

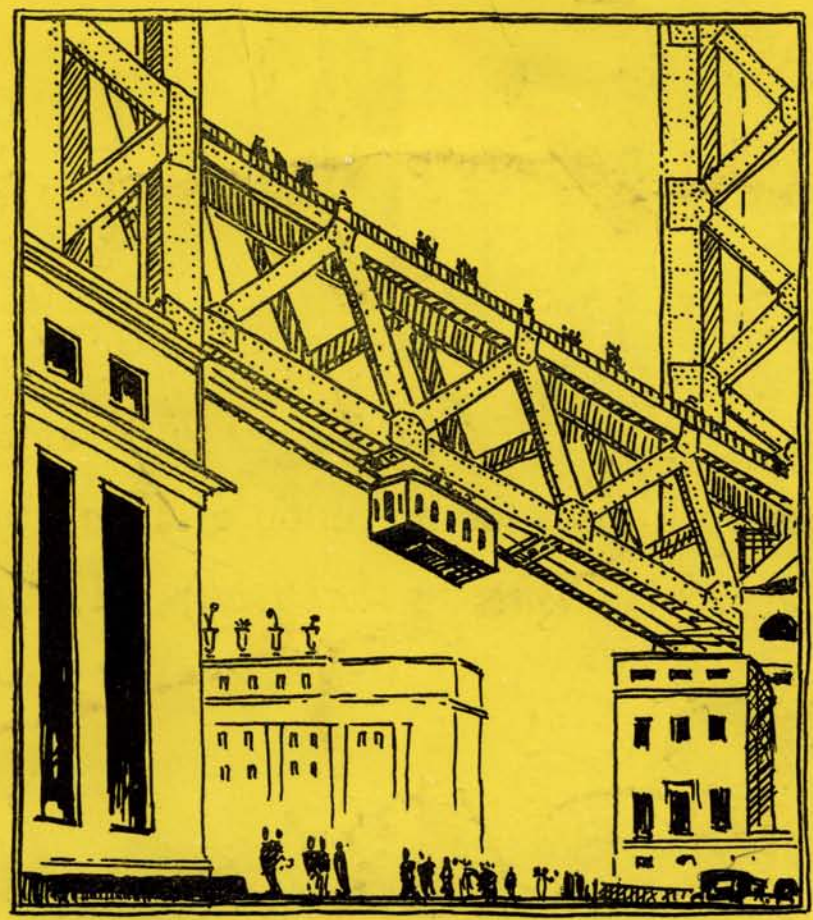
THE M.I.T. VOO DOO PRESENTS

MASS. INST. OF TECHNOLOGY
21 NOV 1930
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THE TECH ENGINEERING NEWS

MEMBER OF ENGINEERS COMICS INC

GENERAL VIEW.
THE STEEL WORK
ON TOP OF
BUILDING TWO
SHOWING THE
NEW RAPID TRANSIT
BETWEEN WALKER
MEMORIAL.
AND BUILDING TWO.



MORE THAN
6 BILLION RIVETS
AND 10,000 TONS
OF STEEL WERE
REQUIRED TO
COMPLETE THIS
GIGANTIC STRUCTURE
THE TWO TOWERS
ARE 558 FEET
HIGH.



The biggest little antidote
for over-work since the invention of Tom Thumb
golf *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*



Chesterfield

MILDER . . . AND BETTER TASTE

EVENTS OF THE MONTH

Week of November 10

NOVEMBER 10 Cross Country—N.E.I.C.A.A.
Freshmen and Varsity at
Franklin Park

NOVEMBER 11 Soccer—Brown at Providence
Frosh Soccer—Harvard at
Harvard

NOVEMBER 15 Soccer—Tufts at Home
Frosh Soccer—Worcester
Academy at Worcester

Week of November 17

NOVEMBER 17 Cross Country—I.C.A.A. at
New York
Freshmen and Varsity

NOVEMBER 22 Soccer—Varsity vs. Frosh

“What’s your son doing?”

“He’s a naval surgeon.”

“My, how they’re specializing!”

—Hulla-Baloo

She: “You told me before I married you that
you were well off.”

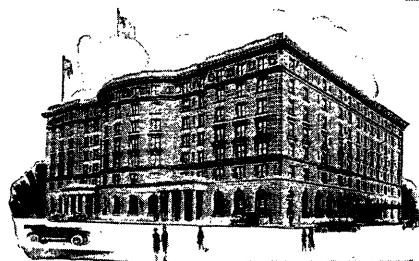
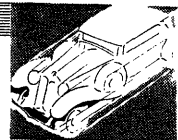
He: “I was, but I didn’t know it.”

—Exchange

The night was supreme. Old Luna was beam-
ing down in all its glory. John pulled up off the
pavement and sighed. “Two minds with but a
single thought.” “You brute,” cried lil’ Nell,
“let me out this instant!!”

—Rice Owl

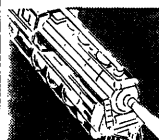
BOSTON &



THE COPLEY PLAZA

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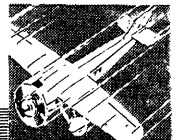
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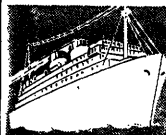
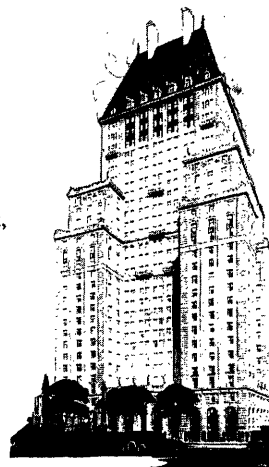
HOTELS OF



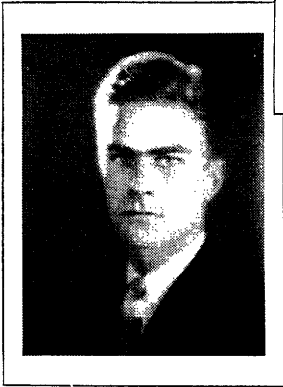
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Fifth Avenue, Central Park,
New York

HENRY A. ROST
President



DISTINCTION



MR. HAROLD JAEGER,
a Wisconsin man



MISS FRANCES LEE,
a Vassar girl

Your correspondents

on college styles

College Humor Magazine introduces these two young people, recently appointed to the editorial staff. Each month they will inform you of the modern trend of fashion.

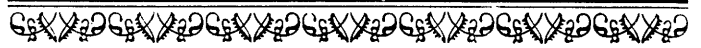
You will meet them each month in the pages of this magazine, and since they will be visiting colleges constantly, perhaps before long you may meet them in person on your own campus.

Alert, keen, so recently out of school themselves that they can easily keep their fingers on the pulse of those influences which affect college styles and customs, you may follow their predictions and know that you are unerringly correct in your dress.

They are ready to help you with any problems your wardrobe may present, with advice and information. This is a service College Humor is happy to offer to college men and women.

College Humor

M A G A Z I N E



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The Massachusetts Institute of Technology

CAMBRIDGE

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses in Engineering and Science, each of four years' duration, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in:

Aeronautical Engineering	General Engineering
Architectural Engineering	Geology
Biology and Public Health	Industrial Biology
Building Construction	Mathematics
Chemical Engineering	Mechanical Engineering
Chemical Engineering Practice	Metallurgy
Chemistry	Military Engineering
Civil Engineering	Mining Engineering
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Electrochemical Engineering	Physics
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The Course in Architecture is of five years' duration, and leads to the degree of Bachelor in Architecture. Five-year Coöperative Courses in Electrical Engineering and Railroad Operation leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Master of Science are also offered.

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The better high schools and other preparatory schools in the United States offer adequate preparation for the required entrance examinations given by the College Entrance Examination Board in June, or by the Institute in September.

Graduates of colleges or of scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding approximately to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training, and are given credit for our required subjects, including the entrance requirements, so far as they have been satisfactorily completed.

The Summer Session, extending from June to September, includes most of the subjects given during the academic year, and in addition special courses for teachers.

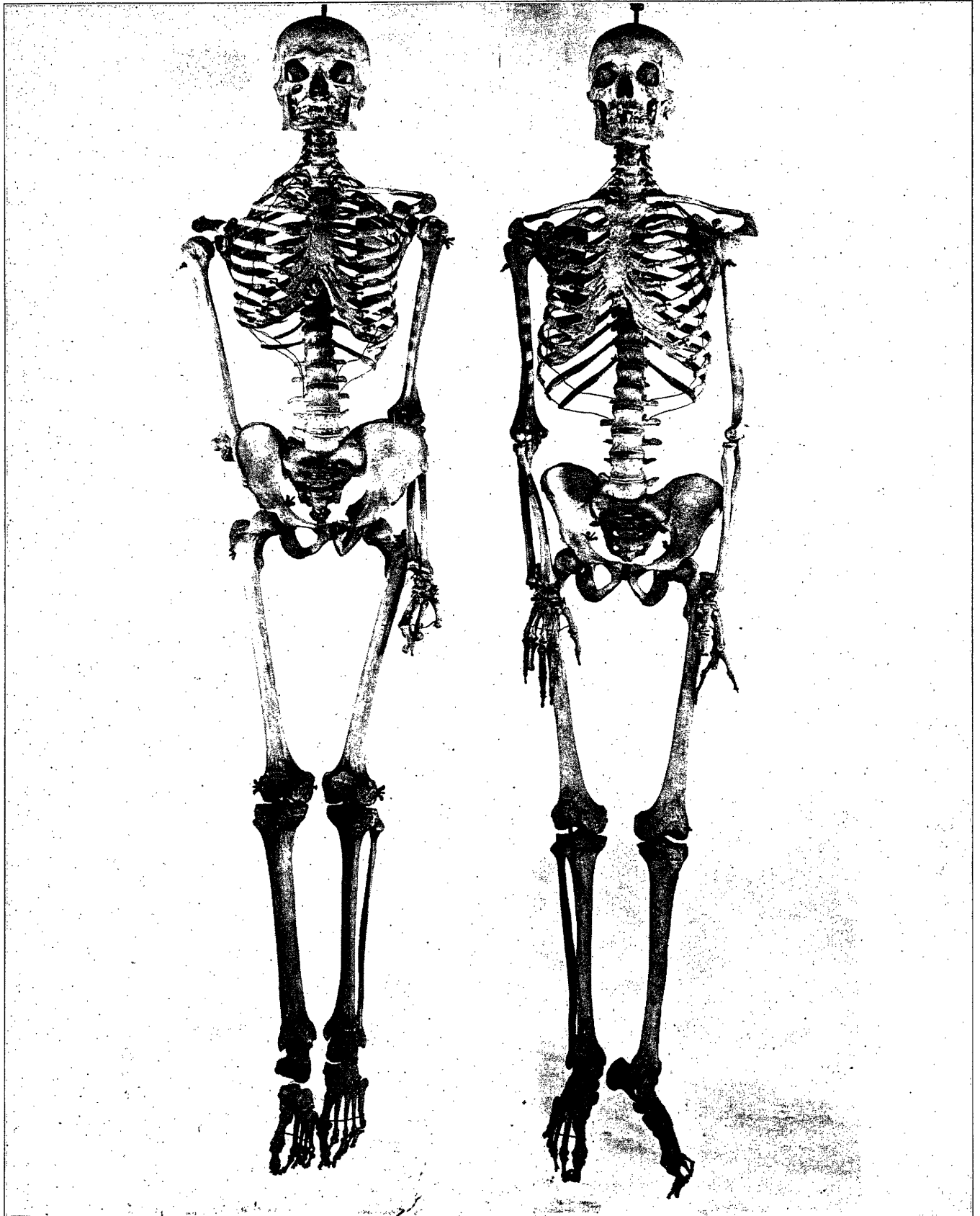
ANY OF THE FOLLOWING PUBLICATIONS WILL BE SENT FREE UPON REQUEST:

Catalogue for the Academic Year (which includes the admission requirements)

Graduate Study and Research

Summer Session Catalogue

Correspondence should be addressed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology



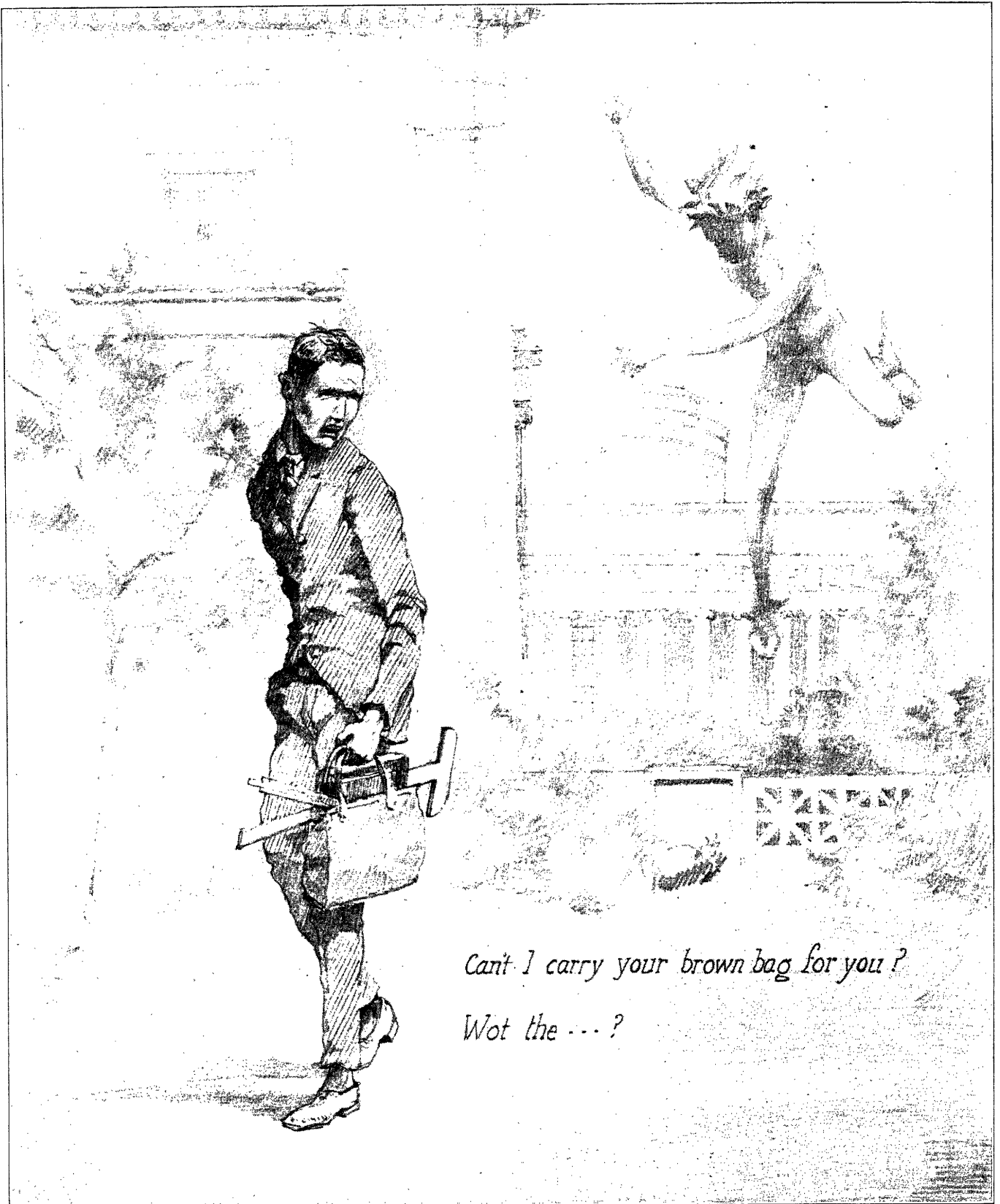
THE RUCAN SISTERS NOW APPEARING AT THE CROSTOWN THEATRE

(Note: Our reporter unfortunately used the wrong camera)

T. E. N.

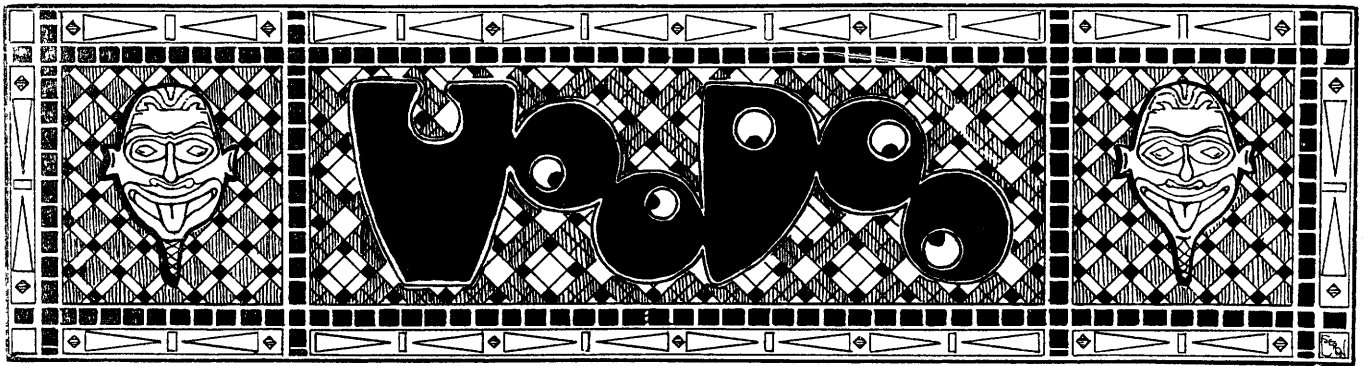
A LA
PHOSPHORUS





Can't I carry your brown bag for you?

Wot the ... ?



The Low-Down On This Engineering Business

By Major Wilhelm C. Horstalle

You, Gentlemen, have unfortunately crossed the doorstep to the Engineering sciences, and I shall try to explain to your undeveloped intellects just how I have come to be what I am and doing what I am in this field. To my mind, not Science but Psychology is the beaker and test tube of mankind and Civilization. What could we do without Psychology? What can we do *with* it? It is to you, Gentlemen, that this imponderable situation is presented.

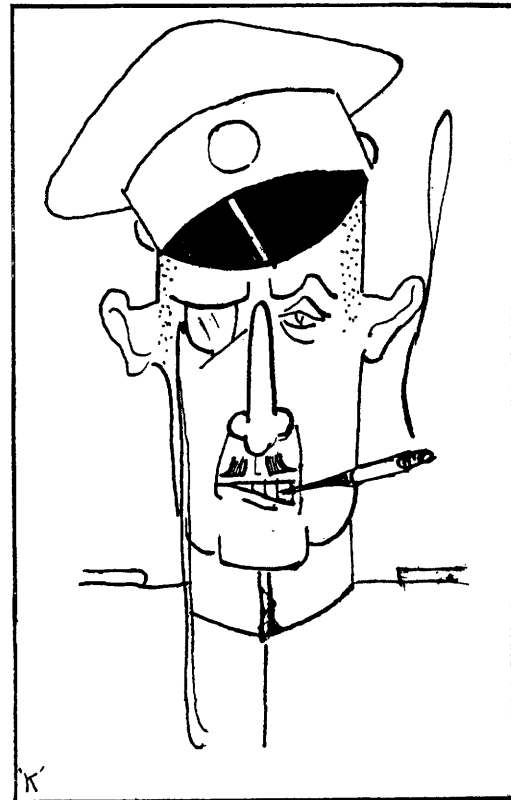
The most sappy of the Aldead lectures, which I had the misfortune to hear, was that of Mr. Snickerson. Between every two paragraphs of that intolerable discourse I slept an hour. It was a remarkable fact that I remained awake as much as I did, and if any of you—ahem!—embryo engineers can do better, I advise you to stay away.

It is assumed that technical courses here are taught by so-called authorities, such as the Police department, with whom you will be acquainted before many moons, for they are headed by a graduate of the Institute. I shall not try to add anything to their methods of teaching. I can only tell you what I've seen and done in my thirty-five years of engineering experience—of some of the things a successful engineer should put into his education and some of the things he should practise.

A most remarkable attribute of Engineering is its romance, and another, its amazing versatility. Don't you thrill at seeing a picture of a man or woman with a rifle, standing over a fallen animal?—at least you should. If you gentlemen live around here you are no doubt acquainted with the gentle art of game hunting. The best method is to go after them with a slipper sole, or Flit, but I've had fair success with Black Flag. If nothing avails, throw away the mattress and sleep on the springs. The hunting and stalking of these wild animals to study their habits is another, and quite commendable, activity. Hunting with gun, cam-

era, and rod will never make an engineer, but it made ARL Cakeley, a scientist friend of mine.

As you pursue your studies, and now and then make a hopeless attempt to catch up with them, do you ever wonder how much of the work that you think you slave over will be of use to you? I never use a bit of it. Trusty old Hudson's Manual, an E. E. Handbook, and Field and Office



Major Wilhelm C. Horstalle, of the Cavalry Engineer Corps, has had a very narrow view of the engineering field. He is responsible for 75% of the wrong numbers of the telephone book. He installed the New York Second Avenue Horse Car Railway in underground conduit. He saw service in the Boer War, was commended for efficient use of incinerators in the cavalry unit he commanded, and flew a total of 400 hours on a roc's back. Major Horstalle is a big-game hunter, especially of polo, and has installed his patented piling system on several Long Island fields.

At present the Major is engaged installing traffic signals of the flashing variety at the North and South Poles.

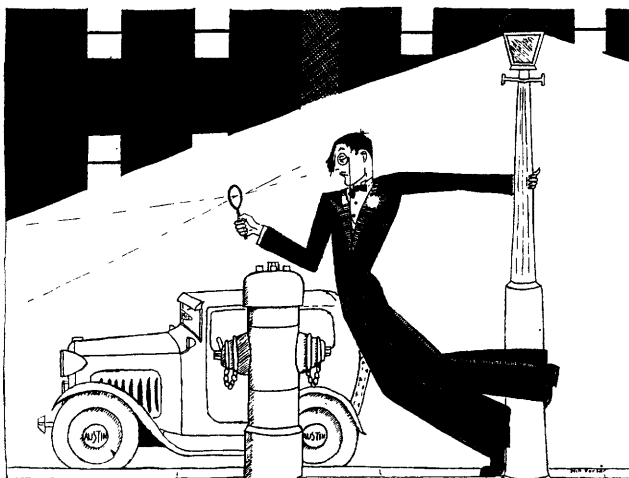
Tables have made me what I am today. Don't cry, Gentlemen, there are others far worse off than me.

What do you retain of all that you are now taught? Little, if any. Why? I don't know. I didn't retain that much. Picked it up afterwards, here and there, on odd jobs.

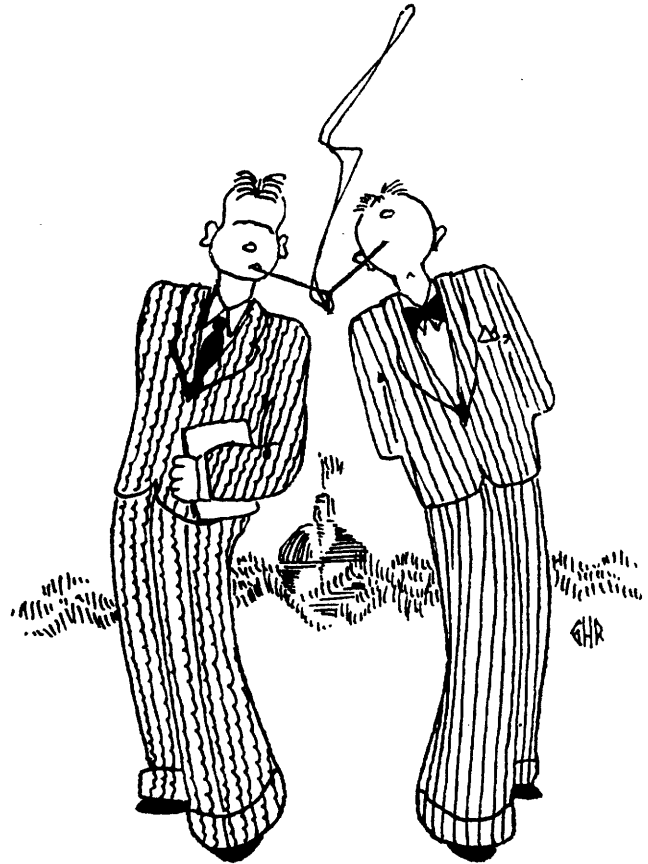
You learn Mathematics here. Pardon me!—you are taught Mathematics. Good engineers are not mathematicians, unfortunately—but on the other hand, there is not a good mathematician who was (or is) a practical engineer.

Let us consider Physics. I'm sure he won't mind. The scholarly old gentlemen who impound this material of high specific gravity into our heads are not engineers, nor practical. They are pure—and not simple. On second thought, I know they are pure—they may be simple. Why do you want to take Physics? Why do you want Math? Why do you want anything? I'm sure you will find everything that a good, man-of-the-world, practical engineer needs in the handbooks which can be obtained at any good stationery or book store at trifling prices.

And now just a bit of parting advice. Be careful in your manner of dress. Never appear in the field without your topper, tailer, and cane. Corduroys are the only correct dress for your office. And of course the shorts for evening and formal wear. The laboratory, too, has its silk shirt and pongee apron, without which you would appear out of place. Gentlemen, say little, do less, charge more, and dress well, and you will be successful engineers. Stay where your Institute aims to put you—out—and you will not only escape being a snob, but have a chance to marry a real woman, and not some measly daughter of a boss. Then, my lads, you will be engineers. Farewell.



Body and Spirits. "Where, Oh, Where Can My L'il 'Oss Be???"



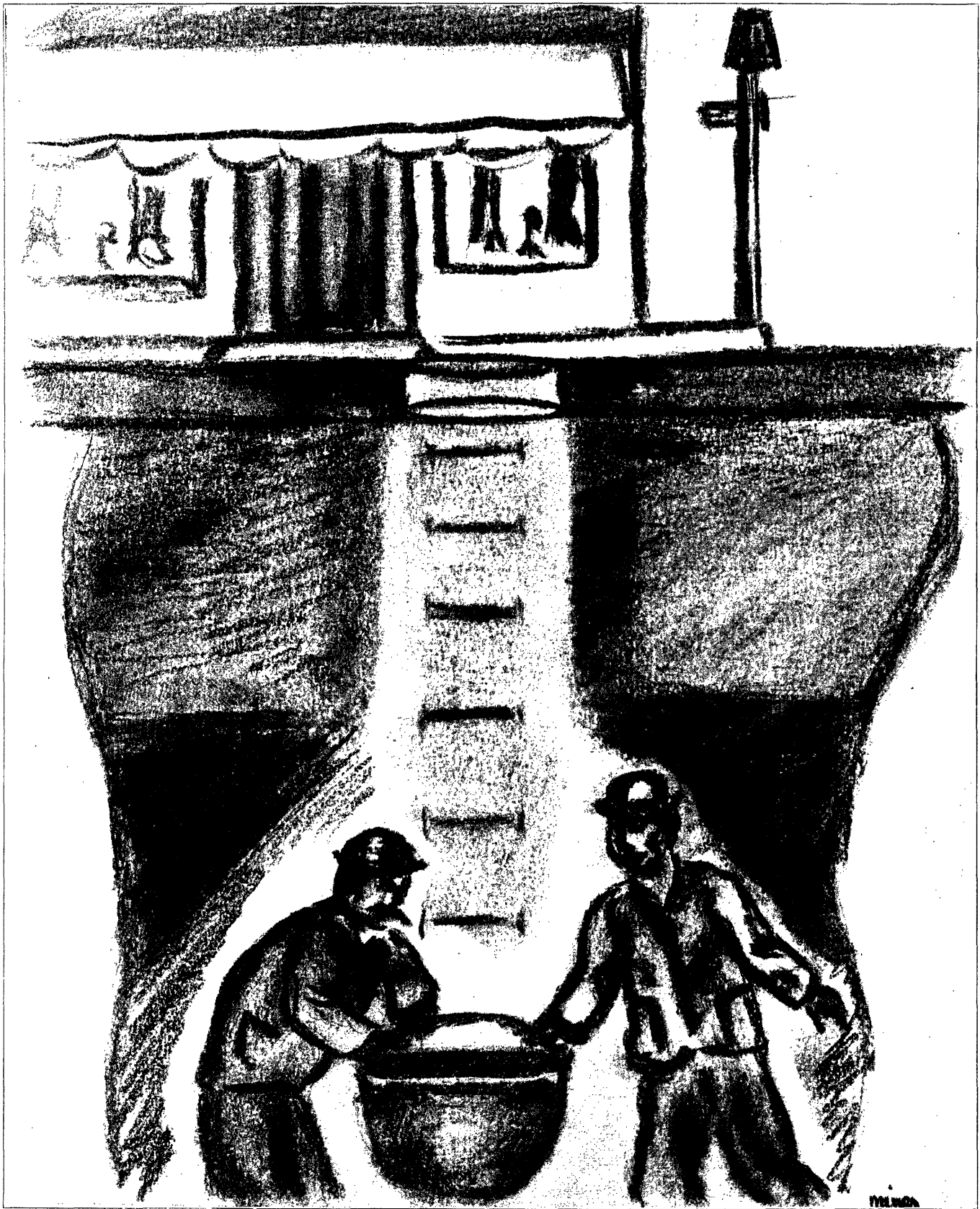
COURSE XV LAMENT

*Could the guy who quotes statistics only know
That I am bored with what statistics show,
I'll bet he wouldn't throw them in my face
When I am trying hard to win an argument
Or illustrate my case.*

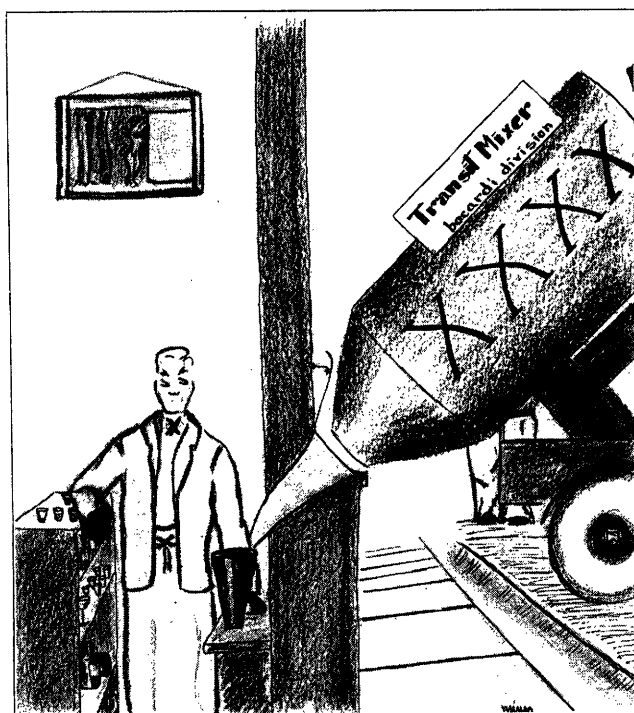
*Just when I think that I have settled a debate,
He proves that he is just the kind of guy I hate.
Percentages he uses most irrefutably,
And concession's not a thing he allows
To either you or me.*

*Oh, how I'd like to break his calculating neck,
And reduce him to the merest dirty speck.
But still, in all his hypocritical junk,
I have found some nice statistics which
Are something more than bunk.*

*For 'though his singular foolishness
Is a form of sour grapes,
Eighty per cent of his ancestors
Were anthropoidal apes.*



Tech '29: "The trouble with me is, Joe, that I never learned nothin' about these white-collar jobs."



Transit Mixer a la Technology

Souse: "It's hell."

Souster: "Howsat?"

Souse: "Well, in the good old days the bottle got broke and I got cut. Now, the bottle gets cut and I get broke."

"Yes, yes!" quoth Willie the wise, "all our troubles can be blamed upon the female sex—just look what happened to good old N. Bona-partie when he met his Water Lue."

N.B.—Or was it Minniehaha?

"Mitt me," he said. So I punched him on the nose. Always glad to accommodate; that's me.

Friend: "So you've started wearing a hat again?"

Arnold: "Yes. I use it as a garage for my new Austin."

1st Chorine: "And how did you do last nite?"

2nd Same: "I didn't do. I got did. Was stuck with a wet Glue magnate."

PHOSPHORUS WONDERS IF THIS
MODEST EFFORT AT BURLESQUE
WILL SUFFICE TO STIR UP THE
IRE OF THE TIMID T.E.N. BOARD
TO A HIGH ENOUGH PITCH
THAT THE EVER VICTORIOUS

VOO DOO
FOOTBALL ELEVEN
MAY HAVE A CHANCE
FOR ANOTHER BASKET
LUNCH OUTING THIS YEAR.



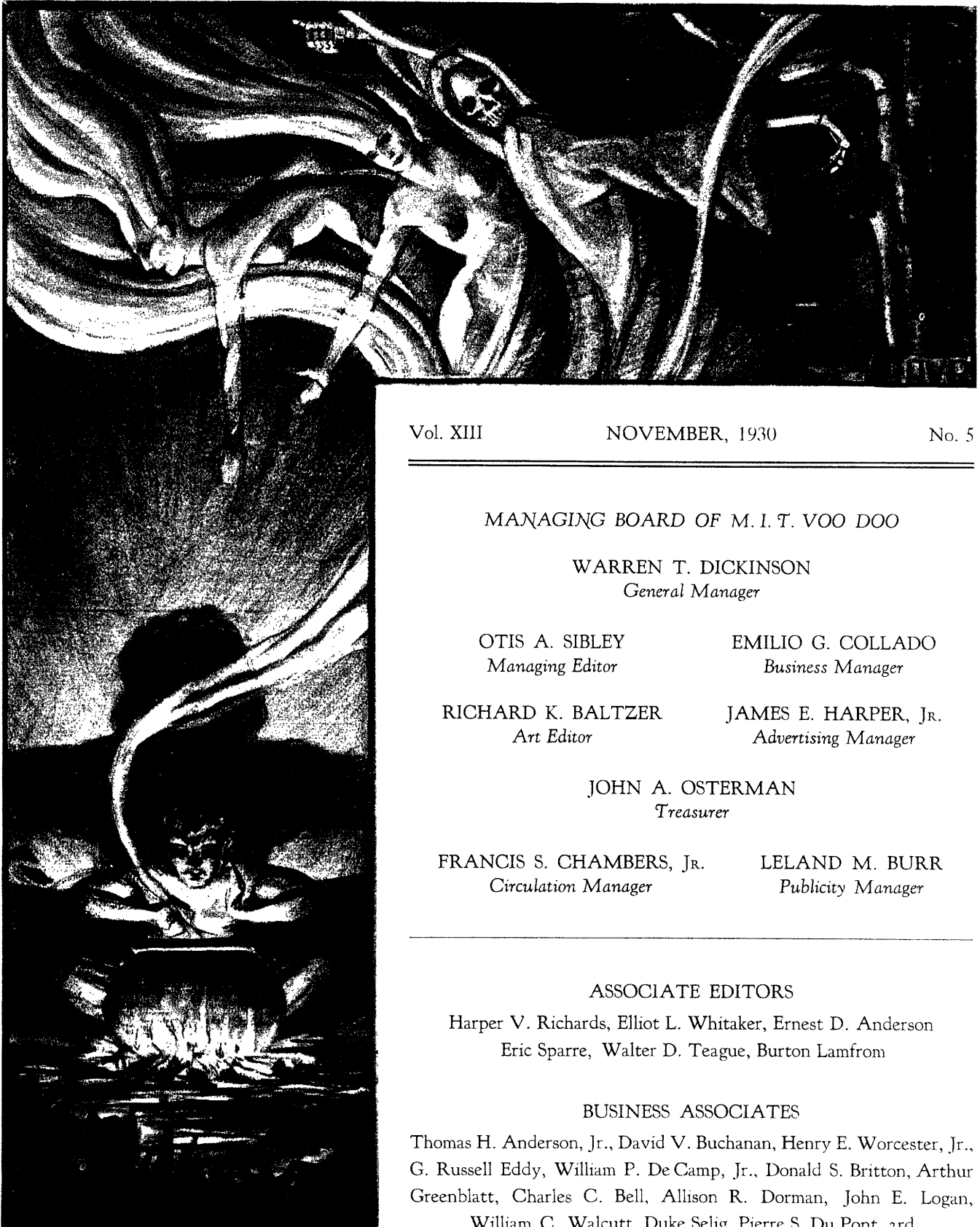
Transom Mixer a la Technology

On the Air

Ladies and Gentlemen—This is Station XX and More X broadcasting. The microphone is now located in Orchestra Hall and we are about to begin the fourth round of our blow by blow account of the greatest fight of the year, Maestro vs. Band. Both seem to have regained much energy during this last intermission. Up to this time Band, with his always potent strong breath, has had the edge on the affair. Ah, they are up out of their corners again. With a powerful jab toward the clarinet, Maestro begins the round. Band flutes while Maestro strikes up the air, and the audience feints. Band seems to be making a hit, but Maestro sneaks in an uppercut which connects with Band's drums, and with a loud crash Band is down on his Cymbals stretched out very

flat, for the count of one . . . two . . . three—the noise is terrific!—four . . . five. He's up again, and now he surprises Maestro; noting Maestro is off his guard, Band sends a sharp saxophone to the head, but Maestro sees it coming, and striking out for Band's cornet, makes Band's trombones slide. This is getting to be a real fight, now, folks! Maestro has Band running all over the scale. What can we expect next? Now Band turns and with a blow all the way from his trumpets has Maestro down in the pit. Band takes advantage of this and gets some wind back in his horns. Maestro comes right back up, however, and with a strong fortissimo, followed by a clever pianissimo, silences Band at the sound of the Bell.





Vol. XIII

NOVEMBER, 1930

No. 5

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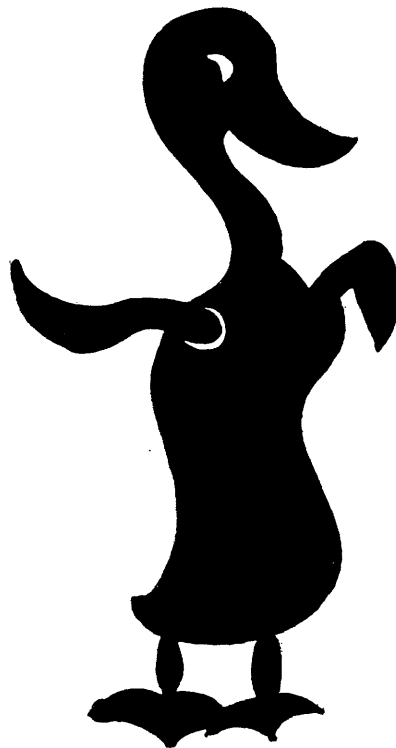
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Fallen Arches and Athlete's Foot

WHAT HO! Heigh ho! and all other expressions denoting that painful state of hanging on, come what may. Here we are, after five weary weeks of problems, quizzes, reports, and innumerable issues of *The Tech*, and about all that is definitely accomplished is to get all the smokers off the board for another year. Why all this lethargy? Are ye cogs of the Great Machine and bondsmen of the Slide Rule? There surely are some who do not accept that old Arabian proverb to the effect that "the cream of today is the cheese of tomorrow," or why bother?

Cast off this laissez-faire attitude and awake to a great wrong! What is the matter with the front steps of our own technical Technology? Whose decimal point slipped in their design? The crux of the situation is this—said steps are strongly disproportional. They are too low to take one at a time and too wide to mount by pairs. What ho! And again, heigh ho! that such a glaring error be the public's first impression of M. I. T.



A Treatise — Why the Amoeba Doesn't Perspire

By Professor Tinglehooper

Perspiration of the Amoeba has long been an internationally disputed question and has kept scientists in doubt through the ages. Never once has anyone lost interest in this subject of immense scientific and political importance. Very often new theories have been advanced by various biologists only to be superseded or refuted by newer and more advanced theories. Men have all but come to blows during discussions at the meetings of the Biological, Chemical, Theological, as well as other societies and social circles throughout the world. Men have sat for weeks at a time gazing through the highest powered microscopes at this most interesting and intriguing little animal, which, by the way, raises the question, "Is it a fish or an animal?" Some say it is, and others dispute this by saying it isn't. Figure 1 shows two different specimens, so you may judge for yourself.

However, this little protozoan need not trouble himself about any such scandalizing criticism

whatsoever, as his importance to the world is already universally known. Every nation has set aside all its grievances; and politics, sports, and amusements are all things of the past simply being supplanted by the study of the elusive little Amoeba. Even the Chinese armies have disbanded and their firearms replaced by a fleet of microscopes.

Its importance has not only been felt scientifically and politically, but has also been perceived in the field of Literature. I quote from an anonymous author:

*"Lowly little Amoeba—
How like a jewel you are;
I believe that some day you
Might be a movie star!
When the day is bright and
You float through the mist—
Always an entity, a single self—
How like an egotist!"*

The poet in his beautiful way has briefly and clearly expressed to us how the fate of nations hangs in the balance and what tremendous weight this has upon the human race.

The Amoeba lives in the water and feeds largely on other protozoa or the simplest metazoa of his own size. He moves along by pushing part of his body forward and then pulling the rear part up to catch up with the forward part. His motion, of course, is rather cumbersome—but then, he gets there. There is some question as to the times when he perspires, but the agreement has been reached that he undoubtedly perspires when in pursuit of other minute phyla, since he is carnivorous. There is also prevalent a widespread belief that he perspires like the catfish, when tickled, but opinions differ at times. A strong possibility exists that he might perspire if he could be induced to sneeze, thereby causing him considerable embarrassment. Another contention is held that he perspires periodically, thereby controlling the tides.

He is the true egotist—a unity, simplicity itself. His habitat is where he is; he is at home anywhere. It is remarkable that he can be so at ease in spite of his lack of home training and parental influence. What a lesson can be gained from this queer little denizen of the deep, although the question of his perspiration will probably always remain unsolved and continue as one of life's deepest mysteries!

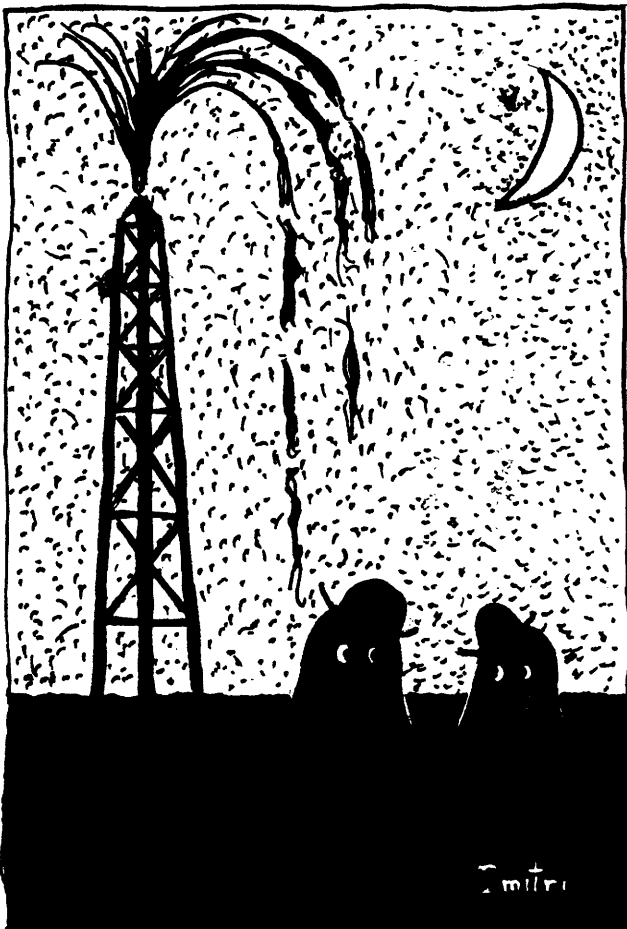


Fig. 1

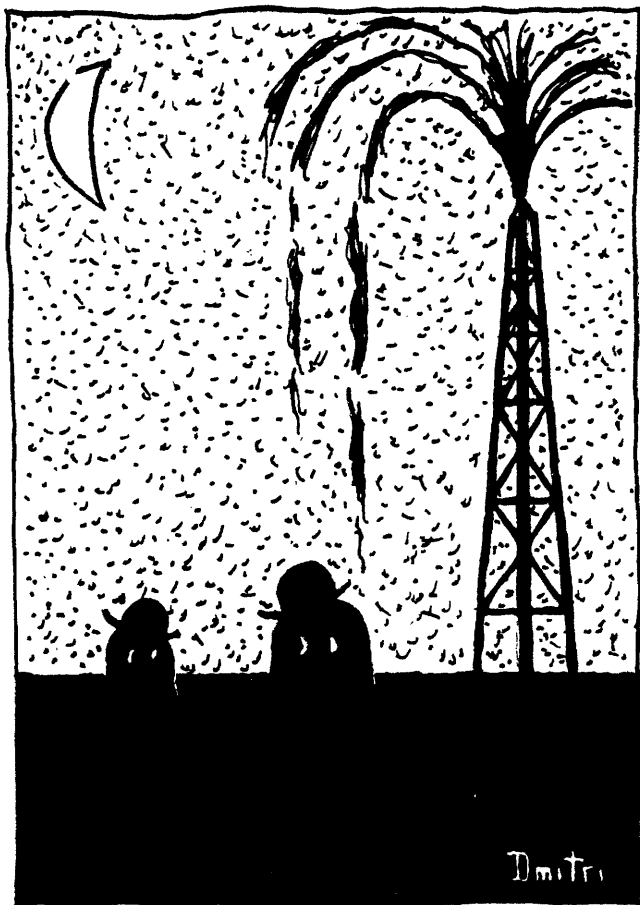


Fig. 2

This exceptional view shows the same two little fellows (see page 14), only with a negative sign.



Kino-photo-electro-oscillostatic record made by Prof. U. R. Flunking, S. R. O., showing course taken by Freshman on assignment for *The Tech*. Results, as published, closely agree with this record.

Believe it or not—Adam's wife had not been around long before he was on the Eve of a new invention.

EVENINGS ARE GETTING COOLER

"I must get my winter coat out of the moth balls."

"And mine out of the three balls."

In these days a traveling salesman is a most independent man. He seldom takes orders from anyone.

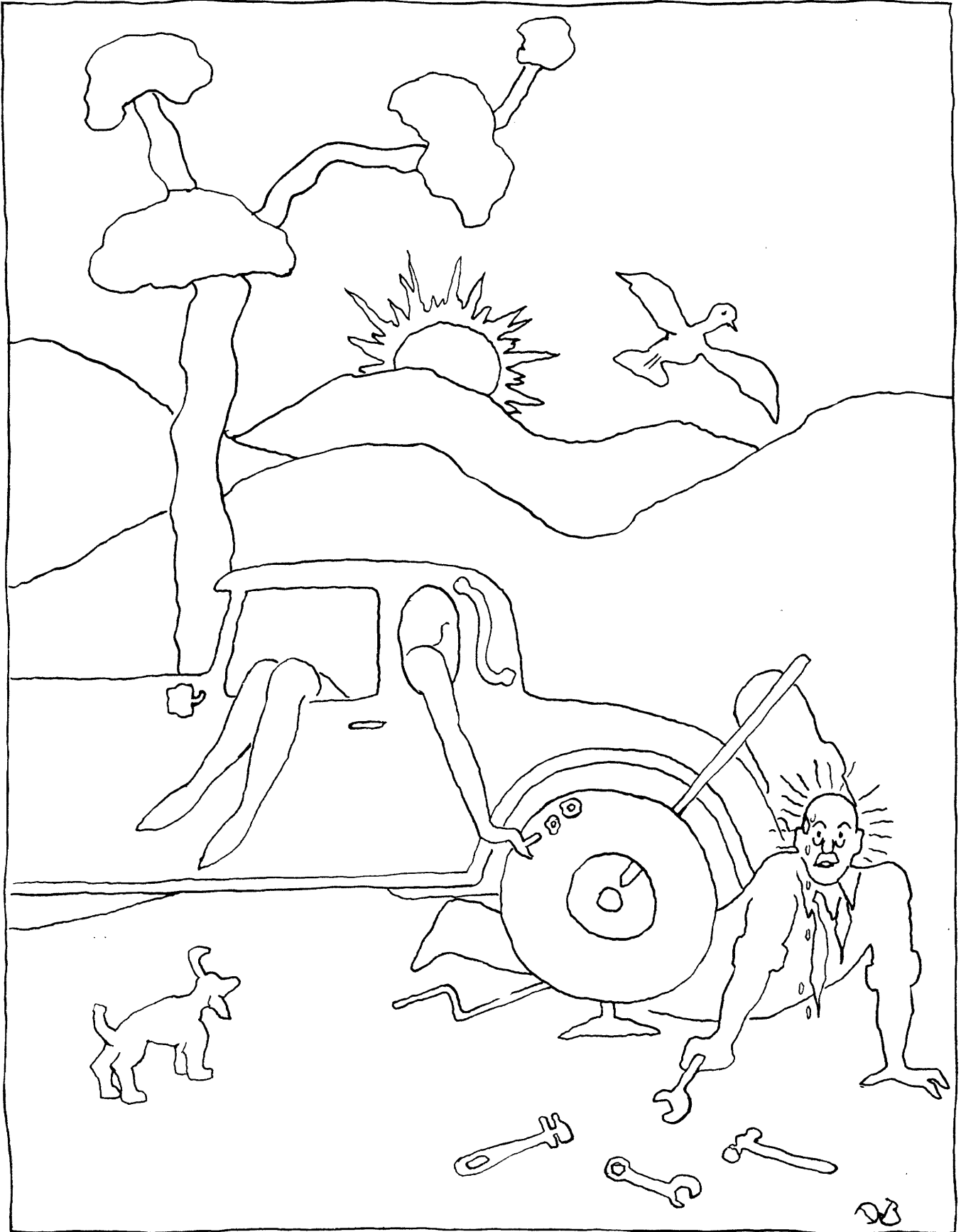
Our dear old friend Santa was once heard to propound that these chimneys which have seen no smoke do not really soot him.

"Aha," said the laundryman, as he gypped the king out of two bits. "The king can do no Wong."

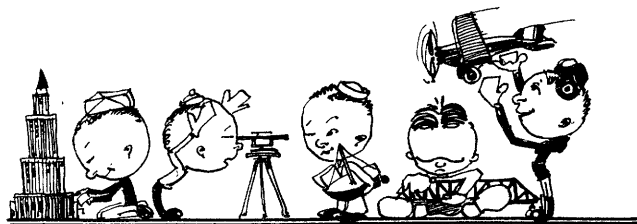
SPECIAL ALL-TALKING ALL-SINGING
 ATTRACTION SOON COMING
 TO TECHNOLOGY



Professors Hoch der Tag, Braat Wurst, and Nicht War, after extensive research at the University of Was Ist Woss on the Rhine, will come to the Institute next month to lecture and demonstrate the results obtained by their study of Hydraulic Stream Flow.



Unfortunate Experience of Prominent Mechanical Engineering Professor. (Substitute your favorite.)



NOTES FROM COURSES

Feathered ice cubes are a new and important form of ice. They are valuable as a cooling agent especially in cold storage for eggs. The egg is not frightened or disturbed by glittering ice, and thus is kept cool and collected.

The product is made with the aid of some friendly pullets who are required to be sheared. Then the ice is thrown inside of a few feathers and we get that nice homey atmosphere so dear to an egg.

Transit-mixing concrete trucks are proving their worth and a great boon to surveyors. The average surveyor is pretty well bewildered anyhow, and this mixing of the transits may fix the transit up. The trucks are made of concrete because these college boys are rough on machinery.

A new process has been developed by which various metals can be artificially colored. This is a relief to racketeers and Fraternity men who have had to use the unsightly lead pipe of late years. The time has come when lead pipe will beautify gangster and Fraternity life as a result of its rainbow hues.

A new use has been discovered for old alemite guns. They are filled with lard, grease, and cold cream, and it is really an awful-looking mess. Nothing further than filling the guns has been developed; but think how far along things are in case someone should think of an application for the stuff.

Have you heard the one about the daughter of the Harvard football coach? No? Well, she plays touch. Set up the coca-colas, bartender, while we bend a few pretzels.

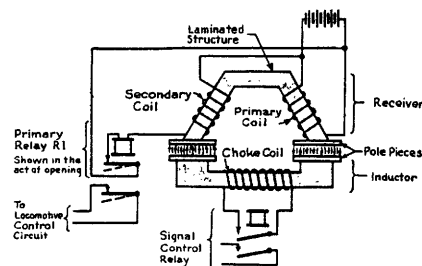
Still another Scotch song—"Just a little Closer."

ELEMENTS OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING 6-40

Problem No. 270,000 circ. mils.

Given the mess shown below, to find one good reason for not dropping this subject. Notes, texts, and old Voo Doo's may be consulted if the student at the next table does not write plainly enough.

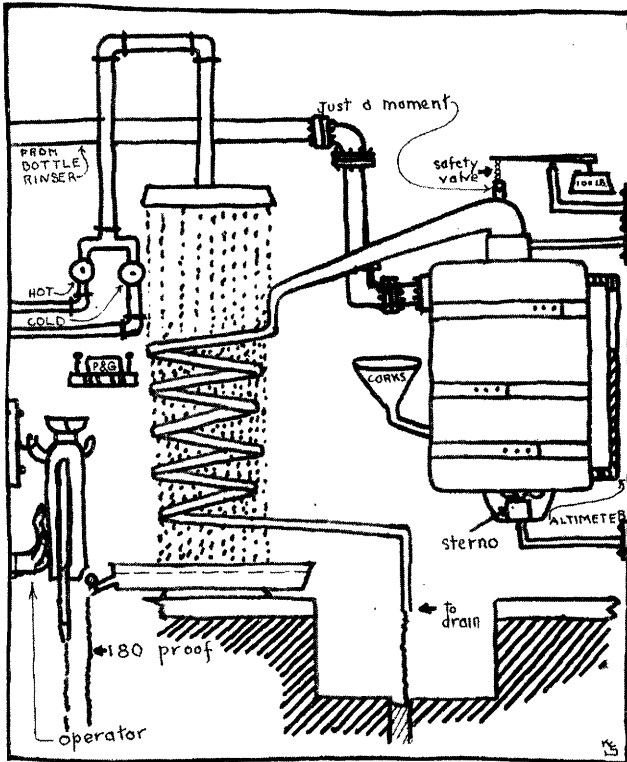
Assignment for next week—pages 9 to 11,000 inclusive.



Dormitory Dick says: "When I came here last fall I used to bathe every night to keep from getting the sheets dirty. Now I bathe every morning."

Son: "Dad, what is 'tact'?"

Dad: "Tact, my boy, is the art of convincing a man he is a liar without actually telling him so."



Voo Doo regrets to announce that its map of Cambridge speakeasies is not complete. We expect another carload of pins in the morning.

Frosh: "Look at the wrinkles on that co-ed's neck!"

Senior: "Wrinkles, hell! Those are Service Stripes."

"Many happy returns," said the Prof, as he handed the problems back for corrections.

"Intuition," says the pied circle, "is what Uncle Horace is at the beginning of the term."

TUBBY ROGERS (to Soph): "Your work is terrible. Your themes lack interest, unity, coherence, and logic. What do you do with your spare time?"

SOPH: "I'm a reporter on THE TECH, sir."

HEAR YE !!!

HEAR YE !!!

HERE YE !!!

A Ladies' Auxiliary to the M. I. T. boxing team is in process of organization, under the name of "Technogee Bifferettes." Besides being an excellent body-builder, the project offers an unusual opportunity in practical training for married life. Moreover, girls taking part in similar organizations report that they no longer are forced to carry roller skates to those Frat Club orgies.

The Glorious Institute expects every co-ed to do her part

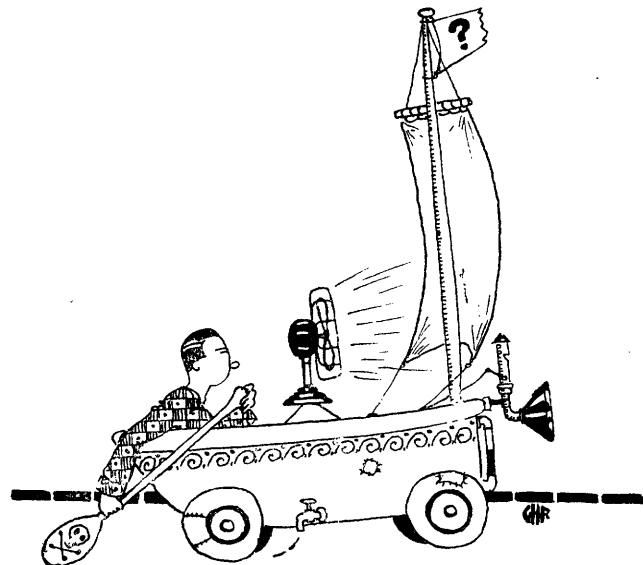
BIFFERETTES !!!

BIFFERETTES !!!

BIFFERETTES !!!?

Racket Victim: "Dese here gunmen are nothing but vice guys."

Soft Jobs—Garbage man in Edinburgh.

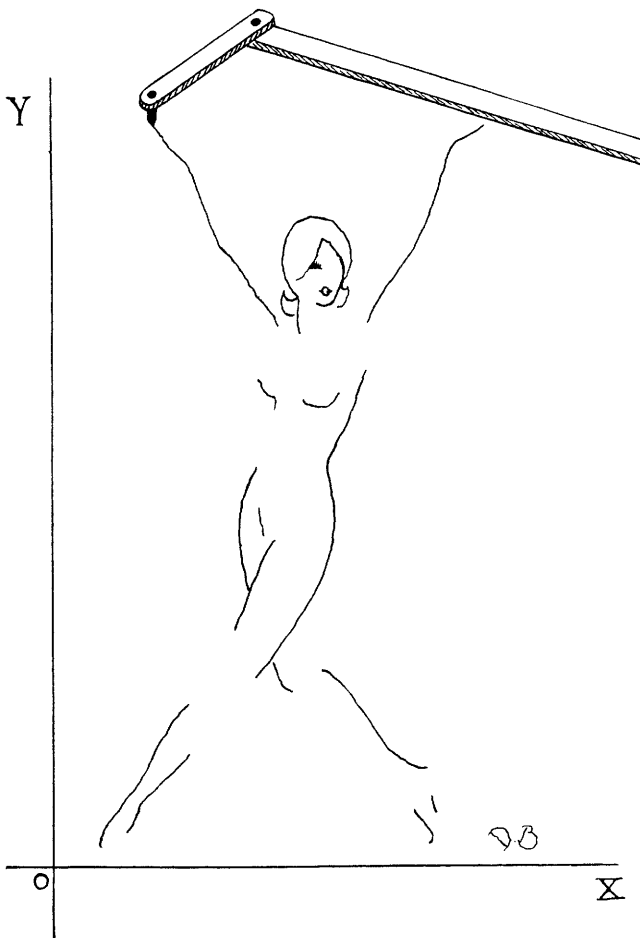


Major Ritchie, Course XIII, begins his senior thesis.

AVIS



The Gentleman (extreme right) is busily collecting hot dope from the Lady (extreme left) for publication in VOO DOO'S GIRLS' NUMBER (extreme humor). Incidentally, he is entered in Phosphorus's contest for Literary Editor (Managing Board), which closes the last of November. Come one, come all, and give this fish some competition. No fair stealing clothes! (Apply to Managing Editor.) Open to Sophomores and Juniors.



The Integraph runs wild as Prof. Douglas reminisces

A TOPOGRAPHICAL MELÉE

*This slice of geological cake
Is something anyone can bake.
If it doesn't cook, and your mixture runs,
You may name it topographical buns.*

*As seen above, that narrow cleft
Is something that the glacier left
Upon its course up North, you know,
A million years or more ago.*

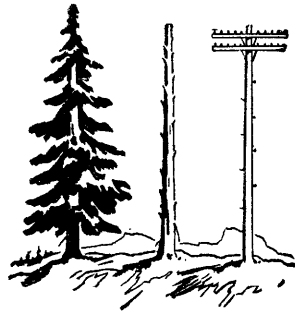
*There's one thing that I can't quite see:
That's why the glacier on its spree
Could not devise, in all that time,
A word that might be made to rhyme—
with glacier!*

WE HAVE MET THE "IN-A-MINUTES" AND
THEY ARE HOURS.

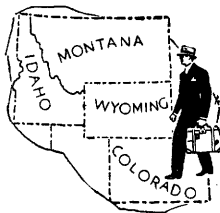
The slide rule is a very convenient thing to play with when you have forgotten to bring anything else to the lecture, or otherwise when nothing else is available. Later, when more familiar with the subject, you will learn to call it a slip-stick. It further helps to make the desk look much more technical than may be accomplished with books alone. If the Prof sees you with a slide rule, you may set the answers to the problems down as copied from the book without bothering about working them. This useful invention can pinch hit for a shoehorn. The slide may be used if one wishes to burlesque a monocle. The finger-nails may be cleaned on the sharp corners. These suggestions should undoubtedly help the Freshman with a fertile imagination to adapt his rule to individual needs. The impression of working hard may be given by merely sitting down and working the scales and slide back and forth. The results are really marvelous. Also it is very convenient to tap the shoulder of a man two seats away. The edge may be used for diagrams. All else failing, it is said that one can find a method for multiplying and dividing on the pesky thing. In rare cases it is rumored that it has been used for this purpose.



HMM! THEY MUST USE THESE BUILDIN'S
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In case you think that purchasing merely means buying



Back and forth across four states traveled a Western Electric man—
out to secure one particular kind of tree for telephone poles. ¶ Month

after month he checked quantity and quality of timber, means and cost of transportation,

the labor situation, value of stumpage,



prices. Not until every point

was settled satisfactorily did Western Electric buy a single pole.

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judgment, extensive research, scientific planning. Western Electric continually searches

the whole world to make sure of adequate sources of supply.



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You will be amazed to find how easy it is to bring your car out from behind the eclipse of TRAFFIC FILM* to full original brilliance, if you use No. 7 Duco Polish.



No. 7 Auto Top Finish waterproofs the top and restores its original lustre.

No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens the radiator and lamps.

No. 7 Touch-up Black is for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.

No. 7 Duco Polish softens film, loosens dirt, ousts grime. It takes only a short time and a small quantity of No. 7 Duco Polish to restore the original lustre.

No. 7 Duco Polish is enthusiastically accepted and recommended by leading motor-car makers. You can get it at good dealers' everywhere. Or ask your garage or polishing station to use it on your car.

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• • •

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Send us coupon below (with 10 cents to help cover mailing cost) and we'll send you small sample cans of No. 7 Duco Polish, No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream, and No. 7 Auto Top Finish—du Pont products to make your car more beautiful.

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General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Industries Ltd., Paint and Varnish Div., Toronto 9, Canada.

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (Good only in U. S. and Canada.)

Name.....

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Housemother (to young man sitting with Kappa): "It's after twelve-thirty. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am, but I can call home and find out."
—Purple Parrot

Student (translating passage in German class): "I fell to the ground humbly and clasped her by the knee—" and that's as far as I got, Professor Hatfield."
—Purple Parrot

A co-ed stepped into Chandler's, that House of Philanthropy, and said: "I want some notebook paper with three holes in it."

Asked the clerk: "On which side are the holes?"

Answered the co-ed: "Oh, they're on the front of the paper and go all the way through to the back."
—Purple Parrot

"Sir, in view of the fact that the magazine entrusted in your care has been completely filled with questionable jokes, the Board requests your resignation. Have you anything to say?"

"Hell, those jokes weren't questionable. Everybody understood them all right."
—Purple Parrot

Professor Herskovitz (famed anthropologist, in heated address): "Take the French, for example; take the Germans; take the Scotch—"

Seven Voices from Rear: "I'll take the Scotch!"
—Purple Parrot

"I'm just going out to do a little serf riding," said the cruel medieval lord to his spouse as he cracked his whip.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

She wasn't a fisherman's daughter, but she threw a wicked line.

—Moonshiner

"Why did Bill commit suicide?"

"The usher looked at his A. A. book picture and asked for no further identification."

—Juggler

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1818 AND TO-DAY

Our prize for something or other this week goes to the undertaker who lost all his friends because he insisted on talking shop.

—Juggler

"I am sorry," said the dentist, "but you cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

—Juggler

"Did you hear about the Browns' roof falling in?"

"Eaves dropping, eh?"

—Penn Punch Bowl

Fight Promoter: "Do you want a picture of this fight?"

Photographer: "We sure do!"

Fight Promoter: "All right, then, I'll get it framed for you."

—Penn Punch Bowl

"Who started this damn row?" coaxed the coxswain.

—Penn Punch Bowl

The boy who's never kissed a girl
 Can scarcely breast the social swirl,
 For chivalry demands of him
 He answer woman's slightest whim.

A woman's whim is ever this—
 To snare a man's reluctant kiss,
 And snaring it, to make him pant
 For things that nice girls never grant.

—Harvard Lampoon

"Love fifteen."

"Love thirty."

"Love forty."

Traveler: "Ah, a tennis game I presume?"

Servant: "No! It's not a tennis game, and you better get the hell away from this harem."

—Belle Hop

English I Instructor: "Willie, correct this sentence: 'I'm going to study like hell'."

Willie (a freshman of the world): "Like hell I'm going to study."

—Penn Punch Bowl

"Gawd!—well—go on—what did I do next?"

—Gargoyle

"My girl won't speak to me."

"Why not?"

"I sent her flowers for her birthday, which is three days before Mothers' Day."

"Yeah?"

"And they were delayed three days!"

—Octopus

"This letter says my brother went to Europe this summer."

"On a fellowship?"

"No, on a cattle ship."

—Stanford Chaparral

"How did you get that cut on your head?"

"Hic—musta—hic—bit myself."

"Gwan. How could you bite yourself up there?"

"Musta stood on a chair."

—Texas Ranger

The Professor: "I'll wait until that fellow stops making a fool of himself and then I'll begin."

—Sun Dial

"I hear you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Why, that's wonderful!"

"Yes, but it's d-d-darned hard to work into an ordinary c-c-conversation."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

Chemistry Prof: "The law of the conservation of matter, please."

Class in Chorus: "Stew it, slice it, cut it, fry it, bake it, boil it, it's still boloney."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

His Honor: "What's the charge?"

Officer: "Drunken and disorderly conduct."

His Honor: "Where do you live?"

Prisoner: "Harvard dormitories."

His Honor: "Turn him over to the matron."

—Exchange

"WE SEE BY THE PEEPERS"

"Complete Skull of Missing Link Found in Java."

—New York Herald-Tribune

How would you like to find that in your coffee?

—Exchange

Reporter: "Are you in favor of prohibition?"

Senator: "Are you going to offer me a drink or do you want a statement for the paper?"

—Wampus

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LINCOLN

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—Punch Bowl

Then there was the Democrat who wanted to know if Herbert Hoover worked his way through the electoral college.

—Punch Bowl

Wifey: "Before we were married you would catch me in your arms."

Hubby: "Yes, and now I catch you in my pockets."

—Texas Ranger

"Here's one man who's going out of prison straight," said the undertaker, as he screwed the lid on the coffin.

—Lyre

Photographer: "Do you want a large or a small picture?"

Most Anyone: "A small one."

Photographer: "Then close your mouth."

—Lord Jeff

Frosh: "Would you rather die with your shoes on or your shoes off?"

Soph: "I'd rather die with them on."

Frosh: "Howcum?"

Soph: "So I won't stub my toe when I kick the bucket."

—Cynic

"Is he very stingy?"

"Stingy! Say, he smokes twenty cigarettes out of every package he buys."

—Octopus

In a courtroom the other day Judge White was reproving a colored man for deserting his wife, and dwelt at great length on the injustice he was doing. "Wife desertion is something, Rastus, that I must deal with severely, I'm afraid, and I feel very strongly on this subject."

"But, Judge, you don't know that woman. I ain't no deserter, I'se a refugee."

—Log

Coal Bin Blues

Words for a Winter Melody

The coal bin's life was dark and black,
Nothing new ever came its way,
Until one fine morn the furnace man
Ordered 'blue coal' to come to stay.

The difference this made in the coal bin's life,
And the life of the furnace, too,
Was just so great that you'd wonder why
All coal isn't tinted blue.

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Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.

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HOOD'S ICE CREAM

She: "What did you do with your chivalry?"

He: "I turned it in for a Buick."

—Chanticleer

—————

Kind Old Lady: "And what are you going to do when you grow up, my little man?"

Urchin: "Foller in me father's finger prints."

—Record

—————

Irate Player: "I wasn't out!"

Sarcastic Umpire: "Oh, you weren't? Well, you just have a look at the newspaper tomorrow."

—Burr

—————

Judge: "You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?"

Driver: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "And what have you to say in your defense?"

Driver: "I didn't know it was loaded."

—Brown Bull

First: "Why did you quit working for Mr. Jones?"

Second: "He did something that I didn't like."

First: "What was that?"

Second: "He fired me."

—Yellow Jacket

—————

He: "Why wait till we get home to tell me whether you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared; this is the very spot where my father proposed to mother."

He: "What about it?"

She: "Well, on the way home, the horse ran away and father was killed."

—Caveman

—————

He (the first time): "I'm afraid to go home after drinking so much. My family is liable to smell it on my breath."

Wise One: "That's easy to fix. Run all the way home, then you'll be out of breath."

—The Rice Owl

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*B*y inaugurating a distinctive winter program of supper dances in its modernistic black and silver Salle Moderne, under the direction of Tom Clines and his famous Brunswick recording orchestra, the Hotel Statler of Boston has added a special feature of interest to collegians. Clines, the associate of Bert Lown, now musical director of the Biltmore Hotels, and of Rudy Vallée, opened his Boston engagement October 15th in the main dining-room. He and his noted musicians will play at 9:30 each evening under the canopy in the Salle Moderne, with Friday nights set aside as "College Nights." Dancing to the rhythm of the celebrated musicians in their colorful satin tunics and bandoliers, or the formal dress of later evening, will continue until 1 A. M., with the exception of Saturdays, when the music will stop at twelve.

A LINGERING DEATH

"So," sobbed LLma Valadoffovichskioffsky, "Ivan Ninespikeskie died in battle. You say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it. He did the best he could," replied the returned soldier.

—Drexerd

We must occasionally have a blow at our advertisers. There is the story about the two hoboes and the cigarette sign.

"Do you like the slogan?" asked the first Beta of the second, who could read.

"Phooey," said the first, who had "reached for a Lucky," but instead had his fingers stepped on.

—Brown Ball

Broke: "They say that opposites make the best wives."

Broker: "Yes, that's why I want to find a rich wife."

—The Pitt Panther

"Why did you tell the waiter to bring the dessert first?"

"Because my stomach's all upset."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

She (in porch swing): "Stop! Stop!"

He (same place): "What do you think you are, a Western Union telegram?"

—Medley

Soph: "Dad, you are a lucky man."

Father: "How is that?"

Soph: "You won't have to buy me any school books this year. I'm taking all of last year's work over again."

—Longhorn

Bored Fan: "Ten bucks if you sock that guy!"

Referee: "Cut that stuff, will ya? You tryin' to start a fight?"

—Troubadour

"What makes the Dean stagger that way?"

"Oh, that's just the Dean's list."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

"I just got five dollars for helping an undertaker cremate three bodies."

"Well, you certainly urned your money."

—*Belle Hop*

University of Virginia: "Edgar Allen Poe was one of America's finest men."

Cooper Union: "Why, he was drunk all the time."

U. of V.: "Well, that's just what I said."

—*Cornell Widow*

Him: "Who gave the bride away?"

Shim: "I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

—*Exchange*

"I hear there is going to be a wedding in the chapel today."

"Compulsory?"

—*Tiger*

"Do you take this woman for butter or wurst?"

"Oh, liver alone, I never sausage nerve."

—*Drexerd*

Here's to the memory of Silas Gray
Who died in defending his right of way,
He was right — dead right — as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

—*Frivol*

Stage: "What's that guy doing with that chorus girl?"

Door: "He's practicing mind reading."

Johnny: "That's no practice."

—*Southern Cal. Wampus*

Ambition is a thing to be shunned. Take the example of the street cleaner who was over ambitious and had his face kicked in.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial*

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Foreman: "We don't need any more men on this job."

Prospect: "Can't you take just one more? I'd do such a little bit of work."

—Log

"Can you give an example of wasted energy?"

"Yes, telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

—Froth

First Stude: "Why do you think the chorus girls can't be arrested?"

Other Dummy: "Well, the cops can't get anything on them!"

—The Dirge

He: "What did you do last night?"

She: "Well, I often wondered where the sun went down at night, and I stayed up and it finally dawned on me."

—Satyr

Father: "Don't talk to me! When I was young, we never parked on any dark roads like you youngsters do today!"

Son: "Absolutely right, old man! But don't forget that a horse can steer itself!"

—Burr

He: "At a football dinner a man got up and left the table because some one told a story he didn't approve of."

She: "How noble! What was the story?"

—The Log

Jane: "I think necking is positively repulsive."

Mary: "I don't like it either."

Jane: "Shake, sister, we're both liars."

—Yellow Jacket

"My girl is like a grapefruit."

"How?"

"Well rounded but sour."

—Skipper

"May I present my wife?"

"No, thanks, I have one of my own."

—Longhorn

"I hear the Sultan is introducing the Honor System in the harem."

"Yes, he caught the doctor cheating on his examinations."

—Virginia Reel

"What is the Junior Prom?"

"That's the dance where half the girls wear pants."

"My goodness! Doesn't the Dean of Women get after the other half?"

—Longhorn

Freshman: "I hear you're going to change courses."

Another: "Yeah, I think I'll try this graduate school for a change."

—The Juggler

"'Ow near do you think that lightning was, 'Arry?"

"Dunno, kid—but this fag wasn't lit a second ago."

—London Opinion

Cop: "Git going, there, what t'ell's de matter wit youse?"

Collegiate: "I'm-m all right, sir, but I think my engine's dead."

—Longhorn

Her mother had broken up the necking party and summarily dispatched the young man.

"I am shocked and surprised that you let him kiss you," she wailed.

"Why?" asked the neckee. "Isn't he healthy?"

—Virginia Reel

"I'll have you know-hic-hic-hic-that I'm part of the Standard Oil Company."

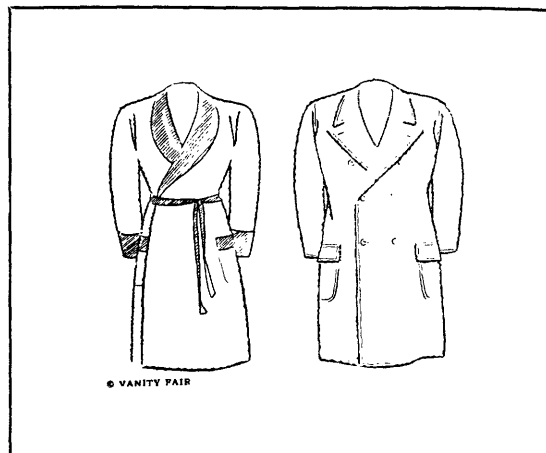
"What part are you?"

"Hic—one of the tanks."

—Scream

BATHROBES

E. W. NEWSOM



Although a heavy silk robe is a great comfort to a man, to wear about his house in the evening, it is not the robe to wear in the bathroom while shaving. For a robe of this type is distinctly a lounging robe—never a bath or beach robe.

For the bath, a robe of Turkish towelling is practical and correct. One of the two illustrated here is made like a double-breasted polo coat, with large patch pockets. The other is single-breasted and has a very deep shawl collar.

The double-breasted robe can be had in plain white, blue, gray, or tan. The plain colored robes have white buttons—a very smart effect. The single-breasted robe can be bought in plain colors or stripes, and one of the newest of these has red and blue stripes on white.

Man (who has just turned his ankle but, seeing a child, controls his language): "Oh, dear me!"

Small Boy: "For God's sake, mister, that must have hurt like hell."

—Record

Conductor: "Say, fellow, this transfer has expired."

College Lad: "Well, what didja expect with such poor ventilation in these cars?"

—Longhorn

TECH STUDENTS



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"Justice! I demand justice!" cried the defendant.

The Judge: "Hush, don't forget that you are in a Court of Law."

—Die Knueppel (Berlin)

The Girl: "You have no idea how I love pretty nights like these."

The Boy: "No, but we'll go for a drive and I'll find out."

—Beanpot

Sweet Thing (disgusted): "My boy friend has cold feet."

Maid: "Shame on you, young lady. In my day we didn't find out these things until after we were married."

—Iowa Frivol

Frosh: "I want a pair of corduroy pants."

Clerk: "How long?"

Frosh: "How long? I don't want to rent them; I want to buy them."

—Juggler

Father: "Lucille, this disappoints me dreadfully, seeing you smoke. You're no daughter of mine."

Lucille: "Cheer up, Dad, I won't tell a soul."

—Wet Hen

The demure young bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile, slowly stepped down the long church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform before the altar, her slippered foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, then raised her child-like eyes to the face of the sedate old minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

—Syracuse Orange Peel

"I know a place where women don't wear anything—except a string of beads once in a while."

"Holy, gee, where?"

"Around their necks, stupid."

—Jester