. He was swathed in robes, blankets and other nondescript articles. On his feet were huge rubber gum-shoes, while his head found shelter in a fur cap of tremendous proportions. The wind tore through the window, showering his bed with ice and sleet. He thought sympathetically of the frozen radiator, mentally promising to rub it down in the morning. Valiantly the man attempted to adjust himself with only the nose defying the elements. He had read somewhere that it was unsanitary to breath under the covers, but damn it—by morning there would be no nose. Under it went. But you see, he wasn't a *real* Eskimo. Just an ordinary Tech student living in a fraternity house along the river.

REASON ENOUGH

Yes, people said he was a sour individual. The outstanding feature in his character was his dislike of women. He loathed them. In fact it was rumored that he was writing a book on the subject. Many of the village belles had tried to subjugate him by their charms, but without avail. He was deaf to all overtures from the sex that he despised. Beauty, intellect, vivacity — all held no charm for him. He would make friends readily with the men, but the women — Bah! Some evenings when all were gathered about the friendly little stove in Herb Higgin's grocery store he waxed eloquent on the topic. Could you blame him? He had been married six times!

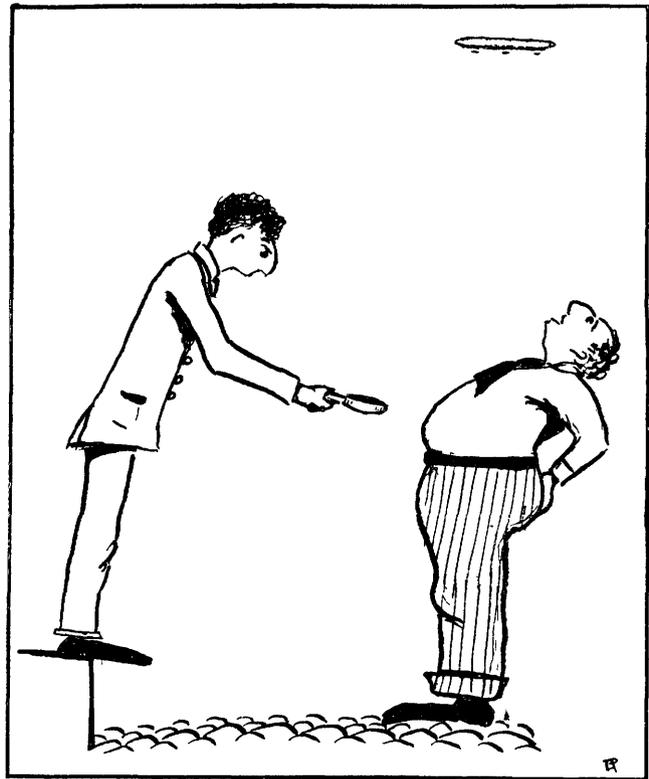


2000 YEARS AGO AESOP SAID . . .

A kiss in the dark is worth two in the light.
 He who hesitates enjoys it longer.
 A drink in time calls for nine.
 Opportunity knocks . . . retard your spark.
 Where there's a chill there's a way.
 A bat in the hand is worth two in the mush.
 There's a silver lining through the old coat shining.



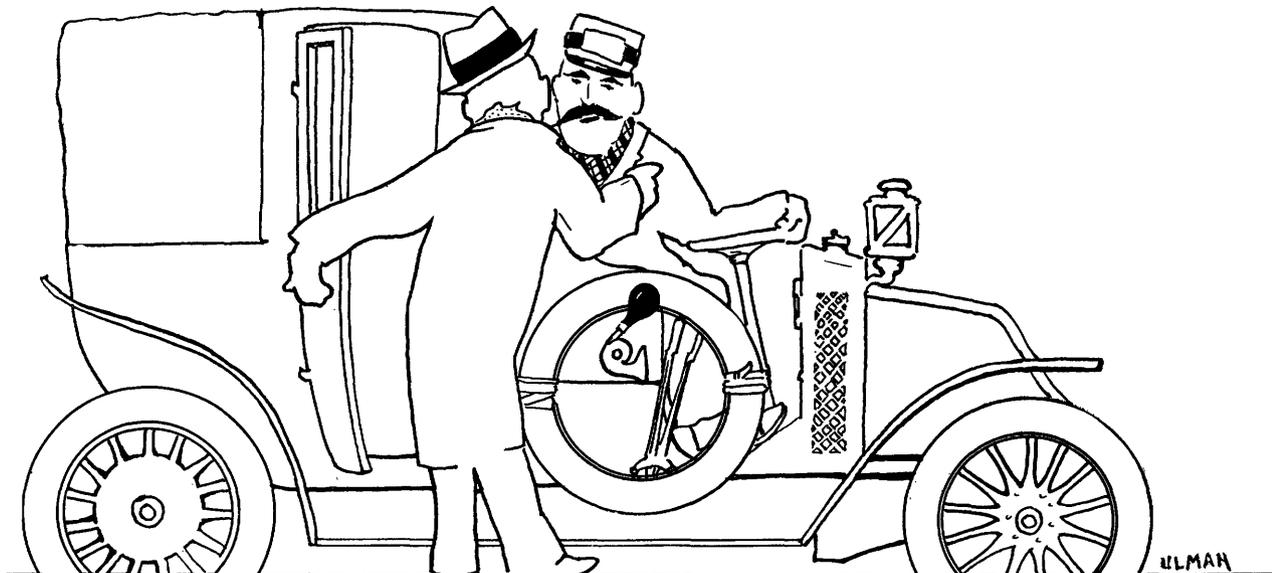
A rise in the silk market always causes a greater interest in the stock of the Follies.



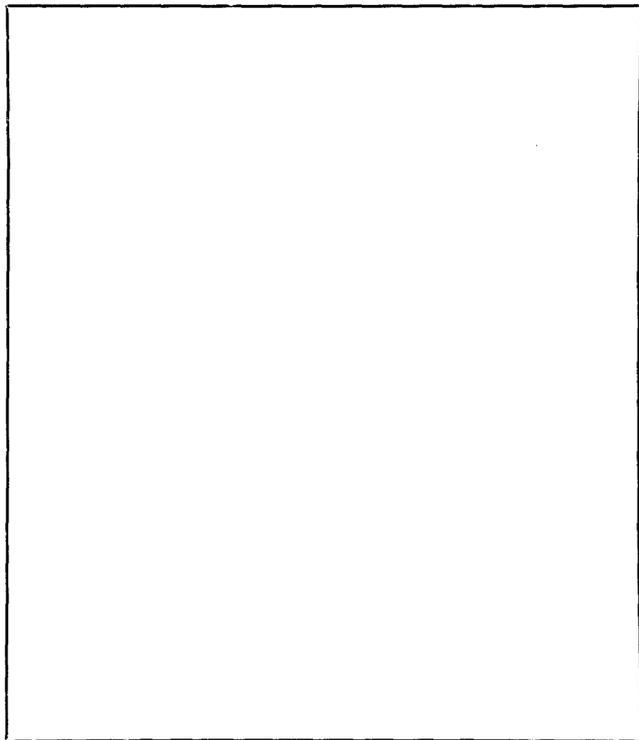
Look in de mirror, Ikey, and you vont vere oudt your collar so quick



The only difference between woolen underwear and a mosquito bite is that you need only two hands for a mosquito bite.



Taxi Driver: The meter says 208 centimes.
 Inebriate: Liar! A meter's only 100 centimeters.



Phosphorous' Idea of Nothing at All

VACATION TYPES

Oh! Do you go to M. I. T.? I once knew a fellow who went to Boston University. Is that far from Technology? I know they use the same kind of notebooks. Oh, I've heard SO much about that wonderful factory — tell me all about it. And what's that humorous magazine they put out — HARPOON, is it? Oh yes, the Voo Doo. How stupid of me! I'd just love to read Voo Doo — oh, HONESTLY, will you send me a copy? That's awfully thoughtful of you! And I hear that TECH SHOW is simply adorable. Isn't it strange — I expect to be in Boston just when they are performing. And do you have a Junior Prom? I know I'd just love to dance with so many Tech men. Their conversation is so interesting — they seem to know all about art and literature. Oh, is it an engineering school? My uncle used to be an engineer, but the company he was working for fired him — the Boston and Maine R.R. is SO fussy, you know. And . . . etc., etc., etc. — *ad infinitum*.

The most unfortunate student at the Institute is the fellow who has a front seat at an Economics lecture and is at the same time afflicted with insomnia.

ON A VALENTINE

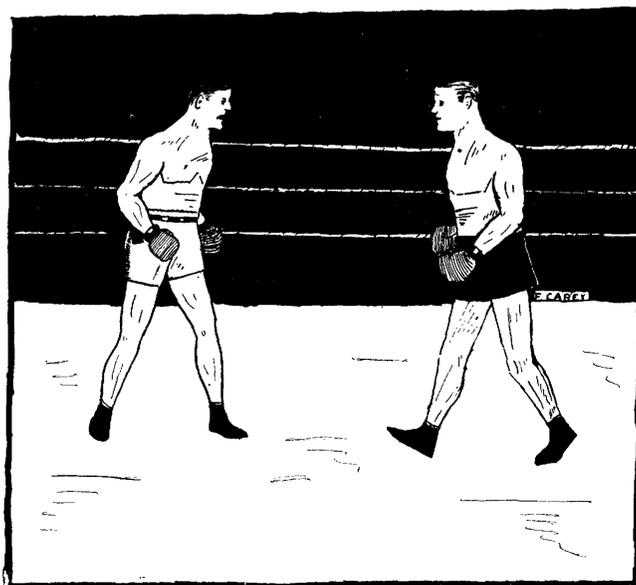
(For Venus, mother of Cupid)
 Fairest Goddess of Spring and Love,
 Beauty, born of the foam,
 Beloved by thee are swan and dove,
 In slumbrous vales, thine home.

'Twould be quite vain for a mortal,
 If one should seek to avoid
 The conquests of thy wingèd son,
 For he would be annoyed.
 Unerringly he would take aim,
 With very sharpest dart.
 That small, but mighty, God of Love,
 Would pierce the stubborn heart.



SILHOUETTE

A black cat
 On the white snow
 Winked his yellow eyes
 And solemnly padded
 Across my path.
 It was a pen-and-ink sketch
 Of superstition.
 I thought no more of it
 Until my doorway reached
 I found your longed-for letter.



Challenger: Huh! Call yourself champeen! Why, for ten cents I'll knock your block off.

Champ: Yeah, that 'ud look like a big purse to you.

Business of Benny-Brushing While our coat is with the tailor getting cleaned we will use the time our confinement affords to launch another attack at the administrative powers. This time we peevishly regret that the members of the faculty have no coats worth ruining. We wish they had and were made to wear them to class and park them as best they could. After they had found themselves trampling on their own coats in an attempt to find their hats a few times, they might realize why Tech students look so frowsy. Let us pause here and answer the bright student piping up, "How about the lockers?" All right, how about them? In the first place, no one but a drunken commuter will pay one-fifty for a leaky tin closet in the cellar. And in the second place there would not be enough to go around if we were all fools enough to sign up for them. Unquestionably every room at Tech needs a coat-rack and if the Institute Committee can momentarily forget the business of admiring itself, we may some day see these "luxuries" installed. Meanwhile, we won't wear any coat to school by way of principle.



They Waste Our Time The other day Mrs. Umpty Umpty was described as having a Gothic mouth and a lorgnette. What brevity! What admirable conciseness! In a few words we have a picture of an elderly person of about fifty-eight, height five feet eleven inches, weight possibly two hundred sixty pounds, and an inverse temperature coefficient. The great contrast reminds us of some of the Institute textbooks in which our professors have successfully attempted to conceal what gems of knowledge our thirsting minds might assimilate could we but find them. Saying nothing in a great length of time has now become a profession, one of the first requirements of which is a tremendous gold watch chain. At regular intervals of one-half hour the lecturer will unhook his fingers from the chain and apparently examine his watch, until at the end of two hours we firmly believe the hands are stationary. Some of these men we listen to in order to appreciate, or possibly to study, their personalities. Others we let live because after it's all over the diplomas will be distributed, or peppermint canes to the children, or something similar. These are therefore more appreciated because they

have been worked for. It is just the same as when we glean a moment's time from our scientific reflections and pay fifty cents to see Lucy Lush in "Simpering Love." We know that before we can enjoy Lucy's thrilling rescue from the burning building by Paul Philton, a clerk in her father's grocery store, we must first sit through some unmusical gyrations by the orchestra, patiently read "Fun from the Press," watch the caperings of Mutt and Jeff, and sleep through a dance by Theodore and Julia Trovskoski, two Russian dancers who were unable to secure employment elsewhere. Given a free hand in these matters Phosphorous could regulate the universe so as to save one third of the time of the average individual. Sure this "putting on dog", as it is called, is not yielding to public demand. Murdering a few well designated people would conserve as much time for the world as phonetic spelling has for those of us who are blessed neither with dictionaries nor with well educated stenographers.



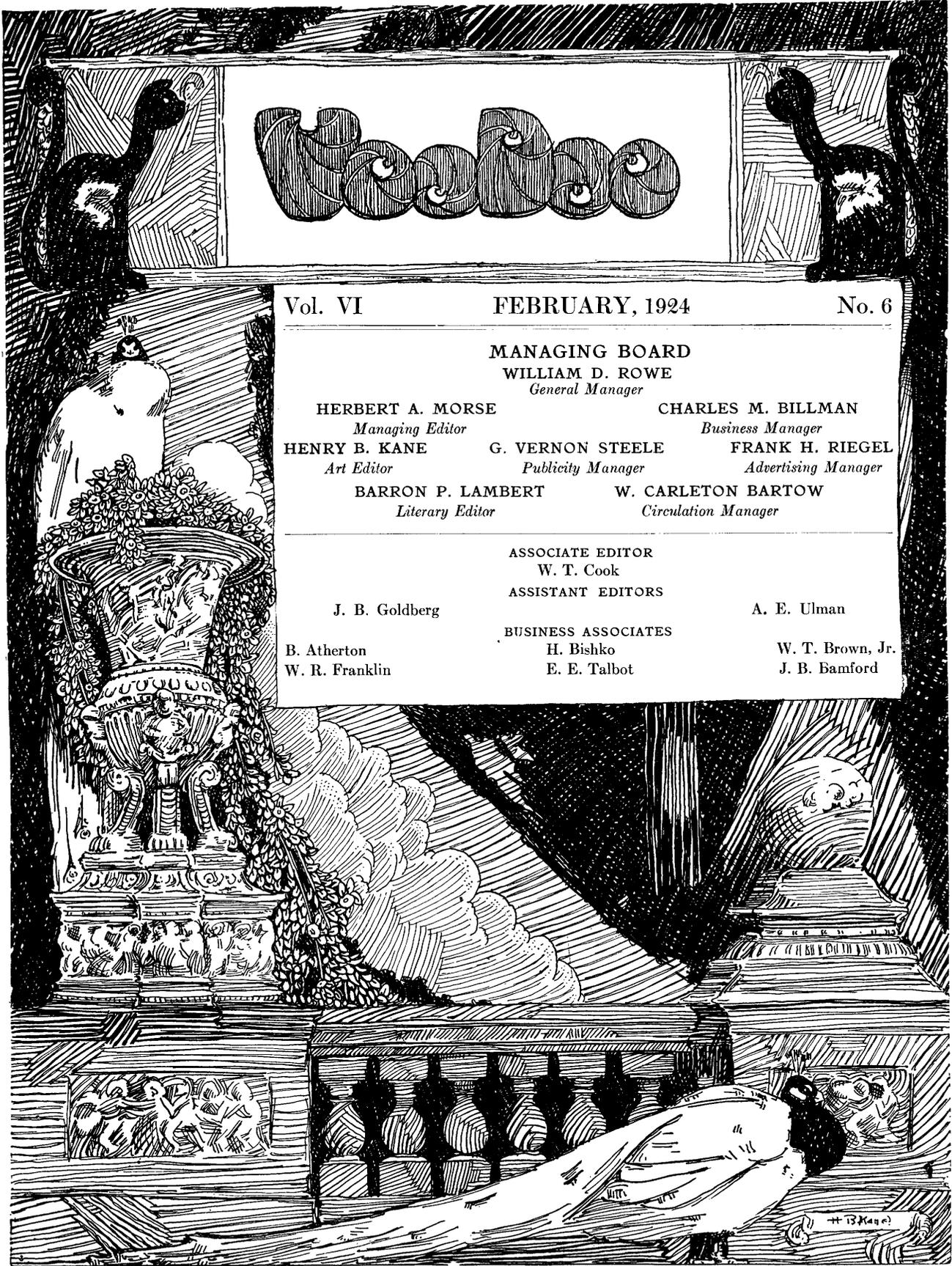
Corridor Smoking Among the many activities that the Technology Student enjoys, there is probably none in which he indulges with more

relish than in Corridor Smoking. Just why the Tech man singles out this for his favorite, it is difficult to imagine. If our faculty had tyrannically ruled that we should not smoke in the buildings, pure perversity might dictate that we do. But the ruling does not come directly from the faculty without the agreement of the student body. The authorities tried that, but found it unsuccessful. So they did the more logical thing and turned to the Institute Committee for help.

The signs in the corridors explicitly state that **YOU ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SMOKE IN THE CORRIDORS** by request of the Faculty and the Institute Committee. Certainly we cannot dodge the issue by complaining of unfairness. And we are a weak crowd if we fail to conform with the dictates of a body elected by the school for our own legislative work.

Perhaps *we* are taking the whole situation too seriously. In fact, on second thought, it is not a matter of direct disobedience. It is more likely a matter of laxity on the part of the fellows. If every man will check up on his friend's compliance with the regulation, smoking in the halls will soon cease.





Voo Doo

Vol. VI

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 6

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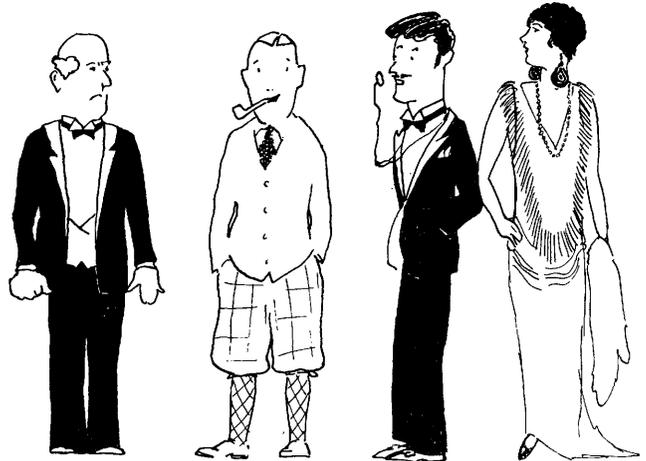
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DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE?

My Gawd! Mabul —
 Can you imagine
 Such people?
 I never realized
 That such things
 Were possible
 And yet when
 I was riding
 Home on the subway last night
 There it was
 Before my very eyes
 Imagine — right
 Out in a public
 Place — a big poster
 “People Have Been
 Sleeping in FAWLTY
 PAJAMAS since 1889.”



I say, old thing, this is a dance, not a golf party.
 Well, at least I'm keeping the ball rolling.



An American student married a ballet dancer in
 Holland and was in “Dutch” the rest of his life.



LIFELIKE SCENE AT WALTON'S

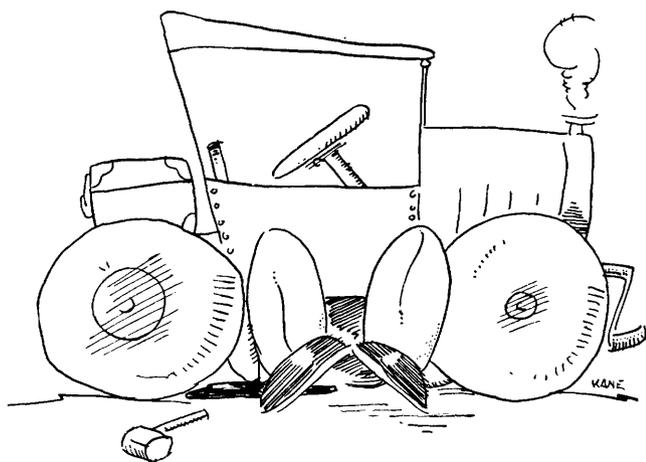
THE SEA

*I think that there can never be
 A sight more lovely than the sea,
 As Dawn with rose-gifts comes to greet
 The smiling blues beneath his feet.
 The sea that chants in low deep tones
 Of opal foam-bits to the stones.
 The sea so like a lover strong
 To whom the east and west belong.
 The whispering waves the coral caves
 And sirens wait to make men slaves.
 While through the night it calls to me;
 God's changing wondrous blue-green
 sea!*



CRAB

Tommy was a crew-man
 And a young Chicago swell,
 Hazel called him “retiring”
 'Cause he crawled into his shell.



A Problem in Mechanics: With line of centres parallel to ground, Ted as the crank, connecting rod missing, and the car as the stationary link.

WHAT MEN WILL WEAR

With spring fast approaching, the vital question of what men will wear is again one of the least important issues of the day. It is with pride that we announce no radical changes in the cut of underclothing. Besides, what difference does it make? It doesn't show. In all probability shirts will be worn — particularly around the edges of the cuffs. Plain white and colored shirts with six buttons will predominate. Those who patronize the WUN DAY Laundry will no doubt be forced to be content with the buttonless, black-striped variety. Trousers will be cut long and wide with a special bag for the knees, except for those gentlemen who prefer the otherwise. They will also be shaped for those whose legs are patterned after the parenthesis design. An innovation is the new sleeveless vest which will not be worn over the shirt as heretofore, but under the coat. Coats will not be worn any longer than the rest of the suit, provided they are of the same material. Shoes, neckties and sox will be worn in the same places, but for evening wear, pajamas will be most popular. For formal evening wear, pajamas will also be most popular.

(An apology to our women readers: We regret that our column on "What Women Will Wear" was too short to appear in print.)



Boiled: "Dja hava good time at the dance last night?"

Shirtz: "Naw, it was formal an' I was board stiff."

ANIMATED CONVERSATION

Scene: The edge of a cliff. A handsome, athletic young gentleman is about to scramble a heavy-set, rough-looking egg on the rocks below. Words and blows are now falling fast:

"Will it be a formal affair?"

"Spring will soon be here."

"Well, gasoline is much cheaper now."

"Is it as late as that?"

"And she's engaged!"

"But I like light coffee."

"She is pretty sometimes."

"Have a smoke with me?"

"Oh, I like the cheaper ones."

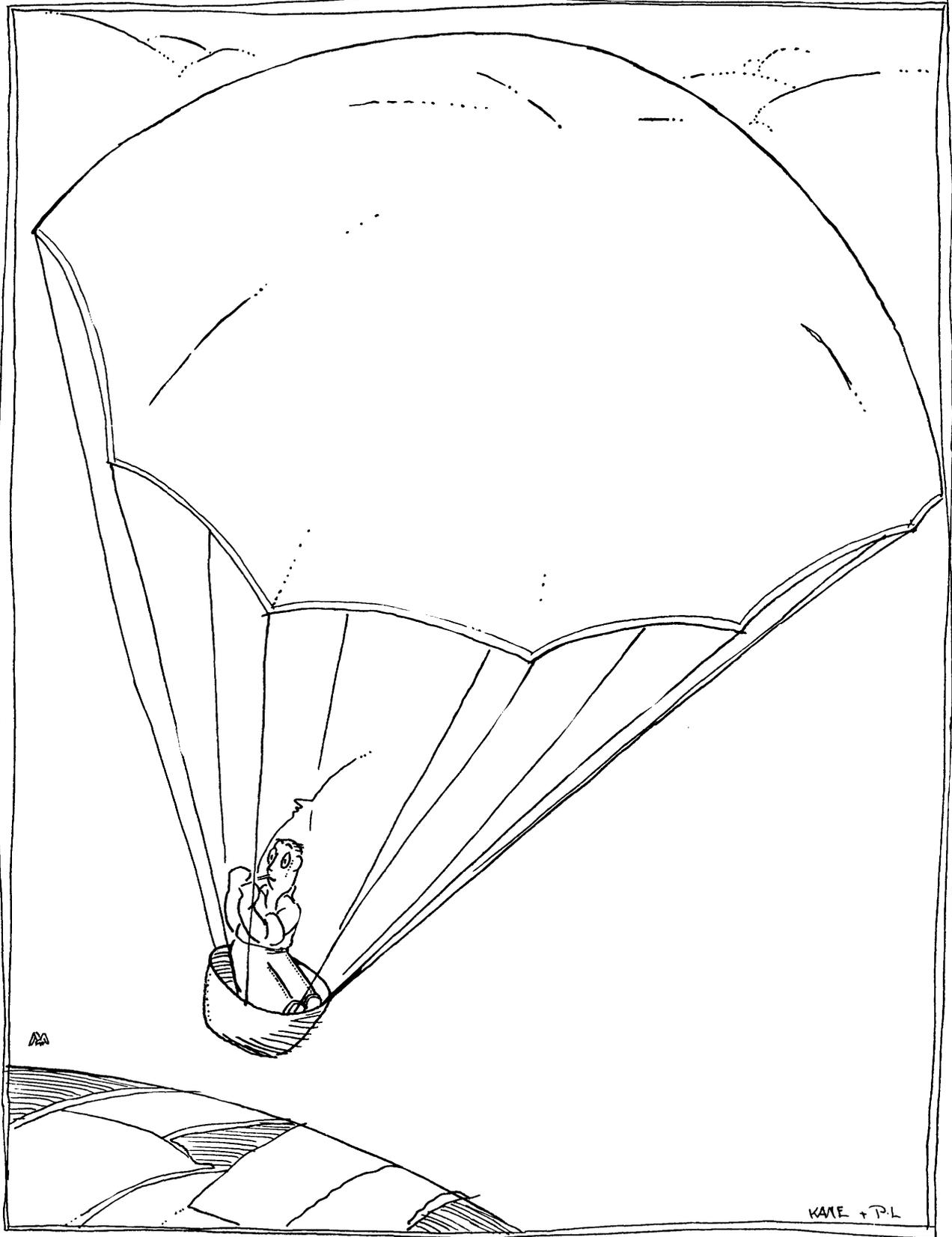
"Did you hear the bell?"

Movie Director: "All right, Mr. Stairbanks, that'll be enough. It's a peach of a fight scene."



He: Aren't you cold in that costume?

She: No, all I have to do is look at you, and I just boil.



A Mere Drop in the Bucket

DIRTY DIGS No. 89725940

She cuddled closer to him on the morris chair. Why shouldn't she? He was only a college student, but his father was president of five or six railroads, owner of two or three coal mines, director of a few banks, etc. Of course she didn't *know* that but anyhow— They had to kill time in some respectable way, so they picked on the family album. His interest increased as his eyes fell upon the strange assortment of freakish faces.

"Who is that dignified old gentleman, Jane, dear?"

"Oh, that's my great grandfather. He was one of the original gold-diggers."

"And who's that pleasant looking rough-neck?"

"That's grandfather. He followed in his father's footsteps and was also killed while mining gold."

"How remarkable! And who is that healthy looking consumptive on the opposite page?"

"Oh, you mean Uncle John! He was killed in the gold rush of '49." (Rough, elderly man enters room, interrupting the post-mortem.)

"Oh, Frank, I want you to meet father. He has just returned from a gold-digging expedition in Alaska."

"Delighted, I'm sure, Mr. Goldust. Isn't it remarkable how the family trade has been upheld by the present generation?"

And now he wonders why she threw him down.



Life's Bitter Dregs. A remarkable photo-play which brings before the movie fan's eyes the methods of cultivating and marketing the coffee bean.



U. MAN

A FALLING OUT WITH HIS WIFE



"Ah wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursils as ithers see us."



A FATHER'S ADVICE

Dear Son:

Hitch your wagon to a star and let everything you do amount to something.

YOUR LOVING FATHER.

Dear Father:

I couldn't get a star but I got one of the chorus. She didn't amount to much but what I did amounted to the following:

Taxis	\$34.95
Candy	19.50
Flowers	27.00
Dinners	42.50

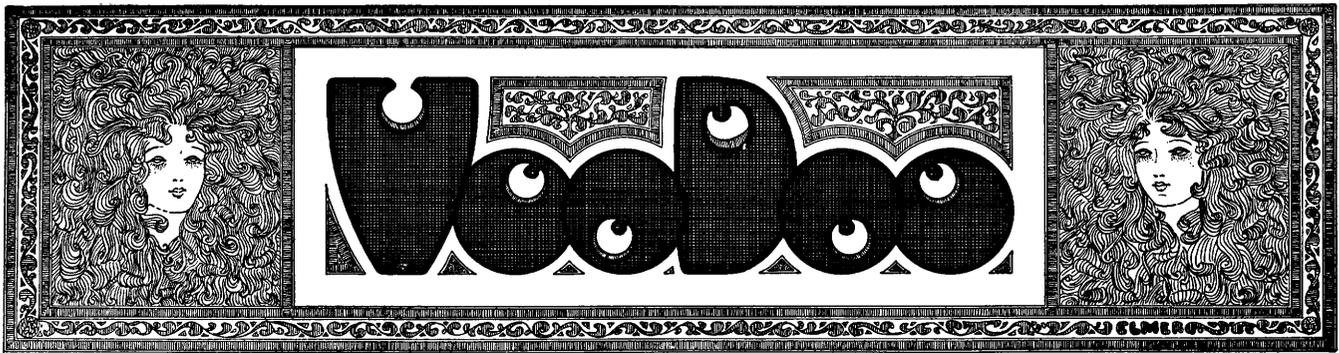
Let's have some more advice.

YOUR LOVING SON.



SO

The many naughty girls I've known,
I cheerfully forget,
But, oh, a few I did not meet
I think of with regret!



OUR VERY OWN BLUE LAW SUGGESTIONS

Inasmuch as in all walks of life a certain respected Few must always see fit to call objectionable those things which please the majority, it seems only right to bow in fullest conformance with their opinions. Human nature is at best avaricious and evil, and this nature finding expression through the sentiments and tastes of the greater number, it must necessarily follow that the aforementioned very, very small minority are infallible. Moreover, it is only logical that this Few, deeming themselves on higher elevation than the common herd, are therefore divinities with self-imposed halos, and should have control over the ignorant and pernicious tendencies of the unprincipled multitude. Yielding thus to the wide spread and popular demand for higher standards among our great American colleges and institutions, Phosphorous, not to be found wanting, submits the following suggestions for immediate adoption by Society:

A. As concerns Smoking. The use of tobacco as a substitute for opium and mouthwash, coming, as it does, under those actions which are ascribed to our Personal Liberty, in view of the fact that our Constitution guarantees us this Liberty, it should be abolished.

B. As concerns Drinking. It being a natural desire of Man to imbibe occasionally, or more than occasionally, and having previously determined that all human desires are vicious and of a low moral character, it is the duty of Society to abolish this privilege.

C. As concerns Women. As Women are a constant source of controversy between men, and inasmuch as men find pleasure in associating with them, this desire can be construed as both human and natural and therefore we should exterminate all women. (How could we in all fairness abolish tobacco and liquor and yet leave Woman, the greatest source of trouble at large?)

D. As concerns Existence. Not being to blame for our presence on Earth, although said presence is directly responsible for the wrongs of Society, inasmuch as there is a law against self-extinction, we are not at liberty to remove ourselves. Existence is therefore permissible.

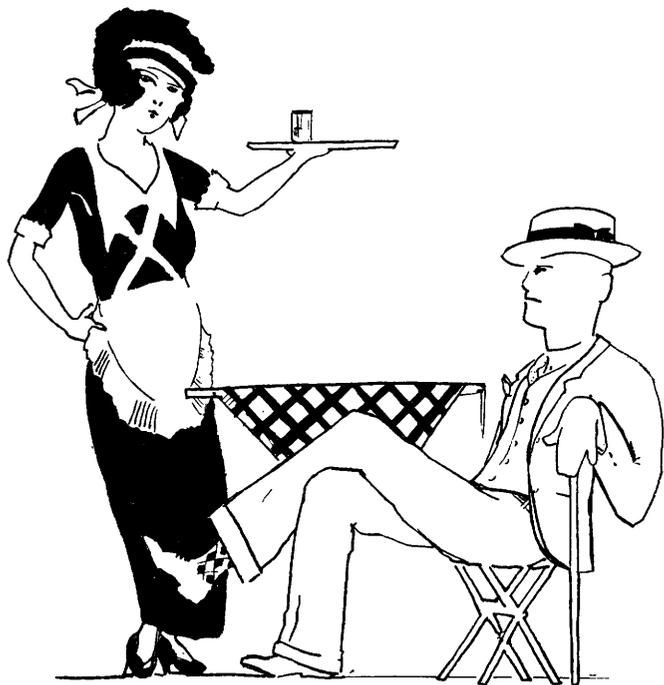
APOSTROPHE

I miss you —
 I miss your sweet
 Well-rounded form, —
 That dear expectant mouth
 Whenever I
 Seek to give you
 Some small token —
 Dear Wastebasket,
 I miss you, damn it!



“But, my dear, surely you were cold out there on the lake?”

“Oh no, Auntie, John rapt his gaze around me.”



He: Say, you look like a million tonight.
She: (demurely) I know but I'm only twenty-eight.



BY CANDLELIGHT

*By candlelight a master cameo you seem to be,
Serene in fair nobility, a perfect joy to me.
By candlelight I build dream castles
In the depths of your treasured blue eyes,
And my heart fairly bursts as with happy song
I send my prayer to the skies.
By candlelight my dearest hope
Is a golden reality.
May my heart beat as one with yours —
And I mean a little to you,
Of what you have meant to me.*



A Retouching Job



DID YOU EVER FEEL LIKE THIS?

**Tell your troubles to a glass of Moxie,
—It'll be like confiding in an old friend.**

And

You'll feel different.

Drink
MOXIE

The above advertisement was written by Mr. Harold Bishko of M. I. T. at the request of Frank Archer of the Moxie Company, who thus affords an exceptional opportunity for the students to gain practical experience in writing advertisements for a famous product.

He Never Came Back

PHILBERT FLAMPTON, noted ornithologist, indoor game hunter, and collector of antique lawn mowers, lived with his wife and their twenty children in the palatial Flampton mansion in South Boston. One evening about three A.M., after his customary dinner of Bermuda onions and raw buttermilk, Flampton left the house ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing some second hand pipe cleaners. He was never seen again, but two weeks later his wife received anonymously through the mail an unripe cantaloupe with a glazed center. A Chicago woman wrote that she had seen a man looking distinctly unlike Flampton gazing in the window of a hairdressing parlor, just three months after his disappearance. But the police could find no evidence of the missing man. Was he alive or afflicted with anesthesia? McHenry tells this novel in his own excruciating, uninteresting manner. Send \$1.75 for the entire volume beautifully bound in . . . Oh, Gosh no! For one subscription to Voo Doo lasting any place from one year. A very remarkable opportunity for shop-girls to study the shoe-lace industry from a new standpoint. Weep on the dotted line.....

I am an undertaker and need resuscitation.

*I am enclosing \$1.75 for one year's subscription to
VOO DOO*

Send copies to.....

.....

Signed

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology

CAMBRIDGE

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses, each of four years' duration, in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering; Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering; Mining Engineering and Metallurgy and Geology and Geological Engineering; Architecture and Architectural Engineering; Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Electrochemical Engineering; Biology and Public Health and Sanitary Engineering; Physics, General Science and General Engineering; and in Engineering Administration. These Courses lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

To be admitted to the first-year class, applicants must have attained the age of seventeen years, and must satisfactorily fulfill entrance requirements in Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Physics, Chemistry, English, History and French or German and one elective subject. Examinations are required in all subjects except Chemistry, History and the elective, the requirements for which are fulfilled by the presentation of satisfactory certificates. A division of these entrance subjects between different examination periods is permitted.

Entrance examinations are held at the Institute in September. In June, applicants will be examined by the College Entrance Examination Board in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and many other cities in America and Europe. A circular stating times and places is issued in advance by the College Board.

Graduates of colleges and scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted, without examination, to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training.

Graduate courses leading to the degrees of Master of Science, Master in Architecture, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science are also offered. Special Research Laboratories of Physical Chemistry, Applied Chemistry and Science have been established.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Institute.

PUBLICATIONS

Bulletins of General Information, Courses of Study, Summer Session, Advanced Study and Research, and the Report of the President and the Treasurer.

Any of the above named publications will be mailed free on application.

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**GENERAL BUSINESS NEWS
EVERY DAY**

Boston 8, Mass.

**WORTH READING FOR INFORMATION
WORTH USING FOR ADVERTISING**



ROGER BACON
1214-1294

English philosopher and man of science. Studied at Oxford and the University of Paris. Wrote the *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus*, *Opus Tertium*, and many other treatises.

For this he was sent to prison

Roger Bacon may not have invented gunpowder, as has been claimed by some biographers of the famous Franciscan friar, but he exploded some of the outstanding errors of thirteenth century thought. Because of his advanced teachings, Bacon spent many years of his life in prison.

In an age of abstract speculation he boldly asserted the mathematical basis of all the sciences. But even mathematical calculation, he showed, must be verified by experiment, which discovers truths that speculation could never reach.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, Bacon's principles are followed in every experimental investigation. The gas-filled electric lamp and the electron tube were worked out on paper, but it was experimental verification of the underlying mathematical theory that made electric illumination, radio broadcasting and X-rays what they are today.



More than a million dollars a year is devoted to research by the General Electric Company in order that the giant—electricity—may be made more and more useful to mankind.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

HOTEL ASTOR

THIS MODERN HOTEL
 AFFORDS INTIMATE
 TOUCH WITH ALL
 THAT MAKES LIFE
 IN NEW YORK ALLURING

ROOM RATES AND RESTAU-
 RANT PRICES TO FIT THE
 PURSE OF COLLEGE MEN

DINNER DANCES ୧ ୧ ୧
 ୧ ୧ ୧ SUPPER DANCES

FRED'K A. MUSCHENHEIM

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK
 Broadway, Forty-fourth & Forty-fifth Streets

“Why are your fraternity brothers all so thin?”
 “Every time they hear the dinner gong they think
 it's the patrol wagon.”

— Chaparral



Judge: “You're fined forty dollars for going forty
 miles an hour.”

Speeder: “Thanks, your honor. Write it out, please.
 I make ten dollars profit. I was bet fifty dollars that
 my old boat couldn't make forty miles per.”

—Wampus

For the second best man
 in any friendly little
 bout

Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

At all druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid
 Liberal trial bottle, 10c. postpaid

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.

379 Lyman Street Springfield, Mass.

for a cut, scratch, wrench,
 sprain, strain, bruise and
 to counteract second-day
 stiffness.

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

*A personal inspection
 invariably leads to a
 call for "BOSTONS"*



GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers, Boston

76 Years of Real Service

Thos. F. Gabrin
INCORPORATED
FLOWERS

*Discount of 15%
allowed Tech Students*

America's Foremost Florist



BOSTON

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Downtown

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NEW YORK

561 Fifth Avenue, corner 46th Street

You are invited to visit

THE MILLER DRUG CO.

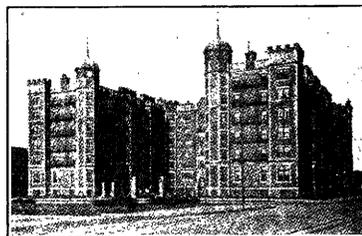
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The most modern up-to-date Pharmacy in Boston

College Graduate Pharmacists
at Your Service

*A Complete Stock of Foreign and
Domestic Drugs and Chemicals*

We recommend for constipation
THE FABERY SALTS



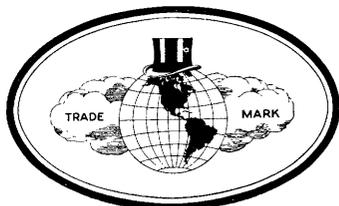
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Table d'Hôte and
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Special facilities for
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and Assemblies
Menu Submitted

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Opposite Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Telephone, University 2680

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NEVER FAILS"**



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REGULAR CUSTOMER**

128 DARTMOUTH STREET



NO one ever gets tired of Melachrinos — their unfailing quality is a constant satisfaction.

ORIGINAL

MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

Learn to Dance AND BE POPULAR

PROFESSOR LOUIS M. LERNER'S

ACADEMY OF DANCING THE SCHOOL OF AUTHORITY

335 Massachusetts Avenue
(Near Boston Arena)



Telephones
Back Bay
9383 and 9384

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BY
THE NEW IMPROVED METHOD OF TEACHING
SPECIAL COURSES AND RATES TO STUDENTS

Personal instruction by Professor Lerner and his expert staff of lady and gentleman teachers. All the latest ballroom, society and tango dances; also all the newest collegiate steps

The school that caters especially to the college student

REAL SOCIABLE SOCIALS
Every Wednesday Evening at 8 P.M. with DAVE GRANT'S Famous "TECH" Orchestra

*To Let: Our artistically decorated ballroom accommodating 200
Just the place for your FRATERNITY dances*

*"If it's popular at College—
You'll find it at Macullar Parker's"*

COLLEGE APPAREL OF THE VOGUE

London Coats and Fur Coats
Patrick Coats and Ulsters
Sack Suits
Sport Suits
Tuxedo and Dress Suits

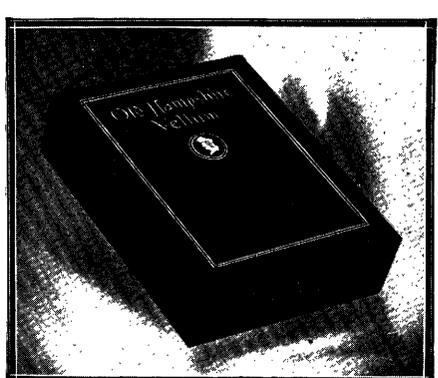


Imported Golf Hose, Sweaters to match,
London Neckwear, Scotch Plaid Mufflers,
Collar-Attached White Cheviot Shirts,
and Closed-Front Single-Band Cuffs.

Macullar Parker Company

"The Old House with the Young Spirit"

TREMONT STREET, AT BROMFIELD



Just as You Always Feel

more self-assured if you know you are well dressed, so will your letters improve when your stationer suits your individuality. It helps a lot to know that your stationery is correct. Buy

Old Hampshire Stationery

at your local dealer.

FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
Hampshire Paper Company
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

Duofold converts the 'Die Hards,' too

—the men who think all fountain pens are alike

Its Size and Balance and 25-year Point
put fresh inspiration into everyone's writing

YOU know the "Die Hards"—the fellows who believe all fountain pens are alike. They either never owned a Class A pen, or have four or five cheap pens rattling around in their desks.

They had no affection for alarm clocks either, until Big Ben came along and woke them up. And when Gillette first took the morning murder out of shaving, the "Die Hards" were the last to cheer the safety razor.

But there's one good thing about the "Die Hards"—they can be convinced if you show them. So whenever one of their number starts to expound his theory about fountain pens, just pull out this black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold and give him a taste of the fresh inspiration that Geo. S. Parker has put into every-day writing.

Even the hardest "Die Hard" will own up he never swung a pen with Duofold's inspiring balance—that he never saw one with Duofold's classic shapeliness and beauty.

He'll catch the new idea when you tell him this Chinese lacquer-red color makes Duofold a hard pen to lose—that its size and symmetry give it a friendly feel in the hand. And he can't write his signature without admitting that Duofold's polished Iridium point (guaranteed 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection) is the smoothest thing that ever slid over paper.

He'll like the capacity of the Over-size ink barrel. And when you show how the Ink-tight Duo-sleeve Cap fits with micro-metric precision so the Duofold can't leak, the chances are 10 to 1 that he'll soon head for the nearest pen counter.

After all, the Parker Duofold gives the biggest thrill to men and women whom ordinary pens can't stir. That's why good pen counters sell Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval—knowing that day by day this classic grows on everyone.

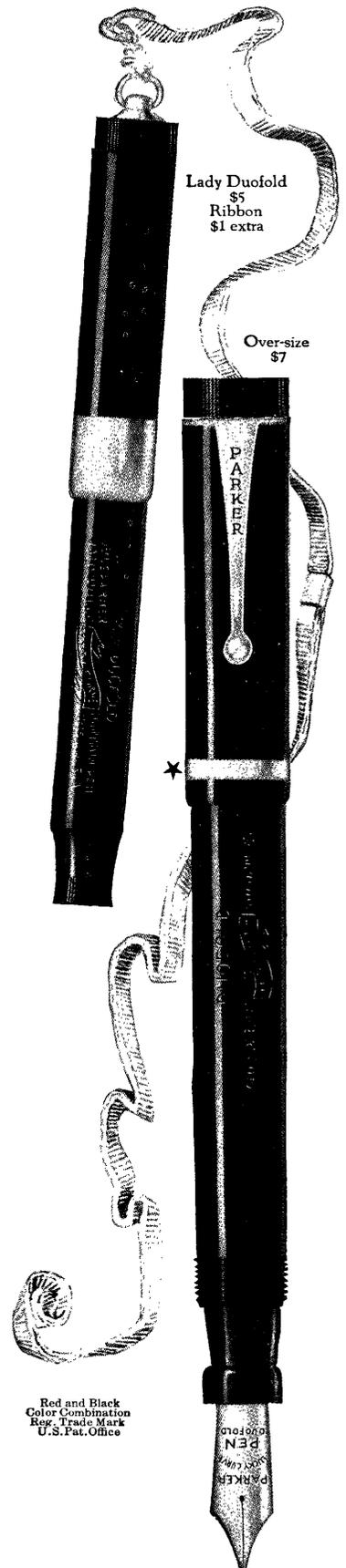
If you don't own the Duofold already, get this super-pen before the "Die Hards" beat you to it.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK · CHICAGO Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils SAN FRANCISCO · SPOKANE
THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Parker LUCKY CURVE
Duofold OVER-SIZE
With The 25 Year Point **\$7**
Duofold Jr. \$5 Same except for size Lady Duofold \$5 With ring for chatelaine



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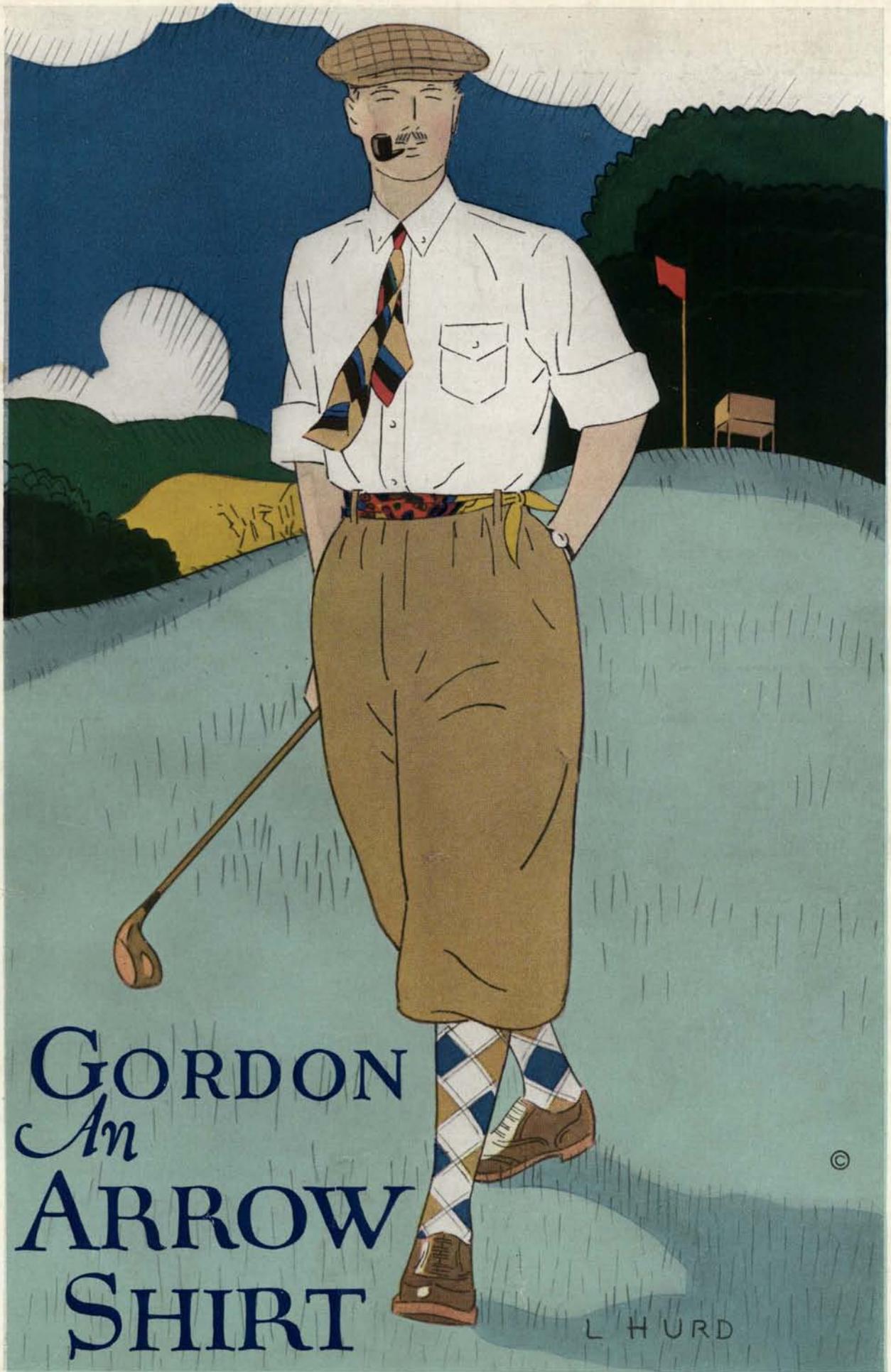


Lady Duofold
\$5
Ribbon
\$1 extra

Over-size
\$7

Red and Black
Color Combination
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