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WooDoo

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W W W

Too Much So:—"I haven't seen your son for several years. He seemed then quite a promising lad."

"That's the proper adjective; he's been sued twice for breach of promise."

—*Boston Transcript*

First Gurgle:—"Did you notice that good-looking fellow who sat right back of us at the Orpheum?"

Second Gurgle:—"Oh, the handsome chap with the red necktie and tan suit, and wore his hair pompadour? No, why?"

—*Lampoon*

Ann:—"I don't believe in kissing a man unless I'm engaged to him."

Fan:—"Why, dear, what a quantity of rings you must have."

—*Jack o'Lantern*

Mabel:—"I want to marry a man with brains."

Sabel:—"I know, dear, but I believe one should marry within one's own circle."

—*Jack o'Lantern*

It Happens in the Best of Comics

Frosh:—"I know more about this joke game than the editor does."

Soph:—"That's possible."

Frosh:—"Sure; he thought the stuff I submitted was original."

—*Chaparral*

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Philosopher:—"A kiss is the language of love."
Co-ed:—"Well, why don't you say something?"

—Gargoyle

Jack:—"Marie dear, anything you say goes."
Marie (quickly):—"Jack."

—Punch Bowl

Johnny was no scholar,
It broke his teacher's heart;
So his mother spanked him
Just to make him smart.

—Chaparral

Girl:—"A man shadowed me all the way down town
yesterday."

Him:—"Heavens and earth, did you scream?"

Girl:—"Course not; he carried my umbrella."

—Chaparral

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Pipe Down?

"I'm in love with the village belle."
"Why don't you give her a ring?"

—Jack o'Lantern

"Shall I drink any time I feel like it or just before meals?"
"Well," replied the doctor, "That depends on how much
you have in your cellar."

—Burr

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Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Cats are harmless little things;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
When a cat at midnight sings.

—Pitt Panther

Sad But True

Buddie:—"Have you stopped smoking?"
Ferdie:—"Yep, sworn off."
Buddie:—"Why?"
Ferdie:—"It's getting to be so darned effeminate."

—Pitt Panther

'22:—"There is a use for everything in this world."
'23:—"Is that right? Then tell me the use of a jealous wife."
'22:—"Certainly. If there were no jealous wives, how do you suppose homely stenographers would get jobs?"

—Lehigh Burr

Give them a Chance

He:—"Why do women speak less in February than any other month?"
She:—"Why?"
He:—"Because it hasn't so many days."

—Pitt Panther

Old Stuff

Pat:—"I am king in my house now."
Mike:—"Sure, don't I know you are. I was there when your wife crowned you."

—Lehigh Burr

Diner:—"I would like a couple dollars' worth of food."
Waiter (sarcastically):—"You said a mouthful."

—Pitt Panther

Bright Son:—"Father, I shall have to get some new books this fall?"

Father:—"Great Gosh, Son; That's just what you said last year."

—Pitt Panther

Quite True

"Hi, gimme a handful of waste!" I howled.
(I was under the auto to grease it.)
But Jim had an armful of waist in the car
And wasn't disposed to release it.

—Punch Bowl



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ST. LOUIS

*It must be
Ice Cold*

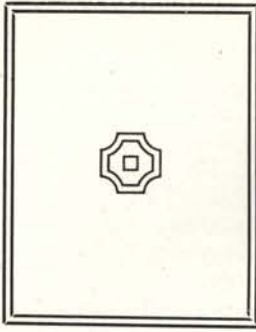
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Voodoo

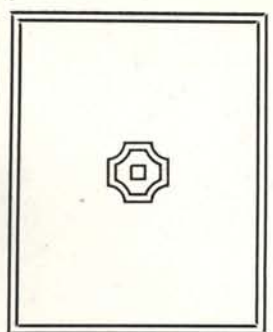




"So your father left you all this land, Harold?
What are you going to do with it?"
"Raise Hops, Mabel, hops."



WooDoo



Femininity

Ah! that word Feminine! The joys, the dreams and the fascinations that it brings. We have but to shut our eyes, and under its spell of magic there come flitting visions,—lovely girls; girls that we have known and girls that no mortal man may ever know. Into our daydream they come, each one stopping before us for a brief moment, teasing, and then hurrying on to join the vague haze in the background of our mind, each one replaced by another, and each one, to our willing imagination, more lovely than the ones that came before it. Dancing girls, tennis girls, golf girls, according to our tastes they come to us, each perfect, and none attainable. Was there ever anything so wonderful as these girls who come to haunt our daylight reveries? But look! What is that? Something seems to be forming in the foreground; all those others fade before this new creature of our fancy which is slowly taking on definite shape where they stood! Ah, this is the one that you have waited for thru so long a time; surely this one will be more lovely than all the rest. Ah! there it is, nearly clear,—a glimpse of brown hair, dark eyes,—could anything be more alluringly attractive? But what is that gray garment that she is wearing, and why does she bring with her the ill-reputed odor of hydrogen-sulphide? Look again at her! Oh,—! For a solid year you worked across the desk in Chem Lab from this cross-eyed monstrosity!

Barber-ous

Deep gloom and difficulty, the experiment required mineral wool. He scratched his head and muttered: "What the h—is mineral wool?" Then the idea dawned. He set out to shear a hydraulic ram.

Philosophy

Woman may be called the weaker vessel but we've seen some regular dreadnaughts.

Many a man when he's courting tells the object of his heart that he is unworthy and spends the rest of his life proving it.

"Social Butterflies" is distinctly a misnomer. When one thinks of the way women go through clothes, "moths" would be more appropriate.

What good doctors know would fill an encyclopedia; but what bad ones do not know has filled the cemeteries.

En Route

Lady:—"Please, sir, lend me your skidooly."

Stude:—"My what, madam?"

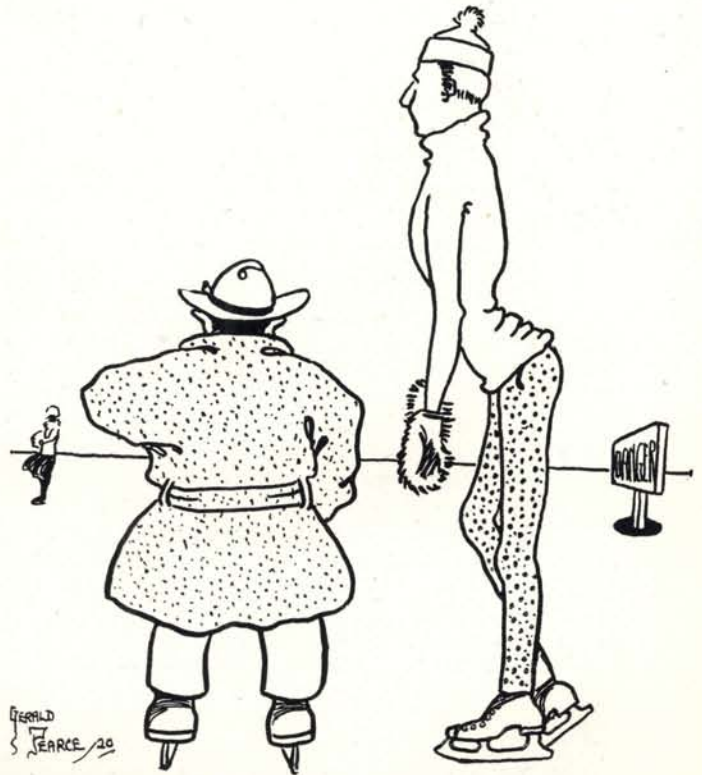
Lady:—"Your skidooly, sir."

Stude:—"Spell it madam."

Lady:—"S-C-H-E-D-U-L-E."

Modern Longfellow

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was bad enough—and
When she was bad (well, she wasn't *exactly* horrid).



There's a pretty girl.
Darn right. I wish she'd fall down so I could pick her up.



Feminist

A Finished Product

I have a girl so very fair,
 That poets rave, and walk on air,
 And artists dream of angels pure,
 Then paint this lassie, so demure.
 Oh, how I love her! Is that why
 With kisses she is not too shy;
 And gives them with a dainty grace
 Which quite becomes her angel face?
 I wonder at her perfect kiss
 Which gives to me enraptured bliss.
 Is it of father's kisses born,
 Or even those that brothers scorn
 Her execution so refined?
 This question oft disturbs my mind.
 The innocence of brother's kiss
 Would not produce technique like this.
 So when I steal a sweet goodnight,
 And musing of it take to flight,
 I ponder, thinking most aloud
 How many more are in the crowd.

Just for a change here's a little summer stuff.
 Scene: any camp anywhere.
 Where do you bathe?
 In the spring.
 I didn't ask you when, I asked you where.

APPLIED THEOLOGY

One of the Freshman Drawing instructors has discovered that just as handwriting is said to give a clue to character, so a drawing may give a clue to the religion of the draftsman. He classifies the drawings he inspects, thus:

The Episcopal Drawing:—"We have done the things we ought not to have done and left undone the things we ought to have done."

The Baptist Drawing:—"Watery and sloppy."

The Congregational Drawing:—No uniformity. Every drawing different.

The Catholic Drawing:—Sticks close to the rules and usages learned from his first instructor; refuses absolutely to be influenced by any subsequent, conflicting teaching.

The Unitarian Drawing:—The rules are apparently made to suit the desires of the draftsman and are exceedingly broad and liberal, sometimes shockingly so.

The Methodist Drawing:—Very methodical and prim, with positive assurance of its acceptance.

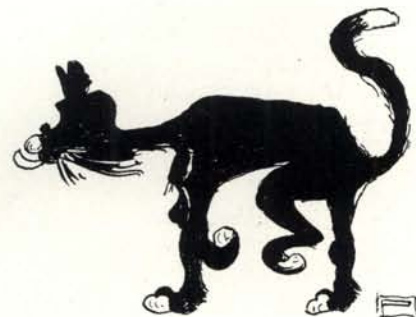
The Jewish Drawing:—Done as Father did when he was a student, using Father's instruments so carefully preserved, and Father's methods. "Why?" "I don't know. Father taught me to do it that way."

The Christian Science Drawing:—The results are there and are correct. The processes exist in the mind of the draftsman only, there is no clue to them on the paper.

The Presbyterian Drawing:—No mistakes are remedied, no blots are erased, they must all have been fore-ordained, so why change them.

The New Thot Drawing:—Unique and novel in its symbols and execution. Can be understood only by its draftsman.

The Atheist Drawing:—Ignores all rules, satisfies no one but the draftsman, and must inevitably be rejected.



The dressmaker is never what she seems.
 Is the frosting on a window a frieze?
 There are a great many well-read among the
 Indians.
 Girls are delicate vessels but they require a small
 fortune every season for new rigging.



PACKARD

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE."



REVERE

"THE INCOMPARABLE."

SPRING AUTO SHOW 1920



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"MADE GOOD IN A DAY"



PAIGE

"MOST BEAUTIFUL IN AMERICA"



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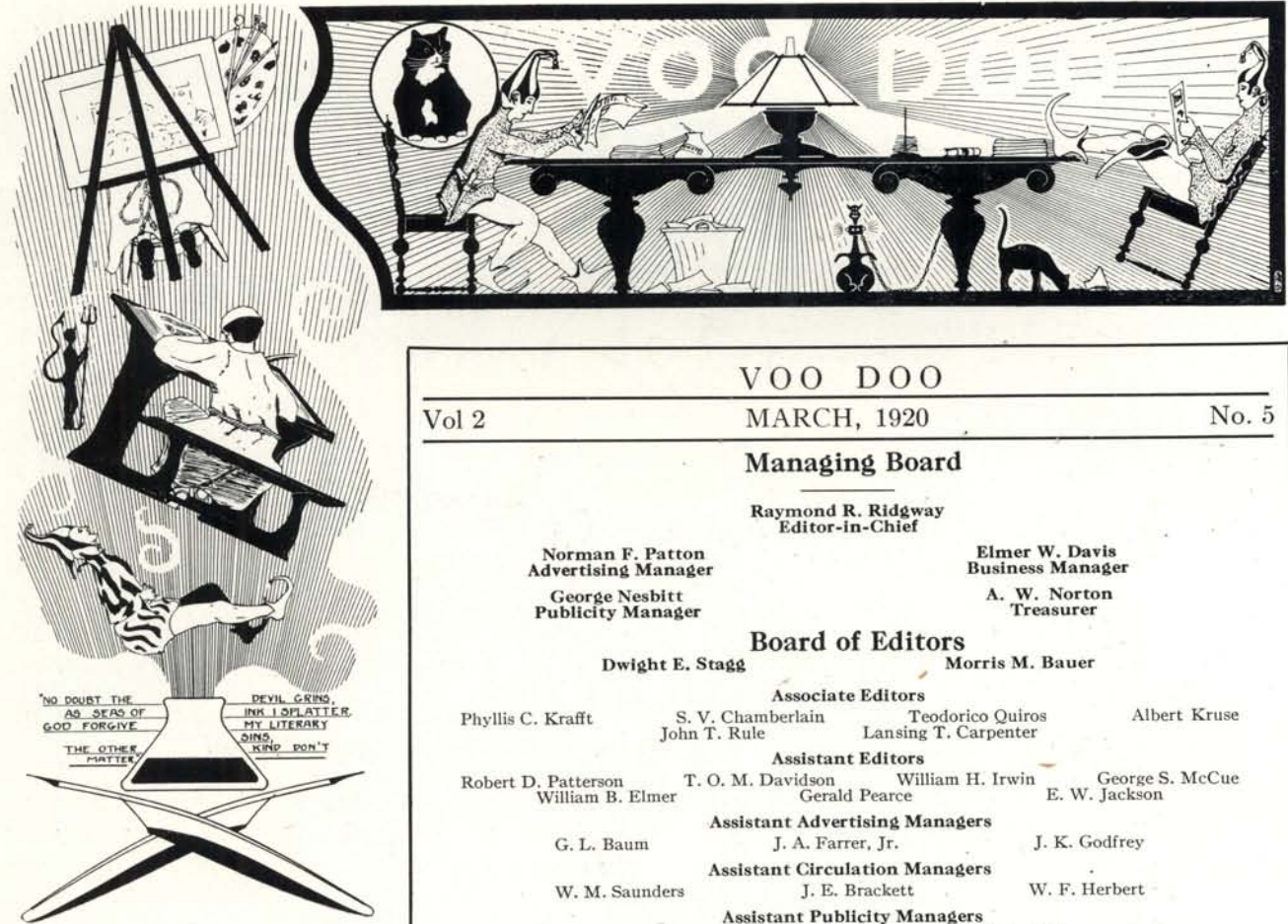
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HAYNES

"AMERICA'S FIRST"

W. M. ...



VOO DOO

Vol 2 MARCH, 1920 No. 5

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O burst forth now into a eulogy of woman seems somewhat unfitting. The thing has been done to death. Where is the man among us who, if sufficiently urged, will not oblige with a dissertation on the graces and charms of some ONE who is just a little bit better than all the rest of the women in the world. And of course we listen, politely bored, marvelling at the ignorance of the man. Naturally, he has not met our Mary or Dorothy. That explains it all. He recreates at Sargent, while we prefer Wellesley, and Bob saves his cash for Smith. But whoever and wherever SHE is there is none like HER in all the world.

Girls, we rise to greet you, and as we stand with heads reverently uncovered, pardon us for asking, "How do you do it?"

Once more we are compelled to call attention to the changes which have been made in the Managing Board and in the Assistants. By looking into the frame above, you will note that several persons have taken a step upward. We wish to call attention also to one addition. E. W. Jackson has been added to the staff of hard working assistant editors. It has been necessary to drop three men from the staff for failure to perform their duty. Anyone wishing to enter competition for these positions should apply at once at the office.



WE seize this opportunity to congratulate the management of the Walker Cafeteria on their recent decision to use sugar once more as a means of sweetening desserts.

While Phosphorus was lapping his daily saucer of ice cream, which, by the way, is his favorite form of cream, notwithstanding the fact that it is not cream at all but only closely associated with such, a smile of beatific delight passed over his face. The smile seemed to be more closely related to surprise and amazement.

He was observed to look around dazedly as if to verify the fact that he was eating in the Walker Cafeteria. But, having been convinced that he was, by seeing all the tables being used as coat racks instead of the rooms provided therefor, he attacked the cream with a style only comparable to that of a Course Ten man inhaling or rather absorbing his daily bread.

The conclusion we drew was that he liked it, which is strange, for Phosphorus is not supposed to like anything. The reason for his temporary magnanimity was the reoccurrence of that much-sought-after but hitherto-elusive substance, sugar in Walker food.

Hence we repeat our congratulations and only wish that we could shake the chef by the hand to show our pleasure.

Which reminds us that we have often wondered just who was or is responsible for the flavor and quality of our daily repast. With the quantity and price we have no quarrel. Yet we have no sympathy with the careless spirit who stews quantities of otherwise very good rice into batches of very good library paste and then labels the horrible result "Rice Milanaise," or who mixes prunes with molasses and injects the mucilaginous concoction between drop-forged sheets of a pie crust, and passes the resulting mixture out to the unsuspecting student body.

For such we can wish no more horrible fate than that of being forever compelled to eat nothing but their own meals. Macaroni is macaroni before it is cooked, but after the cooking process it either becomes a tasty dish or "Plaster of Paris Italienne," depending on the culinary skill of the food manipulators.

It is against the editorial policy of this paper to point out an evil without offering a solution. We propose, therefore, that the cooks at Walker be not allowed to go out for lunch.

A LEGENDE

Nowe it soe happenede that in ye dayes whene Johne Barleycorne was deade which shoulde not have beene and ye Kaisere was yet alyve which in soothe shoulde notte have beene, there was establyshed among ye peoples one known as a Vampe. Forsoothe it was the custom inne those dayes that ladyes fayre and swagger swayne did danse together and the mayde was passyng fayre and gude to luke upon soe that she was evere amonge those presente. And here fayme grewe apace reachyng evene unto the halles of lernyng where manye are theye whiche labore and fewe are theye whiche lerne. Whereupone theye whiche laborede desyred to lerne and theye whoe lerned wiste not that whiche theye missede for thus hath it evere beene with ye synge tracke mindes whiche hath bucolic owneres.

But wythe one lernere in truthe the mattere was of no lyght caractere. He, an artiste of no meane repute at polyphasery, one whiche did oftene burne ye nocturnale luminante, indeed became faste chayned untoe the wheeles of her chariotte for it soe happened that evene as this Vampe was gude to luke upon soe also was she understandyng—yea of understandyng whiche passeth all knowledge greater evene thane the



"My father occupied the chair of applied physics at Cambridge."

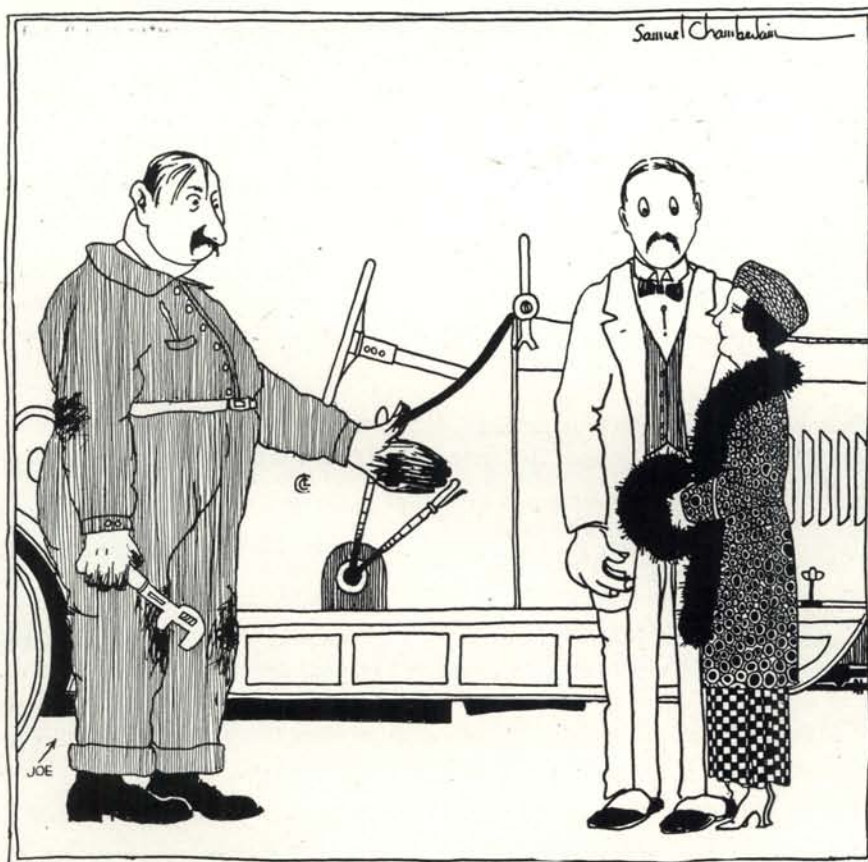
"Dat's nuttin'; mine occupied the seat of applied electricity at Sing Sing."

understandyng of a huntere for liquore. And ye lerner, thoughe oleaginouse, was in greate neede of understandyng for was not it he upon whome the wrathe of those above had beene vusyted at the joustes of Yuletide-upon him whoe verily worked wythe greate labore and yet was not understood?

But ye Vampe was not wythout motyve for this veye lerner was one of wealthe and rank, and no meane manne to luke upon thoughe in speeche some-whate uncouth, beinge of wealthe in that his sire in his daye had cleaned many streetes and shovelede muche that he myght attaine wealthe ande ranke. The ladde wiste not this whiche I tell you soe welle had the womane workede and lede him to believe, such was his ignorance, that, for her, his charme was irresystable. For in his vanity, he sawe his owne fayce adorned withe Charley Chaplin fringe and his spare frayme a thinge of beautye and a joye forever.

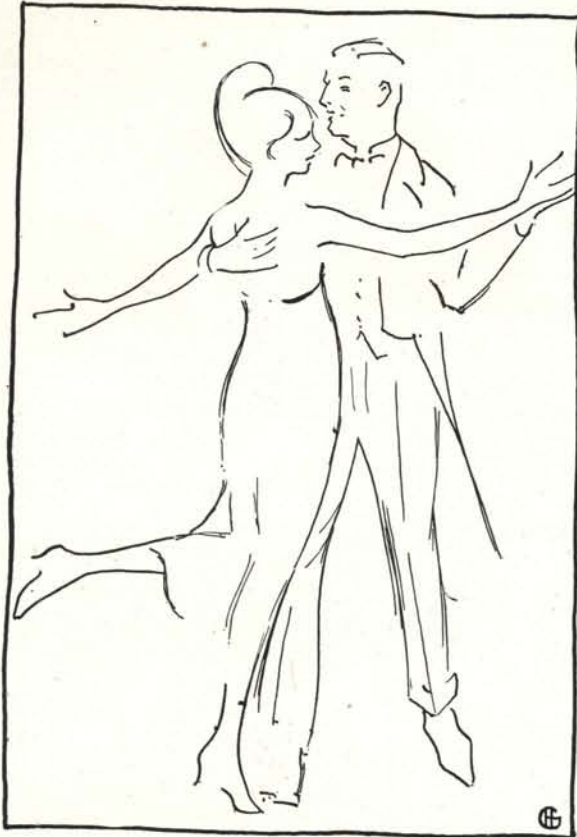
Nowe therefore in the monthe of Maye did this woman take untoe herself this manne, thoughe ye lerner woulde have it that he tooke untoe himselfe this woman for he wiste not that she was a Vampe beinge a manne of letteres ande not one of socyale attaynments. Nowe therefore attende alle ye thate ye maye profite bye this manne's sadde falle and that ye maye not be enmeshede in ye Vampe's subtle nette.

Moral—Ye Grinde oftene findethe himselfe grounde.



1922:—"This controls the emergency brake. It is put to use very quickly in case of an emergency."

Fair One:—"I see, something like a kimona."



How they thought they looked

Physics Prof.:—"Mr. X., you will please define work."

Lazy Frosh:—"Everything is work."

Prof.:—"Do you mean to tell me that this desk is work?"

Frosh:—"Yes, sir! Woodwork!"

Ennui d'Attente

(*A Reverie in Vers Libre*)

'Tis eventide
 The reflections of myriad twinkling lights
 Glimmer and dance
 In the dark waters of the Charles
 The black shadow of a massive building
 Oppresses me
 Like some dense, inevitable fog.
 It seems to hold me in its grasp;
 I gaze appealingly into the distance
 Up the long avenue of glowing arcs,
 Longing for means of escape
 Will it never come?
 I have waited since nine o'clock
 For the Mass. Avenue
 Trolley.
 Wherein hell
 Is it?

OH, HOW WE CRAVE IT!

Nietsche is said to have observed, "Two things are wanted by the true man: danger and play. Therefore he seeks the Woman as the most dangerous toy."

Nietsche's philosophy was for the most part ahead of the times by a score of years. But being a minister's son and being favored by the gods to such an extent as to be allowed to think, eat and drink in a wet country, the possibility of a "Pussyfoot" reign in any of the so-called civilized nations was out of the range of his imagination. Had he lived to see our United States in its new Sahara desert costume he might have changed the above epigram to read,

"Two things are wanted by the true man: danger and play. Therefore he seeks the "Home brew" as the most dangerous and perhaps most wood-alcoholic toy."

Almost

He:—"There stands the parson's house."

She:—"Yes, yes, go on."

He (with trembling hand pointed):—"And there is where it used to stand."



How they looked



The way a Co-ed feels her first day at Tech.

She Shook Him

or

The Syncopated Story of a Shattered Symphony

She nestled in his arms, and it seemed as though the whole world and Cambridge paused in their dizzy, desperate, dashing course to keep silence before these two as they sat on Harvard bridge and dangled their feet over the side. The Dudley Street car sped softly, oh, so softly, silently, soundlessly by. The waters of the Charles splashed gently against the abutments with a low, lazy, lapping sound, as though someone below were pouring liquid from a bottle. The stars winked at each other with a knowing wink and went over to the Coop to watch Ed. Noyes load his profits in a moving van.

"Rudolph."

"Dearest."

Pulsing with passion, thrilling with throbs, vibrating with vim, they whispered each to each as though the mighty barrier that bords the domain of dreams had oped its golden portals to their ken.

"Rudolph."

"My own?"

"Do you love muh?"

With a paroxysm of passion he strained her to him and imbedded his lips in hers. She lay blind, deaf, motionless, inanimate beneath the whirlwind of his caresses.

Stark terror seized him.

"Shimette! Shimette!"

The rosy lips parted and the fragrance as of the Chemical Laboratory at 3 p. m. scented the night air.

"Shimette, my own, do you doubt me?"

Wearily she raised her head.

"I—I do not know. I cannot tell."

"But, love, did I not buy you beans at Walker Memorial today? What greater test of love than that? But try me. Ask of me anything and it shall be done."

She turned her lustrous, lucid, limpid eyes upon him.

"Tell me," she breathed, "why they put the spikes on top of the two flagpoles in the Court?"

A solemn hush. The very wavelets ceased their crooning and the stars stared with a steadfast stillness. The universe stood on tiptoe to catch the whispered answer.

A look of surprise, a moment of thought, consternation and blank despair.

With a gurgling, gasping groan he plunged headlong into the black burbling water of the Charlie. A splash and all was still. She walked home alone.

M. S. D.

"I want to be excused," said the worried looking jury man, addressing the judge. "I owe a man fifty dollars and he is leaving America today for some years, so I must see him at once."

"You are excused," said his worship. "I don't want any one on the jury that can lie like that."



In brief, the drawing above contains a story. See the two hearts and the little cupid with bow drawn and—but that's enough. You have it. Love. The man's determined chin. Her wicked lashes. There is but one conclusion. Good Night!

Spring Fever

A mention of those things forgotten,
Scrap of a lost lofty race;
There once was a beautiful lady,
She lived in a secluded place.

I find, that wherever there's trouble,
A reason is sure to exist;
Some day the snow from the tropics
Will melt. It'll never be missed.

We find in the oft scattered traditions
Of all of the Bolshevik tribe,
Some folks like music, but others
Most frequently tend to imbibe.

The truth that is stranger than fiction
Is found at the bed of the sea,
'Tis said that a song bird's affliction
Is sipping too strongly of tea.

From under the drift in the snow bank,
The rabbits crept out to the spring;
A lady from South Honolulu
Made a dress of a small piece of string.

The lore of the classics is wondrous,
A knowledge few men do possess;
A ship that is lost on the ocean
Is one that is sore in distress.

The journal may oft burst asunder,
They must of necessity be;
Ben Franklin played with the thunder,
To find out what lightning might be.

'Twas still in the marvelous moonlight,
She sat as one in a trance;
The mud that most bothered the soldiers
Is found, so they tell me, in France.

Continued serial stories,
In monthly installments appear;
Prohibition is something adamant
I think they should let us have beer.

The mutton the butcher has sent us,
Is supposed to have come from a ram;
The ocean yields up mighty fish,
But none are as still as the clam.

Some girls will and some girls won't,
Stay home and do the dishes;
The man who is so seasick,
Is the one who feeds the fishes.

Wool alcohol is responsible
For deaths the country thru-out;
The bird with nerve to submit this "poem"
The editor also threw out.



He:—"You are not interested in my welfare, then?"
She:—"No, but if the two syllables were transposed
I would be not only interested but enthusiastic."



Slippery

Suffragette:—"In a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own."

Cynic:—"Yes, but she never does."

French Stuff

He:—"Parlez-vous Anglaise?"

She:—"Very little, Monsieur."

He:—"Good. Say kid, can you put a bird wise to where a guy like me can find a hash house wit' some booze on the side?"

Seen in the Papers

Wanted:—"Burly, beauty-proof individual to read meters in sorority houses. We haven't made a nickle in two years. The Gas Company."

Some men take me to the chorus,
Some men send me flowers;
Some take me on wild parties
That last 'till the wee small
hours.

Some men send me Page and
Shaw's,
Some men come to call;
But the man I like the best is
One who does them all!

Spring has Come

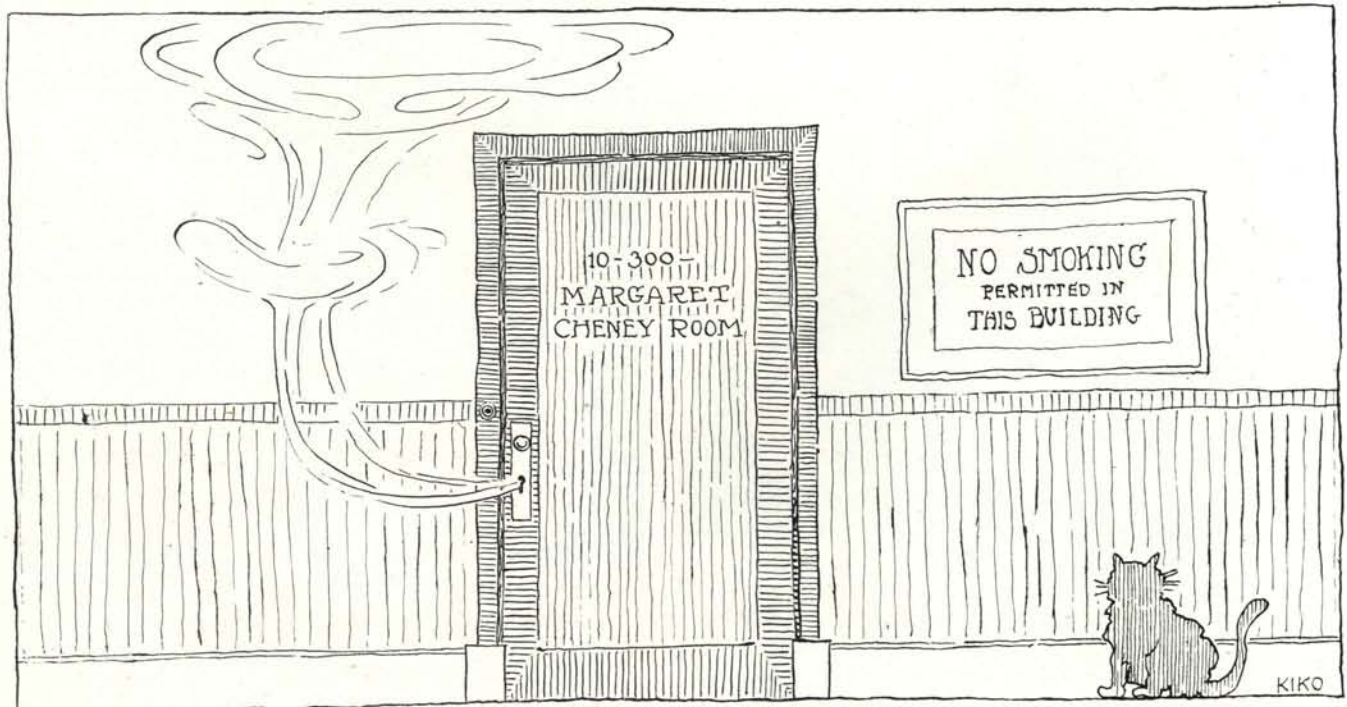
The trees were rocked by February blasts,
A frozen robin fell;
And murmured as he breathed his last,
"Lykelle, lykelle, lykelle."



Cuti:—"How's Boston this winter?"

Cura:—"Frozen up tight."

Cuti:—"Hump! Must be a nice burg!"





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For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to well dressed men the world over. It not only keeps the old friends but makes many, many new ones each season. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

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Will you take the right course and make your life a merry one,
or are you going to buy just one copy, and let your life go
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The Chocolates that are Different

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"DOT" FASTENERS

At The Bank

Souse (producing roll):—"What (hic) can I get for this?"

Teller:—"4%."

Souse (handing over roll):—"Good! Wrap up the whole works."

—Pitt Panther

With The Census Taker

Census Taker:—"How old are you, madam?"

Woman:—"I've seen thirty summers."

Census Taker:—"And how many years have you been blind?"

—Pitt Panther

In The Shipyard

Feminine Visitor (watching the governor's wife name the ship):—"My good man, is your baby christened?"

Cautious Riveter:—"No, indeed, Oim afraid the bottle might hurt his head."

—Widow

Quick, The Needle!

Sherlock:—"Good God, man! What are you looking for?"

Holmes (searching about the Stutz):—"Can't you see, fool, one of the cylinders is missing."

—Chaparral

Biology Prof.:—"What do you know about cells?"

Stewed:—"Not much, I've only been in two."

—Gargoyle

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What Do You Think?

Mother:—"Did that young man kiss you last night?"

Daughter:—"Now, Mother, do you suppose he came out here all the way to hear me sing?"

—Lehigh Burr

How sweet is booze,
But oh how bitter
To love a drink,
And not to gitter!

—Gargoyle

"Was your husband cool when you told him there was a burglar in the house?"

"Cool! I should say he was. Why he was so cool that his teeth chattered."

—Punch Bowl

Sing a song of sixpence
Pocket full of dough.
Let the co-eds find it out,
See the shekels go.

—Siren

Regarding the Osseous Cubes

Bliss:—"How do you know that he is an osteopath?"

Siss:—"I heard him say that he makes his money rolling the bones."

—Chaparral

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Quartermaster:—"Aye, aye, sir, we have their fleet bottled up."

Admiral:—"Corking, Corking!"

—*The Dirge*

"And when I kissed her, I smelled tobacco on her lips."
"You object to kissing a woman who smokes?"
"No, but she doesn't smoke."

—*Jack o'Lantern*

No Nineteenth Hole!

Mater:—"Why does your father play golf so much?"

Dater:—"Oh, he says it's the only thing left with a stick in it."

—*Chaparral*

Expensive Tastes

Hula:—"I see that Alice has a new riding habit."

Hoola:—"Oh, you mean with the fellow who has that new Hudson."

—*Chaparral*

'23:—"I didn't get to drill 'till after roll call today, but I fooled 'em."

'22:—"How?"

'23:—"I slipped into ranks when nobody was looking."

—*Cornell Widow*

"That thar hoss of mine won the last derby."
"Why don't you enter him again? I need a new hat."
—*Tiger*

Queenie:—"Have you ever kissed a girl?"

Oswald:—"Is that an invitation or are you gathering statistics?"
—*Widow*

Pullman Aristocracy

Eyes:—"For once in my life I had cause to look down at a co-ed on the train the other night."

Wright:—"Quick! don't hesitate."

Eyes:—"I was in an upper berth."
—*Chaparral*

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"Let the public be jammed!"

—Chaparral

"Liza, what fo 'yo' buy dat udder box of shoe blackin'?"
"Go on, nigga', dat ain't shoe blackin'; dat's ma massage
cream."

—Awgwan

Obsequious Barber:—"Shave, sir?"
Indignant Freshman:—"Of course I do!" — ever since I
was five years old."

—Yale Record

Beside The Still Waters

Retorts:—"There are more than two hundred fellows in
my chemistry class."

Torts:—"What the deuce are they going to do when they
graduate?"

Retorts:—"Well, the country's gone dry."

—Chaparral

Flim:—"Life must be an awful bore to Bill."

Flam:—"Why?"

Flim:—"He's an oil well digger."

—Pitt Panther

What Men Like in Women

1. Looks.
2. Brains.
3. Looks.
4. Money.
5. Looks.
6. Flattery.
7. Looks.
8. Responsiveness.
9. Looks.

—Jester

Heave, Too

"Shall I bring you some dinner?" asked the steward of the
ship.

"Yes, you may bring me one on approval," replied the
passenger, as he gazed over the bounding deep. I may not
want to keep it."

—Cornell Widow

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"Do you know why a dog has a slit in his tongue?"

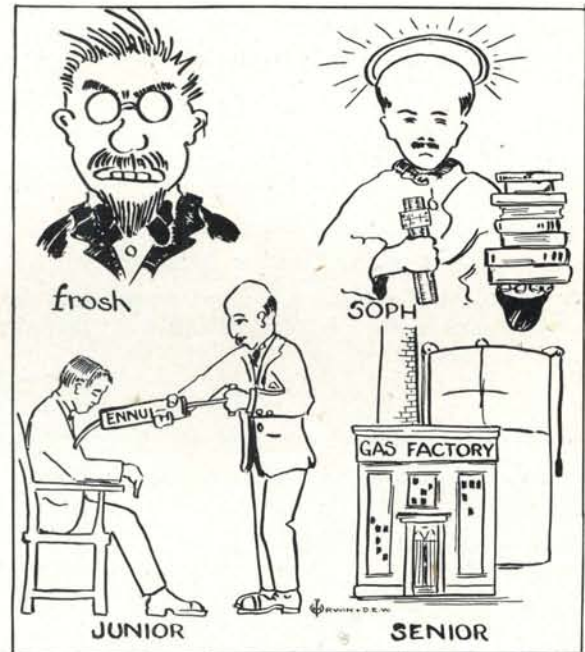
"Doggone it, no, why?"

"To keep a crease in his pants."

—Drexlerd

The boy stood on the burning deck,
His feet were full of blisters;
He tore his pants on a rusty nail,
And now he wears his—uncle's.

—Burr



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She:—"Is it true that an intoxicated person sees double?"
He:—"Not any more. I took a drink the other day and
 was blind for a week."

—Widow

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Tell Me, Angel Eyes

Little girl with golden hair,
Ruby lips and arching eyes,
Little girl, I'll say you're there,
But I long to know the whys.

If the price of rouge should rise,
If peroxide took a jump,
Tell me, tell me, angel eyes,
Would your beauty take a slump.

—Jack o'Lantern

Aristocrats

Ex.:—"She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth."
Wy. (gazing toward the lady):—"Must have been a table-spoon."

—Chaparral

He put his arm around her waist,
She said not gently, "Sir."
And as he let it gently fall,
She whispered, "As you were."

—The Drexerd

Difference of Opinion

Girl (watching an aeronaut):—"Oh, I'd hate to be coming down with that parachute."

Mere man:—"I'd hate to be coming down without it."

—Chaparral

Announcement

Starting February 1, 1920, your Barber Shop will occupy the store next to Walton's Lunch. The shop will be made attractive in this convenient location, but the price of Haircut will remain at 35 cents.

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BOSTON, MASS.

"My father weighed only four pounds when he was born."
"Good heavens, did he live?"

—Lampoon

Tell us not so

In his poem the "Vampire" Kipling wrote, "even as you
and I." There is nothing even about it. The odds are all
in favor of the vamp.

—Lehigh Burr

No Sense in being Unreasonable

Teacher:—"What right have you to swear before me?"

Pupil:—"How did I know that you wanted to swear first?"

—Helios

Mabel placed the sweet-scented flower in his buttonhole
—but—

Dorothy (wise girl) placed the sweet scented flour on his
shoulder.

—Sun Dodger

The reason an engaged girl knows that two can live as
cheaply as one is because all the furniture they need before
marriage is one chair.

—Omaha Bee

Finally Successful

Bride:—"I shall always remember the way you kissed me
the first time."

Groom:—"Yes, that was one of the best systems I ever
tried."

—Cornell Widow

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Jack:—"And she was as beautiful as Venus de Milo; she
had the best disposition imaginable; she was economical yet
knew just how to spend money; she had all history beaten
for cooking; no danger from the mother-in-law because her
parents were dead; she had money galore and she loved me
better than life itself."

Mack (aside to Bill):—"Who's he talking about, his wife?"

Bill:—"Hell, no, that's just a wild dream he had."

—Sun Dodger

Tourist (gazing at a volcano):—"Looks like hell, doesn't it?"

Native:—"How these Americans have travelled."

—Lampoon

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How They Do Run On

Mrs. Gabble:—"Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night."

Mr. G. (meekly):—"Pardon me, my dear, for interrupting you."
—Gargoyle

"Don't you think Dorothy Dalton has wonderful eyes?"
"Really I can't say. I've only seen her as 'Aphrodite!'"
—Jack o'Lantern

He Saw Red

Jack:—"Girls are prettier than men."

Jean:—"Why—naturally."

Jack:—"No—artificially."

—Cornell Widow

Doris:—"Why do you say he is loud-mouthed?"
Gladys:—"I have kissed him, my dear."

Tailor:—"Do you want a cuff on the trousers?"
Customer:—"Do you want a slap on the mouth?"

—Lampoon

Fast or Fat

Marma:—"That girl is awfully fast."

Duke:—"Do you think so?"

Marma:—"Yes, she covered five laps last night."

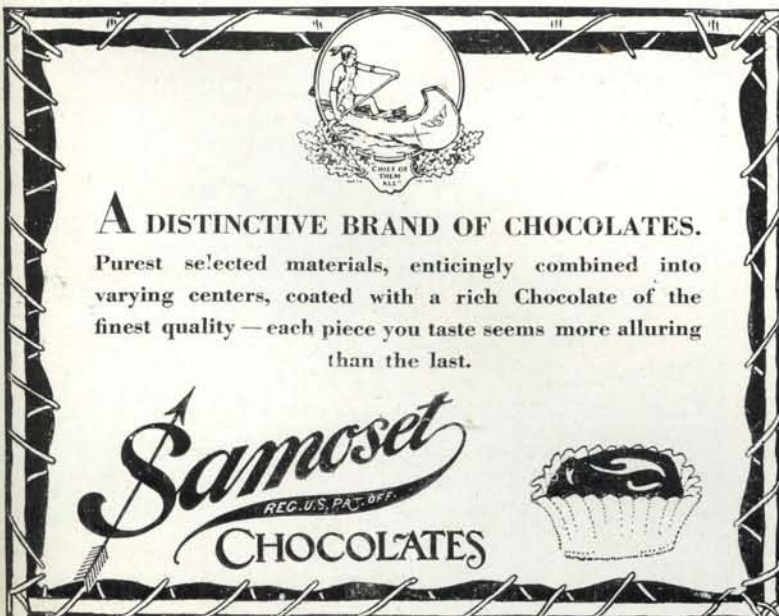
—Cornell Widow

"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"
"Sure. That's where I met him."

—Lampoon

"Would you like to take a walk with me?"
"But I don't know you—"
"Ah, but what you don't know won't hurt you."

—Tiger



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Mixed

"Our prof. gave a lecture on Metaphysics in Lampson yesterday."

"Was there a mixed audience?"

"Mixed? I should say there was. No one understood a word he said."
—*Yale Record*

Paying Teller:—"How will you have it?"

Laborer:—"Gimme fifty tens an' the balance in fives. I got to do a little shopin'."
—*Judge*

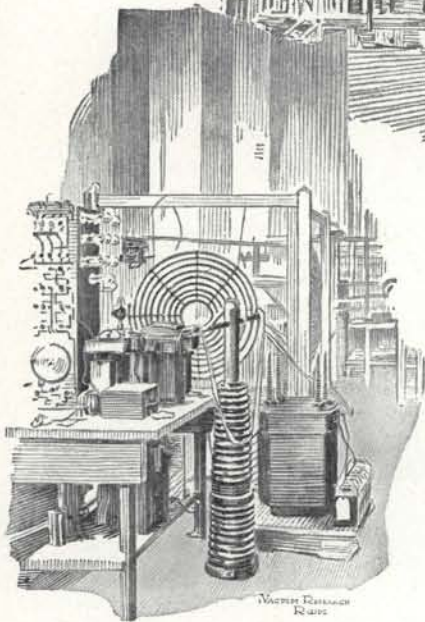


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