

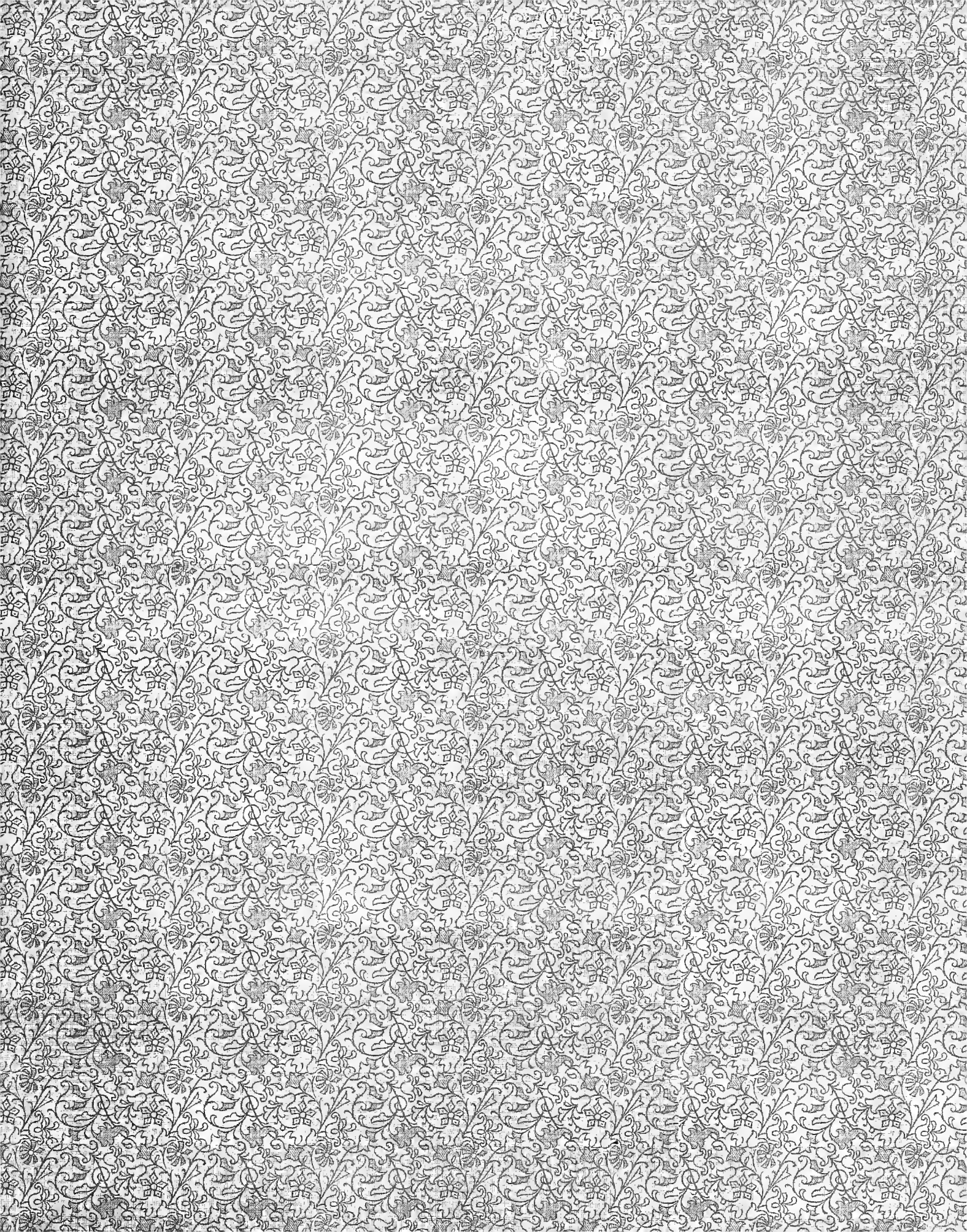
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NAME IT.

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by
The
Editor
of
The
Freshman
Number



FRESHMAN NUMBER
October 1915.

Springfield Republican

ESTABLISHED IN 1824 By SAMUEL BOWLES

Daily Sunday Weekly



Is read from one end of the country to the other by
thinking people. Get the habit while in college.
Complete accounts of M. A. C. happenings.

The Hotel Worthy

The Home of College Men When in Springfield

Special Attention to College Dinners

Centrally Located

Exceptional Cuisine

Complete in all Appointments



303 MAIN STREET

Two Minutes Walk From the Station

Springfield Union



Read the Daily and Sunday Union for the best reports of the game

Contains all the campus news of interest

Keep in touch with the work of your fellow students. Read the "Bay State Ruralist" a regular feature of each Sunday's Union, written and edited by "Aggie" men in the Journalism courses

School and College

Photographers



52 CENTER ST., Northampton, Mass.

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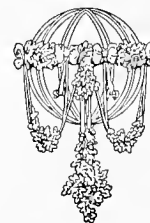
Wm. G. Bassett, Pres.

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Catering to House Parties a Specialty

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The M. A. C.
Druggists &

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The Rexall Store

SHE WISHES TO BE SINGLE

Visitor—We are getting up a raffle for an old soldier. Won't you buy a ticket?

Miss Innocence—Mercy, no! What would I do with him?

—*Columbia Jester.*

HOW TO BE A SPORTSMAN

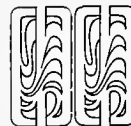
1. Expend a young fortune on rods, tackle, etc.
2. Subscribe to the "Fisherman's Review," the "Ananias Magazine" and the "Munchausen Monthly."
3. Accumulate a large stock of fishing terms; these will add fluency and local color to your conversation.
4. In order to get accustomed to the Pelham trout brooks, spend one hour each day standing in the bath tub. (N. B.: The bath tub should contain ten gallons of water, and a cake of ice. Fragments of window glass on the bottom of the tub will heighten the realism.)
5. Practice sitting down on a wet sponge, at the same time looking off into vacaney with an egg-on-toast expression.

If these rules are carefully followed, you will soon become an expert, and unless pneumonia intervenes you will be in a position to write exhaustive treatises on "The Efficient Life."

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The Solid, Speedy Machine
That Will Give the Best
Results for the Longest
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*Clean, Healthy Food With
That Home-like Taste*

The Place of Good Eats

Grange Store

*Get Your Supplies Here for
Those Evening Spreads*

THE FAMOUS NEW YORK

Kirpatrick Shoe

Exclusive Lasts

WILLIS '19

*Our Food Has That Tasty Taste That Reminds
You of Home*

North End Lunch

On the Left as You Enter the Campus

MORE INTERESTING READING

Student—I want a Herodotus trot.
Bookseller—Here's Vernon Castle's "Modern
Dancing."

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

UP TO HARVARD BOY THEN

"May I come nearer you?"
"No: I'm afraid if you do, you'll—"
"No; honestly, I won't."
"What's the use, then?"

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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have your

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to wish you
had



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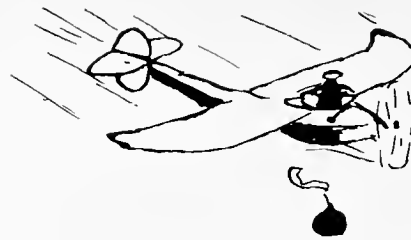
THE WIDOW
WAR NEWS

Aggie's asking alms for the artillery.
Belinda's binding belly-bands for Belgians.
Clara's counting coughdrops for Cossacks.
Diana's denting dum dums for Dragoons.
Effie's etching emblems for the Ensigns.
Fannie's fetching fishballs for the Frenchies.
Gaby's gargling goldfish for the Germans.
'attie's 'itching 'orses for the Hinglish.
Iona's ironing icebags for the Irish.
Jennie's joining jewsharps for the Japs.
Katy's killing Kitcheners for the Kaiser.
Lizzie's lifting lingerie for Lancers.
Mary's making moonshine for the Monks.
Nellie's 'nitting nothing for the Nuns.
Olive's opening oysters for the Old Guard.
Prunella's painting pretzels in Przemysl.
Quola's quelling quinzies in the Queen's Own.
Rachel's rolling Rameses for Russians.
SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS.
Tillie's toughening tripe for two tight Teutons.
Uma's unwrapping unionsuits for Uhlans.
Viola's vaporizing Vodka in the Vosges.
Wilhelmina's wishing warts on Wilhelm.
Xanthippe's xhaling xylophones for Xmas.
Yenny's yielding yeasteakes for the Yiddish.
Zuzie zaid zhe zent zome zoap for ze Zuaves.
—The Widow.



Prexy's Choice

LAUGHS
AND MORE OF
THEM



DULL, DULL
CARES



PUBLISHED AT MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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15 CENTS A COPY

Published Once A Month

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Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1915

No. 4

AGGIE IS HERSELF AGAIN



FTER many years of wearisome stifling of the spirits of loyal Aggie men under the domination of that soul-repressing thing, civilization, it gives us the usual great pleasure we've noticed that is characteristic of all great publications, to chronicle the advent of the old college into the New Freedom at last. No, Hephzibah, it is not our intention to intimate that anybody in this cradle of liberty gave vent to an idea; we don't go in for that sort of thing here, y'know; it is *de trop, passe*, of another day and generation. The incident marking the initiation of the new epoch—heavens, that will never do; we had specific orders from the head funny man not to pull any words over two syllables, lest the fellows couldn't understand; well, anyhow, the thing we mean is the summary punishment of a freshman recently by one of our progressive sophomores for the gross crime of having omitted to educate himself in the important department of Aggie slang. (We want to point a moral right here: English is a decadent mode of communication; don't spend your time learning it; it isn't worth it, and furthermore, in our most cultivated circles it's considered very bad form to show any knowledge of it—witness the fate of the freshman above mentioned. But as we precede our tale, impossible as that may seem for any animal not constructed of rubber.) It seems that the aforesaid member of the entering class is a depraved, hardened reprobate; along with his other misdeeds he has been so criminal as to have been born in a foreign country, and to have learned English—we're as much pained as we know you, gentle reader, must be at this recital of the depths of sin—in a school where only the highbrow "pure English" was taught. On the occasion we refer to, he was reprimanded, so our informant tells us, by one of our worthy upper-classmen for failing to wag his left ear with the proper acceleration while passing a cross-eyed senior, according to the sacred tradition of old Aggie, and was so impertinent as to reply, as well as his

detestable language would permit, that he didn't understand what was wanted of him. The sophomore, righteously indignant, did the only thing left for him under the circumstances—hit him. The freshman, being a gentleman, of course showed no pep, and the incident was closed, except for the meddling activities of a few sympathizers who showed their traitorous qualities by trying to induce the '18 man to make an apology. Of course, there was nothing to apologize for—for is it not a cardinal rule of conduct that class spirit is always laudable, no matter how shown?

This little encounter, as we remarked before, is tremendously important in its significance: it is the beginning of the end of all the old, oppressive foolishness about a man's having rights that other men are bound in "honor" to respect, and with the silly idea of honor itself, which is the basic weakness of most of our troubles, as our readers probably well recognize. Instead of all this out-of-date trash, the way seems to be opened for a new and happier regime of brutality, class domination, absolute subjection, total annihilation of all foolish "rights" as students, citizens, human beings, or anything else. We see before us another Golden Age, where a man—any man, or rather any upper-classman—on meeting a freshman, for instance, may take his exercise and satisfy his gym credits by promptly knocking him down; where the sophomores shall east aside their harmless little nail-studded boards, fit only for breaking wrists and blackening eyes, on the eve of the night-shirt parade, and blossom forth with bowie knives between their teeth and a double battery of Colt 38's in their belts. Ah, then will be the glorious times! Then will pep run in streams a foot thick over the campus, and the dear old football team sit in the seats hastily vacated by the present faculty! Then they'll all come back from the night-shirt parade, instead of a mere forty, though of course the sophomores will have the extra expense of cartage. On with the good work! Kill him, he's a freshman!



THE student body, as a whole, can certainly congratulate our fair Co-eds on their establishment of a sorority. Let us hope that their principles in years to come, in increasing their numbers, are not based on the methods used at the present time by the male of the species. May we ask when the goat room is to be opened for inspection by the students? We are very curious.

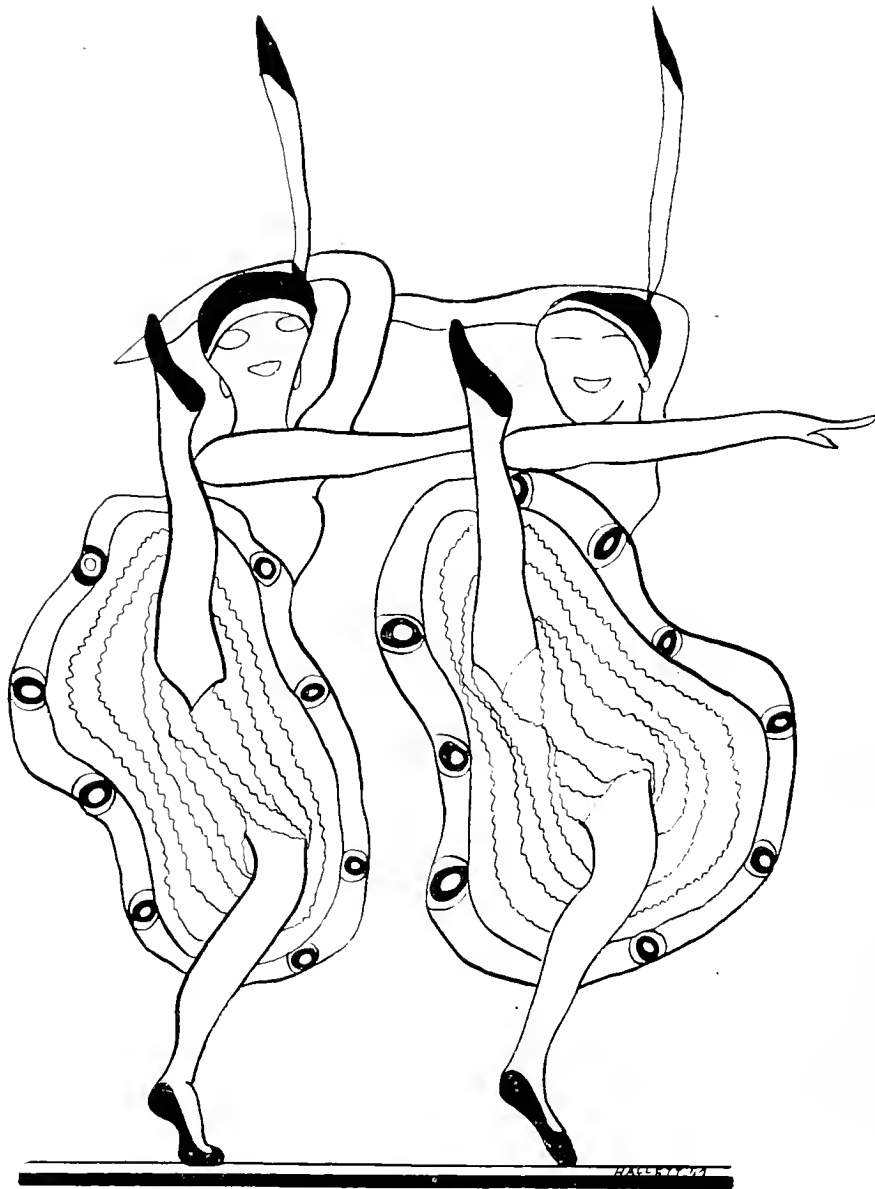


IF things keep on the way they have started this year, a man won't dare to go to Assembly without a dollar or so in his jeans. When no one can think of anything else to tax the Student Body for, a collection might be taken up to bribe the Power Plant to give North College a little hot water some morning, just for the novelty of it.



THE old Aggie spirit is showing up this year as never before. Did you notice the number of Alumni that were back to see the first game on the new field, and to help wear out the Drill Hall floor?





On to Tufts

BIG GUESSING CONTEST

A LA BOSTON AMERICANUS

SAD news is never cheerful. Still we must tell our woeful tale. A good friend (he says he is), of this illustrious publication has taken upon himself the sorrowful duty of informing us that the name our honored predecessors did bestow on this paper, brings tears to his eyes when he thinks of all the doleful things for which he claims the letters in this name stand, and he herewith submits for public sympathy the cause of his grief:

W stands for WIFE: A Bachelor's finishing school.

A stands for APARTMENTS: A modern habitation owned by a promoter of race suicide and occupied by bachelors and childless couples.

R stands for REMORSE: In man, the beginning of Wisdom; In woman, the end of Indiscretion.

C stands for CHINAMEN: The yellow peril to which we are forever exposing our fair white bosoms.

R stands for RAILROADS: Public utilities chartered to run from Bad to Worse but never on the level.

Y stands for YODLER: A piece of Swiss cheese with a noise at every opening.

—*The New Foolish Dictionary.*

Now, far be it from us to wish to be the innocent cause of any flood of salt water which may damage the town, for the deluge of fresh water we had this year was quite sufficient to rot the potatoes in the ground, and as this publication is intended to be the original gloom chaser and not a funeral dirge, we have decided after much deep thought and deliberation to return the present name to the worthy organization from which we have a suspicion it was borrowed, and endeavor to remove the cause of our friend's sorrow, and incidentally the cause of the long faces decorating some of our other worthy friends (no names mentioned) for who can tell but what it affects other people in the same way.

We have discovered a perfectly "supermili-gorgeous" name, which ought to dispel this mournful feeling, but we aren't going to tell you

right away this minute for we want to give you all a chance to guess awhile. We want to see if the masculine gender of the species called "curiosity" is as well developed as the female. To make things real lively we have decided to have one of those thrilling guessing games or contests in which the man endowed with the largest head invariably comes out a-head, that is, providing there is anything in it (?). We will allow each contestant three guesses, and the victorious victor will be the proud recipient of a magnificent prize, the nature of which we will not disclose at the present time as we don't know yet what the "left-overs" will be on this issue, but we can confidently say that it will be nothing cheaper than a Ford.

Of course we know how cruel it is of us to keep you in suspense thusly, but it is only for your own benefit, for there is not a selfish bone in our bodies. You see we have figured it out this way: If one of the guesses submitted happens to eclipse our own bright idea, we will be very glad to avail ourselves of the improvement and of course we will award the munificent trophy to the lucky dog. Here's a chance in a lifetime fellow sufferers, to annex something which may come in handy in the future. Of course we shall make it something useful, such as, for instance, a baby carriage, a powder puff or a spool of darning cotton, all depending on the size of our pocketbook at the end of the grand rush for copies of this issue. We hope you will be considerate enough not to submit more than three guesses as we cannot afford to hire more than one stenog. to handle the correspondence.

With kind regrets,

Editor and Staff.

P. D. Q. We forgot to ask you not to forget to send the address of your most frequent abode, whether at Hamp or elsewhere, so that we may wire you at your expense upon discovery of your victory.

WATCH FOR THE SOLUTION
OF THE GREAT MYSTERIE
IN THE NEXT NUMBER

OF THE

? ? ? ? ?



"GIMME your money or I'll blow out your brains."

"Blow them out then. I need my money to get through college."

Ⓜ



A motor-cycle in the early stages of generation.
(Commonly known as the puff, puff.)

Scene at Amherst hen coop.

The rider has been arrested for speeding on Campus.

The Rider (you know) appearing before the judge.

Judge—"What—overspeeding?"

Culprit—"Yes, your Honor."

Judge—"Were you driving backward or forward?"

Culprit—"Forward".

Judge—"Dismissed."

Ⓜ

Waiter (in German restaurant)—Wasser?

American Girl (flustered)—No, Wellesley.

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

HOW TO BE POPULAR AT COLLEGE

WHEN your roommate begins a story that you have heard before (you know the kind that Doc Seeley objects to), always interrupt, and say so. Then add encouragingly: "Whoa, get-up, whoa back." Maybe some of the other boys haven't heard it.

Be intrepid. When the rugs are pulled back and the phonograph started, say to your Smith partner: I've never done any of these new steps, but I don't mind trying.

Be helpful. If the temperature in your room in the Dorms goes down to -273° , don't get fluffy and yell out of the window "We want some heat." Go down to the Power Plant and feed the furnace with a few pieces of coal. This adds greatly to the evening's gayety.

Be a Comedian. If there is a shy person present, for instance a co-ed, pounce on her unexpectedly, with: "We haven't heard a word from you. Come—say something clever." Thus everyone is put at his ease, and your friends are relieved of much of the burden of entertaining.

Ⓜ



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER
CARRIAGE, BOYS?

Ⓜ

YEA, VERILY

Flo—"Do you think a girl should learn to love before twenty?"

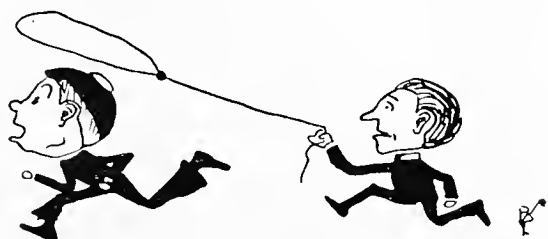
Fli—"Nope! Too large an audience."

—Jack O'Lantern.



AT THE INFORMAL

SHE:—What would you do if I should die, Jack?
Jack:—Start a bank account and buy a car.

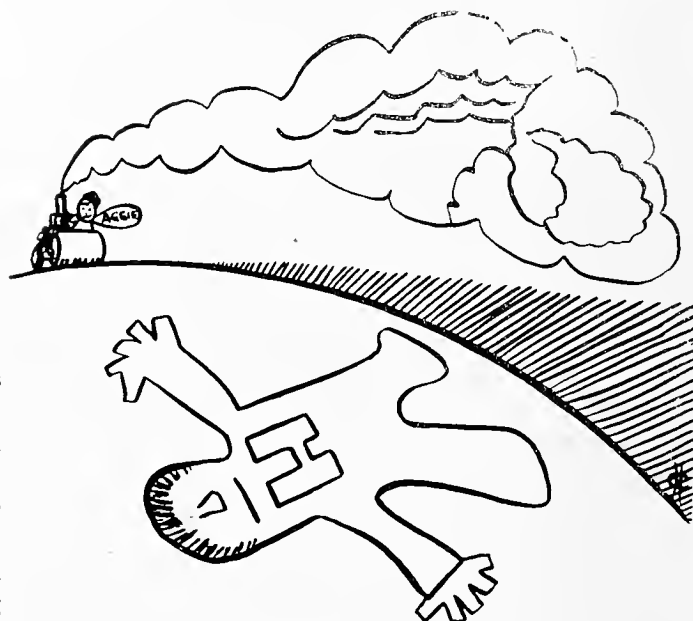


I TAPA KEG AND EATA BITA PIE

1. Season opened until Freshman supply was exhausted that is—mating time.
2. Baits such as Pesse Jomeroy, William Jennings—etc., are illegal.
3. Pledge buttons must not be placed on the cigarette trays as samples.
4. Trapping is permitted, but the victim must have at least one hand free while being pledged.
5. If a 1919 man should escape after being captured, he cannot be retaken and is open game for the rest of the hunting packs.
6. Daily limit for a single hunting pack—20 Frosh.



Rooty toot—toot, "Oh there you are,"
Sh!—pst!—List-en.
Have a button ready.
He's leaving the Hash-House—
He's coming near—
Brothers—he's a dandy.
Suffocate him with essence of pepper mint
Tie his hands.
He'll be a Dandy ——!
We'll get him or break his neck.
Silence—sh!



FAIR HARVARD?

Massachusetts Agricultural College,
Amherst, Mass., Oct. 1, 1915.

Mr. Fred C. Kenney,

Treasurer, Mass. Agri. College.

Dear sir:

This is to inform you that—unless you leave \$10000000000000000 under the bridge at the south end of the pond your job will not be worth much, as we will stop eating at the hash-house and also refuse to pay any more bills at your office. Do not attempt to communicate with the Cheese of Police as we will not stand any fooling from him. Remember you are watched all the time. Beware

Yours truly,

Black Hand of the Pelican Club.



ONE OF THE SOPHOMORE'S TROUBLES



CAMIUS GLIMPSES -

Finish of the Cross Country:—
Sherinayan in the background

DID YOU KNOW

THAT a great number of suckers died recently on the Campus. Let's hope they will fill the pond soon, so 1918 can stock it again.

That the heat in North Dorm. is normal, but the hot water is cold.

That a box marked "Duffy's Malt Whiskey" was seen in the Y. M. C. A. office. Would the owner please call and claim it, otherwise—you know?

That if all the cigarettes smoked in a year by Aggie students were joined together so as to make one long cigarette, it would be long enough to serve as a tight rope over to Smith, and it would take Ed Hill three days and fifty minutes to walk to the other end to see if it was lit.
RUB IT OUT—

That if you could shoot base-balls out of the Army rifle the Junior Sharp-shooters couldn't hit a bulls-eye forty feet in diameter at a fifty foot range.



WE DON'T HAVE TO GO TO ATLANTIC CITY TO TRAVERSE THE BOARD WALK



THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES AS WE SEE THEM

MIDNIGHT cabaret with eating and drinking for the solace of persons who are afraid to go to bed.



**WHAT THE ACTORS THINK OF
THE AGGIE BOYS**

MANAGER:—So one of the college boys hit you with a tomato? But how did it raise such a bad lump on your head?

Actor:—Well, you see, the one who threw it forgot to remove the can.



**THE DEDICATION OF
STOCKBRIDGE HALL**



SOB SONG

GONE are the days 'neath the greenwood tree,
In the hammock that swung in the breeze.
Gone are the days that passed in a haze,
As we sat by the summer seas.
Shall we ever forget—(Nay, we'll never forget)
The hours that we spent on the shore,
Where we walked hand in hand
On the silver-licked strand
And fussed. Fussing is never a bore.

TWO FRESHMEN AT SUPPER

ENTER two freshmen who sit opposite each other at a table in the Hash House.

1st F.—“Hullo.”

2nd F.—“Hullo. You in Animal Husbandry 1?”

1st F.—“Yes.” (blasé). I slept pretty well through the lecture today.”

2nd F.—(gasps).

1st F. (disdainfully).—“Call that anything? Huh. Cut two classes since I been here.”

2nd F.—(laughs to show appreciation of deviltry).

1st F.—“And last night (in a low voice), drank two glasses of punch at a Frat house.

2nd F.—“Sh—not so loud—” (points to dean who happens to be sitting at the next table.)

Trembling silence.

1st F.—Did he hear me?”

2nd F.—“Don’t move, he’s coming.”

1st F.—“Perhaps we had better go.”

2nd F.—Yes. It says to write home before the office does.”

1st F.—(scared) “I can’t do that. It would break my mother’s heart. (In burst of manly courage). Rather than bring my fathers gray hairs to the grave, I will—.”

Dean approaches. Air is breathless.

Dean—“I’d like to see you boys in my office tomorrow, if I may. The scholarship committee informs me, etc., etc.



IF the whole freshman class had about half of the “Pep” that their co-eds seem to have, there wouldn’t be a daub like this one above.



AFTER THE TUFTS GAME

SHE—“Oh (hysterics) are you really from Aggie? I know a slew of Aggie men. Let me sec—now isn’t that funny? I can’t—oh, do you know—er—Jack Smusham?—No? Well, he is not very prominent, I guess. Let me see, do you know Charlie Ringem?—What class? Oh, I don’t know that. I think he has graduated, though. I think Aggie men are wonderful? Isn’t it funny, I should never have guessed that you was an Aggie man. It is odd that we have no mutual friends. Yes, of course, it is a regular world in itself. I knew so many Seniors last year. I suppose you live in the Dormitory?—No? In the yard? Tents I suppose! That must be wonderful! No, I had the worst luck about that. I was going with two Tufts men, but they were both ill on the eve of the game. I intended to cheer for Aggie though.—Oh where shall we go? Any place you say. . . .”



AGGIE’S RECORD CLASS—1919



The peacock is a beautiful bird, but it takes the stork to deliver the goods.

DANGER—SAFETY FIRST

OUT Damned Spot! Out I Say.

Such are the signs of wickedness and crime which brand the headlights of our human edifice as we step onto the battlefield of Amherst, commonly known as the Rifle Range. Here the groans and the shrieks of our former classmates creep in through the cotton batting in our ears. Nevertheless it is an interesting place, for when the bullets begin to whistle and run wild it reminds one of Teddy's cry for war. Sherman never spoke any truer words, when he said: "WAR is Hell." So say we the brave gladiators of Companies G and H.

But—the jokes—that funny feeling, the after-thoughts ahead of time make one forget the claws of death that are continually reigning over our anatomies. Hush—hush—there is a sound of footsteps on horseback—a shriek, a cry—a noise like canned tongue. What can it be???? Has one of our brave warriors bitten the dust? Lo,—Behold—, there a few feet away lies a corpse, barefaced; but hardly naked. "Grab his hands," says one, "he always was a good sort of a fellow." "Doesn't he look natural?" says another, "and to think he never drank." Such is the discussion that goes on amongst our comrades.

But, hark— the crisis approaches, for the youth's brain has been penetrated by a plum, known among our Hash House Guards, as a prune in the last stages of consumption. Alas, look at him, his face is so smeared with red corpuseles, and so mutilated that we are unable to identify him. But worry not, dear readers, Kraig Cenedy is with us. At first the great detective is dazed and puzzled. "Give him air," says Kraig, and in a little while to our astonishment a squeaky, sneaky sound vibrates from the mouth of the corpse which the sleuth records in the following way:—

Look for the identity of the Corpse in the next number



WHY NOT SPRING THE QUESTION?

"Say, jeweller, why doesn't my watch keep good time?"

"The hands won't behave, sir; there's a pretty girl in the case."

—*Cornell Widow.*



THE battle is on again:

"Now tomorrow I'll meet you in Dr. Gordon's Zoo. Lab.; it won't be Zoology, either."



AMALGAMATED CONVENTION OF THE PLOWING AND HOEING SOCIETIES

IT is with great pleasure that we, the underscruples, announce the above current event of the month. Let us give you a vague gist of the proceeds of the meeting.

Paragraph 1.

Meeting was called to order at our regular meeting place behind the arena at 4 A. M., October 16, by our most worthy chancellor, Joe Pike.

Paragraph 2.

A motion was made and passed that the two teams challenge similar teams of Harvard and Yale.

The following are the eligibility rules and requirements.

1. No lazy members wanted.
2. Each member must supply himself with a hoe.
3. Each member must wear suction shoes, in order to get "sucked in."
4. Each member must qualify in plowing curved furrows.

If you wish to become a member, see the Head Coach but you must first have references from "King" Babbit as well as "Hap" Day, who are charter members of the organization.



BUT HOW MUCH SHE MISSES

Josh—Is she refined?

Frosh—I should say she is. She won't even read coarse print.

—*Pelican.*

*You Want the Best Fountain
Pen on the Market*

Safety is the Pen

A Self-filling Pen, Ground to Your Own
Handwriting

C. H. HALLETT, '17 88 Pleasant St.

GET IN PRACTICE FOR THE WINTER
TOURNAMENTS AT

Metcalf's Bowling Alleys

ALLEYS MAY BE RESERVED IN
ADVANCE

*Delicious Home-made Candy
at the*

College Candy Kitchen

ICE CREAM CIGARS AND TOBACCO
Open until 12

Amherst Fruit Store

Fresh Fruit and Candy
Peanuts and Cookies

THEN HE IS ALL RIGHT

Hay—What kind of fellow is Jones?

Bill—Well, he claps at the motion pictures.—
—*California Pelican.*



STUDENT'S COURAGE GOOD

Tonsorial Artist—And what will you have on
your face when I finish shaving you?

Optimistic Stude—Oh, probably both lips and
part of my nose.—*Cornell Widow.*

"What is the charge against this man?"
"Dressing up in woman's clothes, your honor."
"Discharged! He's been punished enough."



SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

The dentist had just moved into a place pre-
viously occupied by a baker, when a friend called.

"Pardon me a moment," said the dentist,
"while I dig off those enamel letters of 'Bakeshop'
from the front window."

"Why not merely dig off the 'B' and let it
go at that?" suggested the friend.

—*Boston Transcript.*



DOUBTFUL

"Of course I don't wish to put any obstacles
in the way of your getting married," a mistress
said to her servant, "but I wish it were possible
for you to postpone it until I get another maid."

"Well, mum," Mary Ann replied, "I 'ardly
think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'im to put
it off."

—*London Standard.*



Newlywed: My angel, I wish you wouldn't
paint.

Mrs. Newlywed: Now, Jack, have you ever
seen an angel that wasn't painted?

—*Tit-Bits.*



MERE CAFETERIA DOPE

Stude—Say, waiter do you call this bean
soup?

Garcon—The cook does, sir.

Stude—Why, the bean in this soup isn't big
enough to flavor it.

Garcon—He isn't supposed to flavor it, sir.
He is supposed to christen it.

—*Oregonian.*



WONDERFUL SYMPATHETIC NERVES

"Hey, Steve, you should see my father when he
gets angry, he gets little red spots in each cheek."

"That's nothing, when my dad gets angry I
get black and blue so I can't sit down."

—*Burr.*

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Special Rump Steak French Fried Potatoes 30c.

21-23 HOLLAND ST.

Bings—"Say, that Miss Peachee is pretty fast, isn't she?"

Kinks—"Fast! Why, she told me that she's covered five laps this evening!"

—Gargoyle.

Marcus F.—My typewriter needs some new ribbons.

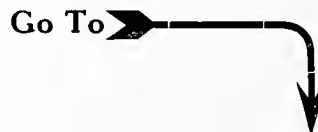
Intelligent Clerk—Very well, sir; blonde or brunette, sir?

—Bargoyle.

Holz—"I notice that a million dollars is spent every year for soothing-syrup."

Schmolz—"Hm—one form of hush money."

—Jack O'Lantern.



Jack's Lunch

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BECOME EXPERTS ON POLES

"I see that the German barbers are going to strike."

"What's the matter, are they all going back to fight?"

"No, but for the first time in their lives they realize that a Pole is more than an ornament.—

—Princeton Tiger.



HOW MINERALOGY HAS CHANGED!

Professor—Name the largest known diamond.

Mr. A.—The ace.

—California Pelican.

*The Shoes of Perfect Satisfaction
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211 MAIN STREET



NORTHAMPTON, - - MASS.

THIS IS FINE IDEA

Bill—Hello, old top, I noticed you at the game with your wife and another woman.

Syl—Yes, I wanted to enjoy the game, so I had to provide entertainment for Nellie.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



OH! THAT GOLDEN HAIR!

Well, George, you should understand that it's "woman's privilege to change her mind."

"Yes, dear. And her form, hair and complexion."

—*Illinois Siren.*

E. Alberts

Regal Shoes

FOR YOUNG MEN



241 MAIN STREET NORTHAMPTON

RATHER CHILLY FOR PAPA

Mother—Now go kiss nursie good night and let her put you to bed.

Little Helen—Don't want to. She slaps folks that try to kiss her now.

Mother—Why, what a story, Helen!

Helen—Well, you ask papa if she doesn't.

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*



RATHER CHEEKY, ISN'T IT?

Tess—Does Fran use cold cream?

Bess—Yes, she puts it on to keep the chaps away.—*Minnehaha.*

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ODE TO A SHOWER BATH

O varying, versatile, quick-changing shower bath,
Just cause art thou to arouse all of our wrath.
Why is thy temp'ature constantly altering.
Causing the studes to be constantly faltering?
Whether or no to dare enter thy stream
Of icy-cold water co-mingled with steam?
Where is thy source, from whence cometh this water,
That's never been known to act as it oughter?
Why does the liquid thou sputeth and spurteth
Fall with such force it invariably hurteth?
Then suddenly change to a steam full of tickle,—
Why art so frightfully fitful and fickle?
O shower bath, 'tis plain to see
Thy middle name's inconstancy.

—*The Widow.*

100 MAIN STREET

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*The Home of Great Benjamin and
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Knox Hats

Just Right Shoes

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*The Hotel Where There is Comfort Without Extrava-
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Luncheon from 11.30 to 2.00 p. m. Private
Dining Rooms. A la Carte Service
6.30 a. m. to 11.00 p. m.*



RICHARD J. RAHAR, - - - Proprietor

BUT WHY BE JEALOUS?

Jingo—Is there any difference between satis-
fied and contented?

Bings—Is there? Well, I'm satisfied Billings
is going to bring my girl to the prom., but hanged
if I'm contented.—

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

A VERY CLOSE SECOND

Who won the race between the cabbage and
the tomato?

The cabbage—it came out a-head.

What happened to the tomato?

Oh, it couldn't ketch-up.

—Princeton Tiger.

HOW COLLEGE BOYS CHANGE

If someone makes an extended answer in
class while a

Freshman, his classmates think: "Bull";

Sophomore, they think of it as: "Grind";

Junior, the conviction is: "Courage";

Senior, the opinion is: "Education."

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

APT TO BE TOO STRENUOUS

The Poet (flapping virtuous pinions)—I just
hate to hear a woman swear, y'know.

The Girl (swinging him with both barrels)—
Yes, some of you men just can't stand compe-
tition in any line. —Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

For a tasty Dinner go to

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213 MAIN STREET

NORTHAMPTON

An Appeal



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We can only have this if the student body co-operates with the board of editors.

Don't **sponge** on the other fellow—**buy** a copy of your own.

Patronize the men who advertise in our columns. It is they who make possible at all this publication. The larger the circulation, the more ads we can get, and the larger the paper will become—so get behind and boost.

Alumni and faculty, subscribe for this magazine. It will make you smile and keep you young.

To be entered at the Amherst Postoffice beginning next number.

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Tear Out the Coupon and Fill in the Name You Wish this Paper Live
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Contestant.....
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THE SQUIB

Vol. 1 of 1
Massachusetts
FEB 24 1916
Agricultural
College



Thanks giving
No.



Who Wins!

EXPRESS

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Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

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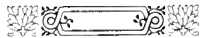
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Our shoes add the snap that counts,

And our Haberdashery completes the smart-
ness that is so necessary for the college man.

A visit will convince you.

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in the end. : : : :



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The ultimate reward comes to you.
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Sanderson & Thompson

A STRANGE REQUEST

Mrs. Gadsby—If any caller should ask for me or Mr. Gadsby, Nora, just say there's nobody home.

New Maid (astonished)—But you said I wasn't to use slang, Ma'am!

—Puck.

J. GINSBURG

Modern Shoe Repairing

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Black or Tan Shoes

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AMHERST

A REMEDY

"She doesn't like her new gown. It's pretty and all that, but she thinks it still needs something to improve its shape."

"Well, why doesn't she let some other girl wear it?"

—New York Sun.



An Economical Christmas Gift



A COLLEGE CALENDAR

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FORREST GRAYSON, '18

HAROLD L. SULLIVAN, '18

ROGER CHAMBERS, '18

NALCOME MARS, '17

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Squib

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NOT HIGH GRADE

Irate Motorist—Say, this darned car won't climb a hill! You said it was a fine machine!

Dealer—I said, "On the level it's a good car."
—California Pelican.

*Our Food Has That Tasty Taste Which Reminds
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North End Lunch

On the Left as You Enter the Campus

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"To Billy's Ford."
"On the Death of Tich's Dog."
"How We Love Arcella, or Vorticella We Have
in Our House."
"To My Beloved Master, Charles Chaplin."
"Congratulations to the Dean on the Arrival of
Another Saturday."
"Inspirations Drawn from My Fountan Pen."
"Thots on the Car to Hamp."

Compliments of

E. D. Marsh Estate

STUDENT FURNITURE

Take Thought! Take Heed!

With several other companies competing, last's year's senior committee voted unanimously to let Barlow insure them in the Connecticut General—a company in which most of the seniors were personally insured already.

See **BARLOW** Over the Savings Bank

NOBODY HOME

Tish—And believe me, she's some girl.
Tush—Clever?
Tish—Oh, very! She's got brains enough for
two.
Tush—Just the girl for you—Why don't you
marry her?

—*Argwan.*

"For the Land's Sake"

Bowker

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The Rexall Store

"What mo' kin you ask," said Brother Williams,
"than three good, squar' meals a day, a shelter
from de winter wind, an' a hope dat Christmas
won't be too long a-comin'?"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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"Thots Returning" (from above)
"The Squib."
"On My First Invitation to Come Over Sunday."
"Heart of Alonzo, Unbroken."
"Heatness and Light, or the Growth of the
Power Plant."
"Banded Together in a Common Cause—To
Make Noise."
"Would That I might Rise at Dawn."
"On the Possibilities of a Five Spot."
"The College Senate."

DOOLEY'S INN HOLYOKE



The Happy Hunting Grounds for
Ye Aggie Men



MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS

INCONSISTENT

"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister, in talking with one of the deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir; I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years, an' ye haven't resigned yet."

—*Tit-Bits.*



A GOOD OPENING FOR
FRESHMEN



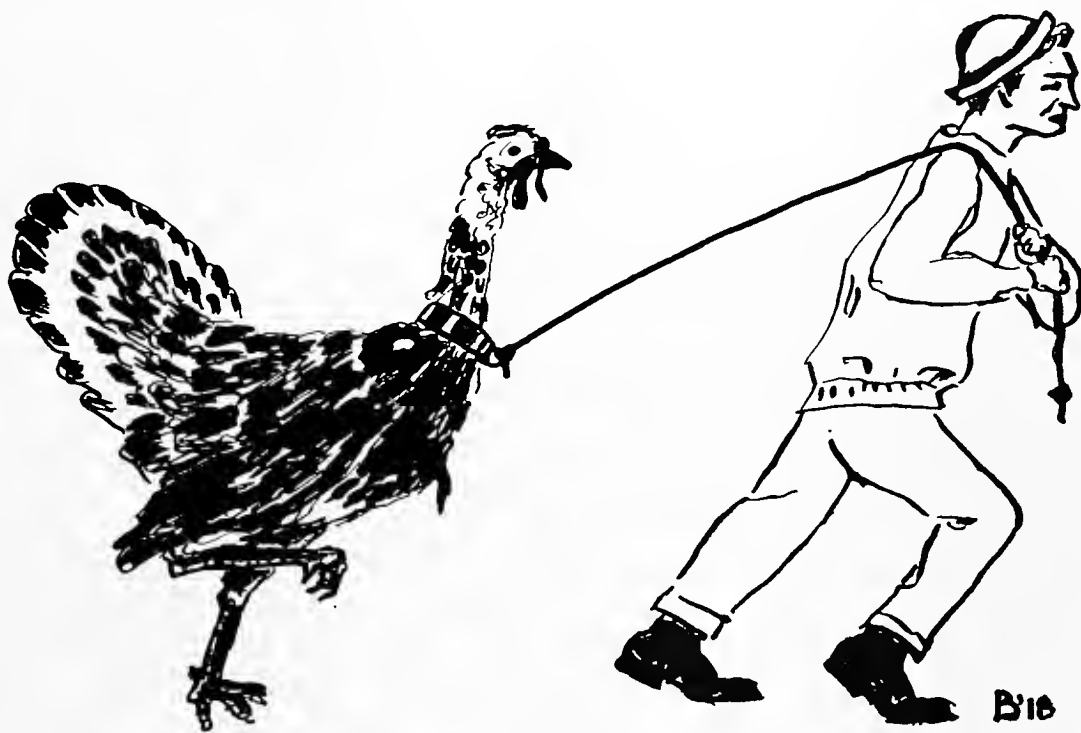
PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



THE PROSPECT HOUSE

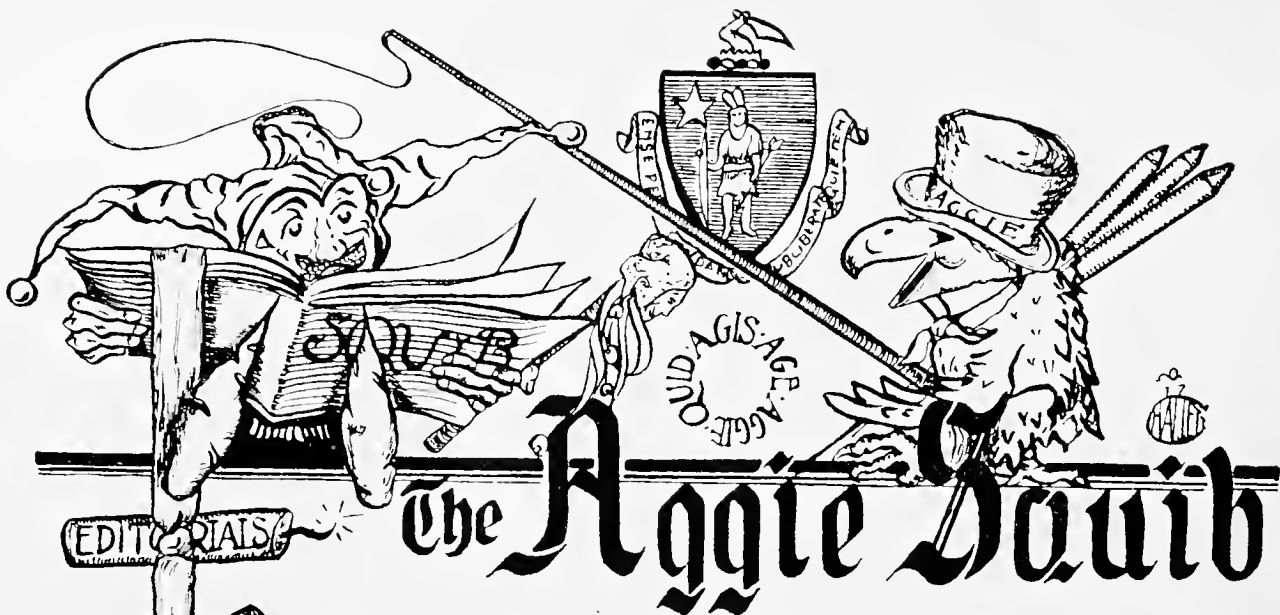
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Metamorphosis

*Thanksgiving brings
With other things
A little change we all may note;
For on that day
Can we not say
The turkey is the goat?*



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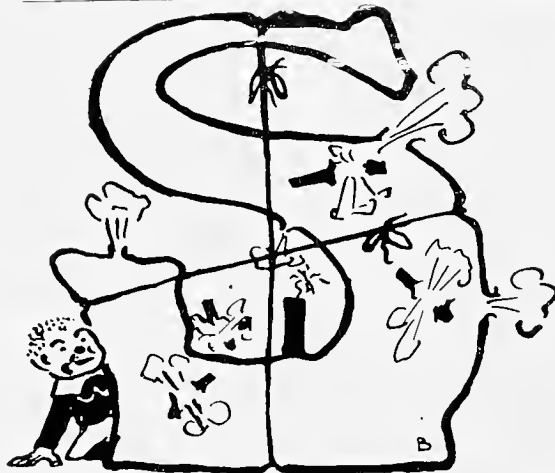
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NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 5



THANKSGIVING

QUIBBY conceives Thanksgiving as a student's day of thanks, and as he recollects back to the period after the good old Roman days he finds Shakespeare muttering:
"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless student."

To us Thanksgiving signifies "eats," good "eats," and friend, our dearest friend, and

last but not least, a gluttonous appetite. This shift combination can not be equaled. The dignified turkey although known as the King of Them All, rests peacefully sizzling away in the oven, realizing that the heaven he perceived was far different from the one which he attained. But think of our dear little tape-worm, who shouts with glee at the thought of Thanksgiving, for to him "What is so rare as a bit of turkey." The poor half-starved creature in his abode is accustomed to hash, and re-hash and then some. Is it not a miracle that this poor unsophisticated young one should not have previously died in vain?

But Squibby protests against gluttony and says, "Do not worship the food that you slip down your oesophagus but be thankful that you are still alive and leading the jolly life of M. A. C. students. We may be thankful that the old "Aggie Pep" still exists, although the Freshmen have not as yet grasped the real significance of it. Another cheering circumstance fitted to increase with us one

THE SQUIB

thankfulness is the development of "leadership" which the football team has demonstrated to the public. Last, and foremost of all we may be grateful that "Prexy" has fully decided to remain with us, for we all know that under his leadership the college has flourished and will continue to flourish.

14-13

So let us all be thankful, although:—

Our allowances do not increase proportionately to the taxes levied at Assembly.

The ubiquitous omnipotent Dean's Board makes us cognizant of the fact that we still have a Faculty.

We are still required to attend classes occasionally.

The Informal Committee does not provide the "Gallery Gods" with opera glasses at the informals.

We have not as yet received invitations to witness the initiatory exercises of our Co-ed sorority.

STILL BE THANKFUL, for,

The B. & M. still continues to run to Boston and toothpicks are selling for the same price.

14-13

CO-EDS AND FELLOW-BEINGS, MR. SQUIB

The staff takes great pleasure in introducing to you, Mr. *Squib*, who from now on will fill the vacancy left by Mr. *War Cry* the deceased husband of Salvation Army Nell. Because of *Squibby's* bashfulness we deem it essential that we should give you a few reasons why he should appear as the title-holder of this paper.

In the first place, Mr. *Squib*, as he is understood by authors of fame, has the honor of having a name, which although short, has several meanings. He is understood by them as a firework, a flashy fellow, making a noise, but doing no great harm. He sometimes assumes the spirit of a rocket, and is so thought of, because of his ability to dart or flash along swiftly. Often times, he appears in the spirit of a whip, because he is the instigator of speed. But foremost of all he is a great writer of satyr as well as scribbler of wit and sarcastic speech.

Thus, fellow-beings receive him with open arms and possibly his influences may help to put a little speed into our systems where it is most needed. Then here's to *Squibby*, let us break one more bottle of Bryan's grape juice on his witty dome, and christen the paper after him. Mr. *Squib* step forward and let them look you over.

Finally, let us not overlook the various names which were suggested, for we are "noochal" and do not desire war. Therefore to avoid any broken bones we have decided, that the bright one who passed in the name "The Green Rooster" was favored by the "Goddess of Chance" and consequently receives a subscription to "The Squib" for one year.

14-13

There isn't a man on the campus who hasn't a good word for the team and the coach. Let us be thankful that we have had such a well liked and experienced man as Doctor Brides. Let us do all in our power to keep him here, for with his services Aggie will never lack a good football team.

What are they saying at Springfield? "Sh—Sh—". "You'll find out."



THE SQUIB



A PROTEST

The Turkey—"No Sir; nothing like that in our family."

THE SQUIB

AS WE SAW THEM AT THE MASS MEETING



As "Billy" imagined us after the Tuft's Game



"SUPPOSED TO BE THE
GERMICIDAL PERIOD"

INSTRUCTOR—Suppose a cow is milked at
6 o'clock, what time is it at 6.45?

Student—I don't know.



THE REASON

WHY do they call a tugboat 'she'?"

Said the girl to the mate of the *Thistle*.

"I dunno," says he, "but it seems to me,
That it must be they call her 'she'

On account of the awful noise, you see
She makes when she tries to whistle,



YEA AMOEBA

A good way of getting in free to the game.



CONCERNING A BIRD

A TURKEY is a wondrous bird
And, by a method cunning

It often Lasts upon my word

For thirty days hand running

It lasts so long upon the hoof

So long upon the dummy

That even Tish's dog (if he were living) stands
aloof

When Hannah boils the mummy.

THE SQUIB

PRUNE! PRUNE! PRUNE!

A Dissertation

"If this be Kultur, make a kick about it."

Prunella.

THE combination of gridiron contests, political rejoicing (or weeping), affairs of the heart, major pursuits and minor difficulties should not by any means be the only filling of the cerebrum grooves of the Aggie man. Three times a day (or more) he seeks a quiet environment, and there, excluding all sordid worldly thoughts from his throbbing brain, he communicates with his inner self. The period of revery is brief, but of what importance! What have been the messages which flashed into that inner receiver? They are measured by a sort of esthetic vector, quality X and quantity Y being the components. The quantity is voluntary within a certain limit. The quality is involuntary, of a retiring nature, and often beyond the limit. In pursuance of this unknown or doubtful value X let us orient the problem through the planes of Zoology, Physics, Chemistry, Agronomy, Pomology, Pathology, Dietetics and world-wide Humanitarianism. As an example, let us consider an example which though simple in appearance is infinitely complex, and therefore offers a wonderful opportunity to the student for close observation, cogitation, and moral determination. I refer to the pep-less prune.

Zoo-illogically considered, the Prune belongs to the inanimate world, and is willing to share its belongings. In the first place, it is always composed of the same invariable constituents—?— and—!—in equal proportions. Fortunately for man the prune does not reproduce itself. The prune course, often repeated, has as its prerequisite a good digestion and a varsity stomach. It responds to no stimulus known to the collegiate world, except to an awayward motion.

It is classified as follows:

Prunus desertus

Grade, *Inferioris*

Phylum, *Getsuzoa*

Class, *Peculiaris*

Sub-Class, *Frequentis*

Order, *Indigestibilia*

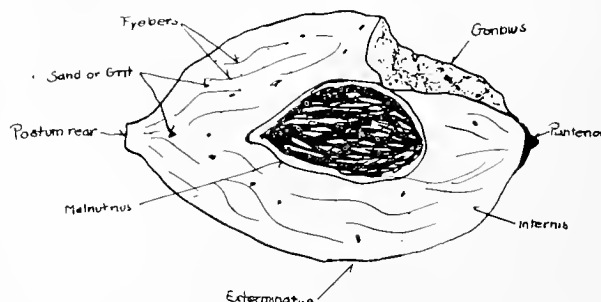
Sub-Order, *Damnæ*

Genus, *Prunus* Species, *desertus*

Explanation of terms in the classification:

The word Prune is a misnomer. Prune really? really meanscull. The grade is too obvious to require explanation. *Getsuzoa* refers to the psychological effect on the human animal. The class, *Peculiaris*, indicates that the Prune is in a class by itself, odd, bizarre, but not rare. The Sub-Class indicates its general appearance; the Order includes the Prune and those little sugared pommies-de-where which come in clusters of

three and are usually left in the triplet formation. The title of the Sub-Order is a well known French expletive, meaning: "toward an obscure destination." The genus requires no genius to understand, but the species *desertus* indicates the reaction of *Homo sapiens* on it, that is, a

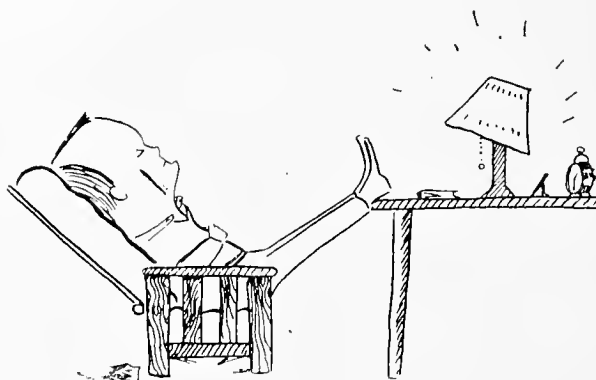


negative accompaniment of the deserted dessert.

The Prune is a non-succulent devoid, having a slight projection on the front known as the *panteria*. This is the part by which it is placed in the pan, the panhandle so to speak. The *malnutrius* is an impossible underspasm. The *fyebers* are tough, solid strips with a powerful defense. The **POSTUM REAR** indicates that they follow breakfast food eagerly. They are inadvertently fossil, however. The **EXTERMINATUS**; the name indicates the tendency: is the (s)hell-like outer region. The **INFERNIS** is the horror horribilium of the Prune, which is exceeded in low character of texture only by the **GONBIUS**, an area which increases in size as the specimen adds birthdays. This, *Philosophomores, et al.*, is the Zoology of the Prune. Specimens may be seen at Draper Museum, where there is no caretaker and where the Curator doesn't do his duty.

Physically—but it isn't all coming now, NO, "not by any means."

Continued in our next—The Squib article, not the genuine article—we hope not the latter. Meanwhile, beware.



"Had I a home Colonial, with furnishings baronial, I might feel matrimonial—but NOT on six a week.

THE SQUIB



HEROES

Some heroes, probably the first time they did it.
Moral: Never again.



SONG FOR THANKSGIVING

(Sung to—We're on the field)

WHEN around the dish you slide and slip
And do gymnastics jerky
It's tough on you, but don't you think
It's tougher on the turkey?
Then rally around the table boys, and tickle the
bird a bit
For if you've had experience, you'll know just
where to hit

(Chorus)

Then crash through the turkey boys?
And batter down it's wings
Eat! Eat! As much as you can, until you're
satisfied

For Thanksgiving day is here. Rah! Rah!
Then remove one of it's legs,
And partake of a little bread
Use a little gravy, and you'll soon be hazy
Swallow a little piece of its heart
For you'll then be ready to depart
To eternity where dreams come true.



F. O. B. AMHERST

Is it good sound farm practice to play football?



FOOTBALL EXPRESSIONS

50—50

Who is going to get her?

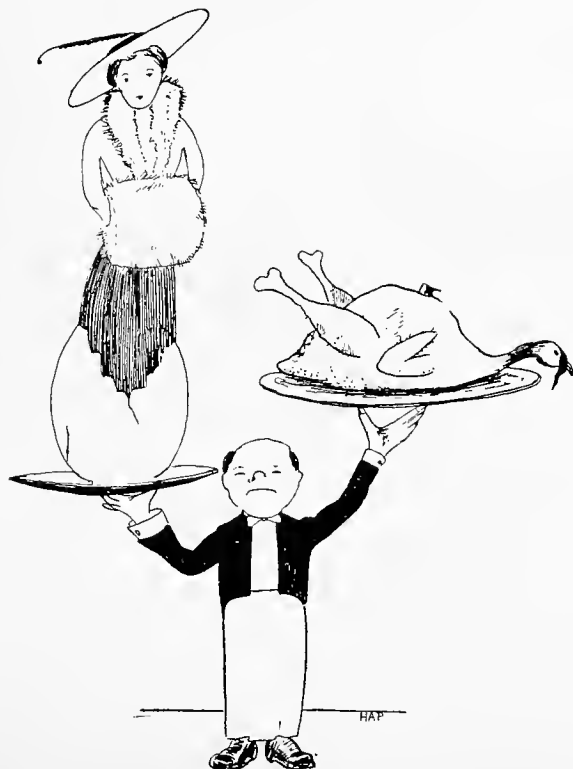
THE SQUIB

ENTOMOLOGY WHILE YOU WAIT

The Earwigs

THESE insects were formerly called earwiggles, due to their annoying habit of wiggling their ears whenever an enemy approached. In the course of time, the name has been shortened, but the ears appear to be as long as ever. The earwigs are characterized by a small pin-shaped head, and mouth-parts for chewing and spitting. They take their food wherever they can get it, and are said to be unsanitary in their personal habits. Earwigs travel chiefly by night, but as they do not carry a light it is hard to find them except by the smell. In some districts they are very injurious, owing to their habit of eating the corks out of beer-bottles, and then falling into the bottles. To avoid this, the ingenious householder should open the beer bottles as soon as they are delivered, disposing of the contents in any way that appeals to him. Treatment: Where earwigs are too numerous and militant, steps should be taken to step on them. A man should never attack them single-handed: he will need the use of both hands and feet. For indoor work, the hunter will find it desirable to use a force of beaters. These beaters can be obtained at any rug and furniture store, for 25 cents each.

In New Jersey, earwigs are exterminated by boring holes in the floor. The earwigs are unable to see the holes, as there is nothing there for them to see. Consequently they will fall down into the cellar, where they are killed by the acceleration . . .



Which Will You Have, Boys, Chicken or Turkey?



CHANGED

NO longer does he say "Goldarn,"
 "Gewhittaker" nor yet "Consarn,"
 Nor does he chew a wisp of straw
 Or laugh with rasping Haw-Haw-Haw
 Or dress in clothes that do not fit,
 Or with fool schemes get often bit,
 He drives no shaggy, limping "skate"
 His motor car is up to date.
 His clothing now is in the style
 Sophisticated is his smile
 His wife wears costumes in the mode
 And modern quite is his abode.
 His children all to college go
 And system lets him profits show
 He works, and yet has time to play—
 This is the farmer of today.



A CONFESSION OF AN M. A. C. STUDENT.

I AM a Thanksgiver.
 I have a generous and grateful nature.
 I also have a splendid appetite, depending on where I eat.
 I also am always ready to have a holiday.
 I look forward to the last Thursday in November with considerable pleasure, thinking of the "doings" in my own home town.
 I know of course, that when I do get a square meal I am going to eat too much; but at the same time, I will have plenty of leisure in which to digest it.
 I have a vague notion, furthermore, that I am somehow eating in a good cause.
 I conclude that all the Hash House Guards are in the same boat, and that as a matter of fact, it is a hollow ceremony, without force or effect, except perhaps, as a sacrifice to the God of Gluttony.
 I am sorry to reach this conclusion but I can find no other way out of it.
 I am a Thanksgiver.

NOTICE

WE have procured the services of Miss Sau Sage at a very high compensation, to conduct a matrimonial bureau, using the columns of this paper as a medium. She will upon request, if satisfactory references are furnished, secure introductions to blonds, brunettes, or strawberry blonds, according to individual taste.

She will also answer all questions regarding love, sentiment and marriage (also divorce, if necessary).

Below you will find letters from two love-smitten swains with the valuable advice Miss Sau Sage has given in answer to same.

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

I am a young gentleman (if I may call myself such) of uncertain age, deficient in the knowledge of love. I am in love with a beautiful blond, yet I am not certain that I do love her. My symptoms are peculiar. I adore her when in her company, but when away from her my thoughts wander to some other blond. What would you do? Give her up and never see her again?

Thanking you for your kind consideration, I am,

Your

Hopeless Jack.

P. S. She is very rich.

Dear Hopeless Jack:

To judge from your letter I should say there are a FEW things you don't know. Of course if you will meet me some evening, I'll soon tell you if you are a gentlemen or not, and perhaps I will be able to tell you approximately how old you are also.

I'd advise you to stick to her and marry her as soon as possible, and if it is still a case of "out of sight, out of mind", just extract her money and shoot up the town with the other blond.



SOPH: I understand they've adopted military training at Smith.

Fresh: Gwan.

Soph: Straight dope. Go over to Hamp any Saturday—you'll see half of Smith College up in arms.



SHE: Do you use the Montessori system at Aggie?

He: No, we use the Brides system.



JINKS—What's that fellow eating toast for? I didn't know he was an athlete.

Skinks—Oh, he's training for the next informal.

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

Last week I attended a party at the home of a friend, and there I met a charming young lady whom I would like to get better acquainted with. She has a beautiful face, but she weighs 210 pounds. I am asking your advice as to how I could hug her.

Yours in doubt,

I. M. Nuttie.

My dear I. M. Nuttie:

My advice to you is to tear this fair vision out of your heart at once, and think no more of her. In the first place it would be rather damaging to parlor furniture which would have to support you while courting, and secondly it would be rather damaging to your pocket book after marriage to feed and clothe this baby elephant.

If, however, your affections have become so firmly rooted that they cannot be uprooted try this formula in hugging her.

Take a piece of chalk in either hand and when you have your arms around her as far as you can reach, make a chalk mark to show where you left off, then go around to the other side and make up the deficiency. I hope this will help you out of your embarrassing position.



DE MEAT OF IT

DEY say dat turkeys am outer sight,

But what do ah care fer dat?

Dey say de taters done got de blight,

But what do ah care fer dat?

Lor bress yer, honey, 'taint what yer eat,

Dat makes T'anksgibben day so sweet;

'Tis de smile an' laugh, an' grasp er de hand!

Dat makes dat day so mighty gran'.

So don' yer mind what de croakers say,

But meet all folks in yer happies' way,

Fer dat's what makes T'anksgibben day.

THE SQUIB



THANKSGIVING HERE AND THERE

THE SQUIB



Just to Bring a few Memories Back to You
(Sobs) And to think winter is coming soon.



SOON?

Just Released by the
SOAP FILM SYNDICATE
DAVID LASKY PRESENTS
LULU LOCKE (SMITH) in
"A MURDERER'S LOVE"
WILL APPEAR AT THE FOLLOWING
THEATRES,
Howard Atheneum, Boston.
Gaiety Theatre, Boston
Poli's Palace, Springfield
Aggie Movietorium, Amherst.

DELINQUENCY BLANK

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT,
AMHERST, MASS., June 1, 1920

The Adjutant, Corps of Cadets:

Sir:—The following Cadets are reported for
Horrid Behavior:

NAMES	DELINQUENCY
Algernon Dub	Using rank language in the ranks. (Culprit said "piffle").
Percy Frankfurt	Failure to have nose powdered.
Cholley Pinochle	Black shoes (instead of dancing pumps).
Reginald Rausmitem	Giggling at the Commandant.
Willie Winkle	Failure to bring Official Book of Etiquette and Dancing Regulations.

THE SQUIB

THE PROGRESS OF HASHING A PIN-DERRICK ODE

THE STOVE

HOW we miss thee, old Dog-cart
Without thee now the place is bare;
Though many others do upstart,
Like Aggie Inn, now standing there.
'Tis crowded with them, but I miss
Thee, old Dog-Cart, and all that bliss
Which once was mine, with coffee and with roll:
Late breakfast, supper, lunch and midday loll.
Those were the happy days of youth,
With credit good, though dimes were few;
I shared the stories told, forsooth,
And mustard drove away the blue.
The broken steps, the rich red glass,
We often watched—and cut a class.



THE UNDERTOW

THEN came the change; commercial chance
Upon the campus brought me then;
They took thee off, a circumstance
Removing thee from out my ken.
And now—I sit down to a table
And eat what-not, as best I'm able.
There is a weary bill of fare,
Without thine old esthetic air;
And now with muffin and with beans
I choke and think of other scenes
That was the life, in good Bohemia's school,
When you could sing and kick and tilt your stool.

George Ray '16,
L. H. Johnson,

CONTRIBUTORS

J. F. Whitney '17,
A. Campbell

THE ANTIDOTE

BUT while I pay my board
For four weeks at a time,
I fain would give my scanty hoard
To be with thee, the object of my rime.
The Chicken dinners have to me no taste,
The weakly ice cream is a weakly waste;
I feebly play with napkin, knife and fork,
I sit and ponder—no desire to talk.
Ah, would that I could rise tomorrow morn
And to thy welcome door fast run,
No linen tablecloth, no signing on,
Just bowl, and spoon, and flakes—that's fun.
That cannot be; but I know why
My eye grows bright, my throat grows dry,
When mention's made of good old days,
My heart for one more banquet prays.
But if in thy new town thou seest my grin,
Slide open wide the door and I'll come in.



PEPTONES

PADDLE your own canoe—and every Fresh-
man.
Buy **THE SQUIB** or be a Simple Sponge ("I
Grantia that.")
For a mental stimulus—read "The Collegian."
Wed., Nov. 17, 6 p. m.: Don't sew on the
button, do not clean your gun,
For the D—d—drill is over, and our victory
is won.



THE LAST

L. C. Higgins '18,
E. B. Hill '17

Picture Framing

J. MURPHY '16

P. C. HARLOW '17

Agents for Miller Co., Northampton

*You Want the Best Fountain
Pen on the Market*

Safety is the Pen

A Self-filling Pen, Ground to Your Own
Handwriting

C. H. HALLETT, '17 88 Pleasant St.

Class and Fraternity Pipes

Mountings in Silver

Initials on ferrule M and numerals on bowl



See CHIP BOYD or WILLIS '19

GOOD ENOUGH, AFTER ALL

"I can give you a cold bite," said the woman.

"Why not warm it up?" asked the tramp.

"There ain't any wood sawed."

"So? Well, give it to me cold."

—*New York Sun.*

THE FAMOUS NEW YORK

Kirkpatrick Shoe

Exclusive Lasts

BOYD '18

WILLIS '19

Our Motto is "SERVICE"

"Ye Aggie Inn"

"EVERYTHING IS SO TASTY"

Student Supplies of all Kinds in our Store

College Barber

SPENCER '18

HOURS:

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday
and Friday, 3.00 to 8.00 p. m.
Wednesday, 6.30 to 8.00 p. m.
Saturday, 8.00 a.m. to 2.00 p. m.

Toilet Articles on Sale

A gift that will spread *Massachusetts* over the
country and is *sure* to please

Christmas Sale of Banners

At the

College Store

Get our prices before buying elsewhere

ACADEMY OF MUSIC PROGRAM LADIES FIRST

Indignant Husband (to man who, while standing in a train, has been thrown against a lady and used bad language)—How dare you swear, sir, before my wife?

Passenger—I'm awfully sorry, sir—very sorry indeed! You see I didn't know your wife wanted to swear first.

—*Stray Stories.*

Don't "BUM" Paper From Your Room-mate

Theme or Practice Paper

Ruled or Unruled

Punched

500 Sheets - 70 Cents

LATHAM '17

MERRILL '17

G. Henry Clark Watch Maker and Jeweler

Fine Watch repairing of all grades of American and Swiss makes. French and American Clocks repaired and guaranteed, will call for and return. *Official Watch Inspector for B. & M. R.R.*

76 MAIN ST., NORTHAMPTON

Prices Carved for Thanksgiving Time Traders at Daniel's

MIGHTY SAVINGS and a MONSTER STOCK

Daniel's prices are possible only to Daniel and are produced through immense spot cash buying direct from manufacturers—not through any scrimping in value.

OVERCOATS

Sensational Selling at \$9.98, \$12.50, \$15.00

HARRY DANIEL Northampton, Mass.

"JOHNNIE!"
"Yes'm."

"Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"

"Why, I—"

"Did I not tell you to always count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"

"Yes'm, and I'm doin' it; I'm just sittin' on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' the hundred."

—*Houston Post.*

FATHER'S KIND

MOTHER—What kind of a show did papa take you to see while you were in the city?

BOBBIE—It was a dandy show, mama, with ladies dressed in stockings clear up to their necks.

—*Puck.*



HE—Are your feet tired, darling?

Her—No. Why?

He—Would you mind dancing on them? Mine are.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Custom Clothes \$15 to \$50

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Browning, King Company

Announces that he may be seen now at August Tailoring Rooms, Sherwin's New Block, on Wednesdays, other days by appointment.

Address mail to South Deerfield, Mass.

Order Cooking

Specials

When In Hamp Visit The Elms Restaurant

Best Quality Food

Moderate Prices

C. J. PANOS, Proprietor

213 MAIN STREET

NORTHAMPTON

PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE

Professor—You have a wonderful talent for painting!

Muriel—Dear me, professor, how interesting! how can you tell?

Professor—I see it in your face!



She—You're a fool to hesitate.

He—Wise men hesitate—only fools are certain.

She—Are you sure?

He—Certain.

—*Pennsylvania Punchbowl.*



Northampton Art Store Picture Framing a Specialty

Live Agents Wanted at M. A. C.
At Once

GET IN FOR CHRISTMAS BUSINESS
Near Smith College

*The Shoes of Perfect Satisfaction
at*

Fleming's Boot Shop
211 MAIN STREET



NORTHAMPTON, - - MASS.

E. Alberts

Regal Shoes
FOR YOUNG MEN



241 MAIN STREET NORTHAMPTON

NO CLUE

Maud—What was in that last package you opened?

Beatrix—My Christmas present from Aunt Janie.

Maud—What is it?

Beatrix (glancing at gift-bag)—She has neglected to say.

—*Life.*

AGAIN THE TEMPTER

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'cart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

—*Tit-Bits.*



"But I haven't enough work to keep an able-bodied man like you busy."

"Oh, I sha'n't mind that."

—*Houston Post.*

BECKMANN'S

ALWAYS FOR THE BEST

**Candies &
Ice Cream**

247-249 Main Street

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ARTHUR P. WOOD

**The Jewel
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Northampton, Mass.

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Opticians

of

Particular Merit



O. I. Dewhurst

201 MAIN ST.

Opp. City Hall Northampton

Telephone 184-W

AMBIGUOUS

Uncle Sol threw aside the letter he was reading and uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Doggone!" he cried, "why can't people be more explicit?"

"What's the matter, pa?" asked Aunt Sue.

"This letter from home," Uncle Sol answered, "says father fell out of the old apple tree and broke a limb."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

PHELPS & GARE

Jewelers

112 Main Street Northampton, Mass.



*"Massachusetts Men" welcome to look over
our stock at any time.*

A HAPPY POSSIBILITY

"Let's drop into this restaurant."

"I don't believe I care to eat anything."

"Well, come in and get a new hat for your
old one, anyway."

—*Boston Transcript.*



She—I cannot accept the offer of your love.

He—I will be just as well satisfied if you return
it. —*Baltimore American.*

TREBLA BROS.

Wholesalers and Retailers

IN

FRUIT & PRODUCE



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265 MAIN ST



Northampton, Mass.

Competition Still On

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL
DEPARTMENT

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Class***

Hand Names in at Once

RAHAR'S INN

Northampton,

Massachusetts

EUROPEAN PLAN

THE BEST PLACE TO DINE

GOOD FOOD PROPERLY PREPARED

ALL KINDS OF SEA FOOD

50-CENT LUNCHEON FROM 11-30 TO 2 P. M.

Special Dishes at All Hours

R. J. RAHAR, Prop.

R. F. Armstrong & Son

A Pleasing Fit Here
Always

*Until a man is satisfied with
the fit of his clothes we're not satis-
fied to take his money—the transac-
tion is closed only after the fit is
right.*

*Cheerfully we make needed alter-
ations—cheerfully plan to please.
Why not since a man's trade is won,
and held, only when things go right?
We've got to please with the fit if we
expect to profit through faith of the
man who comes here to buy.*



Prices \$8.00 to \$25.00

80 Main St., Northampton, Mass.

"Is she really musical?"

"A genuine artist. You should hear her refrain
from singing."

—*Life.*



Mr. Borem—Shall we talk or dance?

Miss Weereight—I'm very tired. Let us
dance.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Hotel Worthy

The Home of College Men When in Springfield

Special Attention to College Dinners

Centrally Located

Exceptional Cuisine

Complete in all Appointments



303 MAIN STREET

Two Minutes Walk From the Station

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have your

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Done by Us than
to wish you
had

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Printing—Ruling—Binding
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NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

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We Solicit Work in College
Publications
Get Our Rates

The Aggie Squiv

Christmas 1915



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A High-Class Hotel desirably located for

College Patronage

Especially suited to the requirements of
tourists on account of its pleasant
location



*American and European Plans
Special Attention to Banquets*

Rayse's

CLOTHING

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

179 MAIN ST., NORTHAMPTON

Our clothes have that perfect style, that
puts the dash into a man's appearance.

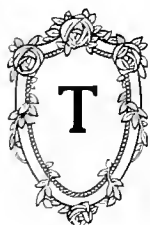
Our shoes add the snap that counts,

And our Haberdashery completes the smart-
ness that is so necessary for the college man.

A visit will convince you.

I. M. LABROVITZ

The Quality Tailor



THE season for dress suits is
coming again.

Every collage man needs
one, and a dress suit should
of all clothes be tailor made.

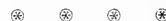
Due to the the dull season for tailors,
I am offering now special rates.

Every garment to be of perfect fit
and best material.

Next time you're down town come
in and let me show you.

Dress suits for rent

Advertising Chats



Do you realize that the fifteen cents you
paid for this number is just about one half
of its individual publishing cost.

The men who bought space in the Squib
are the ones who paid the rest.

Just as a courtesy to them, next time
you have occasion to purchase something
give them a chance to show you what
they have to offer.

They will appreciate it too, if you just
mention that you noticed their ad in the
Squib.

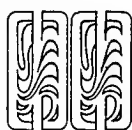


Squibby takes this opportunity to wish all its
advertisers and supporters a Very Merry Christ-
mas and may your next year be even more
prosperous than the one just past.

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

Underwood Typewriter

The Solid, Speedy Machine
That Will Give the Best
Results for the Longest
Time Easy Payment



Springfield Office 234 WORTHINGTON ST.

C. H. PRENTICE, Manager

Wm. G. Bassett, Pres.

F. N. Kneeland, Vice-Pres.

Oliver B. Bradley, Cashier

First National Bank

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Do Your Banking Business with Us.
Deposits Received by Mail will
be Promptly Acknowledged

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For Full Dress Suits and Accessories
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Sanderson & Thompson

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The headquarters for Aggie men, when they are
in Springfield. Its excellent cuisine and pleasant
atmosphere makes every meal leave a pleasant
memory.

Music every evening.

Springfield, Mass.

Compliments of

E. D. Marsh Estate

STUDENT FURNITURE

Take Thought! Take Heed!

With several other companies competing, last year's senior committee voted unanimously to let Barlow insure them in the Connecticut General—a company in which most of the seniors were personally insured already.

See **BARLOW**

Over the Savings Bank

THE LUCKLESS HUNTER

THE hunter had but little luck
For he was out to shoot a buck;
He shot a farmer's cow instead,
Worth fifty bucks, the farmer said.

Rumble—"One of the penalties of great popularity."

Wholesome old fashion food served in
the most modern manner at the

COLONIAL INN

At the entrance to the campus

JUST RECEIVED 1918 and 1919 College Stationery

Start the New Year right by having
a good diary.

A large assortment at

A. J. HASTINGS
News Dealer and Stationer

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THE HOME OF BURLESQUE



Four Days Every Week Beginning Wednesday

MATINEE DAILY

GET IN PRACTICE FOR THE WINTER
TOURNAMENTS AT

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ALLEYS MAY BE RESERVED IN
ADVANCE

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College Drug Store

ICE CREAM CANDIES CIGARETTES

*For a Delicious Luncheon or Dinner Bring
Your Guests to the*

Amherst House

Catering to House Parties a Specialty

*Our Food Has That Tasty Taste Which Reminds
You of Home*

North End Lunch

On the Left as You Enter the Campus

THE MOTOR MAID

There was a young maid of Detroit,
Who at driving her car was adroit.
But her speed was too great,
And her turn came too late,

And so the young lady was hoit.

—Tiger.

HENRY ADAMS CO.

The M. A. C.

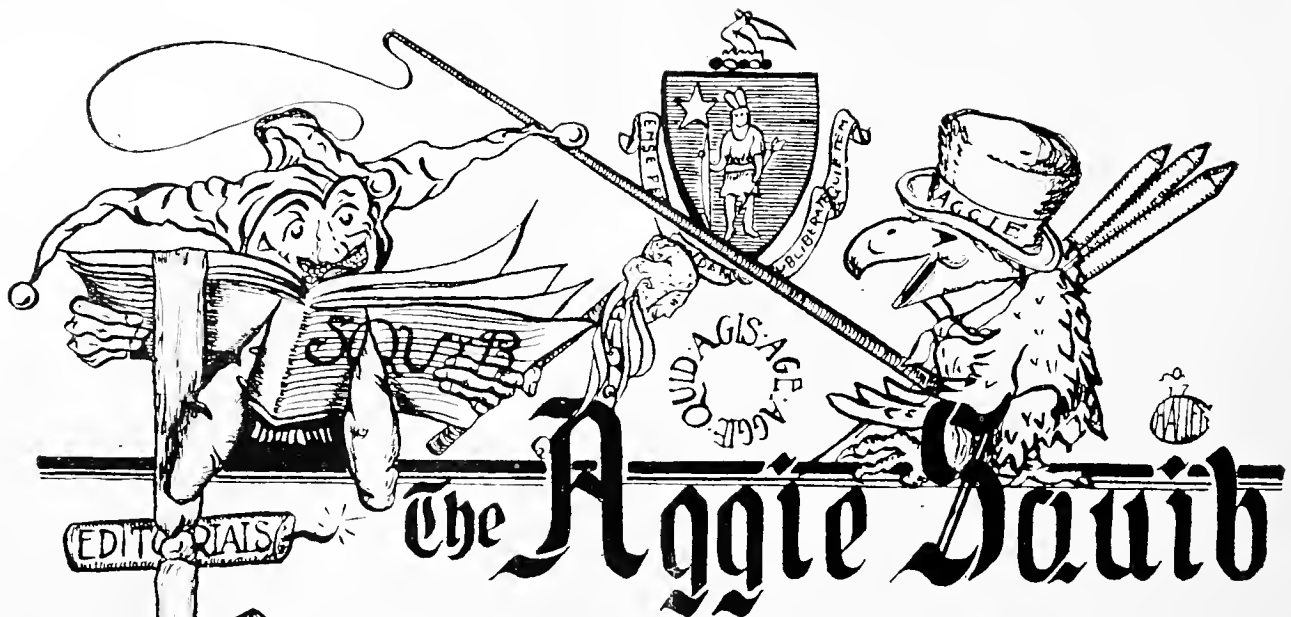
Druggists &

Candies and Ices Cigarettes and Tobacco

The Rexall Store



CHRISTMAS SQUIB



PUBLISHED AT MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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Editor-in-Chief

A. E. LINDQUIST '16
Business Manager

L. T. BUCKMAN '17
Associate Editor

H. M. WARREN '17
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C. H. HALLET '17

Art Editors
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\$1.50 A YEAR

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15 CENTS A COPY

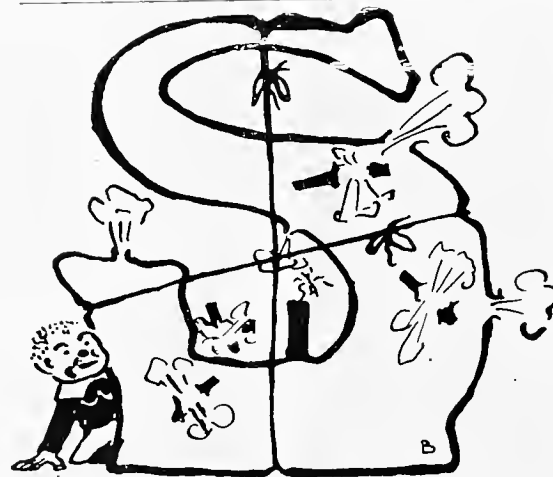
Published Once A Month

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Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 6



IGH not, kind readers, if it be in your hearts at this moment loudly to berate your old friend *Squibby*, by reason of th's, his modest girth and unpretentiousness at this festive season, reflect yet a moment. For this, assuredly ye must be aware, is a wild and woolly time, wherein is no man's peace of mind more safe than is the right of the freshman to live unmolested. For it is the Yuletide, and the present-hunter is

abroad in the land, and even so the presentee emulates the example of the small boy and evinces a sudden willingness to accommodate. Moreover, profs in prodigious profusion prepare to prod, and even as we write engage in that pastime with great glee, keeping a satisfied eye on a little square board with great quantities of symbolic red ink obscuring its once fair face. So be not wroth, for *Squibby* is but agglomerated flesh and blood like the rest of us, and has to bone for the next quiz and face the terrors of the Triumvirate and do his devoirs by hill and stream—and Informal—and buy neckties and souvenir calendars even as you and I. Perhaps—who knows?—a celebration number may appear after we find out whether or not we have succeeded in departing this—campus.

Wherefore is the Christmas season, anyhow? Methinks 'twould seem exceeding strange, not to say laughable, to a Fiji Islander, for instance, to see a conglomeration of so-called civilized people



THE SQUIB



go rushing madly about the landscape, armed with "Christmas lists," frantically hunting presents to be used in the great American game whose chief rule of play is to give out just a wee mite more than is taken in.

Christmas is approaching and *Squibby* finds trouble in composition in his endeavors to greet his readers. As we find him sitting at his desk racking his brains, we hear him mutter to himself:

"I am trying to greet the Students and the Faculty. Now what shall I say? Compliments of the season—that is not original and too commonplace."

"Supposing I say, again the tide of time—oh bosh!"

"May your cup of plenty be ever filled to overflowing with happiness, joy—oh, too flowery."

"May Christmastide strew into your path to the altar of happiness roses of success—oh piffle."

"May the Christmas Star be upon your brow the diadem of happiness—oh tripe."

"Ah, I've got it, I'll just say,

"A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

The board of the *Squib* are not desirous of knocking the knockers for they glory in all hammer and anvil work, but the staff would like to have a magic line of readers of which you should be one. Thus all the readers of *Squibby*, their fingers touching, would reach in a continuous line from the waiting station to the town hall. The editors are glad to receive all criticisms and competitors in the various positions on the staff are wanted. Give your friend a year's subscription as a Xmas present.

January is a state of weather and other things that we are compelled to accept, but would rather do without. During its thirty-one trying days would it not be a good idea to establish a fraternity bowling league similar to the Sun Rise League. A cup has been offered if the fraternities are desirous of forming such league.

WHO'S WHO AT M. A. C.

A
Merry
Xmas



A
Happy
New Year

"PREXY"



THE SQUIB





THE SQUIB



"MASSACHUSETTS Agricultural College offers course in cooking by correspondence." Exclusively to males, presumably.

AN observant citizen saw the above item in the *Boston Globe* the other day and immediately wanted to know all the why's and wherefore's.

We don't know why or wherefore but perhaps it is a new form of "preparedness." Evidently the faculty has the future welfare of the boys in mind and have provided this course, so that after four years of suffering at the hash-house they will at least be able to cook themselves a square meal when they are through.

Here is a rare opportunity for the girls. After they are married, no need to rise early. Just let hubby get up and serve them a delicious breakfast in bed. And no use for them to hurry home from their bridge party in the afternoon to get dinner for hubby can cook much better. Pretty soft!

Or perhaps too many alumni have passed to regions beyond lately from indigestion or similar causes, and the faculty have made up their minds not to let any more of their precious charges risk their sweet young lives at the hands of scheming designing women who are after their life insurance. Of course it is to be hoped that the boys will be wise enough to look up the fair correspondents when they are ready to settle down, and make sure of three good "squares" a day anyway. Never mind her looks or disposition if only she is a good cook.

To cook a pot of Boston Beans
Or serve an Irish Stew
A college course is quite the thing
By mail it's sent to you.

You change the damper in the stove
Then glance into your book
And break an egg, if one you have,
Then take another look.

In former years you went to learn
To be an L. L. D.
But things have changed a lot since then
At least at M. A. C.

No longer now you want M. D.
And cure dumb, blind and deaf
But rather add unto your name
The title C-H-E-F.



BACHELOR OF COOKING

POPULAR SONGS

Words—by Shakespeare

Music—by orchestra of Ford's Peace Mission.

PINK PAJAMAS

Tune—Merry Widow Waltz

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot,
I wear my flannel nightie in the summer when it's not;
But sometimes in the springtime
And sometimes in the fall,
I crawl right in between the sheets,
With nothing on at all!

HERPICIDE

Tune—Harrigan

H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D-E spells Herpicide,
Only thing on earth that makes your hair grow,
Really makes you look just like a scarecrow,
H-E-R-P-I-C-I-D-E you see
First you rub it, then you scrub it,
Then you scrub it, then you rub it,
And it's Hair again
On me.

IF NOT WHY NOT?

THE instructor fails to appear at the ten-minute bell on a day before a holiday.

The class does not know whether to "bolt" or not until a bright one utters:

"If we get a bolt today, we get another one next week because it's 24 hours before a holiday."



THE SQUIB



EPISODE 16

The Boy Wonder in the Berkshires; or,
The Correct Thing in Dogging Deer



Scene 1:

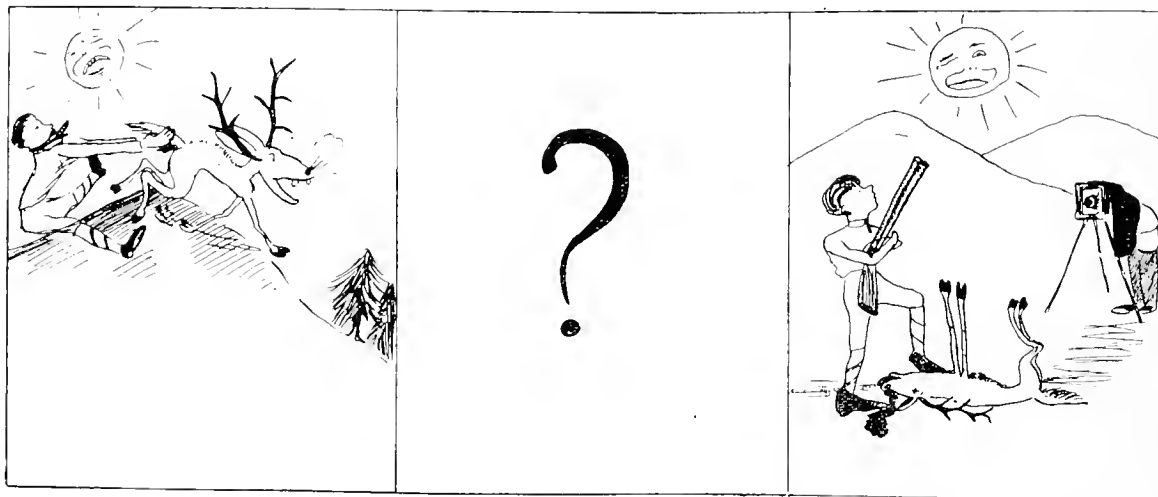
Our Boy Wonder with his customary sagacity and keen foresight detects the presence of a large male Bull-Deer lurking on the brow of a hill.

Scene 2:

With his eagle eye our B. W. estimates the distance as an even 1,000 yards and acts accordingly, *i. e.*, by hurling aside coat and gun and taking the approved position of the Start and swallowing knife.

Scene 3:

Not much here except a STRIDE and a surprised B-D.



Scene 4:

The Bull-Deer is fascinated by the approach of this smooth working athletic machine, and watches those wonderful arms and twinkling legs a second too long for our Hero with a ninth inning spurt overtakes her and grabs her caudal extremity with his bare gloves.

Scene 5:

As to what happened here, accounts vary; some say that our Hero slapped her wrist, others that he blew his hot breath right on her, at any rate we are sure that he acted as a true Nimrod should, so there.

Scene 6:

Here our hero reaches the zenith of his glory the large Bull-Deer is vanquished, her toes are up in the air and she has taken the count, and our Boy Wonder, who let us state is without a peer, has a record of his first kill made on the spot, which backs up all his line.

KIND-HEARTED

WHAT! Scold because I stole a kiss!
What nonsense do I hear?
I'm sure I wouldn't mind a bit
If you kissed *me*, my dear.

THE PICNIC GIRL

SHE'S gold of hair and blue of eye,
She never keeps her hat on,
And always puts the custard pie
Just where it will be sat on.



ENTOMOLOGY WHILE YOU WAIT

SILVER FISH

THIS is the most economical member of the Apterygota family, for the simple reason that it is not to be found during the winter months, and so has no need for a winter overcoat. Years ago, the United States Government used this interesting beast in making silver specie, but Bryan discovered this fact and since then they have not been able to get away with the deception. It may be found in stagnant pools, such as the College Pond, but will not be found among the gold fish in a public fountain. Doctor Guzzler of Maine reports to have found it in several silver fizzes purchased at a bar in Bangor, but this is not to be taken as an indication that silver fizzes were named for this insect. This insect is small and has the distressing habit of crawling up limbs—of trees—but this is not the cause of the recent fad of ankle-furs among the fairer sex. It is especially partial to cottonwood trees, since its favorite food is to be found among the cotton and woolen textiles. When flying at night, it is reported to give off a faint silver light, which was found to be very useful in the dorms after mid-night. A great scarcity of the insect has been noticed on the campus of late, so Heat and Light has been required to give all-night service since then. The word "fish" implies that this insect bears fins, and this offers an easy means of capture, it being necessary to merely grasp firmly by the dorsal fin. Silver fish are partial to salt petre, hence hash house coffee is recommended as a good bait.



ADVICE TO LOVELORN

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

I am a very good looking young man, twenty-three years old, and am very popular with the girls. I never allow the opposite sex to kiss me, but the other night at a party, a young lady put her arms around me and kissed me, and I didn't resist her much to my own surprise. While I know it is very wicked, I have let the same young lady kiss me several times since.

What I want to know is—am I doing wrong, or is it proper for her to kiss me?

Yours,

Alonzo.

Dear Alonzo:

You poor misguided boy, I know what ails you—you have not been properly brought up.

Of course you are wrong in letting that girl kiss you. Absolutely dead wrong. Did you ever hear of a MAN letting a girl kiss him? But perhaps you don't know how. If you are rich, I'll volunteer to give you a few lessons.

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

For three months I have been keeping company with a man whom I love dearly.

Now, when I was eighteen I had a serious illness and since then I have had to wear some false hair imported from China. I did not live here in Amherst then, so no one knew this, and I never could get the courage to tell my friend about it though it made me feel badly when he admired my hair. The other Sunday while walking on the Campus with my friend a brisk wind blew both my hat and hair from my head.

It was so humiliating I thought I would never reach home, but he said not to feel badly, that he didn't mind it, but he has not written or called on me since. What shall I do? My heart is broken.

Yours,

Miss Hairigan.

Dear Miss Hairigan:

The best thing you can do is to forget this man and get another sucker who does not know that you haven't any hair. First of all go to a drug store and get the following prescription: Williams Shaving Powder one ounce, kerosene emulsion two ounces, one drop of Tincture of rat poison, one bottle of Le Pages glue. Take this internally and hairs will soon appear on your cranium. For even a little hair of your own is better than a crowning glory that threatens to come off at the most inopportune moments.

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

Last week I attended The Dansant at the Nonotuck. Is it proper to take cream, sugar and lemon in the tea at the same time? I want to get my money's worth. And which hand shall I stir the tea with?

Oscar H.

Oscar H.:

The lemon should not really be used, but is simply served as a means of making one's fingers sticky and imparting an unfavorable odor to the flippers. I should advise that you use the spoon which they will undoubtedly be supplied, as this appears better in the best company.

Miss Sau Sage.



LOGIC

WE are told that we should study practical things. *Why?* The answer is simple: in order that we may make money. *Why should we wish to make money?* Well, er-r, so that we may gain a "competence." *And why should we desire a "competence"?* Chiefly, so that we may send our children to college. *But why shall we want to send our children to college?* What an absurd question! In order that they may study practical things.



THERE is a man at M. A. C.
 Who visits Smith quite frequently
 And when he finds a girl he likes
 And in some corner holds her tight
 She leans towards him and says "My Dear"
 Won't you take me to the Prom this year?

AT THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT

YOUNG MAN (to his partner)—"Oh yes, it is a mighty fine thing to go to college, such a lovely place, you know."

"Yes, I've heard so much about the college and the men there that I almost feel as though I knew them myself."

"Who do you know up there?"

"Oh, not many. Do you know Mr. (list of ten or a dozen names?)"

"Oh, yes, I know them. All corking good fellows, too."

"And what class are you in?"

"1920."

EVOLUTION

ONCE upon a time chaos reigned. Then rebus appeared, and from heated cloud-wrack the world was formed. Animal life came into being, amebas grew into monkeys, and monkeys grew into men. An education system was founded and colleges developed. Finally, Aggie came into existence, with its customs and traditions, its sophomores, its fraternities, its athletic teams, and other interesting features. How wonderful is evolution! We started with chaos, and we end with—?



IF OUR PROFS WERE TO WRITE SHORT STORIES, WHAT SORT OF SHORT STORIES WOULD THEY WRITE?

(EDITOR'S NOTE—We publish below the first of a series of short stories, which we are sure will interest our readers and promote the cause of humanity in general. It will be noted that each story is printed under an assumed name, and that every precaution is taken to hide the author's true identity: our contributors have requested this, since they realize that any evidences of a literary tendency would immediately imperil their standing.)

THE LURE OF THE LAND

or

WHY IS THE SOIL POROUS?

(By Skid Skaskell)

HENRY McHENRY was married, but that was not the reason why he was sad. He was sad because life on the farm had not proved to be the round of golden idleness which *Curst's Magazine* had prophesied. When he removed from the teeming suburbs of Ipswich to the untrodden wilderness of the hinterland, he had expected to reap the fruits of rustic prosperity. He had expected to cast his bread upon the waters, and have it return to him with that increment which is the reward of virtue and of careful attention to one's bank account. He had expected to make two potatoes grow where only an onion had grown before.

But instead of this, behold what disillusionment was in store for our hero. He had no sooner become fairly established in his rural venture than Trouble began to lift its hydra head. His radishes and ruta-bagas, anemic at the start, went off on a decline. His corn was thin and spindle-shanked, and his potatoes were emashed. In his apple orchard the cut worm cut the rootlets, and the bookworm hooked the fruit. His turkeys died of blackhead, his chickens died of yellow fever, his cow contracted gang-green, and his albino rabbits all had the pink-eye. The onion-shed was shedding its shingles, the corn-crib was full of holes, the kindling wood was all shot to pieces, and even the piano was on its last legs.

What could be done to remedy this condition of general decay? No wonder McHenry was sad. He was so sad it kept him awake nights; unquestionably his life was a total failure—all because he had never learned the secret of *Sound Farm Practice*. Let us pause, gentle reader, and drop a sympathetic tear for our hero in his predicament.

But as we shall now see, McHenry's redemption was not wholly beyond the range of possibility. Having heard of Aggie (through its football team) he determined to attend the Short Course and take the degree. For ten weeks he haunted the lectures where men of wisdom hold forth mightily, hot-airing their views on every subject from superphosphate to superman. For ten weeks he ingested, absorbed and secreted *Agronomy*, and when at the end of that period he returned home (F. O. B. Amherst) all his relatives proclaimed that he was a changed man. He was so different even the corn-feds didn't know him, when he went out to resume charge of their training table.

From that time the farm began steadily to improve. By judicious applications of calcium phosphate, sodium nitrate, potassium cyanide, Bordeaux mixture, Kerosene emulsion, creosote, and whitewash, the limy fields were made acid and the acid land was made limy. The corn-feds grew fat on nothing but corn, the cow returned to her pristine vigor and bran middlings, the hens, which by this time had learned the lay of the land, began to be singularly productive, and our persevering hero prospered exceedingly.

What moral, gentle readers, shall we draw from this simple tale of Rural Life? What moral shall be derived from this pious anecdote of True Worth Rewarded? Simply this: If at first you don't succeed, try, try, Skid Skaskell (The man who put the Sound in *Sound Farm Practice*.)





THE SQUIB



A shriek, a moan, a screech, a groan
A grunt, a scream, a cry,
With howls and murmurs, greet my ears
The new years coming nigh.



THE SQUIB



WAS IT EVER THUS?

A PECULIAR PREDICAMENT OF A STUDENT WHILE
ENTERTAINING HIS MOUNT HOLYOKE
FRIEND ON AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE

*Scene I—Stalled in Chicopee Falls by a serious
breakdown at 8 p. m.*

He—"How wonderful it is, here in the moonlight, with the moon beams playing about us. On my back, through the half open eliasis of my jitney, I can see two stars twinkle. They are the first stars of the evening. But, Jerusalem cherries, where has the big dipper disappeared to?"

She—"What a strange event! Where can it be?"

He—"Well, it's hard to say, but I've heard that Father Pluvius stole the dipper so that he could rush the growler to Hadley. The dipper had been stolen once before by some rogues in Arlington, but since, that town has gone dry, and the inhabitants are now occupied in chewing crumbs for the gold fish in the Public Gardens."

Scene II—A squirrel is passing in the road.

He—"Oh see the squirrel!" (He throws a nut from his machine to him; but the squirrel scorns it) "I wonder vaguely why he hesitates."

(And above the stars).

(A drop of gasoline trickles slowly down my neck, and all else is silence, save the voice of the girl, who is explaining to me what to do and asking how far it is to college, and whether I am really hurrying.)

(Silence—and 9 p. m.)

He—"The squirrel has gone. Look! There is a host of stars."

(But the headlight was so provoked by the heavenly mutterings of the student that it flared up and went out, leaving them in total darkness.)

Scene III—

He—"Ah, ah! The battery has started feeding currents to the engine and is sparking with her in a most shocking fashion."

She—"Are we ready to start for home now?"

He—"Yes, it appears so, for the gears have fallen back to embrace each other, the tires, too, have taken on lots of airs."

She—"We must hurry, for it is nearly 9.15."

He—"Sure enough, we're off again, but look, the tires are much inflated, for they are hanging around the wheels, and are acting so soft with the gasoline (which was "tanked") that the flywheel is getting cranky, and behold! she has so exhausted the engine that she is choking and I must get out and fan her."

She—"Hurry, for I must be back to college by 9.45."

He—"The engine is much relieved, and I hope that we do not have any more trouble."

Scene IV.

(Thus our hero speeds to the college and his evening of enjoyment has passed to sweet memories of his first experience with a jitney.)

Scene V—His friend, talking to her room-mate after he has left.

Her room-mate—"A man of large caliber, isn't he?"

She—"Yes, he is a big bore."

CONTRIBUTORS

J. F. Whitney '17

R. R. Willoughby '18

H. Campbell

L. H. Johnson

L. C. Higgins '18

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SEASONABLE

Comes spicy autumn, freshly fair,
And fickle as a hen:
We doff our summer underwear,
Then put it on again.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

Dr. Crabbe had almost succeeded in dismissing
Mrs. Gassoway, when she stopped in the doorway
exclaiming, "Why, doctor, you didn't look to see
if my tongue was coated."

"I know it isn't" said the doctor wearily. "You
never find grass on a race track."

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a the*

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ICE CREAM CIGARS AND TOBACCO

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Basement North Dorm.

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ELABORATE PREVARICATION

A ROLD—Who giv' yer yer black eye, Jimmie?
Jimmie—No one. I was lookin' thro' a
knot-hole in the fence at a football match, an'
got it sunburnt.

—Sketch (London).

THE MODERN MEDIUM

Modern Girl—"If you really loved me all the
time, why didn't you let me know?"

Modern Youth—"I couldn't find a post card
with the right words on it."



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PHELPS & GARE

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112 Main Street Northampton, Mass.



*"Massachusetts Men" welcome to look over
our stock at any time.*

THE GIRL WITH THE CIGARETTE

She seemed so dainty where she sat
There with a slender cigarette.
Ah, she was well worth looking at!
In fancy I behold her yet.

She seemed so dainty, sitting there,
A lovelier maid I ne'er shall see
With fingers that were slim and fair,
She held the cigarette for me.

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You know how hard it is to get just the necktie you want. This year we believe we assembled quite the finest collection of ties possible, we want therefore to invite you over to see them at your earliest chance.

If you cannot come before the holidays come directly after.

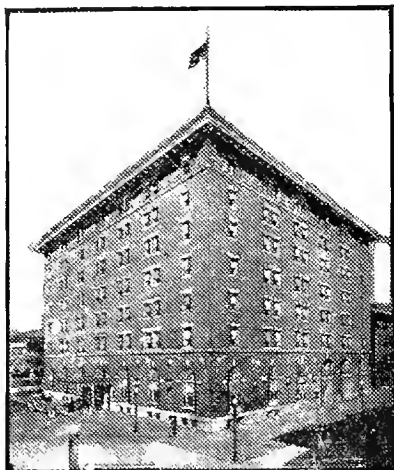
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The SQUIB



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And our Haberdashery completes the smart-
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A visit will convince you.

Better make that visit before the "prom".



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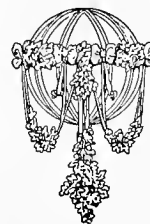
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1918 and 1919
COLLEGE STATIONERY

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NEWSDEALER AND STATIONER

WHERE THE WORM TURNED

"You are getting very bald, sir!" said the barber.

"You yourself," retorted the customer, "are not free from a number of defects that I could mention if I cared to become personal."

SOLEMN THOUGHT

The greatest nutmeg must one day meet a grater.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE

Photographer (taking plain-looking girl and her escort)—"Now try not to think of yourselves at all—think of something pleasant."

ALWAYS SPEAK WELL OF THE DEAD

"Dead men tell no tales," observed the sage.

"Maybe not," replied the fool. "But their tombstones are awful liars."

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Shirts, Gloves, etc.

You will want the latest and most proper at the Junior Promenade—we have it.

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for the "Prom"

Modern Repair Department

THE DIFFERENCE

Inquiring Son—"Papa, what is reason?"

Fond Parent—"Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right."

Inquiring Son—"And what is instinct?"

Fond Parent—"Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not."

A word to the wise is sufficient

See BARLOW

Over the Savings Bank

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TOURNAMENTS AT

Metcalf's Bowling Alleys

ALLEYS MAY BE RESERVED IN
ADVANCE

EDUCATION AT MT. HOLYOKE

(From a College Calendar)

Monday—Senior rope-jumping.

Tuesday—Junior top-spinning.

Wednesday—Freshman-Senior picnic. Confined
to hall "bats" on account of the weather.

The curriculum at Mt. Holyoke is plainly too
restricted. How about the Soph-Junior frolics
the Sophomore doll-dressing and the Freshman
ring-around-the-rosying?

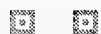
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Fine Banquet Hall

Catering to House Parties a Specialty

*Our Food Has That Tasty Taste Which Reminds
You of Home*

North End Lunch

On the Left as You Enter the Campus

THIS IS WHAT MAY IRWIN USED TO CALL
"A FOX PASS"

Lady Gushington (to great tenor)—"You sang
that last song beautifully. I was in the supper
room, but I heard every word. You have im-
proved; you have, really."

The Great Tenor—"But—I have not sung; I
am next!"

HENRY ADAMS CO.

The M. A. C.

Druggists &

Candies and Ices Cigarettes and Tobacco

The Rexall Store



Caps and Gowns

Makers to
Massachusetts Agricultural, Amherst, Brown, Yale
and many others

Faculty Gowns and Hoods

Purple, Choir and Judicial Robes

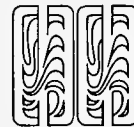
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72 Madison Ave., New York

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

Underwood Typewriter

The Solid, Speedy Machine
That Will Give the Best
Results for the Longest
Time Easy Payment



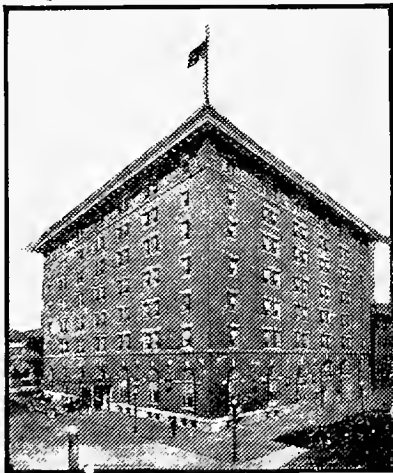
Springfield Office 234

WORTHINGTON ST.

C. H. PRENTICE, Manager

Nonotuck Hotel

Holyoke



Dancing

Supper Dances every Wednesday Evening from
8:30 to 11:30 in the Ball Room.

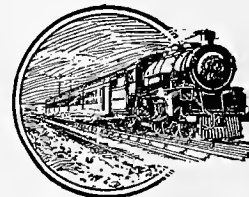
Tea Dances Saturday Afternoons from 3:30 to
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SUNDAY TABLE D'HOTE DINNER \$1.25

Served from 6:30 to 8:30 (with music)

GORHAM BENEDICT, Manager

Excellent
Dining Car
Service



Comfortable
Enjoyable
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Best Trains West

Leave Springfield

- 12.45 p. m.** —For Buffalo, Toledo, Elkhart, South Bend and Chicago.
- 2.55 p. m.** —20th Century Limited. Arrives Pittsburg 7.15 a. m., Chicago 9.45 next morning.
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Stop-over at Niagara Falls—no extra charge

Boston & Albany R. R.

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Concerning Tickets
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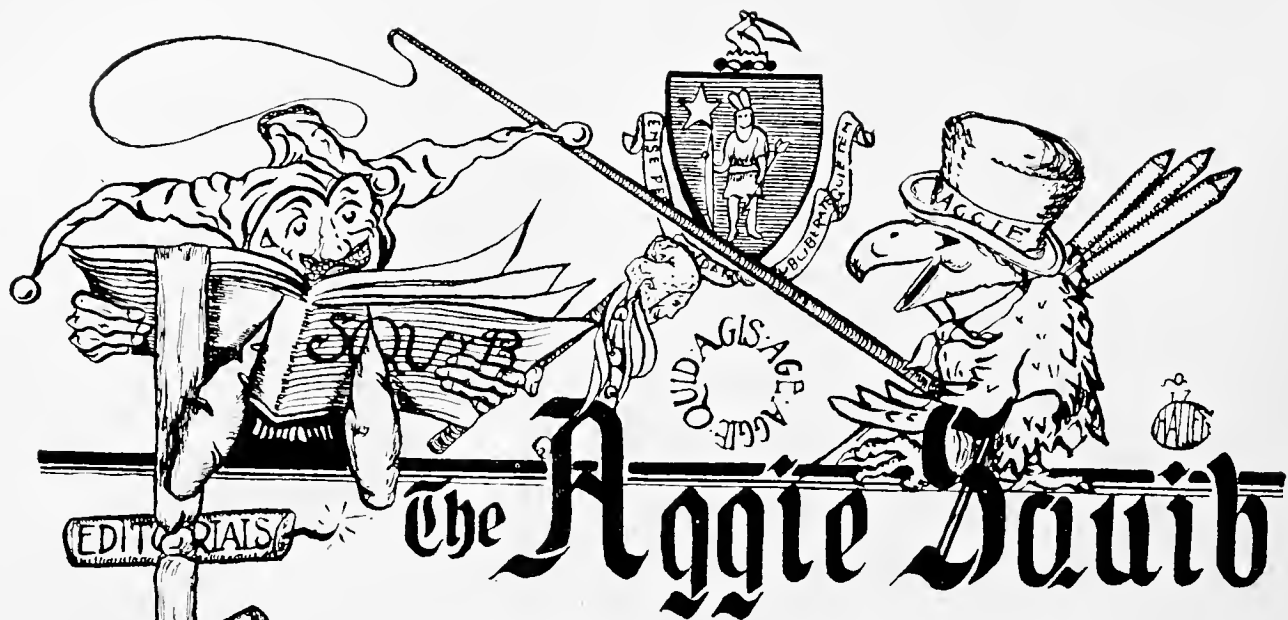


upon request to
James Gray, D. P. A.
119 Worthington St.,
Springfield, Mass.



CABARETESQUE

A girl at the Prom
A whirl at the Prom
Ha! ha! a hit.
A smile—
A wile—
The poor boy bit.
But what is so rare as a dance at the Prom



PUBLISHED AT MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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\$1.50 A YEAR

"QUID AGIS AGE AGGIE"

15 CENTS A COPY

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JANUARY, 1916

No. 7



GOOD-BYE GIRLS I'M THROUGH

QUIBBY could have made a banana look like a sick cucumber, for he swallowed hook, bob, and sinker in one gulp. His voice sounded like the noise of a Ford trying to make three miles on two drops of gasolene. The call of the wild was the cry of the civilized to him. In fact, he lisped and mentally he was but fifty per cent pure, having just enough Sapolio brightness to enable him to secure a position in a dark room. He wore leather glasses so that he could see himself in the mirror just installed in the basement of North Dormitory. The only blue things about him were the covers of his examination books on which the glorifying marks of forty, fifty and forty-five appeared in beautiful

figures engraved in red ink. He had failed in the Big Three, for nearly every word in the books was as difficult to understand as it is for a bald-headed man to know where to stop washing his face. And so he flitted away, for he really thought it was night; in fact, 'twas daylight after the final examination week. He asked, "What is this running hence.—a railroad or an iron fence?" To be sure it was the B. & M. and a goodly crowd had assembled there.

It had been a memorable struggle, but at last the Revolutionists had won. Squibby raised his hand to still the weeps of the weepers, and the curses of the cursers, "Fellows, he cried, Men of

THE SQUIB

1919 and 1918, there may be a few of 1917 and 1916 for sociability sake, we are on the threshold of a new era, to-day, we depart to climes unknown, the worm has turned from one of knowledge to one of despair. No longer shall we visit the fairer sex over yonder, nor tread the broken ways of the campus. And since this is our unlucky day, be happy, for every dark cloud has a silver lining. If this be true, all aboard ye splinters. And with a sudden bang he fell to the ground, having shot himself three times with his flashlight.

Then he suddenly woke up and found himself hanging on to the bedpost singing "Good Bye Girls, I'm Through."

MORAL

DON'T DOUBT YOUR BELIEFS, DON'T BELIEVE YOUR DOUBTS



BUT, DREAMS SOMETIMES COME TRUE"

Finals again, and time to bid adieu to another parting band of wayfarers. Finals, and the air once more punctured with the curses of the poor unfortunates. What is to become of them. Behold! there is one of them holding up South Dormitory. Flush after flush rises from his collar and staggers across his countenance as the shame of the situation sweeps over him. To be in his position is no joke. Oh, the mortification of it all.

But he must extricate himself from this unpleasant position. He thinks of going home, but he has no money. He lingers on, would a friend, an acquaintance, even, ever come to his rescue. The moments, yea, the minutes pass. His hair is turning gray from the horror of his situation. Just as he is about to jab a toothpick into his floating ribs and end it all, the eyes, the nose, yea, e'en the face of a friend appears at one time. "Chesterfield," he chokes, "Chesterfield," Buy me a ticket for the B. H. S., one way, yes, only one way." To this impassioned appeal Chesterfield with emotion "Here take this cent—no don't bother about the change, keep it, buy yourself two tickets. Thus, the youth bends his steps homeward, for he has been brought at last to the jaws of that horrible monster—FAILURE! He has failed but today begins a New Year—the date on the calender does not matter.

This funny old world is a mirror, you know,
Turn it's way with a sneer, or face of a foe
And you will see trouble
But meet it with laughter and look full of cheer,
And back will come sunshine and love true and dear
Your blessing to double,
SUPPOSE YOU TRY SMILING.



LOOKING AHEAD?

QUIBBY waxed and curled his mis—placed eye—brow which he had been cultivating since Christmas for the Prom occasion, sprinkled a little Mary Garden on his motely, rubbed a little Creme de Meridor on his face (the first to give him atmosphere, the second beauty), put a Camel (cigarette) in his mouth and sauntered forth humming, "The High Cost of Loving is Driving Me Mad," but he comforted himself in thinking "Because of the Prom we have Sons and Daughters" and—but why go further, dear reader, there is so much tragedy in this world. Thus we find *Squibby* as the social lion, dancing in our barn, which appears like the court of the Turkish Harem with all its beautiful girls and pleasing decorations, even the Sultan would be stupified. On this occasion the college atmosphere is saturated with "pep" and merriment, so different "by Jove" than it was a few weeks ago when Mr. Cram and Mr. Flunkem were the predominating characters. Therefore, let us overflow with mirth and welcome our guests, the beautiful, the fickle, the charming, etc., to our big event of the year.



Cereal

Charles Green was an honest young man, as any one could tell by a glance at his comely features. He had just alighted from the Amherst car at the corner of "King and Main nearest point-to-the-railroad station." Tight in his hand, he held a nifty straw suit-case, the graduation gift from his admiring family the previous June, when he, with two "Tessies" and three other young men, had been "thrown on an unsuspecting and cold world with the most wonderful oppor—" and so on as the "Speeches to the Graduating Class" usually go.

As we said, he held his suit-case in his hand, and his head high. Because must he not bear up bravely under this new humiliation? True, gentle reader, Charles, Our Hero, had just lately been handed his return ticket on the "February Special," flunked, canned, or whatever you wish to call it. And he only a freshman, too! And he was on his way home to his folks and Caroline. Ah! yes. Caroline!

Just as our hero stepped from the car, an aged gentleman left the curb. At this moment, a large Ford touring car came wheeling down Main Street, apparently with no regard for traffic or the safety of pedestrians. Charles observed that it was about to swing into King Street, also that the gentleman hereinbefore referred to was directly in its path and apparently ignorant of the impending danger. With a startled cry, such as the mother gold-fish utters when the family cat peers down into the aquarium as it reposes on the parlor table, Charles dropped his precious suit-case and hurled himself at the aged gentleman.

Both Charles and the gentleman went down in a heap, but the Ford was robbed of its prey, and Charles had made a friend. The boy and the man secured their footing, and the old man looked down into his savior's face with the following words:

"My dear young benefactor, I should most certainly have been killed had it not been for your prompt and timely action. All I can do now is to thank you, but if you will call at my house this evening, I am sure I can arrange to reward you more satisfactorily." And he gave Charles Green his house number and street.

Charles gracefully murmured that it was nothing at all and accepted the kind gentlemen's invitation to report in the evening.

Two of the witnesses of the distressing incident were heard by our reporter in the following conversation:

"What a handsome young man! Who is the old gentleman?"

"Why, don't you know? That is Mr. Ogden Olyphant, the millionaire Soap King!"

* * * * *

That evening, Charles Green mounted the steps of the pretentious mansion to which he had been bidden and bravely rang the bell. The butler answered the summons, and seemed to expect our young hero, for the latter was immediately ushered into the library, and into the presence of Mr. Olyphant and a handsome, middle-aged woman, with a winsome young girl.

"Mr. Green," said Mr. Olyphant, "I want you to meet my daughter, Mrs. Courtney, and her daughter, Alice. Helen, this is the young man who so bravely saved my life this morning."

Charles gracefully acknowledged the introduction.

"My dear young man, we most certainly are grateful to you for the brave manner in which you saved my father from a distressing accident," said Mrs. Courtney.

"Grandfather has told us how handsome you are, and we are not in the least disappointed," said Miss Alice Courtney.

Charles blushing dropped his eyes to the floor.

"Tell us how you came to be on the car, Mr. Green," said Mr. Olyphant.

"Well," answered our hero, "It is not a long story, but a tender subject. I entered the Massachusetts Agricultural College as a freshman this last fall, and at once entered into the activities of the undergraduate body. As a member of the freshman football team, I attained some renown, and spent some little time at fall practice for the baseball team. Evenings, I spent in rehearsing for the Roister Doisters, or working on the Class Debate. I was also rushed by seven of the nine fraternities, so you can readily understand that I was not left a great deal of time to spend in preparation of my studies attendant to the successful mastery of the curriculum as there outlined for the incoming freshman."

His hearers acknowledged that this might possibly be so.

"Hence," continued Charles, our hero, "It is not surprising that I failed to attain a passing grade in most of my studies when the results became known at the end of the semester, which prohibited me from pursuing further studies there and also participation in the activities of the undergraduate body. At present, I am on my way home, and am hoping to secure a position as farm manager on some estate, where my talents along agricultural lines may be developed, and where I can have an opportunity to uplift the life of the rural community as found and existing in the nearby country."

Charles, as we may well guess, was an ambitious young man.

THE SQUIB

"The very thing," ejaculated Mr. Olyphant, with the dawning light of an awakened idea. "I have just purchased a large farm on the shores of Lake Windybaggo in New Hampshire, the scene of my birth and boyhood. I offer you the position of manager and developer, with full power to run the place as you see fit. At any rate it cannot be run down any further, and possibly it will give you the opportunity to make good in what you see as the Call of a Life-Work."

An enhancing smile from the beautiful eyes of Alice drove all doubt from our hero's mind, as well as all thoughts of home and Caroline.

The next morning, Charles Green found himself seated in a comfortable chair on the north-bound express, which was carrying him with the speed of an express train to the scene of his Future Hopes, where our next installment should find him instated as the Boy Manager of Costmore Farm on the beautiful shores of Lake Windybaggo.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—This offers an excellent opportunity for the aspiring literary geniuses of the campus to show us how Charles Green made good. An attractive prize to the best closing of this thrilling novel. Contributions gladly received.]



This did not cause any hardship for Adam and Eve.



FORGET THE FINALS

Let's start to boast the Hash house grub
No matter how you feel
Perhaps the steward gratified
Will give us a square meal.



FINALS



AS WE LIKE THEM

Final Examination

ONE hour exam, text books supplied on request.

Do five out of ten questions

Passing grade Forty per cent

If you cannot do five answer four.

Three make-ups if final isn't passed.

AS WE GET THEM

Final Examination

One hour exam, every hour.

Do all questions and answer fully.

Passing grade sixty per cent.

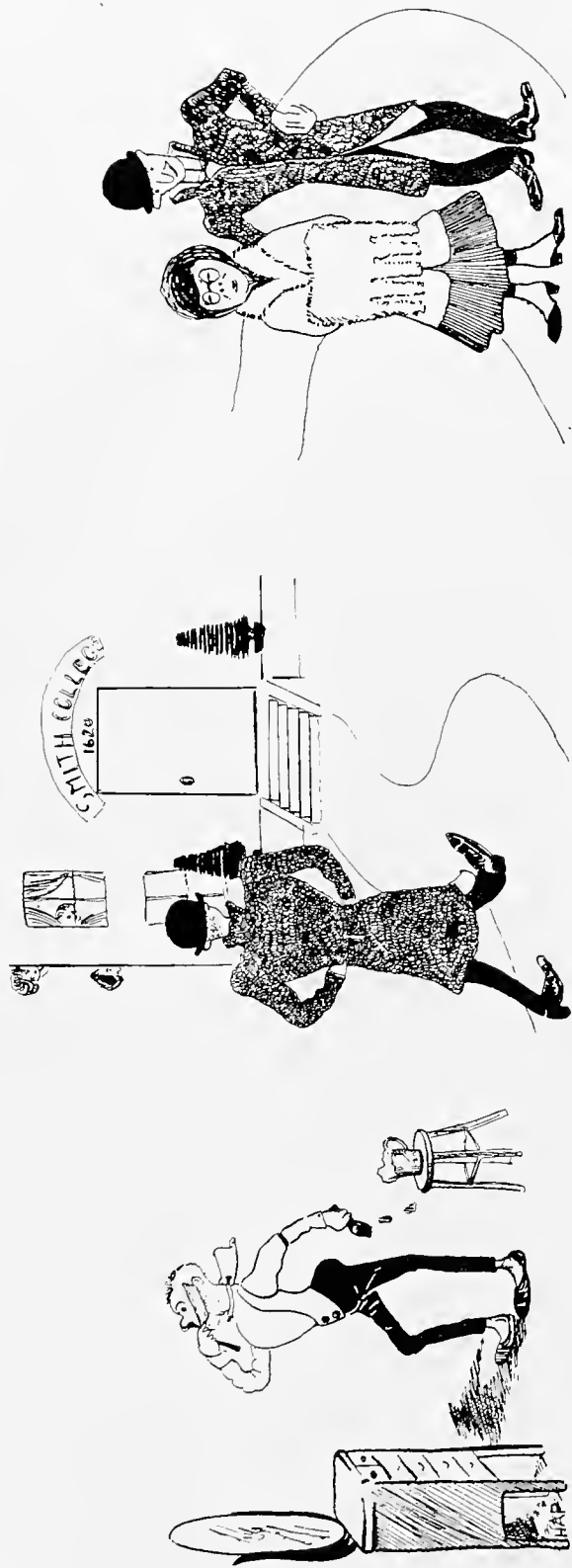
You either get this 0 or that 10



To Be Analyzed by the Faculty during the week of Feb. 2.

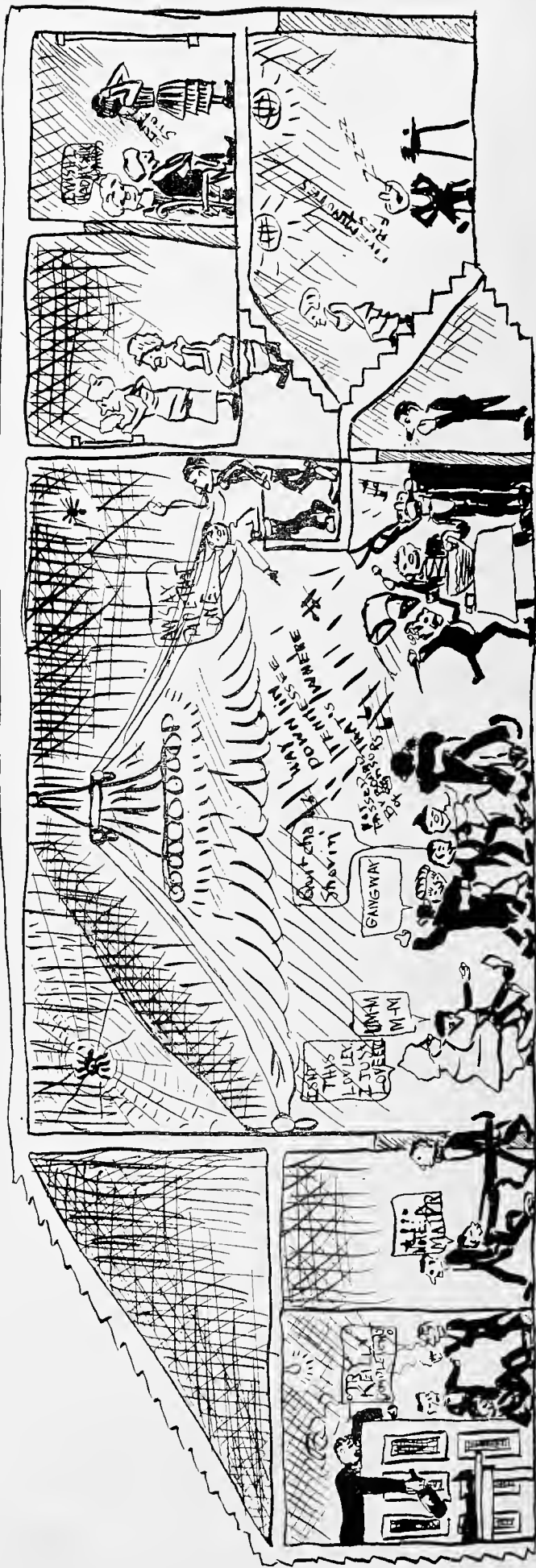
PREPAREDNESS
(Shaven Shine, Shampoo, etc.)

(Shaven Shine, Shampoo, etc.)



THE ALL NIGHT SIEGE

(A cross section of the Prom through the Mid Rib).



THE SQUIB



At the Cabaret

She—"Did you notice the beautiful moon last night?"

He—"Yes, think what we could get for it if we had it bottled and on meter."



THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

IT'S leap year boys, I wonder now
Will bids come from the dame
Will dance write-ups have absent ones
Instead of those who came?

Will Smith and Mt. Holyoke come over here
To take us to the show
And spend their coin on mileage books
To bring us to and fro?

Will our own co-eds call us up
And ask us to the Prom
Writing the name of the lucky man
On a long list in the Dorm?

You suffragists now have a chance
Your latent power to show
So let the invites come our way
And we'll be glad to go.



'16 Man Hello, Bill, how are you feeling?
'17—Like a dull razor-blade.
'16—Spring it.
'17—No more cuts.



TUT-TUT!

DOC GORDON—"Get ready your drawings for the Crab. Mr. Blanchard will call for them later."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

YOUR Smith friend who was unable to go to the informal telephones that she will go to the Prom with you. You love her acutely, the loss of her affection would be like drilling your senior year. Moreover, she is a swell dancer, some dame! What would you do?

For best solution we will give a copy of the next *Squib*. P. S. No crimes allowed.



BETTER SEE YOUR MAJOR ADVISER ABOUT THIS

SUPPOSE you are absolutely broke. Owe, two weeks board, and fifteen dollars to your friends, have strained scenes daily with your laundry agent, have your best suit at the tailors \$1.50 due.

Your family is back in Small-town no time to get letter to them for \$ and at the last minute your Smith friend says she will go to the Prom with you.



Mr. Neilson the mysterious-M. P.
Sure had the proper spirit
His dope was good, he held the boys
And we were glad to hear it.



Arnold—Yes, that's a garter snake
Minnie (innocently)—Why it's much too small.

THE SQUIB

IN RE SARDINES

The following ad was seen not long ago: "Sardine packers wanted, none but experienced need apply."

If all who are experienced sardine packers were to apply for the position, there wouldn't be enough sardines for a half a bite apiece. I mean these experts in packing human sardines—Car Conductors. They have the trade down to a science and could get a first class recommendation from any of the poor sufferers who are frequent users of the last car from Hamp.

Sometime, perhaps when you have been sandwiched between two individuals, with one fellows cold nose at the back of your neck and your right eye gazing admiringly into the mysterious cavity of the other fellow's ear, your left eye may have discovered the following sign prominently displayed:

WE CAN TELL YOU ANYTHING
YOU MAY CARE TO KNOW ABOUT
SPACE IN THIS CAR

I am afraid they wouldn't have a great deal of information to impart regarding space in the car for the simple reason that there is never any visible space to give information about. Question: Where does space go when a street car gets full? (Boston *American* please copy for "Us Boys.")

I want to know if it is good manners to sit down in the lap of a lady who is a perfect stranger to you when the car rounds a curve. Also, when a car stops suddenly, should the passengers move up front altogether or one at a time.

If a passenger wants to stop off at Hadley for a few hours, should the conductor be allowed to slip a him transfer for the early car in the morning?

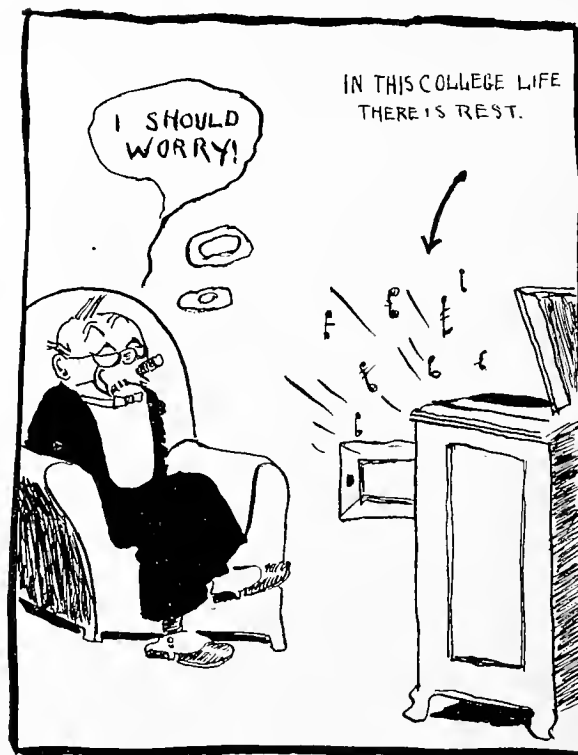
And, finally, I have a very valuable suggestion to make. I move that the space that goes to waste in the upper portion of the car, be utilized by installing upper berths for the convenience of passengers who ride to the end of the line, so that they may retain a few shreds of clothing and the use of their feet, which are usually gone by the time the other passengers have cleared out.



ODE TO THE HASH HOUSE SAUSAGE

Sausage, my sansage,
My heart yearns for thee,
Yearns for thy pig-skin
And thy old dog-meat;
Long may we relish
In years yet to be,
Long may we relish,

D. O. G'S.



College Life is not all play, "dad".



Mr. Cram:

The records of the Dean's office show that you are below passing in the following:

College Life
Hygiene
Drill
Physical Education

The following you have passed with the highest possible standing:

Plumbing 6
Steam Fitting 8
Hoeing 4
Plowing 2
Fussing 1
Chefing 1

Your high attainments in these above makes you a promising candidate for the Rexall Watch, also for admission into the Plumber's Honorary Society "Soakem or Disappointem." Moreover you are a neophyte of the Fussers Union; prerequisite Fussing 2 to become a brother. For your wonderful ability in Chefing you have been appointed assistant to Mr. Chesley, for in that position the students will soon decide whether you will become a member of this generation or of the previous one.

Hoping you are not disappointed in the outcome of your finals,

I am

Retalliatingly yours,

Mr. Flunkem.

THE SQUIB

Smooth words oil the grooves of life.



Many Have Gone Before
Youths may come, and youths may go,
But Mr. Flunkem goes on for ever.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of dust,
Make a nice mud puddle;
Where sit down, you must.

The little drops of water
Soak right through your clothes,
And in the little grains of dust
You gently rub your nose.

Little bits of shivers
Chase up and down your spine,
And as soon as you get home
You crawl to bed and whine.

Little drops of Castor Oil
And some bitter pills,
Is what the *doctor* gives *you*,
To drive away your chills.

Little bits of silver
And nice, crisp paper bills
Is what *you* give the *doctor*
For curing all your ills.

IMPOSSIBLE

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

I heard about your coming to Aggie and so I came too. I want to tell you about a little thing that happened to me a few weeks ago. I was camping out at Norwottock, on the shores of the Connecticut, when I was overtaken by a flee storm. A flee storm Dear Miss Sau Sage, is when flees come on you in droves and droves. Fortunately for me as you will afterwards perceive, I jumped into the river while being pursued by these wingless crabs. Seeing that they are still after me I disappeared from the view of the naked eye beneath the river's surface. I found a convenient rock on the bottom of the river upon which I rested for several hours. Upon rising to the surface again, I found the flees were still sticking around waiting so I went down again and played solitaire with a pack of cards which I happened to have in my hat. I got so interested in the game, that I must have stayed there all night, for when I came out I found that all the flees had disappeared.

IAMAFLEE.

THE SQUIB

AT THE COSTLY PLEASURE

I took my girl to a swell hotel,
With five bucks in my jeans.
It surely was some swell affair,
But way beyond my means.

We listened to some music first
And then we danced awhile,
Then the waiters in the dining room
Received us with a smile.

I thought I'd blow myself for once
And eat at Copley Square,
It's a wonder to me I didn't drop dead
When I saw the bill of fare.

I looked at the Girl and she looked at me,
Then we looked at the waiter together,
He was very attentive and dressed up-to-date
And said something about the weather.

We decided at last to order ice cream,
Our dream of a feed had fled
And thought to escape from this gilded joint
And go to a Café instead.

But Alas! We could not get away
And in the end he got our kale.
When I think of what that five would buy,
It's no wonder that I turn pale.

But all we got was a *demi tasse*,
Some water, and a dish of cream
But nevertheless, in spite of all
The Copley Plaza dance sure was a dream.



HIS FIRST TEXT

JOHNNY was a lad who had no desire to attend
Sunday School and his father did all in
his power to make him go.

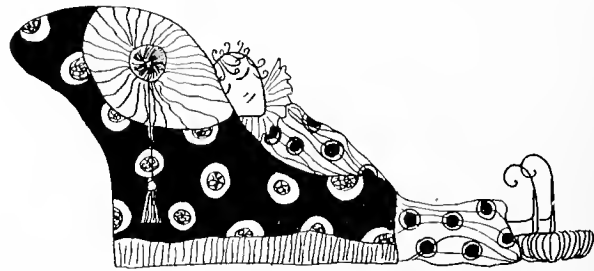
So one Sunday as Johnny presumed returned
from church his father was inquisitive to ascertain
whether his son had gone, and consequently
asked him:

"What was the text today, Johnny?"

"Don't be afraid, you'll get your quilt back"
says Johnny.

The father was puzzled, so he called up the
minister and asked him what the text was, and
he was informed:

"Fear not, thy comforter comes."



THE MORNING AFTER

Milady Fatigue at 6.30 A. M. Saturday morning
the Twelfth.



UNITY

We hear considerable now of the good work
being done by the surgical units sent from this
country to Europe. Because of the censor's sense
or incense we have heard nothing of the great
work done by the British Thermal Unit, or the
B. T. U. as the soldiers love to call it. The duty
of this unit is to make it hot for the Germans
and it certainly does that. It also melts snow,
boils water and lights pipes for soldiers busily
handling their scrap-iron. After this unit has
passed one degree it is awarded an honorary
degree. Then it is called the "Pink Sox You
Knit." You remember, when you were moved by
reading of the sufferings of the poor soldiers,
you bought that pink yarn and knit the socks for
them. Well your sox are worn by the bravest of
the brave, the British Thermal Unit.



REASON FOR DEJECTION

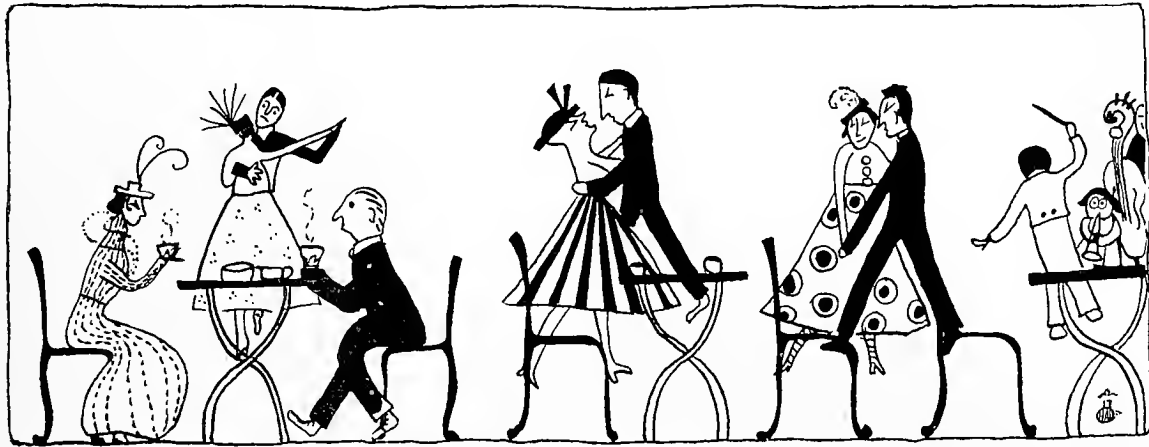
A well-known university professor who has
taken much interest in the woman's suffrage
movement was persuaded to carry a banner in a
parade that was held in New York some months
ago.

His wife observed his marching with a dejected
air and carrying his banner so that it hung limply
on its standard, and later she reproved him for
not making a better appearance.

"Why didn't you march like somebody and
let people see your banner?" she said.

"My dear," meekly replied the professor, "did
you see what was on that banner? It read,
'Any man can vote, why can't I?'"

THE SQUIB



At The Tea Dansante and Cabaret

LINES TO ANGLINA

I have lost my heart to you, Angelina,
You have gained a suitor true, Angelina;
Though I mutter and I rave,
Though I sadly need a shave,

I would gladly be thy slave, Angelina.

My heart is throbbing madly, Angelina,
My pen is wobbling badly, Angelina;
All the time I think of thee,
I can scarcely hear or see,

I'm overflowed with glee, Angelina.

Three nights I've had a dream, Angelina,
It surely was a scream Angelina;
'Twas about a little dame

Who's a pippin just the same,

And I needn't tell her name, Angelina.



THRENOBY

First Canticle

She's far more delicious
And twice as capricious
To-night as ever before,
And soon I'll propose, yes,
I'll snatch her with boldness,
And capture the girl I adore.

Second Canticle

The chance is a dandy,
The mistletoe's handy,
But she puts in a word just before—
"You've been just like a brother—
(Doesn't this sound natural?)
I've accepted another."

* * * * *

And the butler has banged-to the door!

—Record.

THE HASH HOUSE

THE hash house grub at M. A. C.
As served by William Chesley,
Supposed to be "three squares a day"
For which we must 4.20 pay,
Is far from being what it seems
However well our Chesley means.

The daily round of beef and lamb
Is sometimes changed to beans and ham.
Just watch the changing colors glow,
And from experience you'll know
However much you eat and stuff
Never will you get enough.

From dish-rag soup to leather pie—
Another biscuit in the eye—
There's nothing there that's fit to eat,
In spite of fixings that look neat.
So drink your milk and eat your bread,
The water's poisoned now with lead.

Let's hope there's better times to come
When Chesley's grub will not be bum,
For as things stand with us today
We might as well be eating hay,
For what is offered on the slate
Is always Hebrews 13-8.



ISN'T THIS A MEAN JOKE, GIRLS?

Judge—"You are sentenced for life."

Prisoner (a married man)—"The parson beat
you to it by ten years, judge."

THE SQUIB



A Wandering Mind has no Consolation.
The orchestra will now play the little ditty
entitled "Why he went home," and "Where is
my wandering boy tonight."

LAMP THIS

Aladdin had just applied friction to his well-known Mazda. A genie rose out of the mist.

"What does my lord master desire?"

"Fetch me a Freshman!"

The genie vanished, and a moment later re-appeared, clutching an immature Frosh by the rear gill filaments. Aladdin bent a stern glance upon his quaking captive.

"Young man, have you any right to live?"

"No, sir."

"Do you realize that you're a scamp and a criminal?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Do you appreciate the fact that you're a reproach to civilization and a blot on the face of the earth?"

"Yes, sir."

Aladdin turned to the genie. "Put him in the pond. He's guilty of general freshness."



HEARD IN ECONOMIC SOCIOLOGY I

PROFESSOR brings to the attention of the class the beauty of the South American girl, whose beauty he says is found in the Northern Magazine.

This ambiguous statement is noticed by one of the students who immediately asks: What part of the anatomy is that?

A MT. HOLYOKE professor has recently published a treatise on "Non-Homogeneous Linear Equations in Infinitely Many Unknowns." Now it's up to Doc Gordon to write his observations on the Schizogamic Gametogenesis of the Mastigophorous Grasshoppers.



AMONG OUR SENIORS

Reggie has become a great football man since he started that new mustache. It's a touchdown every few minutes with him now.



DANGEROUS SKATING

The stage drivers in Yellowstone Park are bothered considerably by the foolish questions asked by their passengers and often resort to satirical answers. Once a woman who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs inquired:

"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"

"Oh, yes, yes: a lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded."



THAT SPRING FEELING

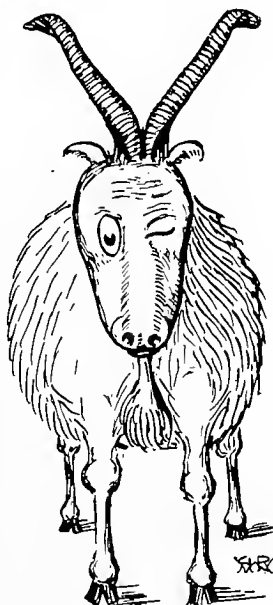
I love to sit upon the fence

And whittle it all day,

Because it is my neighbor's fence

And he has gone away.

THE SQUIB



BEWARE!

BEWARE 1919, I'll be with you soon.



NOT AMBITIOUS

The teacher sent the son of a Newburgh politician before the schoolmaster for a serious misdemeanor.

"Young man," said the schoolmaster, as he gazed severely at the youth, "do you know that you are a candidate for a severe whipping?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and I hope I'll be defeated."

CONTRIBUTORS

G. B. Ray '16

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L. C. Higgins '18

W. Saville Jr. '17

R. W. Rogers '17

L. H. Johnson

A. Campbell

NOT FROM WEST INDIES

Some time ago the teacher of a public school was instructing a class in geography, and when it came time to hand out a few questions she turned first to Willie Smith.

"Willie," said she, "can you tell me what is one of the principal products of the West Indies?"

"No, ma'am," frankly answered Willie, after a moment's hesitation.

"Just think a bit, Willie," encouragingly returned the teacher, "where does the sugar come from that you use at your house?"

"Sometimes from the store," answered Willie, "and sometimes we borrow it from the next-door neighbor."



Broke—See under "College Student."

Optimist—One who inherits a fortune.

Pessimist—The fellow who finds the fly in the sugar.

College Student—See "Broke."

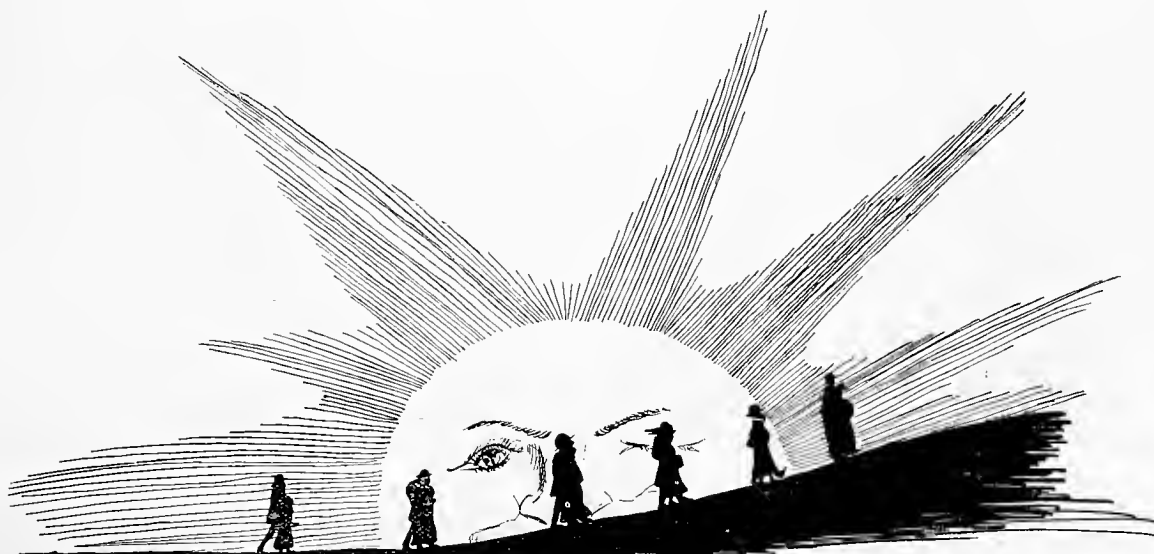
Sponge—The man who rattles his keys in his pocket when the other fellow pays the bill.—



Doc Cance (explaining division of labor in slaughter houses)—Any man here could skin the body of an animal; they put a cheap man on that!



Doc Cance—We strive in dairying to make two crops of milk flow where one flew before.



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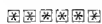
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You are going to save many of your notes. Make them legible, typewrite them, it is easy and profitable to learn.

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It would than cost only 62 cents a month, it's worth it.

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OFFICE APPLIANCE CO.

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3 NORTH

JOKE FROM THE FRONT

The Officer (having been challenged by a recruit, seeks to improve the occasion)—"I say, you know, that was quite right, but you left out 'All's well!'"

The Recruit—"All's well! is it sir? An' me feelin' the way I do with me two feet like a block of ice!"

There is nothing new in the World

Here is something new to M. A. C.

Aggie Towel Co.

We furnish Towels in the drill hall, fresh after every shower. They may be paid for singly, on tickets, or by term contracts. The term contract provides a clean towel for every shower, regardless of number. Soap furnished free to everybody. The sanitary advantages and reasonableness of the prices are obvious. Get a contract early and thus lose none of the benefits.

RATES:—Single Towels 5c Six Towel Tickets 25c
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Aggie Towel Co.

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For Contracts and Tickets see F. M. Clark '19 or
S. C. Bartlett Jr., '19.

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Publications
Get Our Rates

SPEAKING OF TALK

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club today," said Mrs. Garrulous to her husband the other evening.

With a look of astonishment he replied: "I can't believe it, my dear. Who outspoke you?"

GENTLE OBSERVATION FROM ST. LOUIS

If the new mayor drives all of the crooks out of Chicago how does he expect to keep up with New York in population?

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The Ideal Lunch

S. J. HALL, Prop.

Excellent Service

Fine Cuisine

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for the winter

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Tuxedo \$22.00. White Silk Waist Coats \$5 to \$7.50

All the details to complete the picture from collar buttons to overcoats.

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Facilities for College Banquets

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to be had anywhere

Try our

Hot Chocolate Fudge Sundae

Its a Big Hit

Hamp's Busiest Soda Fountain

BECKMANN'S

ALWAYS FOR THE BEST

***Candies &
Ice Cream***

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Northampton

OR BEFORE SHE MARRIED HIM

Irate Woman—"These photographs you made of my husband are not satisfactory and I refuse to accept them."

Photographer—"What's wrong?"

Irate Woman—"What's wrong? Why, my husband looks like a baboon!"

Photographer—"Well, that's no fault of mine, madam. You should have thought of that before you had him photographed."



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NORTHAMPTON

'16 Man—Hello, Bill, how are you feeling?

'17—Like a dull razor-blade.

'16—Spring it.

'17—No more cuts.

1st Stude—"How long does it take to go to
Boston from Amherst?

2nd Stude—By time table or B. & M.?



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AGGIE SQUIB

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Special Attention to Banquets*

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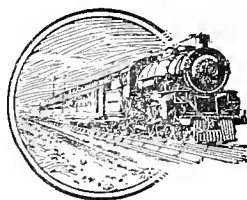
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Service



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2.55 p. m. —20th Century Limited. Arrives Pittsburg 7.15 a. m., Chicago 9.45 next morning.
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Single Room, with Bath - - - - \$2.00 to \$3.00 for one
Single Room, with Bath and Two Beds, \$4.00 to \$5.00 for two

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European plan restaurant
unexcelled for its cuisine

Service and accommodations unsur-
passed for completeness and efficiency

Write for our Map of New York

W. H. VALIQUETTE
Managing Director

A. E. SINGLETON
Asst. Manager

CLOSE TO THE WALL

"Ivy, why don't you cling to me?"

He cried in whispers thick,

"Oh Archibald, I will, she said,

I think that you're a brick!"

—*Widow.*

TWENTY FOR A SCENT

History Prof—Tell about the Turkish atrocities
in the Middle Ages.

Nemo Domi—I didn't know people smoked
cigarettes then.

—*Pitt Panther.*

He (telling jokes in the Follies)—Do you see
the point?

She—If it's what I think it is, I don't, and
you're no gentlemen."

—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

Glasses—Soused last night, weren't you?

Ears—Only had one glass—

Glasses—What!

Ears—But they kept filling it up!"

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

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are here

Ask to see the new
Hart, Schaffner & Marx models

Sanderson & Thompson

A word to the wise is sufficient

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Over the Savings Bank

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ADVANCE

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS AND
FOUNTAIN PENS

1918 and 1919
COLLEGE STATIONERY

A. G. Hastings

NEWSDEALER AND STATIONER

Tommy—Oh, mother, look at that man! He's
only got one arm.

Mother—Hush! He'll hear you.

Tommy—Why, doesn't he know it?

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Wholesome old fashion food served in
the most modern manner at the

COLONIAL INN

At the entrance to the campus

GILMORE THEATRE

THE HOME OF BURLESQUE



Four Days Every Week Beginning Wednesday

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Full Associated Press service. Special articles in every field of peace or war, business or politics, by recognized authorities. Local and suburban territory, including the colleges, adequately covered.

**LIVE
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The Union is the recognized leader in the field of sports. Baseball, football, rowing, bowling, tennis, golf, hockey—all are written about by men who KNOW. M. A. C. activities are always fully reported.

**RURAL
LIFE**

The Union is a well-rounded newspaper. Generous space is devoted to poultry, horticulture, dairying and general farming, particular attention being given to the organized efforts now making to improve conditions in the *rural* districts.

THE BAY STATE RURALIST is a regular feature of The Sunday Union

(This section written by M. A. C. Journalism students)

Nonotuck Hotel
Holyoke



Dancing

Supper Dances every Wednesday Evening from 8:30 to 11:30 in the Ball Room.

Tea Dances Saturday Afternoons from 3:30 to 6 P. M.

SUNDAY TABLE D'HOTE DINNER \$1.25

Served from 6:30 to 8:30 (with music)

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THE AGGIE SQUIB

SENIOR—Your mandolin looks considerably worn out."

Junior—Why shouldn't it?

Senior—I'll bite, spring it.

Junior—It's continually being picked on.



ZOO-ZOO SNAP

THERE was a young paramoecium who would
a wooing go,

His nucleus said no, oh no;

But the paramoecium couldn't find a conjugal
mate

With whom to make a pleasant date,

So the nucleus kept a wishin'

For just a plain binary fission,

Disheartened, the paramoecium cried, "What's
the yoose."

And where there was one, now there's dooce.



Professor, discussing sulphur—The amount of
sulphur in the human body varies with different
people.

Freshmen—Is that why some people make
better matches than others?



TOMMY—"I looked in the window when Sis
was in the parlor with her beau last night."

Father—"What did you find out, my son?"

Tommy—"The lamp sir."



French Professor—When was the fall of Paris?

Freshmen—Just before winter.



Son—What is horse sense?

Father—It is the faculty of saying "nay" my
boy.



FIRST FRESHIE—We almost had steak for
dinner.

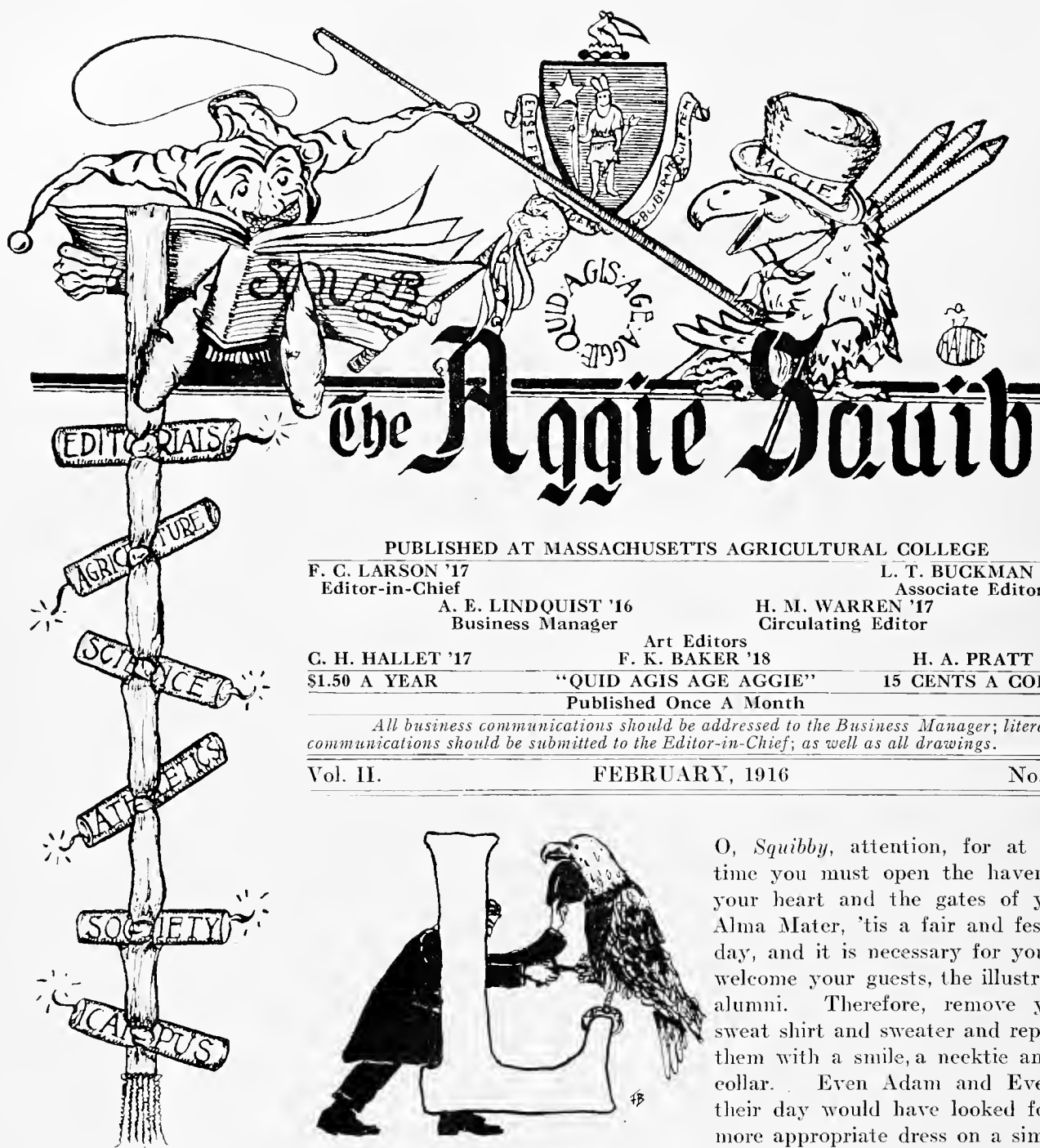
Second Freshie—Why didn't we?

First Freshie—Oh, the cow had to go and get
well.



I. KEY—Oll get mad and greb your nose.

Jay Key—You will haf your hendz full if
you do.



Alumni Day is not an idealism which is embedded in your mahogany dome and can't get out because of the thick walls. Non, non, Monsieur, it is a realism which has engrafted itself deep into the hearts of both graduates and undergraduates. It comes but once a year as all good things do (except our weekly allowances which never come). Therefore it is both fitting and proper to discard our masks and give the alumni the glad hand. There is no war without its peace ship, and neither is there an alumnus without a few encouraging words. Listen to their ancient words of the days when they were here, and you will hear utterances of surprise in their finding the numerous changes on the campus. The Auditorium, the Alumni Field, the Microbiology building, as well as the infirmary for the invalids, arouse a profound interest in their feelings. These changes

THE SQUIB

appear only on the surface and are truly not the most important. But, they find the old Aggie "pep" still existing and steadily increasing, for without this spirit what would be the value of the numerous renovations? That is precisely the way that *Squibby* feels and the presence of the alumni makes his reverent spirit come to the surface. And so he extends his hand to the Aggie Alumni wishing all a cordial welcome to their dear old Alma Mater.



IN MEMORIAM

Shed a tear of deep regret for the fellow that was flunked out. He studied and plugged his very best, that, I'm sure you won't doubt. But study and plugging are of little avail, and you may grind your head off all night, for if luck is against you, you're forced to quit without questioning wrong or right.

But believe me, old man, I say it's no joke, when you've stayed in the fight so long, to bid all dreams of the future farewell. It's not right—it's somewhat wrong. Perhaps you have spent three hard years or more, and a lot of good hard-earned money, to be suddenly turned adrift in the world may sound like a joke. It's NOT funny.

I know there's no humor in this piece of advise, for I only should like to remind you, to give a kind thought to the fellow who's "down" for the same misfortune may find you.



SINCE *Squibby's* mental faculty for expressing humor has declined considerably or perhaps he never had the characteristic knack of producing the same, he realizes that the readers of the monthly would shout with joy if he were to announce that the next number will be a college girls number. Such is the case, Johanna, for the next issue will contain the humor of our sister colleges, and, last but not least the wit of our own Co-eds. Thus prepare yourself gentlemen, for there is no rose bush without a thorn and neither is there a girl without some wit. NUF CED.



Yes, you're right. *Squibby* couldn't go to press without a few words of thanks to the Y. M. C. A. for having secured the services of Mr. Raymond Robins for a series of talks. It was a rare message to the men of Aggie and those who missed his talks may well regret their absence from them. Naturally *Squibby* absorbed the humor of the speaker and he finds himself deeply interested in his words concerning that great American game—Poker—No, no, nothing like that in our family, we only play Strip Poker here at Aggie but we have plenty of opportunities to learn the regular game for the speaker informed us that the Faculty can tell us why is a flush? and any point that we wish to know. Very good Louie, why not a course in playing poker? Think it over.

THE SQUIB



AN X-RAY OF A PROM CARRIAGE
As is shown to us by a "Vet." scientist

AFTER THE PROM.

HOUR	EVENT
6 A. M.	Sleep—Five blankets deep.
7 A. M.	BIG BEN clangs in the next cell.
8 A. M.	The bell metal in the chapel tower vibrates.
9 A. M.	Same as (8 A. M. only more serious, by one bell.)
10 A. M.	Motion under the five-all wool—it.
11 A. M.	A shut eye appears above the sel-edge and unshuts.
12 M.	Hero stands on end surrounded by bathrobe.
1 P. M.	A dress suit moth balled and neatly packed away.
1.30 P.M.	Hero eases down Dorm stairs to dinner.



1st Prommer—Why is a chaperon?
2nd Prommer—To correct temperature and pressure.



SARTOR RESARTUS

IF you should take a girl to an informal, and—
she should come out of the dressing room wearing one of those simplified gowns—consisting solely of a chest protector and a skirt at half mast—would you be justified in demanding redress?



The Sophomores, we note with grim satisfaction, lost only a few of their number at the semi-annual butchery. If they keep on at this rate, they are in danger of becoming imminent scholars.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT

UNDER the spreading chestnut tree
A blushing Smith girl stands.
The pretty space twist arm and hand
A little wrist-watch bands
The fancy bag she lightly swings
First aid to beauty bears
A powder puff, a pencil rouge
And jeweled pins (for tears),
A card case, coin purse, a barrette
A handkerchief, a yard of net
A drinking cup, a collar stay,
A ticket to the matinee,
A comb, a brush, a powder rag
All this we find in the Smith Girl's Bag.

THE SQUIB

A LETTER THAT DROPPED OUT OF THE MAIL BAG

Friend Nutsie:

I'll have to write and tell you about our new invention, The Prom. Cabaret.

"Mah goodness, mah goodness," as Peter Porter says, I haven't had such a good time since my mother turned me bottom side up for giving the gold fish a hot water bath. I called for my fair one and had to wait a good hour for her to put the finishing "touches" on. The girls wore their hats while dancing you know (sort of advance showing of Easter millinery) and her hat sawed my chin so I wore a piece of court plaster on it for a week afterwards. But what won't we do for the ladies?

The music and singing as usual was beyond criticism. So far beyond that I can't reach it. Tables were placed around the hall, surrounded by a young forest, and our fair co-eds served ice cream, which, if you were wise you finished before your next dance, for when you came back you were likely to find that ice cream and dishes too, had vanished.

My girl gave my pride an awful jolt that day. She had just danced a dance with another dancer and she said "Do you know that when you dance with me you dance pretty well?" Seeing my deepening blush she hastened to correct herself, "Oh no, no, I mean that when we dance together you dance so much better than with anyone else." Of course you know I didn't object to her self praise but admitted I couldn't quite see through it yet. She thought it over a while and with profuse apologies said she meant to say that, although she knew she wasn't a good dancer she danced very well when she danced with me. A little better, no doubt, and my pride slid back into its accustomed place.

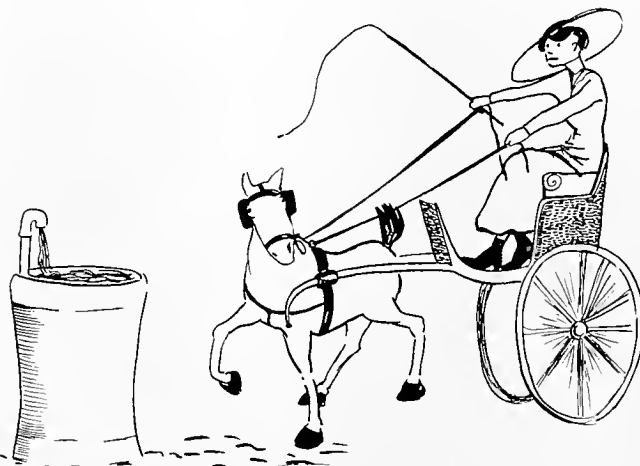
Just the same, old man, the Cabaret was THE thing and I hope to see another.

Eternally fraternally yours,

Jasper.



SIMPLY A FENCING MATCH



WOMAN! YOU ARE DRIVING ME TO DRINK



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

I am in a very perplexing situation. For the last few weeks I have been praising my girl every time I have been to see her. Now if I stop praising her she will think that I don't love her any more and if I keep it up she will think that she is too good for me. What, O what shall I do?

Yours lovely,

I. M. Stuck.

Dear I. M. Stuck,

I really think I am stuck myself, but since you have praised her 10 to the 10th power times too many, it is essential that you write to Skinny Shanner of the Boston American Staff and he may enlighten you and appoint you a member of the Zoological Department as the writer of "well known sayings in the game of love."



CAPTAIN of Company G—Fire at will!
Private—Who is Will?



HAIR RAISING

Friend—Why where are your pretty locks?

Artist—I gave one of them to a young lady.

Friend—But the rest of them?

Artist—My wife took them when she found it out.

THE SQUIB



POOR CUPID

CUPID has his munition factories working over time at Aggie. His consumption of arrows is something extraordinary. Just think of it, dear reader, 20 per cent of the Senior class are either married or engaged. Why—why!—why—I dunno, it's hard to believe, but such is the case. I don't see any cigars being distributed on the campus—well, never mind sedate ones—good luck to you and may your troubles be small ones.



PROF.—What is a centimeter?
Sleepy Soph.—It is an animal with a hundred feet.



GENERAL—Is your command well armed?
Sergeant—Yes General, two per man except private O'Leary who lost one of his in the last engagement.



SCOTTY

SSCOTTY is the pea-jacketed sailor,
who breaks the bonds of every jailer
Increases his neck seven inches around
Grows ten inches up from the ground
Dislocates each and every bone
So you can hear 'em crackle and groan
Sings like a lover upon his knees
Gets half way through and says "holy good cheese."

THE LULU BIRD SAYS—

Love is a game that is never called on the account of darkness.
If ten cents a line is the rate of the Western Union Telegraph what is sodium nitrate?
Since the two steps on the cars have come into use the hobble skirt is going out of fashion.
A man who bets is a bad man, but a man who doesn't bet is no better.



THE SNAIL-MAN

(Slowly and with deep feeling)

SLEEPER, sleeper, dear old creeper
Crawling down the line
We wonder, yes we wonder
If in thunder, if you have a letter
That is solely mine
You're due at 'leven
(Should be seven.)
We're lucky if you come by noon,
Never mind old creeper,
You help us keep Her
By carrying our letters to and fro,
And we'll be sorry, yes very sorry,
To ever see you go.



THIS IS HOW HE DID IT

HARRY VETCH—Yah, I was quite an agriculturalist myself once.
Timothy Straw—Yah?
Harry Vetch—Yah—many a time have I used hay for a cover crop.



Knut—There isn't going to be any dancing at Mountain Park this year.
P. Knut—Why not?
Knut—All the two-steps are on the cars.

THE SQUIB

TYPOGRAPHICAL

(Pass it along)

To print a kiss upon her lips
He thought the time was ripe;
But when she went to press she said,
"I do not like your type."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A kiss he printed on her lips
And showed her no contrition,
Because the artful minx inquired:
"Well, when's the next edition."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

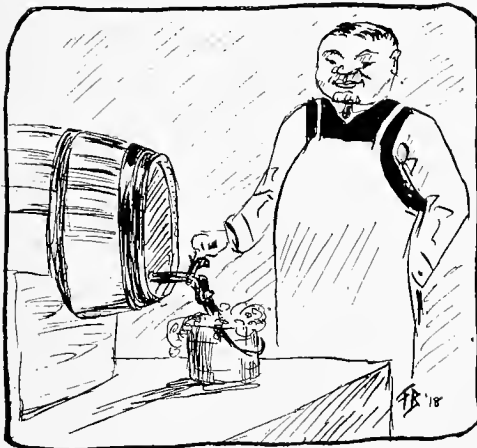
He took her headlines in his arms
And murmured, "May I kiss you?"
"I'll be your galley slave." She sighed,
"I can't evade the issue."

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

"Your features make me want to wed"
He sighed; she held aloof
And said, "Your want adds to my joy,
But let me see the proof."

—*The Gargoyle.*

He rhymed some copy to her then
(For better or for worse),
An inkling of his lead she scooped,
And said, "I'm not averse."



THERE THE PALE (Pail) ARTIST PLIES
HIS SICKLY TRADE
Goldsmith



NO WONDER

STUDENT—Look at the condition of this suit
which I bought here only six weeks ago.

Tailor—No wonder, when you climb out of
the window every time you see me coming to
collect for it.



Scene on Campus on a Rainy Day



THE girl stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but she had fled,
And when she found she couldn't go,
She turned both blue and red.

She only had her nightie on,
And the night was very cold,
She shivered so, that in her mouth
Her false teeth she couldn't hold.

At last the ship was all burned up
And the girl jumped into the sea
And against a piece of wreckage
She bumped her little knee.

This hurt her so she couldn't swim
And was about to give up hope
When a boat-load of full fishermen
Threw her a big long rope.

They turned and towed her to the shore,
For there was no room in the boat,
And there on the sand were her old false teeth,
Now wouldn't that get your goat.



LITTLE WILLIE—Mamma, do all fairy tales
begin "Once upon a time?"

His Mother (with an eye on little Willie's papa)
—No, my dear, sometimes they begin "I was
detained at the office."

THE SQUIB

THE ALIENATION OF AL

Or What Happened Ten Years Down the Trail

AL Umnus, the Ten-Years-Out, was speeding Aggiewards in a tumult of fond recollections and a 1916 Ford runabout. "After all," he murmured as he advanced the spark and dodged around a cuff-button which someone had carelessly left in the road, "after all these years, will Aggie seem the same to me, or will it seem altered? A flood of memories surged up from his nether consciousness. The class banquet—the initiation—the razoo riots—truly, his college course had been the happiest, not to say the snappiest, four years of his life. And he had not only enjoyed a turbulent good time: he had emerged from the vortex with a Liberal Education. This fact comforted him; he felt that his education had been *very* liberal. Not much of it had been useful, and, by definition, anything that isn't useful *must* be cultural.

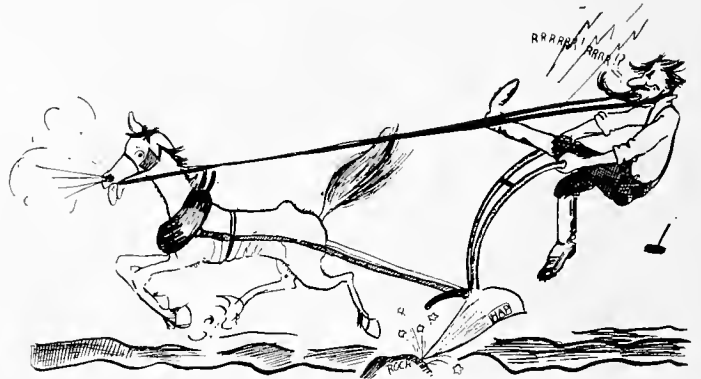
When Al reached the campus, he was gratified to find the old land-marks still doing business as land-marks. The chem. lab and the drill hall had not aged appreciably, having long since attained the maximum of decrepitude. The college pond was still used for bacterial cultures and other forms of culture. Leaving his Ford in the Trophy Room, Al set out to make a tour of the faculty. After meeting several of his old Profs., he decided that Paleontology wasn't in his line, a decision somewhat reinforced by the appearance of a gang of classmates. (*Gang* seems to be a more appropriate word than *very* although *herd* might possibly be used). The usual felicitations were exchanged, each man keeping a firm hold on his watch, in order to remain posted as to the time. . . .

To be frank, Al was somewhat disappointed in his classmates. They had grown fat and bald, and most of them were married. They had forgotten how to play poker, and couldn't tell any funny stories. What a state of things! They knew nothing of the current burlesques, and hadn't attended the Gilmore since Goodness-Knows-When. In fact, they were dull, prosaic and uninteresting, and Al was quite right in feeling indignant. He was also quite right in cranking up his flivver and skidding back to the Bright Lights, where people are more receptive and convivial. Do you blame him? We don't. We are glad he went. . . .

Moral: If you want to be a Gay Young Lothario, don't try any of that stuff around here. We've reformed since Raymond Robins made us sign the papers.



THE ALUMNI AS WE SEE THEM

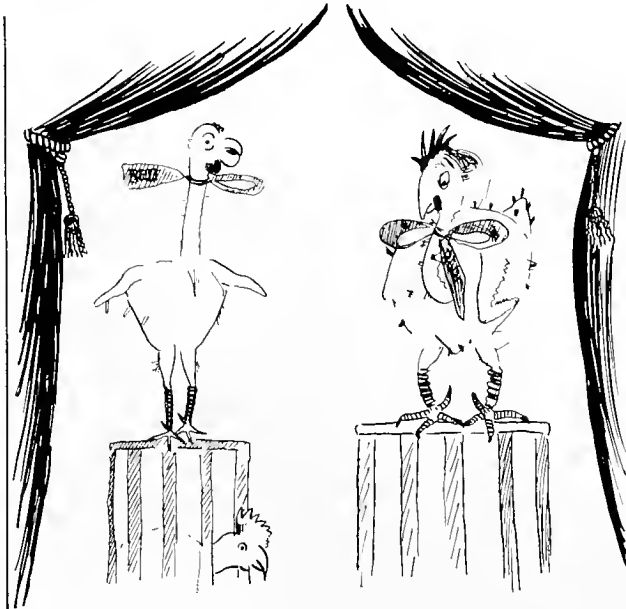


AS THEY REALLY ARE



PREPAREDNESS

OUR hero arose, took a mercury bath for that heavy feeling, ran a few meters of dental floss through his pearly whites and yawned thrice. Vainly he tried the combination of a Notch collar and a reversible tie (IT did not offer a becoming background for his skull and bones scarf pin). At last he obtained the desired affect when he riveted a gates-ajar Clupeco shrunk to a silkateen shirt with a furrowed bosom. (The gloss shone from every furrow). Then he invested and coated himself with his pencil stripe slice cut English suit. His hat was of the common sort handy to doff at the approach of co-eds. Completing the details of his simple toilet he made his way through the silent night to Stockbridge Hall. WHO WAS HE? EASY! A shorthorn going to the short-horn concert.



DID YOU SAY CHICKENS BOYS?
There are plenty of them at AGGIE



FORUM

Feasible Fees for Future Feverish Freshmen

1. Infirmary (when the pond is perfectly clean).
2. For the promiscuous use of the various green receptables.
3. For view of the Mount Warner sunset (from the Chem. Lab.)
4. For electric fans, ammonia and ice bags (during finals only).
5. For thermometric surprises (not listed in the catalogue).
6. For weekly boutonnieres (for the Senate members).
7. For damages during Major talks (to other majors).
8. For the maintenance of Campus guards (at every paper towel).



AGGIE ECONOMICS WITH ADAM AND EVE

Imports and Exports

STUDENT—Gee, I wish we only had to do these for Adam and Eve's time when they raised but three crops.

So? What were they?

Hay, fig leaves and whiskers.



NEWS ITEM 1966

Draper Hall originally the College dining hall is now the "Home For Aged and Retired Assistant Superintendents of the Grounds Department." We witness with pleasure the varied activities of these worthy gentlemen. Although quite venerable they are still able to shovel snow or trim shrubbery for a few minutes occasionally. The good old fellows recently had a banquet. As a fitting climax to the affair a handsome engraved Aluminum Lawn Mower was awarded to the winner of the recent contest in grafting pie-plants. A petition was read from the residents of the Newburyport Turn Pike asking for a few seedlings of Bartlett Pear trees. It was granted . . . A rather unfortunate occurrence nearly marred the success of the evening. One of the older gentlemen had a touch of insanity, he murmured something about the time when there were board walks on the very Campus. He was immediately removed to the Goodwin Ward of the Infirmary.

THE SQUIB



LUCKY DOG

This is a CRUEL world boys, and to think it is
Leap Year.



AN Aggie Freshman strolled into a Gent's Misfit Clothing store to get himself a new old suit. The salesman asked him "What size?"

"Well," said the freshie, "I can wear size 38, but give a size 50."

The salesman swallowed hard three times and said: "What's the idea?"

The freshie replied, "Oh, I believe in getting all I can for my money."



If a young housewife was to cast her bread upon the waters, it wouldn't come back to her. It would sink.



JOHN—You ought to be more careful in what you say to Dick, he will be challenging you to a duel one of these days.

Jack—He has already challenged me but when I named the weapons he backed out.

John—What weapons did you name?

Jack—Swords at fifty paces.



Professor—There has been only two people in the history of the world who have been able to perform this experiment which I am about to show you, and one of them is now dead.

Voice from the audience—Why didn't they bury you?

THE SQUIB

MOMENTS AT THE COURSES

ARE these big, red books the students are perusing so assiduously, copies of Bowser's "What Will Happen to the Giant Amoeba, when Gabriel Blows his Horn for the Millefolium," or are they Baedekers' Guide to Hamp"? Neither, Kind Reader, nor are they the Automobile Blue-Book, because as mentioned herein before, they are bound in attractive red, which excludes them from the category of Interesting Reading. Perhaps we have a clue when the professor opens the seance. He hands out large packages of paper to a few Willing Workers, who nimbly distribute them among the class, amid loud groans. Of course, this is only a jestful bluff on the part of the boys, because they all knew that there was to have been a Written Quiz.

"What effect has the poem, 'The Gilded Dome,' on the rise of the prices demanded by steeple-jacks as a return for their elevating influence?" (Loud remarks, addressed to nobody in particular: "That was never assigned." "Don't you mean 'The Golden Thread'?").

"We'll have a little of Wordsworth this morning." (More groans and a confused jumble which finally subsides in about five minutes.) Then the Reading commences. Some of the dear students begin to look like the very personification of "rapt Attention," while others take on the appearance of a man's size nap. The recital grows intense. The words float up to the ceiling over the students' heads with a burning eloquence. The drowsy listener has a vague impression of an arm and hand raising in the air, somewhere Down-in-Front. The finger quivers with feeling as it points toward Heaven, and the poem describes the torture of some poor soul in——. The students nod their heads, but it is not with approbation, it is with drowsiness. The finger still remains suspended. So does the reading. Then a voice from the rear says: "Doctor Munyon, put down that hand."



THE VESTED CHOIR
Sing Brothers Sing



A STUDENT rushed into the Hash House Cafeteria and hollered at the waiter, "Say, Snail, crawl over here with a couple of leads and a cup of mud water without any cow in it."

"Whatchemean," said the crawler.

"Why I mean sinkers you poor Doughnut. Aren't they made of lead. Ha! Ha!"

When leaving he planked a plugged nickel down on the counter (Boston prices.)

"Say," said the cashier, "that nickel has a hole in it."

"So has your sinkers," said the student, as the darkness swallowed him.



Please send flowers to the Mayor of East Entry, You Know Don Well, he's the cause of the above.



PROFESSOR—Always remember if you add one to it, it will always be odd.

Whisper in back row—Some one must have added one to you.



THE SQUIB

SQUIBBY'S RIDE

OUT of the west at the break of dawn
 The PELICAN sounded his raucous horn.
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore
 The Illinois SIREN to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble, rumble and roar,
 Telling the Princeton TIGER was there that day
 And SQUIBBY twenty miles away.

There is a road from Hanover town
 A good broad highway leading down
 And there through the flush of its own white light,
 The JACK O'-LANTERN speeds thru the
 night;
 The CORNELL WIDOW swept with eagle flight,
 And the Pittsburg PANTHER knew the terrible
 need
 So he stretched away with his utmost speed,
 Hills rose and fell, but their hearts were gray
 For SQUIBBY was fifteen miles away.

The MEDICINE MAN sped down the road,
 Like the angry GARGOYLE under the goad,
 And the JESTER sped far ahead
 Not by the LONGHORN to be lead;
 And the PUNCH BOWL like LAMPOON fed
 with furnace fire
 Swept on, with the PURPLE COW full of ire.
 But Lo, they are nearing their heart's desire,
 The LEHIGH BURR snuffs the smoke of the
 fray
 With SQUIBBY only five miles away.

The first that SQUIBBY saw were groups
 Of Stragglers, then the retreating troops:
 What was done? What to do? The SUN
 DIAL told him both.
 Then striking his spurs, with BRUNONIAN
 strength,
 He dashed down the line, the entire length,
 And the wave of retreat was checked because
 The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
 With foam and dust SQUIBBY was gray
 By the flash of his eye and red nostrils play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say
 I have brought you new "pcp" all the way
 From Amherst town to save the day.
 With due apologies to Read.



PASSENGER—What makes the train run so
 slow?

Irate conductor—If you don't like it you can
 get off and walk.

Passenger—I would, only I am not expected
 until train time.



A MAN'S A MAN FOR A'THAT



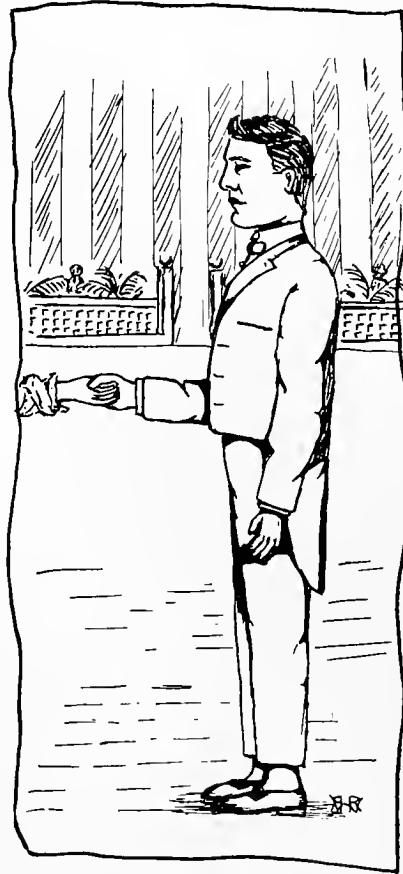
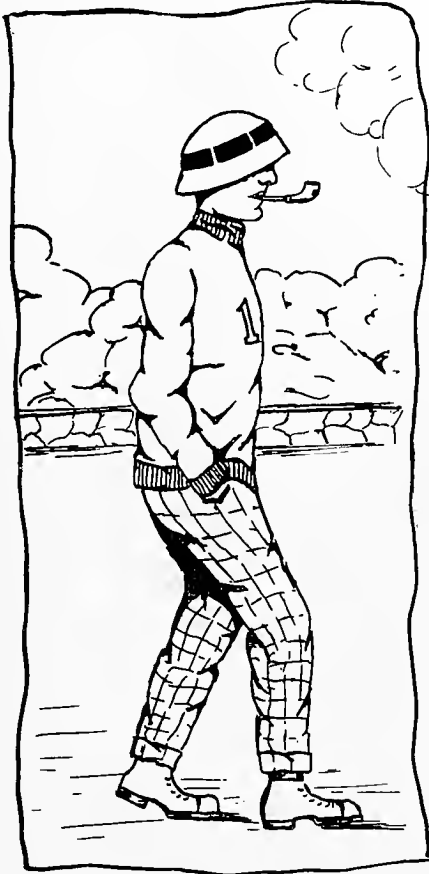
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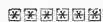
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Editor of College Comic—Very good drawing but it strikes me I've seen it before.

Contributer—Why sir, I drew it from life.

Editor—I guessed it. Try some of the other Comics next time. I read Life myself.

—Brunonian.

He—When is a joke not a joke?

She—Well.

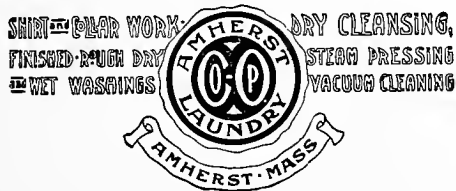
He—Usually.

—Wisconsin Awk.

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A FEW OLD SAWS SHARPENED

MANY are called, but few know when to lay down.

A stitch in time saves many a pair of good sox.

Eat, drink and be—careful.

Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't let your wife catch on.

THIS leaf here,
Is my dear
The fly leaf as you see;
And if you're wise,
Don't show surprise,
If it gets fresh to thee.

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Hamp's Busiest Soda Fountain

"And, Bill, have you been to 'The Birth of a Nation?'"

"Sure, I've slept in one."

"What?"

"In a pullman car, you boob."

—*Yale Record.*

Husband (to his wife)—Come to me little chick.

Wife's mother (fanning herself)—You've a polite way of calling me an old hen.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

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Furnishings at prices that are right.

COME and look our lines over

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Northampton, Mass.

She went down to the round house

And interviewed an oiler;

"What is that thing?" "Why," he replied,

"That is the engine boiler."

"And why do they boil engines?" asked

The maiden, sweet and slender;

"They do it," said the honest man,

"To make the engine tender."

—Rose Technic.

He—Do you believe in preparedness?

She—Well I wouldn't mind being in arms.

—Jester.

Prepare for Your Trips at

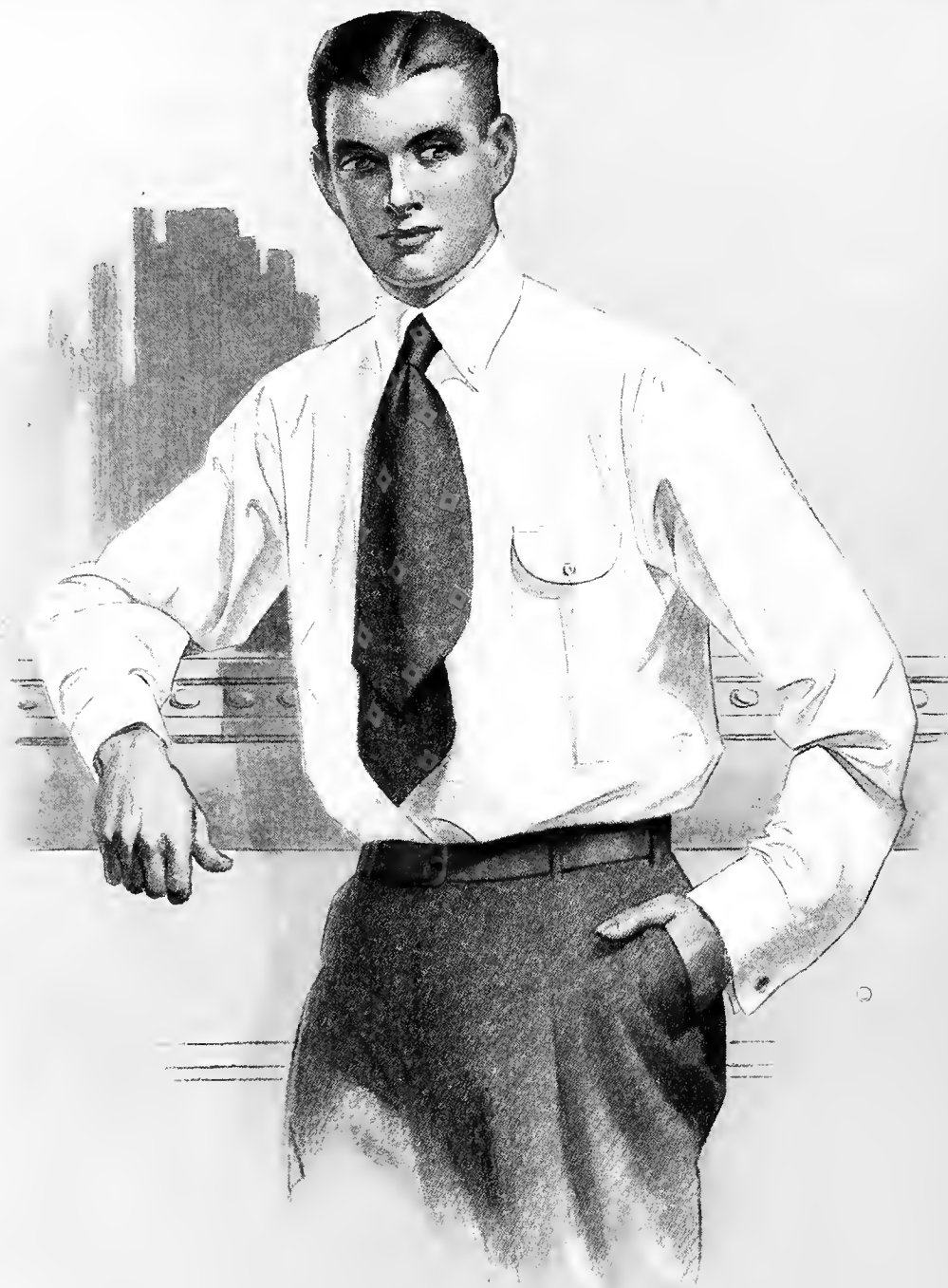
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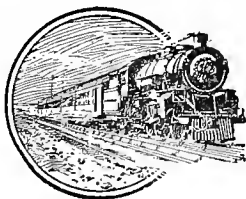
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A GOOD UNDERSTANDING
Your chorus girl friend seems like
a bright little thing.
Yes, she exhibits more or less
understanding.

—Lampoon.

WHERE?

'19—Got a surprise the other
night.

'18—Well?

'19—Wanted to kiss a gir—

'18—Well?

'19—But didn't know how she'd
take it—

'18—So—

'19—I asked her—

'18—And she said?

'19—On the lips!

—Yale Record.

SAY TOMMY

Tommy—Oh, mother, look at that
man! He's only got one arm.

Mother—Hush! He'll hear you.

Tommy—Why, doesn't he know
it?

—Tiger.

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Classes of 1916—1917

Stationery, Blank Books and
Fountain Pens

1918 and 1919
COLLEGE STATIONERY

A. G. Hastings

Newsdealer and Stationer

AFTER THE QUARREL

He—And shall we never meet
again?

She—Never! Unless you want
to take me to a Dance or Matinee.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

LOVELY WOMEN

Co-ed (as machine came to stop)—
Oh, dear, what's wrong?

John—Stripped the gears.

Co-ed—Oh, John, do you think it
will show?

—*The Siren.*

1917—What's your specialty?

1916—Economics.

1917—What does that teach you
to do?

1916—It isn't "what." It's
"whom."

—*Brunonian.*

HONESTY WINS

He—There goes the honestest girl
in the world.

She—How's that?

He—She won't even take a kiss
without returning it.

—*California Pelican*

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Wednesday

MATINEE DAILY

PICTURES OF M. A. C.

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72 Madison Ave., New York



*Here's to the College Girl,
Precious as the purest pearl,
May she live long and
dearly cherish
Our memory, when we
have perished.*



HER SUNDAY (K)NIGHT

THE AGGIE SQUIB

VOL II

MARCH 1916

No. 9



TWO young freshmen are out walking and a pretty Smith girl passes them.

A—"Did you notice that she smiled at me?"

B—"Nothing remarkable in that. The first time I saw you I almost died laughing."



TOBACCO TO BURN

TACK—Do you Smokaroll?

Ticks—No I spend mine.



HIGH—I hear that the "Birth of a Nation" has come to town.

Ram—Yes, I wonder if it's given by the Aborn Opera Company.



IST Co-ed—They say Jack is a fine wrestler.

2nd Co-ed—Yes he has a wonderful hold.



Freshman (who has just stolen a banana, holds skin up in front of owner and says)—I appeal to you.

Owner (tapping him on the head)—Your appeal is fruitless.



AT THE INTER-CLASS

THAT race was pretty close, who won it?

The second guy did.

How do you make that out.

Oh he stuck out his tongue and lapped the first guy.



AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS

PHAN—I can eat only one dish of this sauce it has so much seasoning in it. Chesley's cook must be near-sighted.

Phun—Nope, wrong dope, he's far-sighted.



HEARD AT THE CARD TABLE

WAITER—What are you taking that roll upstairs for? Do you pass it around when you get hungry like a pipe o' peace?

Coed—No, a bite apiece.

IST Stewd—What vegetable is the reception room in a Smith Dormitory like? Two guesses.

2nd Stewd—Squash? Peach?

1st Stewd—Nope, mushroom.



He—And how do you like your botany course?

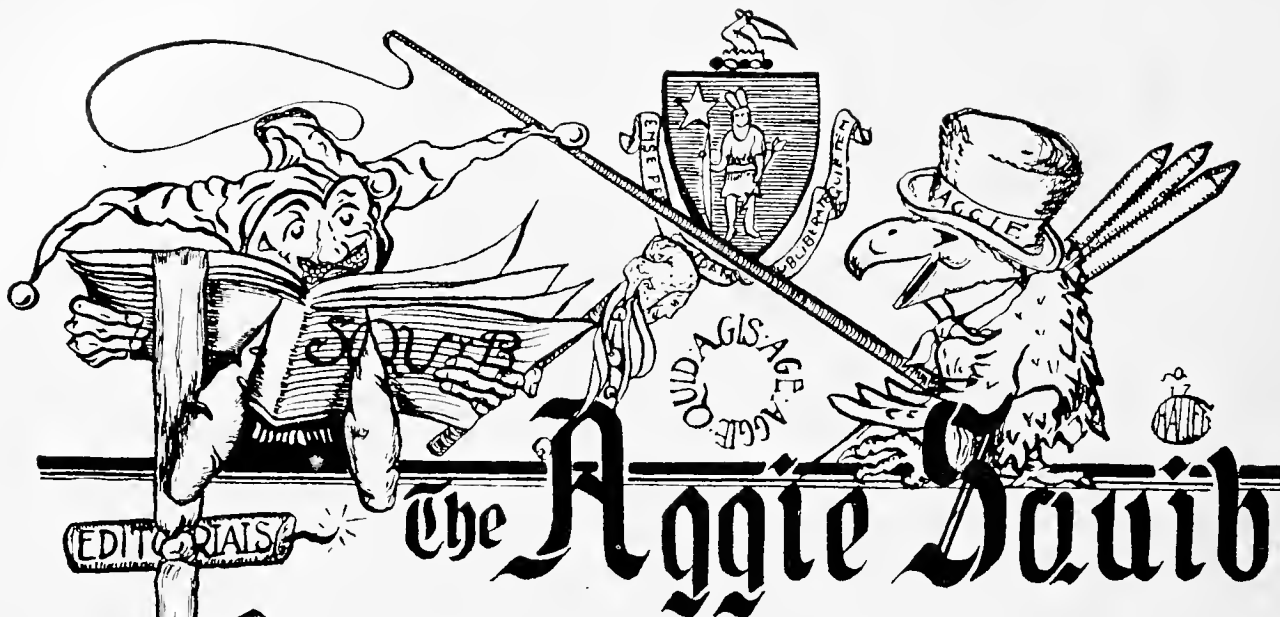
She—Oh I think that it is positively disagreeable and horrid and hateful. Why, they even make us draw cross sections.



PROF—(Lecturing on "Sweetness and Light")—

May a beautiful spreading tree at the height of its foliage, growing by the cool country roadside, be considered a poem?

Bright '19—If it is I wouldn't like to consider carrying a book of poetry.



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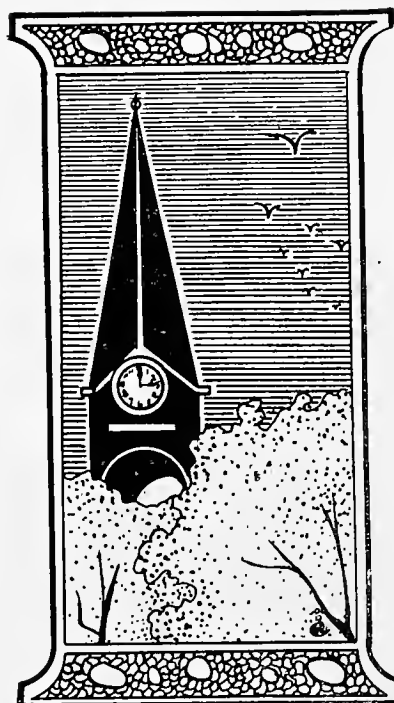
MARCH, 1916

No. 9

GIRLS!

GIRLS!

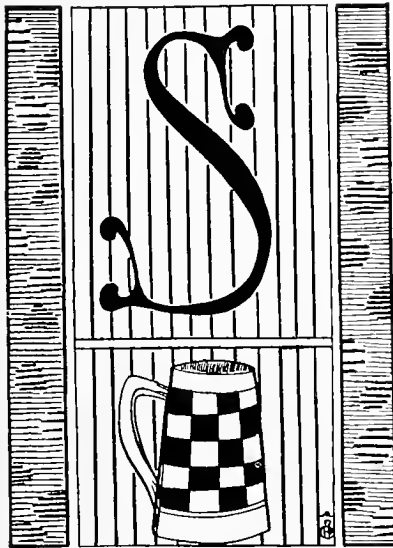
GIRLS!



Is it not fortunate for the men of Aggie to have their college located on such a fine site and moreover, in such close proximity to the neighboring colleges of the fairer sex. Is it still not more fortunate for us to be able to sit down and read the witty remarks of the girls who attend these various institutions including the wit of our own Co-eds? Girls, girls, girls—why it is the leading topic of the college man's conversation. We all agree that the greatest of all necessities of life is—a girl. A girl, in the common acceptance of that word implies at first thought, a "Dig deep" idea which causes one to be thrown into an atmosphere saturated and embossed with \$\$\$, ccc, etc. Nevertheless, on our part there is a generosity of soul which prompts the giving of material aid to those favoring a good time. Informals, concerts, shows, entertainments of all kinds are held for the benefit of the girl and the costs are billed to father, for he himself was once a prey to woman.

THE SQUIB

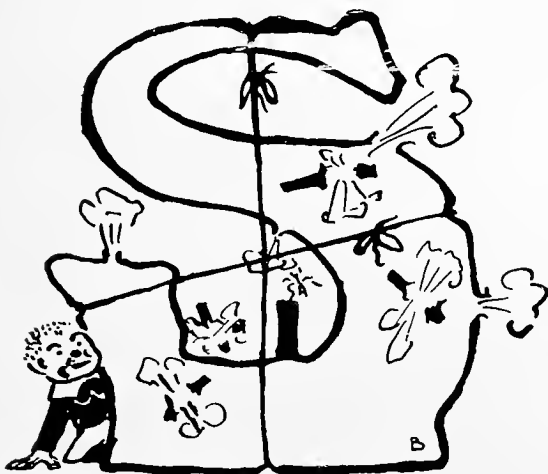
But, dear reader, *Squibby* does not intend to discuss the characteristics of the college girl, but he has endeavored to bring you in closer contact with her witty sayings. This number is the original gloom chaser and is going to make you so everlastingly happy that you will forget all about the expense that she causes you and the next time that you pay her a visit you will bring the U. S. Mint along with you. We hear all girls say "And he said," and the matrons say—"But, I'll say this much," and the youth says—"And she said," But, *Squibby* will say this much, that although you get just what you look for in this life, you'll never find the true humor of the college girl expressed in a more startling manner than in this number. Therefore, follow the routine of the three L's LIVE, LAUGH and LOVE.



QUIBBY wishes to express his hearty thanks to the girls of the various colleges who have been so kind and generous to supply him with characteristic "girlish" jokes; as well as his appreciation for their drawings which symbolize the true spirit and ability of the college girl along these lines. Through their endeavors he has been able to make this number a success and hopes that he may be able to reciprocate. Any criticism as to the ability of the *Squib's* artists to demonstrate the coming spring styles for young ladies may be submitted to the Woman's Shops advertising in this number. Again, we thank you one and all.



OUR SPRING POET SAYS:

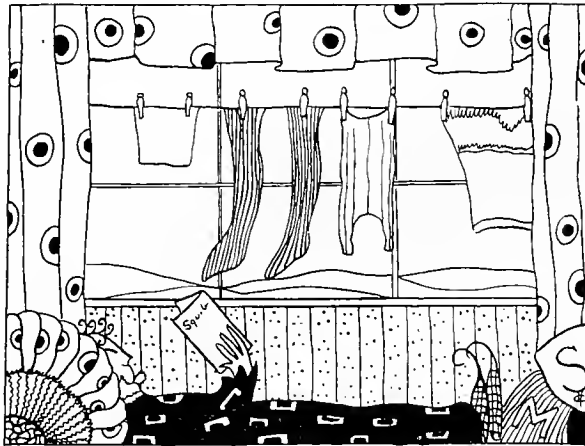


PRING, wintry spring, hast thou no conscience? Can you not see the ailment and predicament that you have caused us to undergo? Do you not realize that your birthday happened sometime ago and you failed to appear on that day? Do you think that you are treating your timid little tape worm, the ground hog, exactly right by forcing him to remain in his little hole for such a great length of time? Moreover, is it justice, we repeat, to our hockey manager who has gone insane thinking that hockey season was on again? Is it right, to make our social lights travel on skis over to Smith and Mt. Holyoke to make their Sunday calls. Is it fair, we ask, to

make us miss those moonlight walks with the only girl in the good old springtime? Non, non, non, ayez coeur! What subject are we mostly interested in at the present time?—Spring. What does the poet write about?—Spring. What does the fussier think about?—Spring. Why is Bock Beer? Spring. Therefore, Spring you see it is all spring, so you must get springy and spring a little spring. on us.

*Passed by the Spring Board of Springers.

THE SQUIB



ONE problem that bothers the College Girl
Is that great big laundry bill.
She has to look pretty, neat and clean
When the chaps come over the hill.

So above, we have made a suggestion
How to solve this problem hard,
And if you think it's worth any thanks
We'd be pleased if you'd drop us a card

Or if you're of a generous nature
And not a pleasure us begrudge
You can send us an invitation
To come over and sample your fudge.



NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

The rainy queen her fair maid hailed,
And said "Your brain is foggy."
She stormed, and raved, and finally cooled,
And with an icy stare concluded.
Then this reply did she receive, as she her head
did lift.
"Snow again, I didn't get your drift."



DEFINITIONS OF HEAVEN

Senior—The offer of a job at a few thousand
per(haps) including an auto and a pretty stenog.

Junior—A prom with no expense, lasting six
months, and twice a year.

Sophomore—A new class of frosh every week
to sell chapel hymn books to, and no Triumverate.

Frosh—A college with no sophomore class
and five bolts a day.

THE PERFECT LADY

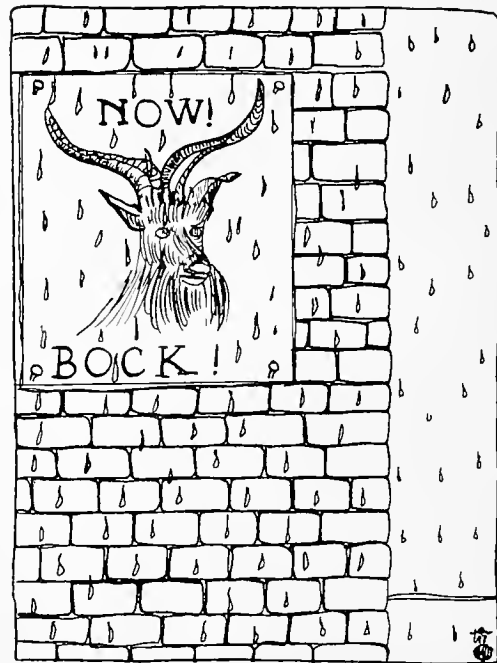
THE perfect lady must have poise
To please the Chesterfieldan boys,
She must possess a "Hints to Cooks"
And throw well sidelong her good looks.

She has to be quite prim and nice
And never eat a college ice,
And sip her Postum without sound
And never slide on spillery ground.

At dances she is sometimes seen
But doesn't think it a bit mean,
If one by one she sits them out
While other ladies whirl about.

And if you ask her to a show,
The perfect lady sure will go,
The movies often fill her need
She even thanks you for your deed.

Her correspondence is divine
She sends a kiss in every line
She even fancies bowers shady
Because she is a perfect lady.



SPRING IS HERE



MOTHER (to little Willie)—Isn't that a pretty
horse?

Willie—Yop, and his name is Damitall.

Mother—Why, Willie what makes you think
that?

Willie—Well the man said "Dam it all, git up."

THE SQUIB

COMMENTS ON THE GAME LAWS FOR DEER

By The Deerslayer

WITH few exceptions, there is no open season for deer, so that they have to be caught on the sly. There are various ways of doing this, but probably the most satisfactory one is to call it sweet names, and when it gets near enough to throw your arms around its neck and feed it "Page and Shaw's Mixed." As to the exceptions, deer having horns not less than three inches long may be taken in enclosed deer parks. This variety is by no means uncommon, in fact they are too numerous. They are not very popular with the amateur sportsman, for they are exceedingly dangerous and when once caught, are expensive and hard to hold.

No person shall take more than two deer in an open season. In one of our western states this law has been repeatedly broken, but the authorities are putting a ban on the habit. It is against the law to chase deer with dogs. This is very unsportsmanlike, and fortunately seldom done. Probably the most unpopular law is the one which states that no deer shall be taken while in the water. This is a law which is repeatedly broken and, in reality, is not given much consideration. During the summer time, if there is an open season, there are a large number caught along the Atlantic seaboard, and also on many of the inland lakes. There is nothing unsportsmanlike about this method of catching deer and it is generally hoped that this law will be repealed.



AT COLLEGE

STARTLING EXPOSURES OF A COLLEGE GIRL

THE committee for the investigation of the conditions of college girls has recently reported some alarming facts. It was found that nine and three fifths girls out of every ten, when attending social functions wear only ten percent of their clothes, that is to say their own clothes, the other forty percent being the clothes of other girls in the house. This little fact is published to calm the minds of those men who hesitate to pop the question because they are afraid that they will not be able to buy their loved one a different coat for every Sunday night.

The committee also has definite information that a trophy is awarded in every house at the end of the year to the girl or girls who succeed in filling your hat with sawdust, rice, etc., while you are in the parlor with the only girl. Other small individual prizes are offered to girls who can stuff two pounds or more of old shoes into your right hand overcoat pocket, the conditions being that visitor when at his departure finds out the charity bestowed upon him, must say "what the hell" or the equivalent.

For this last evil the committee has suggested that the competition rules be changed so as to read two pounds of candy in the clause where it now reads two pounds of old shoes.



AT HOME

THE SQUIB

FROM THE SIMMONS GIRLS



DULY ENSHRINED

PROF—"Miss H., what are the different crystalline forms of sulphur?"

Miss H.—"The Rhombic and Orthopedic."



SAY, Esther, do you know how they summon the deaf mutes to dinner at the asylum?"

"No, how?"

"Ring dumb-bells."

DO you think "It Pays to Advertise" when "The Only Girl" goes "Rolling Stones" "Around the Map" with "Daddy Long Legs?"



ALICE—"Oh, Mary, I think Bunny's Irish, you can tell by his eyes."

Mary (indignantly)—"He is not, he's a Congregationalist!"

THE SQUIB

OH, would I an amoeba were,
Then I'd divide some day
And half of me would come to school
The other half would play!



HEARD after Blue Cards came out:
She failed in shorthand,
Flunked in "Ec."
We heard her softly hiss,
I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss!



FIRST proud parent: My daughter is very
literary; she writes for money and pays all
her college expenses with it.
Second likewise: So does mine—in every letter!



BIOLOGY INSTRUCTOR—What is the only
efficient disinfection in case of contagious
illness?
Brilliant Junior—Disinfect the elbow of the
patient!



COOKING Instructor—Name three things con-
taining starch.
Student—Two collars and a cuff!

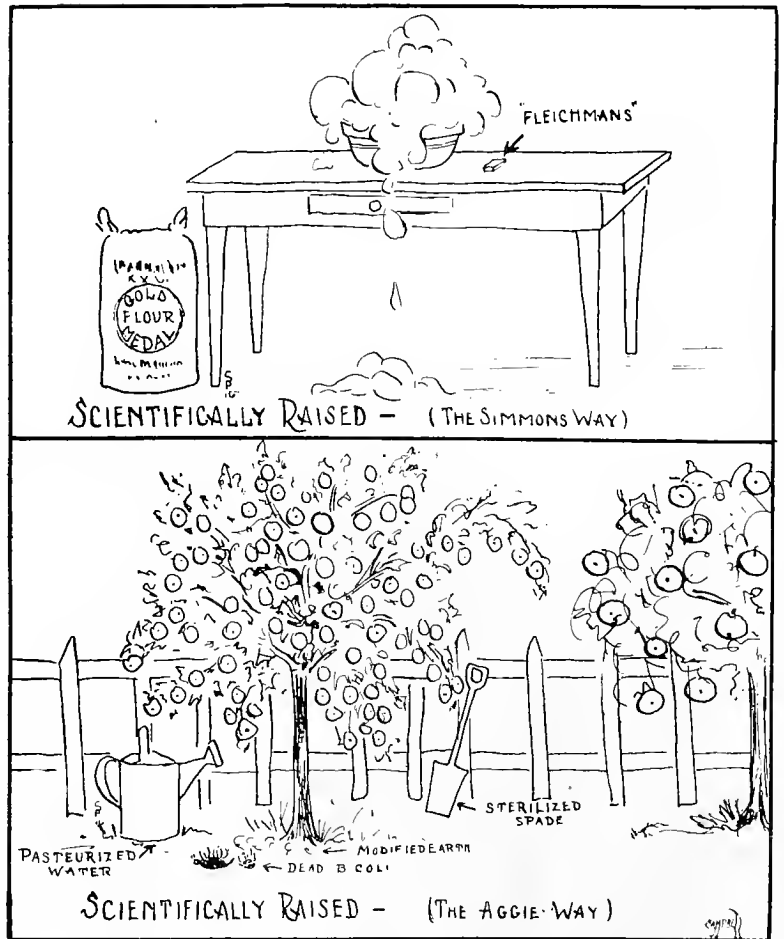


IN Physics—What happens to Brooklyn Bridge
in winter?
Wise Freshie—It contracts and pulls Brooklyn
nearer New York!
IN History—What holds the German states
together?
Answer—Their diet!



FAVORITES IN MUSIC AND POETRY

CHEMISTRY STUDENTS—Break, Break,
Break!
Biology Students—Oh, where, Oh Where has
my little dog gone?
Cooking Students—Anything by Browning or
Burns.
History Students—(during map quizz) Some-
where.
Flunkers—Melody in E Flat.
Entire College—Absent.



TO KATY

SHE'S like a summer's day at midnight,
Sweet like the early cauliflower;—
She's fresh as salt-marsh fields at night,
Where the pink buttercup blows:
She's short and fat this chubby lass
Beyond the greatest Bunny;
But, still 'tis sad I am to say
The lemon is so funny.

But, oh her swift and icy eyes,
Her haughty, prudish wiles:
I love the colleen's heavy sighs;
I love the colleen's smiles,
So, I'll not pine; the chance have I:
Her beauty's mine to see
For if the lemon had a heart
Sure, 'Twould not be for me.



A College girl's Campus as seen by
Our Artist
Menolikethegirls.

THE SQUIB

CALLING ON SUNDAY

SCAN our title. It does not imply an attempted interview with the famous revivalist, nor a treatise on the proper way to attract attention vocally on the "day of rest."

Our idea is a description of the only reliable non-"break"able formula to follow when acting as a volunteer ornament to some young feminine dormitory.

Get to the colony of "mushrooms" by any approved route, but appear as if you had just ordered the chauffeur NOT to wait. Approach the hall with the nougatines or the violets carelessly brought with the left hand. Keep the right hand free. This is important.

Make the customary electrical connection and a girl, not *the* girl will confront you suddenly or thereafter. (Do not lose your grip on the tribute just yet.) Answer the appearance of the intermediary sprite by the password, Miss de Mena, or whoever you left your happy *dorm* for. Remember that the willing relayer of the glad tidings is NOT subject to a tip. Accept her welcome signal to enter.

While waiting for your friend's soft step on the stair, you run through your last English lecture or some other triviality to keep cool.

SHE'S COMING! Don't feint. Just draw yourself up to your full height (like Scotty did), and extend your disengaged right in her general direction. Counter with the left thus delivering the token. Fold up her profuse gratitude in your gloves, and permit her to stow your loose possessions (keep your head now).

Do not rub your palmolive-perfumed-palms together as if about to engage in strenuous exercise. The best seniors are not doing it now. They haven't time, they start right in on some interesting topic as "The Imperceptible Movements of the Earth's crust," or "The development of a Pot Culture of Corned Beef and Cabbage." Here you impress her with your intense individualism and cosmic strength of character.

Then review the legislation of the College Senate for the past week, emphasizing those points which will be of germane interest to her. For example tell her about throwing PEP in the pond and the irrigation of Alumni Field.

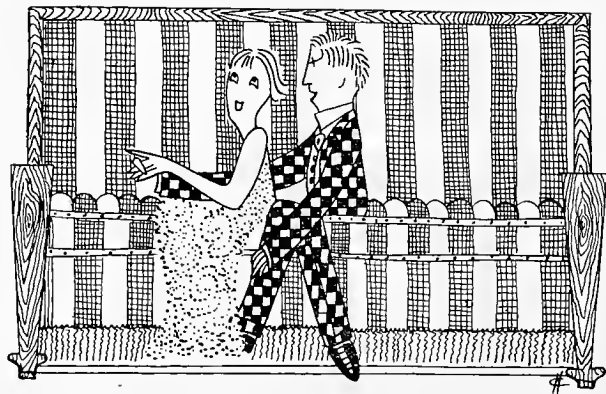
Next inquire fervidly into the results of the inter-class panuchi contest. This will be a hint to her to chafe some do-nuts for you, thus affording you an opportunity to light the match for her and otherwise demonstrate your cultured ways. Talk seriously on everything but the Davenport in which you may become immersed.

Weigh your words in your heart and word your way to hers. Show her your Social Union pass and elucidate its intrinsic value. Pretend a defect in auditory ability and sit less farther away to solve this important rural problem.

Display a photo of yourself on a hike, discuss the otiose value of short pedestrian meanders and suggest a local topographical elevation as the climax. . . . But by this time your time has expired, if not your originality in sparkling conversation.

Part with a clean-cut expression of mutual felicity, forget to take the volume of "Cornfield's Poims," and depart with a smile which may be carried over in the next call. Protect your retreat by a wave of the hand. Then a wave of REMORSE inundates your consanguine exuberance . . . What about the girl at home?

MORAL—To every Call there is an equal and opposite Call-down. **BUT . . .**



HOLDING THE STAKES

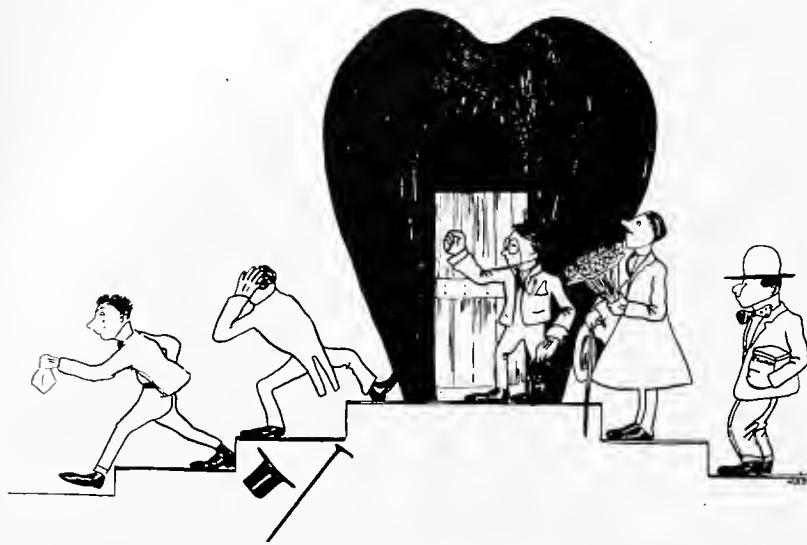
MARIAN—"I'll bet you don't know how to hold any one in your lap."

Lewis—"I'll take you up on that."



A HIGHLY COLORED ARTICLE

ARE the books in the library red because the librarian is Green? Billy's black and tangent dog blue into the library and knocked down a pile of books that the librarian had just oranged. The librarian gave the purple and the dog let out a yellow pain, which disturbed a student of Raggie Fakonomics who was marooned in the library for the night. We admit that there is not a very good tinge to this article but if we were in the pink_of_condition we would have done it up_brown.



LOVE



UNKNOWN EPIDEMIC RAISES HAVOC WITH THE STUDENTS AT M. A. C.

Watch Your Step

THERE has come to the attention of *Squibby* since the first of the year an unusual number of cases of a disease which in some cases is or has been much dreaded, and in others has been welcomed with open arms. Some dodge it persistently and others openly court infection. We turned the matter over to the nurses at the infirmary, but they threw up their hands in horror and declared that they would have nothing to do with the matter as they considered this disease so nearly incurable that there is no fun experimenting with it.

We find that the only relief of this sickness is death with but one other alternative and even that is doubtful. As we mentioned above some evade it, others put themselves out to get it. The germ is in its most active stages during the summer-time, due perhaps to the favorable weather conditions. The Microbiology Club has been investigating this plague and has discovered that the symptoms of this disease manifest themselves immediately, and in some cases develop very slowly. Often the victim does not discover that he has succumbed to this malady until he has been away for some time from the place and the people with whom he associated at the time of the infection. These are really the most piteous cases, as it is apt to be a great shock to the patient when he finds out what a predicament he is in and is invariably absolutely helpless.

As the Medical men have refused aid in this matter, we feel that it is our duty to explain some of the symptoms and a possible cure. One of the most notable symptoms is palpitation of the heart. At times the action of the heart is increased to as much as two hundred beats a minute, and then again at times will stand perfectly still. Another symptom is forgetfulness. Your thoughts are inclined to wander from the task at hand and a vacant dreamy look comes to your eyes. Sometimes a great literary instinct is born and you write page after page of marvelous fiction, only to condemn them to the waste basket, as your pen refuses to convert into words the thoughts which your brain creates. Often insomnia is a prominent feature. You toss around in agony for a few hours before you finally drop off in slumber which is filled with dreams of times to come. It is also quite an expensive proposition to be infected. Your allowances are always insufficient to cover the expenses of this disease. Naturally some one must reap a harvest because of this epidemic, so we find the florist, the confectioner, and we might say, any person who is in a position to bring about the most severe cases, becoming millionaires.

The name of this disease is simple—L-O-V-E. The only cure as far as we have been able to ascertain is death. You can die in two ways—the natural way—or get married.



FUSSER'S FOIBLES

Scene—Cuddling closely in the back row of the movies.

He—The lights will be out in a minute.

Scene—Sofa in reception room, parties at extreme ends.

He—We have been friends for two years.

Scene—Panting after he has stopped for breath, at the edge of Paradise.

She—You have ceased to love me.

Scene—Wiping face with freshly tinted handkerchief, at an informal.

He—Things are seldom what they seem.

Scene—Sudden and effusive affection Wednesday night.

She—Is there an informal coming Saturday?

Scene—Standing dejectedly and dry mouthed on the porch.

She—Have you left anything?

THE SQUIB

(From Our Co-Eds)

CAMPUS CO-EDS

THE campus was shrouded in darkness,
A gloom settled over each man,
The horror-struck faculty waited,
On the campus a news-bringer ran.
And what do you think was the meaning
Of all this excitement and grief?
Ah, well it was just a new comer—
But—she was a girl—to be brief.

Excitement subsided but slowly
For next year another one came
There must not be co-eds at Aggie!
But then, Sir, just who was to blame?
They come, and each year brings some new ones
And now 1919 boasts nine.
And some day we hope they will be saying
Why—50—my, but that's fine.

And now, there's commotion on campus
At first p'raps they couldn't do much,
But now they are only just waiting
To pop up and show there's none-such!
'Twas their clothes acting parts in the Prom show,
Though the Co-eds in wonder looked on
And hoped that some day good Fortune
Would give them a chance to perform.

My fancy has painted the Co-eds;
In line down the campus they filed.
Each carries a sign with inscription
(They're not suffragists, don't get riled).
The first sign says "Co-eds of '19"
Will enforce Freshmen rules this next year";
The second, "Co-eds in Dramatics?"
We'll get there sometime, never fear."

A sign down the line somewhat further
Suggests to the men of "A"
That one twentieth of their number
In class meetings are seen.
But what of this fanciful picture?
Do you suppose it will ever come true,
That Co-eds be a part of the college
And "shine" by the things that they do?



ALSO HEARD AT THE HASH HOUSE

WAITER—Do you want your eggs well done?
Coed—No, rare, please.

MISS SAU SAGE'S ADVICE TO LOVELORN

Dear Miss Sau Sage,

I am a young college man and to say the least am considered very good looking on some days especially on Wednesdays since I am required to drink three glasses of milk on that day. But I have one great detriment which has caused me a great deal of embarrassment, namely, that I have a twitching eye, which I probably acquired in New York while gazing at the fairer sex as they boarded the street cars. A few days ago I paid a visit to a young college girl, and while sitting in the reception room this eye of mine wouldn't behave. It winked at the other girls present and it even had the audacity to wink at the matron. Naturally that was my first and probably last visit. What I want to know is—how can I overcome this habit?

Twitchingly yours

I. Winker.

Dear Mr. I. Winker,

Without a doubt you are in a serious predicament and true enough I find it very difficult to answer your request. Of course you could use an eye shade, but as you say that you are good looking on Wednesdays especially, it would be foolish to wear this shade on any other day as it would detract so much the more from your beauty. I have heard said that a piece of bacon kept in close proximity to your eye would cause a pig sty which essentially would weaken your eye string, thus preventing your eye from twitching and causing you to twitter. This would not be very economical as bacon at the present time is very dear. You might try keeping your eyes closed but this would probably cause you a lot of trouble, especially when calling on your college girl friend, you might put your arms around another fellow's girl. I trust that you may gather something useful from my answer.

Twittering yours,

Miss Sau Sage.



AMHERST?

Bystander—Where are you going?

Fire Dept.—There's a fire down in South Amherst.

Bystander—But there's another fire in North Amherst.

Fire Dept.—Keep it going, I'll be right back.

THE SQUIB

(FROM THE SMITH GIRL)

A SMITH GIRL'S DIARY

Monday—Went down-town this morning. Got a new suit of silk under-mentionables. Had a chocolate fudge. I lost a glove. Edith's man called last night and dropped a card-case on the floor. I have to do Psyche tomorrow.

Tuesday—Edith's John called again last night. I think I should like him. Paul called me up this afternoon, the boob, but I said I was busy. I walked by the parlor three times with the card-case, but Edie wouldn't present me. Had a bracelet on, too.

Wednesday—I saw John down-town this afternoon. I walked up and told him I had his card-case. Gee! I didn't know I had such nerve. I have to study Bible tonight. Darn it all!

Thursday—Oh, Gee. John called up today and asked me if he could come over for his case tomorrow night. Gee, Won't Edie be sore. I don't care. I guess I'll show him "Paradise." Flunked a German quiz today. I hope John isn't German, but Platt does not sound like a German name.

Friday—Gosh, Edie was sore when I walked out with her man tonight. He is a peach. I just adore grey eyes. He uses Djer Kiss and smokes Milos. They made me cough. I found a dandy new place tonight. He is coming tomorrow night.

Saturday—Darn it. I flunked another quiz today. John and I found another new place tonight. I adore Page and Shaw's. I hope that fool maid didn't see me come in the window. He is going to take me to the Kimball some afternoon. He plays baseball. I guess I'll get a rule book; I wonder what you ask for though.

Sunday—John had to make his Sunday call on Edith tonight. She glared at me when he came, but I went right down and gave him his card case. She was wild. She dragged him out for a walk. I think they fought all evening, because she was positively boorish when she returned. I don't care, because he is going to Glee Club with me. Ruth Shelton had a corking man tonight, I wonder what his name is.

Etc., etc., etc.,



CURSORY REMARKS HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS

(On thinking it over, we think it best not to repeat them.)

(FROM THE MT. HOLYOKE GIRL)

THE MT. HOLYOKE GIRL'S DIARY

Monday—Vespers were wonderful last night. I do wish I could get Oscar to come over some afternoon and go with me. I do know he would enjoy them. Phoebe's man came up from New York day before yesterday and they had supper in the Jap room after Vespers. We are wild to know when she is going to announce it.

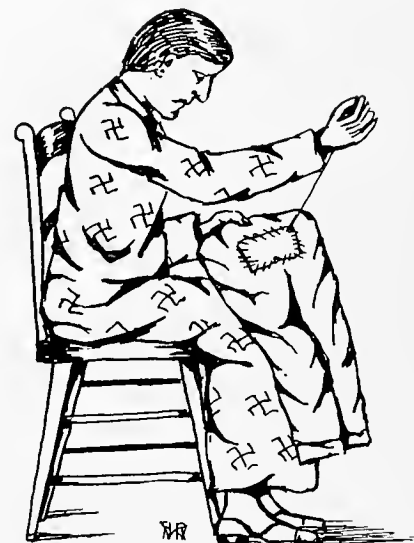
Tuesday—"Mac" stuck me in an Ec. recitation this morning. That little fool of a sophomore who lives off campus laughed and gave me away. If I should tell where I saw her last Wednesday night, I guess she would mind her own business.

Wednesday—Spent five hours in the Libe today. Weather beautiful.

Thursday—Spent four hours in the Libe doing Bible, Ec, and Psyche. Mildred had a freshman over from Amherst tonight. She says she knew him at home. I would hate to acknowledge it if I were she.

Friday—I hoped Oscar would call up this afternoon, but nothing doing. I wonder who he is going to see now? Four of us had tea at the "House" at five. Mary has a copy of "Snappy" which she has promised me for tomorrow night.

Saturday—That boob Oscar called up this afternoon and I had to give up "Snappy" for him. We talked about studies and himself. I wish I could get Bill to come over again. I would go up on Prospect with him if he would, now. Helen has the pink-eye. Four fellows from the house where her man lives, have gone home with it in the last two weeks. I wonder why?



WHEN A MAN NEEDS A WIFE
Girls take heed

THE SQUIB

FROM THE DIARY OF A COLLEGE GIRL
Wednesday:

I wonder if Jack is going to take me to the next informal. I think I love him, although not so much as Percy, back home. I wonder if Perc. is going around with that horrid Miss Phoolish, while I am up here at college. I wonder if Jack has a girl at home, I don't think he has because he never told me anything about her, and he always tells me everything.

Thursday:

Jack telephoned over today and asked me if I could go to the informal with him. He is such a dear, I think that I love him more than Perc. We had a darned old fire drill today, they are such a nuisance I would rather burn. If there were a fire here and Percy and Jack were here I'll bet a powder puff that they would save me. Oh I just dote on being saved. Last summer at the beach all the boys knew me because I was saved the first day I got there.

Friday—

The informal comes tomorrow and I am so nervous I could stamp my foot. Lillian's pumps are a little small but I guess that I can stand that all right, and Ruth's bracelet looks simply great on my arm, and Grace's coat will look fine. I am going to bed now and have a nice long sleep for Jack will be over tomorrow afternoon. I think I love Jack every bit as much as Percy.

Saturday:

I had a wonderful time at the informal, Jack is so graceful and nice when he dances, he reminds me of Vernon Castle only he is not so silly looking. I wish I knew what he says to the other girls when he is dancing with them. They don't let those horrid town boys with those brown army shirts

up in the balcony any more now. I am glad, because the Aggie boys can sit up there now. They are much better looking than those old town boys and I winked at one today when Jack wasn't looking. Oh I wish I knew whom I loved more Percy or Jack. I think that I will write to Beatrice Hairflax and ask her about it. Jack told me that he was going to Dicky Rahars before he goes home tonight, to see a friend. I hope that he doesn't stay too long because some one told me that they served raspberry sundaes over there, and Jack might like them so much that he would miss the last car.



FADS AND FASHIONS AS SEEN IN THE 'BOSTON POST

"Sleeves are short, above the elbow.

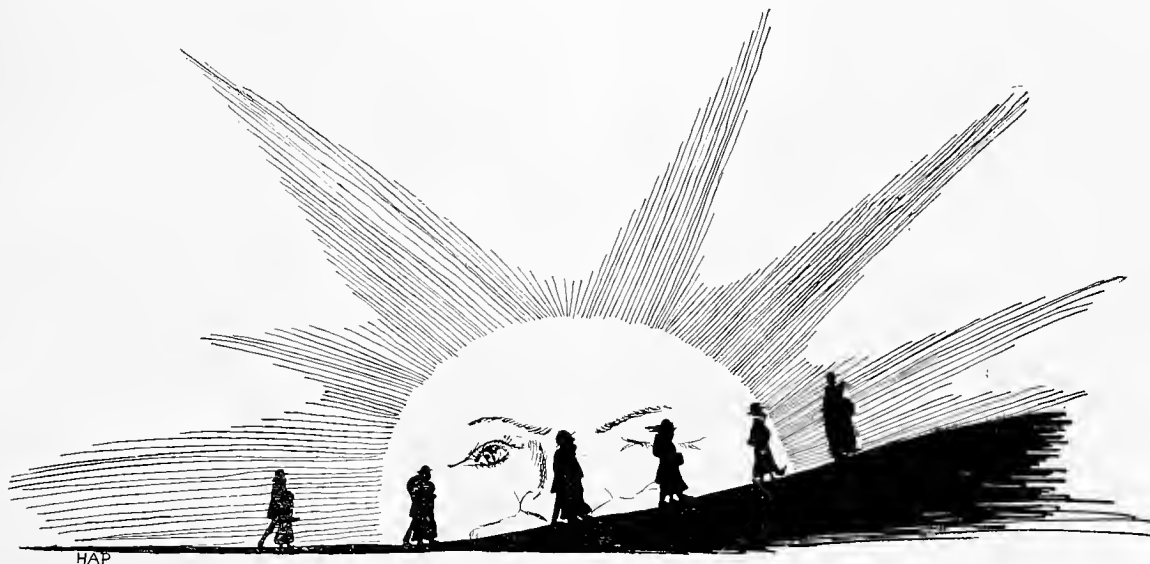
Fine, I say, splendid. At last a common-sense style has been wished on us which will keep our cuffs from wilting in the good old summer time. Take your suits to the tailor, boys, and have your sleeves cut off well above the elbow. A pretty frill of Georgette Crepe might be added to finish the edge.

"Kid trimmings will be used on the spring suits."

We suppose any little kid picked up on the street will be all right to decorate your suit with.

"Very high straight, wrinkled collars appear on the spring suit."

Somehow it doesn't appeal to me to buy a suit the collar of which is already wrinkled for I generally manage to wrinkle it too often anyway.



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FOR MARRIED WOMEN

Ten Commandments for Wives

By Mrs. Sheffield

- I. Thou shalt not nag.
- II. Thou shalt keep thy temper to thyself.
- III. Thou shalt not bore thy husband:
- IV. Remember that thou keep unholy his many socks. Six days shalt thou frivol and do all the things thou lovest to do, but on the seventh—think! Remember his linen, to see that it is spotless. Provide thou the extra stud for the emergency that will come, and watch lest the suit that hath been pressed is not returned to its accustomed nail, as it will be the one he asketh for.

V. Honor thy husband and let him do exactly as he pleaseth, that thy praise may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not ask him any questions, neither in the morning nor at the noonday hour, nor at night, for whatsoever a man wanteth thee to know that will he tell thee unsolicited, and a question mark is a book that catcheth who knows what.

VII. Thou shalt not complain. Verily a complaining woman is worse than a shoe that pincheth.

VIII. Thou shalt not steel thy heart against his hobbies.

IX. Thou shalt obey him—sometimes. Uncertainty hath charms when minds are masculine.

X. Thou shalt be fresh and sweet and dainty as a shower bouquet, for lingerie is more to be desired than rubies, and a good cook above Government bonds.

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ON TRIOLETS

A triolet is hard to write—
But not when one is clever.
As is a wicked deed of spite,
A triolet is hard to right,
And poets who are not over-bright
Will they attempt it?—Never!*

A triolet is hard to write—
But not when one is clever.
*Well, hardly ever!

—Jester.

A REAL COMEBACK

Ma—David! you know you are
not to play with your soldiers on
the Sababth.

Col. David—But I'm playing that
this is the Salvation Army.

—Judge.

SOME BLUFF

The Ever-cheerful One (to him
who staggers beneath heavy basket)
—Quite a load you've got there, eh,
my good man?

My Good Man (wrathfully)—
Load, hell! It's the icy pavement
makes me walk this way.

—Jack-O'Lantern.

DEEP STUFF

He—I wonder why these girls
wear such short skirts now days.

She—Oh, for two reasons!

—Cornell Widow.

Dolly—And you tell me that you
have graduated from the school of
experience?

Cholly—Ah yes.

Dolly—I'll bet it was a night
school.

—Tiger.

ACTIONS SPEAK

Bertha Mae—So you told Paul
of your love?

Sister Clara—Well—a—not just
exactly that—we just went through
the motions.

—Argwan.

TOO TRUE

"What makes the crowd gather
so over there?"

"Oh, vulgar curiosity, I suppose.
Let's go over."

—Lampoon.

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HOURS

WHICH?

"What's that? They don't pay
day-wages in Ford's factory?"

"No sah? Even Ford himself is
doing peace work."

—*Pelican.*

At registration—Where were you
born?

Maiden—Nebraska.

Clerk—What part?

Maiden—All of me, of course.

—*Awegwan.*

She—Oh dear, do you know Jas-
mine got the cutest little table for
her birthday, all you have to do is
press a lever and it changes into a
desk.

He—That's nothing, all I had to
do was to press the steering wheel
on my auto and it turned into a
telephone post.

—*The Widow.*

Rummy—Say, but I gotta swell
job this summer. Easy work.

Roomy—I bite, what is it?

Rummy—Workin' in a bolt fac-
tory doin' 'nuttin.'

—*The Widow.*

SOME DISTINCTION

Proud Mother of Freshman—
My son, why do all the young men
wear soft shirts?

Freshman (hesitating)—Why,
mother, I really am not sure, but
I think it's to distinguish them from
the assistant professors.

—*Yale Record.*

? ? ?

He—May I spend this evening
with you?

She—And what else?

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

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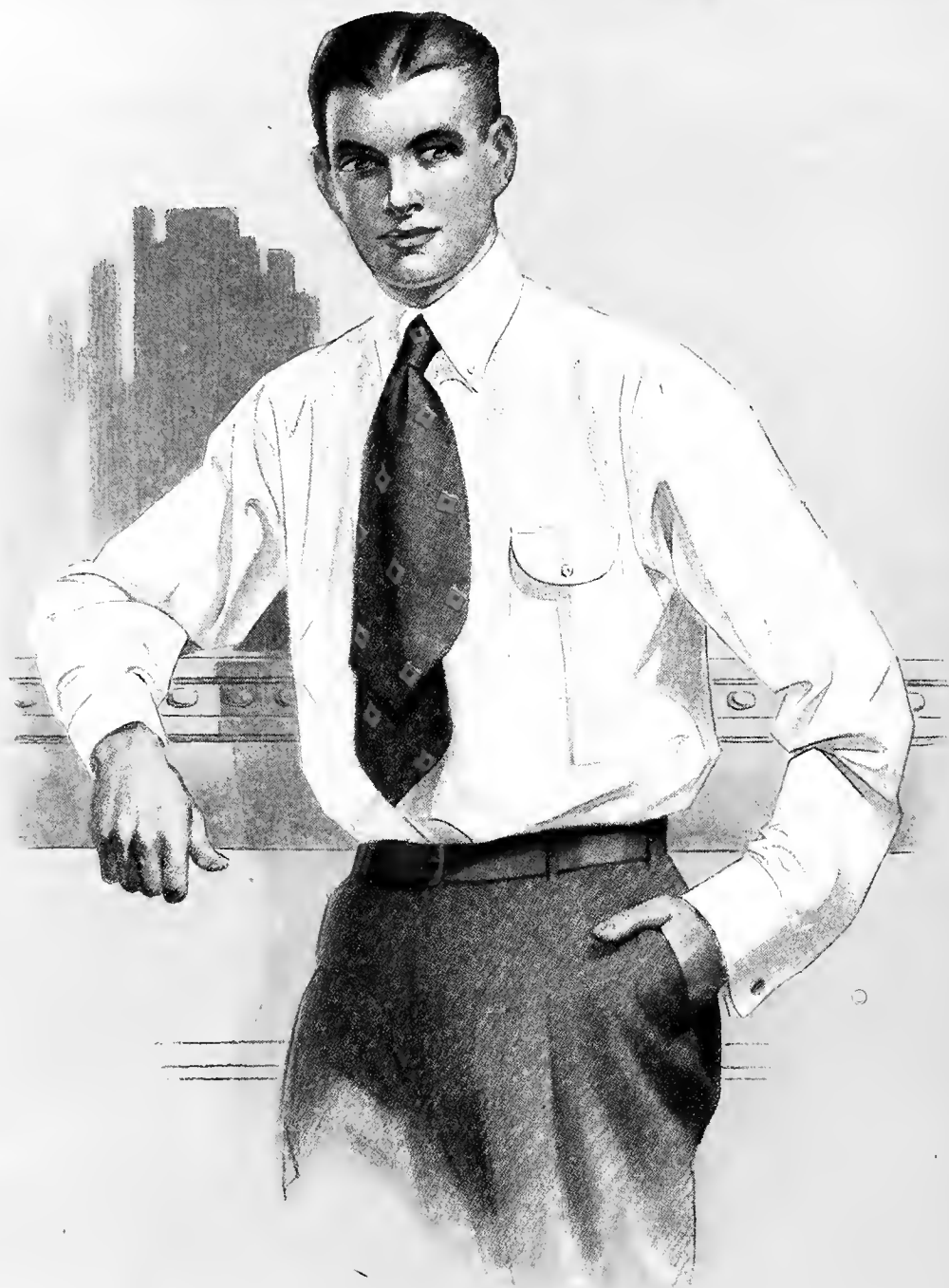
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SQUIB



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The freshmen class was raw and green.
Says Lampshade, "What does dogma mean?"
A bright guy stuck his right hand up—
"It means a dog that has a pup."
—*Jack-o-Lantern,*

The size of her hand you can judge by her glove,
For that there is needed no art;
But you never can judge of the depth of the love
Of a girl by the sighs of her heart.
—*Froth.*

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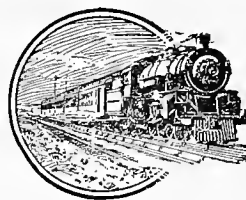
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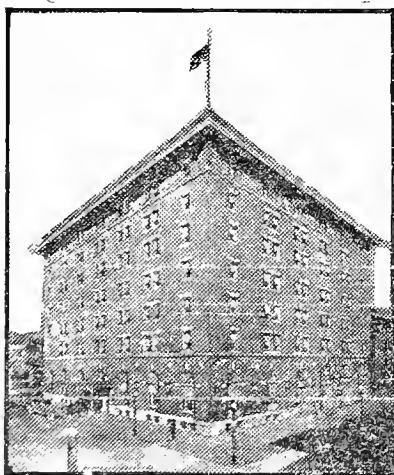
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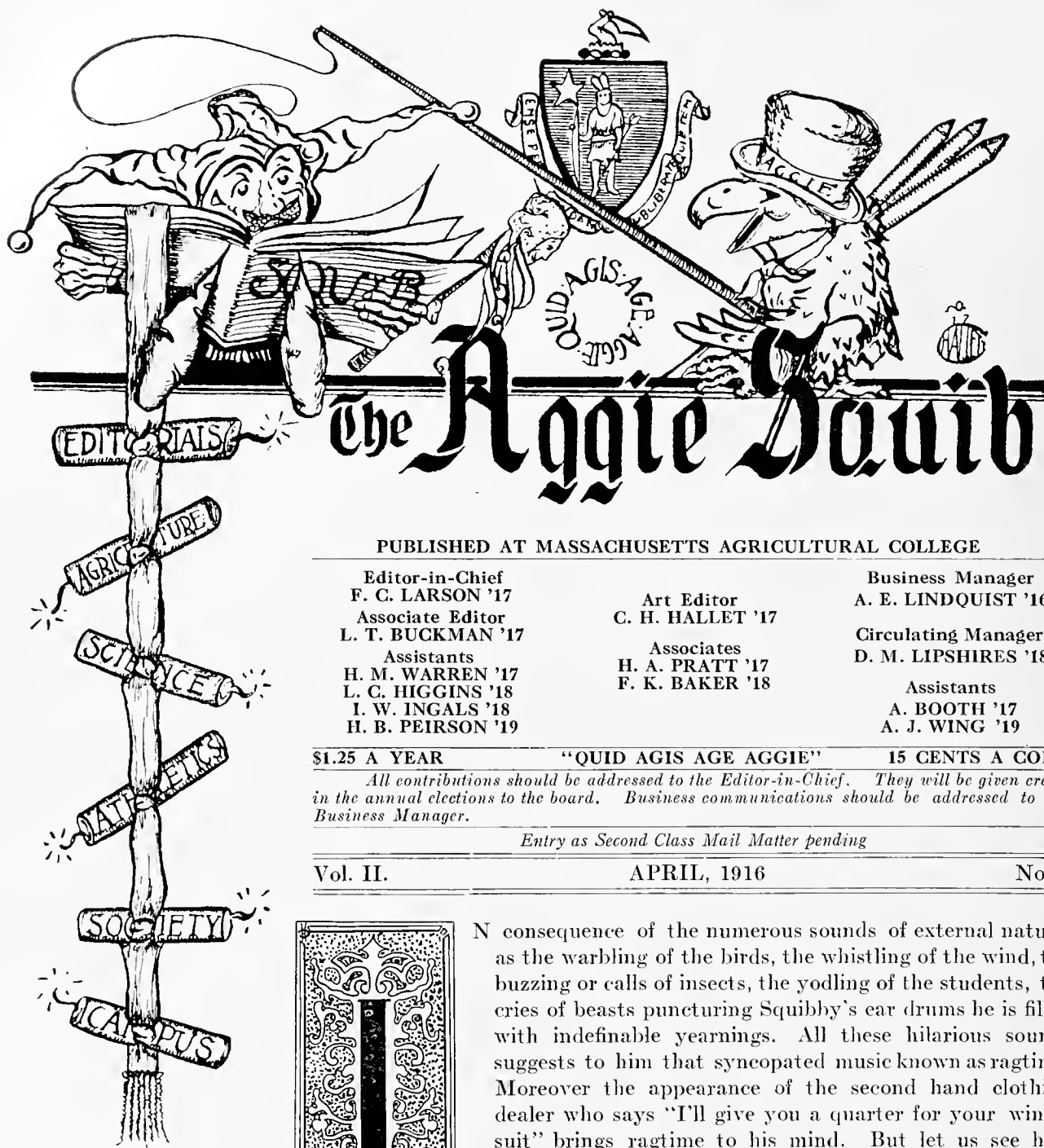
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Spring is here
And brings good cheer,
Air is balmy and subline
With that raggy ragtime.



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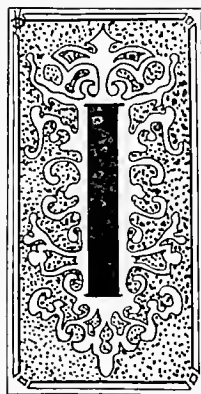
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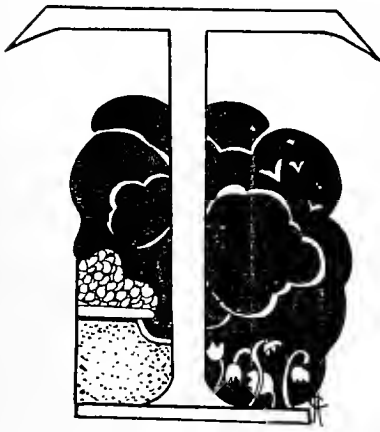
No. 8



IN consequence of the numerous sounds of external nature, as the warbling of the birds, the whistling of the wind, the buzzing or calls of insects, the yodling of the students, the cries of beasts puncturing Squibby's ear drums he is filled with indefinable yearnings. All these hilarious sounds suggests to him that syncopated music known as ragtime. Moreover the appearance of the second hand clothing dealer who says "I'll give you a quarter for your winter suit" brings ragtime to his mind. But let us see how ragtime originated.

Song as *Squibby* understands it, is primarily a form of speech, and is derived from some attempt to work off surplus energy. A person usually works off this superfluity when he is feeling happy and always at the most inopportune time. We find this particularly true with Mr. Newlywed's baby who sings in the wee hours of the morning. Music also stimulates emotional excitement and helps to maintain muscular and nervous energy. Of course ragtime first began in Adam's time, for it was his duty to play "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" on his Syrin, to Eve "At the End of a Perfect Day." Later on in the ages we trace the rhythmic motions of the music with some recurrent noise, like handclapping, which prevailed among the negroes. Moreover, we find the rhythm of singing tends to induce bodily motions and thus inevitably brings dancing and song together. Mr. Newlywed is again on the job and we see him dancing to the midnight song of their only child. Thus we have obtained one of the essentials of life RAGTIME, how could we do without it?

THE SQUIBB



HE question that has long been of importance on college campuses is one concerning the attitude that should be maintained between the students and professors especially when they meet on the street and *Squibby* will now endeavor to shed a little light on the subject. Time was when the seekers after knowledge thought nothing of shying several snowballs at some old, absent-minded professor as he strolled down the wintry street trying to puzzle out a way to define the fourth dimension but those times are no more. Now-a-days the words that we hear emphasized are "Noblesse oblige" and *Squibby* is heartily in favor of the sentiment expressed although he may not know their literal translation. He believes that all professors, no matter how insignificant, should be treated with as much dignity as they can command, which, however, varies somewhat with the individual. Of course a new instructor on a college campus must expect to be greeted with such salutations as "Hi, old boy,"

until he has established his identity because some of them don't look so very much different from other people after all. Therefore it is with the utmost conviction that *Squibby* endorses this movement and hopes that the time will soon come when all professors will be so far removed from ordinary people that they will be treated with as much awe and dignity as kings and emperors.



THE SQUIB

HOW RAGTIME WAS CHRISTENED

OF course you all know the difference between Ragtime and Classical music. If you express a liking for Classical music you are educated, and if you tell people you are crazy about ragtime, you are ignorant.

Now, once upon a time, as all good stories begin, there was a great composer. Of course the great composers were all once upon a time. Well, not to depart from the serious subject under discussion, this great composer was a great personal friend of mine, so I won't mention his name, for I don't want him to turn in his grave. I'll just call him Padherhinski for short—or for long if you want. I don't care how long you call him that. My friend P. was the best writer of Classical music. In fact, his classical music had so much class to it that the classy people had all they could do to master one of his pieces in a year, more or less, depending on how classy the people were. Consequentially, the sale of these pieces diminished gradually until there was nothing left to diminish, for people found they had laid in a stock sufficient to supply their musical appetites for generations and generations. But the proceeds, financially, from the sale of this classical music was not even sufficient for the present generation.

He was finally reduced to utter poverty and was at the point of departing from this cold and cruel world (it was in the winter time). He said he would write his own requiem, but he was so weak from fasting that he could only work spasmodically so some notes were made longer than others and the time was jerky and uneven. When he had it completed he asked a number of friends to come and hear it. It proved to be such an original and unusual piece of music that the people welcomed it with open arms as a break in the monotony of the classy stuff.

His requiem sold so well that he pulled his foot out of the grave and is still writing what he called ragtime, for the music or noise, whichever you choose to call it was written during the most ragged time of his life.



POPULAR MUSIC

THERE'S A Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway
When you Come to the End of a Perfect Day
In Inky, Winky, Blinky Chinatown.



"SOMEBODY KNOWS"



AS I was walking across the square I met an Aggie Student
"Where are you going," says he.
"For a pie," says I.
"For who?" says he.
"For ma," says I.
"— —," says he.
"— —," says I,
"I'll meet you bye and bye."



SHE AND HE ARE OUT WALKING

SHE—Who is that tramp that just tipped his hat as he passed us?
He—That wasn't a real tramp my dear, just one of our (R) Aggie boys out for a tramp.



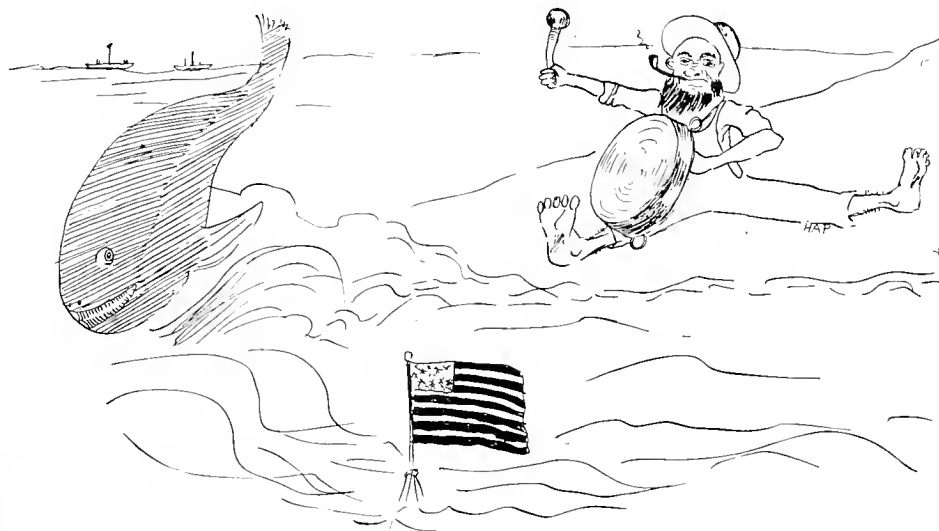
PHUN—Say old man you certainly treat your stenographer fine.
Sun—Why shouldn't I, I can dictate to her.



WHAT WON'T WE DO FOR A SMOKE?

STUDE—May I ask you for the next one step?
Smith Girl—I promised it to Jack.
Stude—Yes, I know, but he sold it to me for a "Making."

THE SQUIB



"WHEN OLD BILL BAILEY PLAYED THE UKULELE"



INTUITION

FROSH—How did you get all this money?

Bosh—Oh, intuition.

Frosh—How's that?

Bosh—The treasurer forgot to put it on my bill,
so I'm in tuition.



LOCAL COLOR

MISTRESS (to colored maid)—"Mary do you
know where the shoe-blackening brush is?"

Mary—"Yes mum, I done used it for a powder
puff last night, and I forgot to put it back."



WILD BUT TAME

FATHER—See here, son, I don't want to hear
of you being around with that girl any more.
She has the reputation of being rather wild.

Son—She's not wild at all father, in fact I can
get up quite close to her.



A SUMMARY

KINDLY old gent—Rastus, do you take your
vacation in the winter time?

Rastus—No sah, Ah summarizes.



MISTRESS (To new maid)—How did these
horrible men get into this house?

New Maid—"They filed in one by one, mum."

Mistress—"Filed their way in! Good Heavens,
burglars."

TIM—That guy has a mighty head on his
shoulders.

Jim—You're right he has, I saw one crawling
on his neck.



AMHERST MAIDENS

TOBACCO in the silt doth grow, and onions ply
their trade between

The Aggie boys walk to and fro, and leave their
sweat shirts on the green.

"But who are those who stroll about, upon the
sward so cool and damp?"

"Why those the local maidens are, who drive the
Aggie boys to Hamp."

As to the P. O. I did pass, to send the laundry to
my home

From East Street they came up en masse, and this
idea came in my dome,

"Why don't the college boys get wise?" I asked of
one, "Why turn your back?"

He said "We shun the goo-goo eyes, in Amherst
by the C. V. track."



GREEN—What are you going to major in?
Greener—Veterinary Science.

Green—Do you think you will like it?

Greener—Yup, I've always liked to cut up
more or less.



MANY OF THEM

"SHE has a lot of courage, hasn't she?"
 "Why not, she is betrothed to a man named
 Menysohns."



ADAPTABILITY

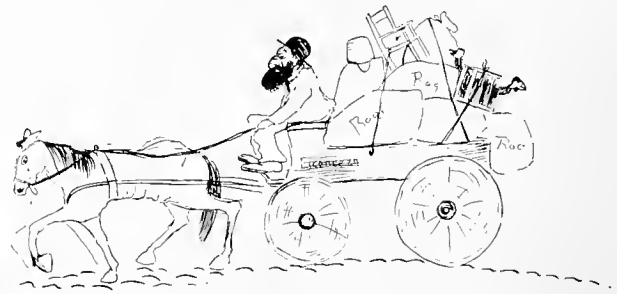
HE had two legs, just skinny pegs, but they
 were useful in his biz
 For charity he begged around, with lumbago and
 rheumatiz.



"REGISTER surprise" said Mr. Movie Man;
 Register disgust and look unhappy as you
 can;
 Register delight; show joy in your eyes;
 Register anxiety before the hero dies."
 We are like the movie actors every single day,
 We register 'most anything that happens in the
 "play,"
 We even think we mean it if it fits into our part,
 But there's blame few times we register the
 thing that's next our heart.



HASHER—I ordered pork chops, and I only
 got one.
 Waiter—That's funny, I gave it an extra chop
 before I came out.



HOW TO COMPOSE RAGTIME

IN order to write ragtime you must select some
 squeamish, startling title. Any of the follow-
 ing may be selected as they have been passed by
 the National Board of Matrons

Let me be Your Little Wriggling Tapeworm.
 He Bought His Wife a Rolling Pin to Keep the
 Ice Man Away.
 He sat in the Parlor and Saw the Stove Poker
 in the ribs.

Please Sell my Corpse for Fifty Cents and Give
 the Money to Dad.

Mother has Hocked the Canary in Order to
 Buy a Ford.

Father Has Turned on the Hot Water to Give
 the Goldfish a Bath.

After your good taste has determined which
 one of the above would be most likely to make
 you a millionaire, go to a bank or to the Bursar
 and obtain as many sixty day notes as possible.
 If you are fortunate you will get notes which are
 both high and low and some of them longer than
 others. Now use a little "horse sense" and by
 rubbing a rag over these notes you attain the
 proper rhythm of ragtime. Thus, you have the
 music but not the text of the song.

In the first line say "Sweetheart, will'st thou be
 mine?" In the second line mention the fact that
 she is as beautiful as the clinging ivy vine. Be sure
 and use the word "Dear" in every other line and
 end the song with a kiss underneath the silvery
 moon. Thus your song is complete, now all you
 have to do is to publish it.



JUDGE—Aren't you ashamed of yourself for
 attacking a defenceless man?

Prisoner—He wasn't defenceless your honor, he
 had two bills and a bad cent.

THE SQUIB

EASTER SUNDAY



"ALL THE BIRDS COULD SEE"
HATS



THE TRAIN HOME

P'R'HAPS home ain't much but a coop, five
by four;

Not a motor in the garage; gloom sour
Where there ought to be a sweetheart's gentle
voice.

P'r'haps home is even worse than that—no
choice,
But ain't it good to hit the train that's going
home?

P'r'haps you've hit a quizz where you wanted,
Seen a 95 against your name undaunted
On the books: p'r'haps had a flush in poker,
A shining glass of—yes old toper,
But ain't it good to hit the train that's going
home?

Everything's so friendly there and true,
Seems as if the town said "Howdy-Do":
P'r'haps there ain't no sweetheart every day,
Pr'haps there ain't jollity, frivolity, say—
But ain't it good to hit the train that's going
home?



TRANSLATION GEM—"Plia la carte."

Unprepared student faintly murmurs, "He
pushed the cart."

E. C. (writing a theme on "Crowds")—"And
the people swarming from the place looked like
so many hosts of ants—don't you think that
makes a good climax, Mary?"

M. T.—"Anticlimax, I should call it."

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

I have seen your valuable advise to college
men and thought perhaps you might be able to
help me out.

There is a young man who has formed the habit
of coming over to see me two or three times a
week. Every time he comes he stays so late
that the matron has to request him to leave. I
never sing or play for him after nine o'clock,
hoping that he will be bored enough to go, but
it doesn't do any good. He is a very hearty eater
and always monopolizes the fudge dish.

Kindly tell me what you think of this strange
case.

Your puzzled

College Girl.

Have you investigated this young man's
financial standing? Perhaps he hasn't a steady
lodging house and appreciates the opportunity
of warming his feet at your expense. Your
ever-ready plate of fudge probably enables him
to save in his supper money the evenings he
calls on you. No doubt he is looking for you
to ask him to be a steady boarder. This is
leap year you know. You say you never sing or
play for him after nine o'clock. Probably he
enjoys his visit more after you have stopped your
entertainment and lingers to make up for the
time spent in listening to you. He may think
he has earned that privilege of prolonging his
visit. Next time he comes, try the excuse of
being out of cocoa and his hunger may drive
him away before the dog cart closes.



BROTHER TO THE GIRL WITH THE WRIGLEY EYES?

"Don't be so restless," the teacher said,

"I'm sorry but can't help it mum,"

Sassed Willie, ducking his little head,

'Cause I'm chewing Wrigley gum.

THE SQUIB



RAG TIME MUSIC

RAG time music is very useful, for without it we could have no informals or proms, and then what would be the sense in going to college. Rushing season with no rag time would be like a gin rickey with the gin left out. Rag time is used by college men (after graduation) for putting the baby to sleep, one note usually sufficing to stun the child. It is a very easy matter to write a rag time song, the process being as follows: First take parts of Irving Berlin's latest hits and then make the rest up by whistling to yourself. Now you have the music all written. For the words, get a girl in your home town, preferably one whose name rhymes well, bid her farewell and take a trip of a couple of hundred miles or so to a lonely country village, or to New York with no money in your pocket, the effect in both cases being the same. Then start to brood over your troubles and wish yourself back with your sweetheart. As these thoughts go running thru your mind, rhyme them and put them on paper. To be sure of success always take some part of "Home Sweet Home." The publishers are now crawling over each other to get your song. Once it is published it will be sung in every motion picture house in the country and after every body has forgotten it, you will hear it at the Amherst Town Hall.



BEANWORK

NUT—Why don't you use your bean once in a while?

Nutty—*What's the use.* You wouldn't know if I was using it anyway.



IODINE—Hasn't he got a rich voice?
Chlorine—Yes, it sounds well off.

FEMINIST JITNEY RAG

OH happily I'll greet the day, when I will gaily have to pay
A nickel to a street car dame, some Moll, a Susie, or a Mame.

In vain she'll cry out "Move up front,"
The rear platform will bear the brunt
Of passengers from everywhere
When lady "CONS" collect the fares.



BANQUET seasons, like cut hair are a by-product of barberism.



SMITHSONIAN POETIC ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS

CULTURED She—Have you seen Spoon River?"

Visiting He—No, does it run near Dippy Hill?



NOTICE

THE janitors of the West Side of the campus hereby issue a Sweeping challenge to the janitors of the East Side of the campus. Manager Young of the West Siders has been brushing up on the fine points of janitorial courtesy, and Manager Nash of the East Siders has a new scheme of team work. We do not know just how this will pan out.



A FATHER oyster and his son were swimming in the stew,

The father to the son did say "This is the tenth that we've been thru

Just then a man sat down to eat, so the father with a frown,

Behind an oyster cracker dueked—

—Just as the son (sun) went down.

Hurried Exit.



BRICK—What do you think of the Inclination Fox trot?

Bat—Well I've got the inclination but not the ability.



MIKE—And why are ye putting the ice around the furnace for?

Pat—Well the directions that come with the furnace say that in order to kape the fire hot you must kape it coaled?"

THE SQUIB

RAGTIME

SOME people talk, and write, and sing
In language so poetic
Of the beautiful and balmy spring.
I think it's quite pathetic
To hear these people madly rave
And I almost cut myself when I shave
For they make me lose my temper

It's well enough to write and talk
About the balmy spring,
But when you shiver and can't keep warm
That's quite another thing.
I'd wait to see what the 'morrow would bring
Before I'd sing of the Ba'my Spring
For we might have snow tomorrow.

Stop, Look and Listen. IS it right
To call this season Springtime?
If I could upset Tradition a bit
I'd rather call it Ragtime.
Perhaps that will bring to your face a smile
But if you'll give your attention a little while
I'll tell you just why I think so.

I don't quite dare, while winter hangs 'round
Put on my summer clothes.
If I did, it would be my luck to get
Of the gripe, another dose.
So I'll just hang on to my winter things
Until Spring some warmer weather brings
And I hope it will before long.

My winter underwear is raveling
Around the bottom and the top too.
If I wear my winter shoes much more
You wont know it was ever a shoe
I'm walking on my heel to save my sole.
All my winter socks have a great big hole
And I'm afraid they wont last much longer.

There's a fringe around the bottom
Of my heavy winter coat,
And on the shape of my winter hat
I don't exactly "dote,"
I have such a ragged feeling
When Springtime comes astealing
That's why I'd rather call it Ragtime.



LATER

FROSH—How far is it to Northampton?
Amherst Police Force—About one gallon.



JACK—What are you going to do this summer?
Bill—In a bakery shop, loafing.



IF the Math building was Wilder, I'd like to see
Stockbridge Hall it away.



THE Lulu bird says—It is singular but true that
after a bread bombardment at the hash
house we always have bread pudding.



TEACHER—Johnny, what is three quarters of
eight?"
Johnny—Quarter past seven.



S. O. S.

PROFESSOR—Give me a description of the
underworld.
Stude—I haven't got that far yet, but we can
discuss that better later on.



AT THE JUNIOR TREE PLANTING

SOAKEMUP—Say, aren't you going to have a
glass of beer?

Experienced one—Nope, last year they took
moving pictures of the affair, and I saw myself as
an actor.



AFTER THE INFORMAL

DOT—How did you ever manage to hold up
that gown you wore yesterday?
Nel—Just by the mere force of will.
Dot—Will who?

THE SQUIB

BOOSTING THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

THERE was a little publisher who made a living—just.

"I must," he said, "a wiggle on or something here will bust."

He printed ev'ry Friday night a dinky little sheet
That kept a hat upon his head and yarn socks on his feet.

He'd danced the same old dance for years—a tame and pleasant "rag,"

That furnished him amusement and put small change in his bag.

"But now," he said, "I'll change my tune; I'll boost subscription price

Four hundred more simoleons would come in kinder nice."

And so he wrote an explana. for Tom and Dick and Jim,

And asked them all to help the cause—and incident'ly him.

He pointed out the work he'd done for Muddville, county Grass,

And all the happy tricks he'd turned for fun—or apple-sass.

Declaring, now he needed cash, he knew they'd all come thru.

And then he bought some chewing gum and sat him down to chew.

* * * * *

His step was light, his eye was bright,

He whistled going home that night.

Next morning he could hardly stop to eat his mush and eggs,

And had there been electric cars he had not used his legs;

But when he reached the office and in haste unlocked the door,

He gazed with satisfaction at the mail upon the floor.

For there were heaps and heaps of it as he could plainly see—

The envelopes and postal cards in vast variety.

* * * * *

I cannot find it in my heart to tell you, inch by inch,
The feelings that his feelers felt, but that mail made him flinch

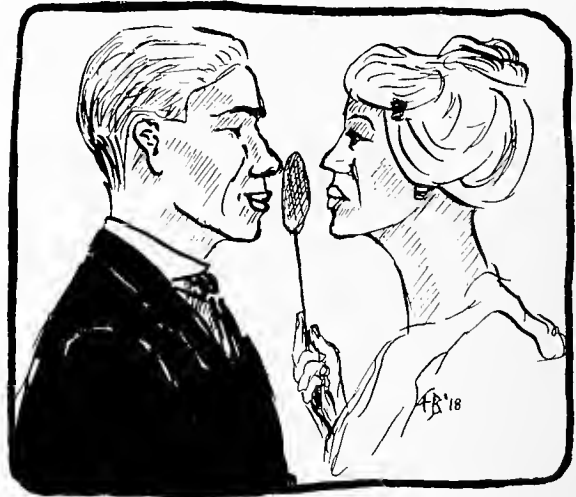
From out a bunch of envelopes that numbered fifteen score

He pulled exactly one long green; honest, there were no more

But thinking what the plunk would buy did cheer him up a bit,

Until he reached the restaurant—and found 'twas counterfeit.

Clinton S. Wady.



A WONDERFULL STRAIN



AT THE BALL

CLUTCHEM—Did you notice that girl, she looks like a German spy?"

Losem—How's that?"

Clutchem—Why she's got enough powder on her face to blow up the French army."



PROGRESSING

FROSH—How are you making out with that new girl of yours?

Soph—Oh great! She only leaves one gas jet burning now."



A LABOR SAVING DEVICE

A BUSY young man had a girl named Dot,
Sometimes he liked her, sometimes not,

And when he wrote her a letter, he couldn't do better

Than to write just "Dear."



SHE—Why didn't they play that new rag time song?

He—Oh, that music was barred.



SLUMPED AGAIN

FAN—Can you tell me why Catchemall has slumped in his fielding average?

Bleacherite—He prefers chasing highballs in in Hamp now."

THE SQUIB

FISHTORY IN THE MAKING

AN Aggie student you all know, that he would
a-fishing go,
His tackle then he had to get, a pole and hook that
might be wet;
He didn't need to buy a line, for we all have one
(I have mine).

A fish environment he sought, in which to cast the
line not bought,
He threw the tackle in the deep, lit up a pipe and
went to sleep;
With hungry fish the stream was full, and soon
one bit—he had a pull.

The hooked one sank beneath the flood, the
hooker woke and saw his blood,
With baited breath the poor fish swam, his angly
words flowed past the "damn,"
Pity this poor caught fish you must, to see his life
so LUMBRICUSED.



JUNIOR after shooting off his score—'Tis
better to have shot and missed than never to
have shot at all!

Another—All that I hit was not the mark,
I could do better in the dark.

One more—When all is over and said and done,
All I can shoot is the sunset gun.



SAL AMANDA WAS NO FISH BUT ALL THE POLES TRAILED AFTER HER

SAL AMANDA, Sal Amanda, loved a Sunder-
land Polander

He was tall and used to hand her
Quite a line on their meander

With tobacco leaf he fanned her

Did the best he could to land her

But a rival, some Leander

Cut him out.—He says he canned her.



A MISUNDERSTANDING

PAT had become somewhat intoxicated while
working in a vacant lot, and after he went
home that night his employer mailed his wages
with a curt discharge. In ten days time Pat
came back ready for work. "Didn't you read
what I wrote in the letter?" inquired the land-
lord. "Yes but what did it say on the outside?"
queried Pat. "Well what?" asked the landlord.
"Return in 10 days to J. P. Thompson," so I
took the required vacation and am now ready to
work." And Pat stayed.

FRIENDSHIP

FRRIEND—I heard that a bandit relieved you of
your pocket book last night.

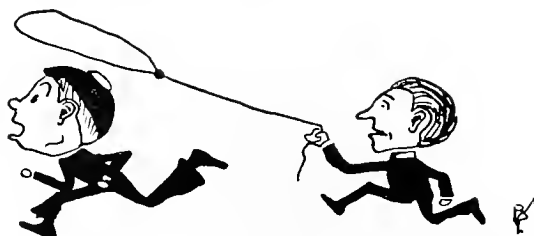
Newly wed—No relief for me, but he saved my
wife the trouble.



WHO SAID GASOLENE

FATHER of college boy—My son says he is
burning a lot of midnight oil lately.

Friend—Yes, you'll think so when you get his
bill for gasoline.



IT'S H—LL TO BE A FRESHMAN



"THE SILENT HALLS"—NOT YET

IN college classes now-a-days, the fellows can't
keep still

If they don't stop this thing quite soon, the
faculty sure will

Why you can sit in any class and hear a pin drop
on the floor

(But it must be a rolling pin of forty pounds and
then some more.



WHY FATHER FAILED

John—"Where is the waiter, I wan'ta spoon."
Mary—I hope he comes in right off."



The Lulu Bird says,

It is a poor conductor that don't know that
sniping nickles is a fair game.

That just because a prof gives bolts he isn't
an iron man.

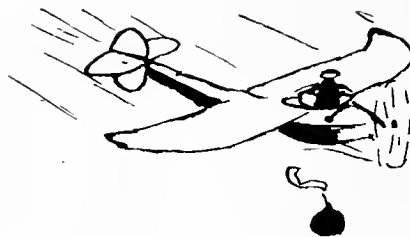
The Swanee River may be far, far away but
it is only twelve cents over the Connecticut.

Love is a game where two hands are better
than one.

It is a cinch that the "Blue Laws" are never
red.

A prof. spelled the word "application" Apple-
cation, and it wasn't a "pom" prof at that.

LAUGHS — —
AND MORE OF
THEM —



DULL, DULL
CARES

From the College Comics

HER COMEBACK

Evangeline—How do you like my new hat?

Caroline—I think it is charming. I had one just like it last year.

—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*



"Say, Claude, did you get your shirt back from the laundry?"

"Yes, Reginald, but not the front."

—*Loughorn.*



"Is she modest?"

"Modest? Why, she can't watch a billiard game."

"What's the reason?"

"She blushes every time the balls kiss."

—*The Jester.*



A SUITABLE MATCH

"So you think Katherine made a very suitable match?"

"Yes, indeed; you know what a nervous, excitable girl she was. Well, she married a composer."

—*Tit-Bits.*



AN EYE TO THE FUTURE

Clerk—Do you want your wife's initials put inside the watch?"

Hubby—No, er—just better put "To my dearest."

—*Siren.*



Hick—This match won't light.

Hike—That's funny. It lit all right a minute ago.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

GO SLOW

"A wise man may change his opinion."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But it's like changing a twenty-dollar bill. If you're careless about it you finish with nothing worth mentioning."

—*Washington Star.*



Officer (to applicant for aeronautical corps)—Do you know anything about flying machines?

Young Aviator—Yes, sir, I was raised on them.

—*Pelican.*



He—Does your mother object to kissing?

She—You needn't think you can kiss the whole family.

—*Froth.*



Him—Are you ticklish?

Her—I don't know.

(Business.)—*Columbia Jester.*



A LONG CHANCE

Departing Diner—I'd like to give you a tip, waiter, but I find I have only my taxi fare left.

Waiter—They do say, sir, that an after-dinner walk is very good for the 'ealth, sir.

—*Boston Transcript.*



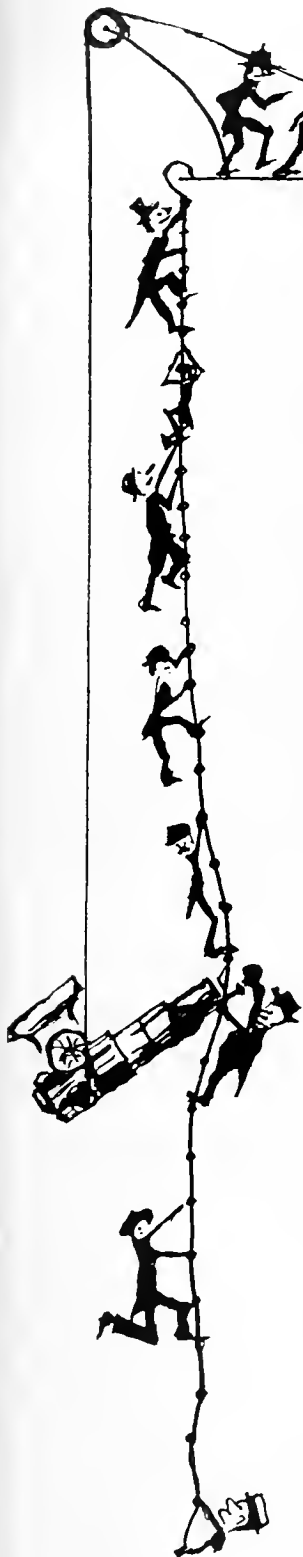
"What do you charge for your rooms?"

"Five dollars up."

"But I'm a student—"

"Then it's five dollars down."

—*Cornell Widow.*



THE SQUIB

CURIOUS

Stranger—I noticed your advertisement in the paper this morning for a man to retail imported canaries.

Proprietor of Bird Store—Yes; have you had any experience in that line?

Stranger—Oh, no; I merely had a curiosity to know how the canaries lost their tails.

—*Indianapolis Star.*



ZAT SO?

Nervous Co-ed—Conductor, which end of this car do I get off of?

Conductor—It doesn't make much difference, mam. Both ends stop.

—*Siren.*



WOEFULL WEIGHTING

London Automobilist—The bloomin' bobby pulled me in and I had to pay a heavy fine.

Wife—How heavy, Sassafras?

L. A.—Ten pounds.

—*Jester.*

Fred—I've just invested in a sound proposition.

Ned—How so?

Fred—I bought a phonograph.

—*Lampoon.*



AFTER THE GAME

Poke—How did you come to lose so much money?

Kerr—I didn't come to lose.

—*Siren.*



THE WIND WAS AGAINST HER

Wife (to her husband who came in late for lunch, having stopped on his way home at an Italian Cafe with a few friends)—Don't come near me, you have been drinking and eating garlic.


Happy Husband—No, dear, that's your breath, your standing in the draft.

—*Pitt Panther.*



Next The Anaesthetic Number

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Outing Suits and Sport coats
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Thompson 

Let 'em know
we are alive

—
Send home a
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The Shoes of Perfect Satisfaction
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May Breakfast

Saturday May 6, 7.30 a. m.-7.30 p. m.
Reserve your tables now

Twenty-five guests can be accommodated
during "Aggie" commencement

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I DIDN'T THINK IT OF HER
Mother—Gladys you stood on the
porch quite a while with that young
man last night.

Gladys—Why, mother, I only
stood there for a second.

Mother—But I'm sure I heard the
third and fourth.

—Panther.

Lit. Man (at the ball)—Are you
familiar with John Masefield?

She—What do you mean? I'm
never familiar with anyone.

Yale Record.

John—Did you ever try to stand
on an egg?

H. W.—Oh, yes.

John—And what did you learn?

H. W.—That the inside of the egg
was stronger than the outside.

Exchange.

Ike—Buck up, old fellow. Brave
men fear neither God nor man.

Bloom—Ah, that's it. It's my
wife.

—Siren.

YOUR EYES

Examined by the most
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Your glasses designed
for the most becoming
effect

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Service and accommodations unsur-
passed for completeness and efficiency

Write for our Map of New York

W. H. VALIQUETTE
Managing Director

A. E. SINGLETON
Asst. Manager

ONE ON THE WIFE

"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"

"My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter."

"And did you post it?"

"No, she forgot to give it to me."

—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Luke—If the French soldiers wore Paris garters they would never be shot.

Luther—Advance, friend.

Luke—No metal can touch the skin.

Jack-o'Lantern.

Your chorus girl friend seems like a bright little thing.

Yes, she exhibits more or less understanding.

Pedestrian (to youth under auto)—What's causing the trouble?

Auto Novice—I don't know exactly, I think it's the exasperator.

—Lampoon.

Cleo—How do you pass exams.?

Apollinarus—It can't be done without a make-up.

—Brunonian.

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THE CAUSE

“What is the cause of unrest?”

“The desire,” replied Mr. Dustin Stax, “of the workingman for leisure and of the leisurely man for something to keep him busy.”

—*Washington Star.*

FOOLED! HE BIT

“Yes, I told father that white poker chip I dropped was a peppermint tablet.”

“Did he swallow it?”

—*Hobart Herald.*

UNSYMPATHETIC

“Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife.”

“Well, don’t come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week.”

—*Houston Post.*

“Pa, a man’s wife is his better half, isn’t she?”

“We are told so, my son.”

“Then if a man marries twice there isn’t anything left of him, is there?”

—*Boston Transcript.*

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CYNICAL

Dick—That old maid with the red auto has been pinched six times for speeding.

Tom—Well, I suppose when she sees a motor-cycle cop she can't resist the enjoyment of being chased by a man.

Ex-Siren.

She (college bred)—You seem worried, Al. What's on your chest?

He (hoarsely—but not from emotion)—Can you smell that damned liniment 'way over there?

—The Purple Cow.

Prawf—You seem rather mixed in your ideas.

Frawsh—I just swallowed my Spearmint, and I'm all gummed up.

The Purple Cow.

She—Did you know that ankle watches have become all the rage?

He—Yes, so I see.

She—Oh, you horrid thing! You can not!

—Tiger.

Old Lady Customer—Do you guarantee these night gowns?

Sly young clerk—They can't be worn out, madame.

—Stanford Chapparral.

Mother—I am surprised at you! I heard him kiss you twice!

Daughter—Nonsense, mother! That must have been the echo!

Punch Bowl.

Battery A.—I hear we are going to carry our pistols in our belts.

Battery B.—Just my luck. I wear suspenders.

Sun Dial.

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HOURS

STAMPED ACCEPTANCE

Clerk (in gym office)—I love you,
Betty.

Betty (presenting Athletic Asso-
ciation Book)—Then "accept" my
picture.

Ex-Siren.

"When was the loose leaf system
first used?"

"Eve used it to keep track of her
party gowns."

Cornell Widow.

'19—Even at that Adam had
something on all his descendants.

'91—Surely not in the matter of
clothes!

'19—Oh, no; but he never made a
mistake in his youth.

Tiger.

IT WAS AT THE BALL

Girl from the West—Do you know,
I find it ever so much colder out here
than it is back home. There I wore
light garments all winter, but since
coming here I had to put on heavy
woolens. I am from Oregon you
know

Stude (with polite show of interest)
Is that so? I'm from Missouri.

Punch Bowl.

"Why do you object to that new
dance?"

"Oh, it's just hugging set to
music."

"What don't you like about it?"

"Oh, the music."

—Green Gander

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have your

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to wish you
had



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The Board feels that The Squib, to accomplish its object, needs more readers, in college and off the campus. Have a copy of the Squib sent to THE GIRL, and have one sent to your folks, they will appreciate the news of the college in its lighter form. Put aside one of the dollars that they send you and return them, something that will make them forget all cares. The subscription has been reduced to \$1.00 for the next few weeks—take advantage of it—subscribe at once.

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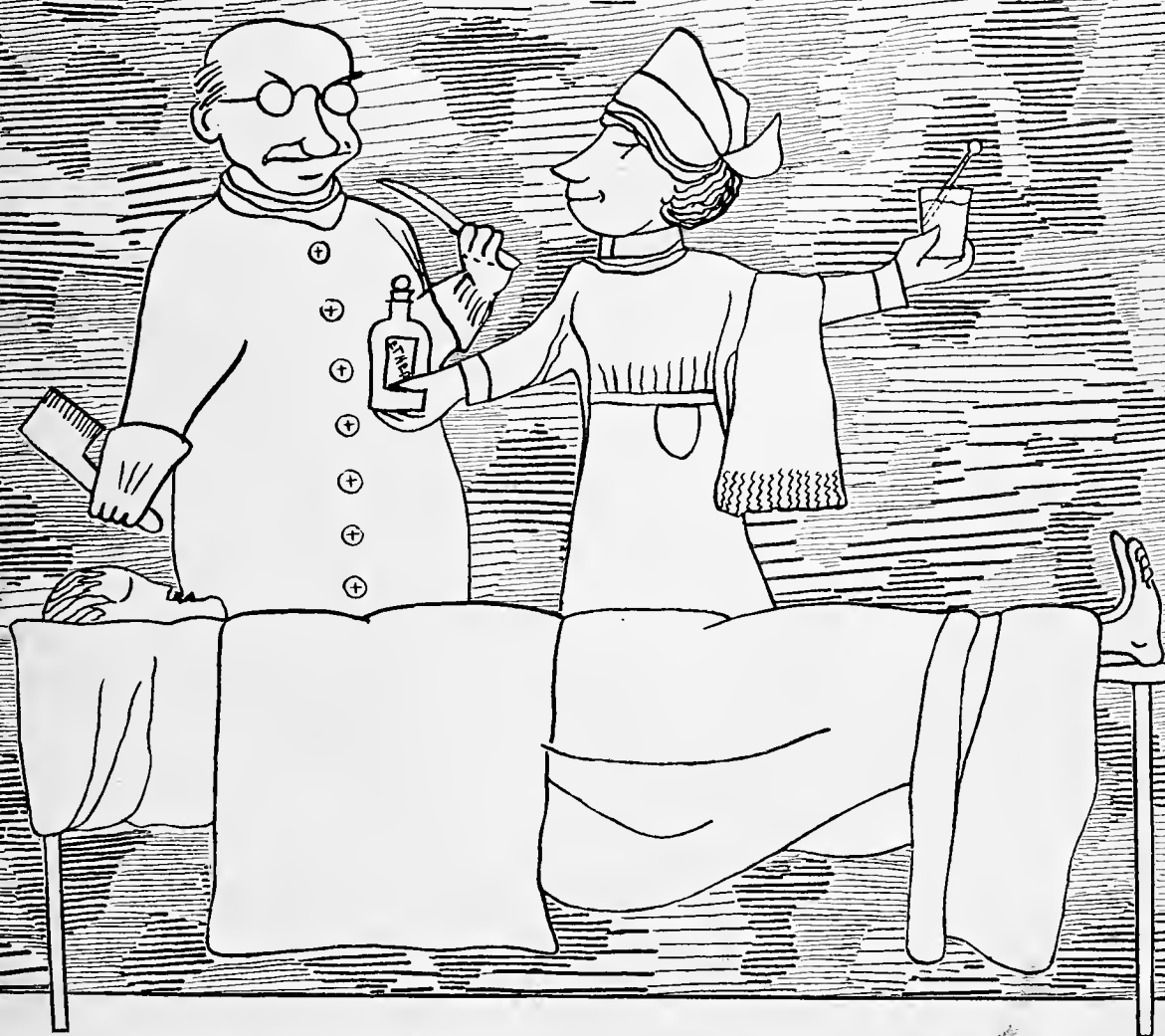
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SQUILB

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You will enjoy every copy

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Nine lively issues bubbling over with fun of Aggie.

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AFTER THE WOMEN'S TRACK MEET

Her—You ought to have seen Mabel run the quarter mile.

It—What did she do it in?

Her—I don't know what you call the darn things.

—Stanford Chapparral

A few days ago a young man took his best girl a bouquet of flowers. The young woman was so pleased she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. He arose and started to go.

"I'm sorry I offended you," she said.

"Oh, I am not offended," he replied, "I was just going back after more flowers."

—Awagan.

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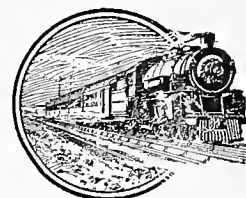
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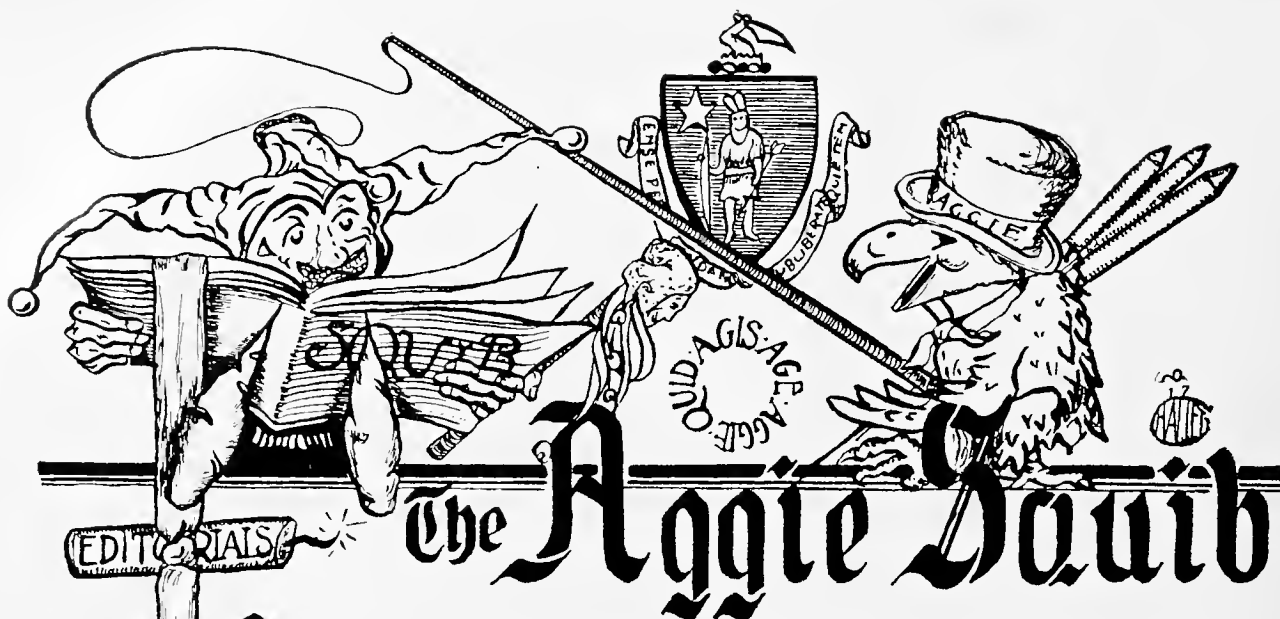
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THE MAN WITH GOOD DOPE

THE Kaiser's submarines are hunting
For ships on the deep blue sea.
How long they'll hunt through the depths
Is one great puzzle to me
But is it not true that which I write
That Wilson is the man with the dope,
For Uncle Sam will never have to fight
As long as he sends Germany a note.



EDITORIALS

AGRICULTURE

SCIENCES

NATURAL HISTORY

SOCIETY

CALENDAR

PUBLISHED AT MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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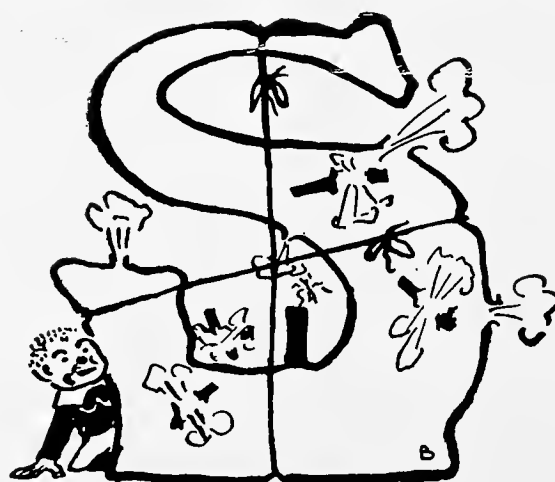
All contributions should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. They will be given credit in the annual elections to the board. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Entered as Second Class Mail at Amherst.

Vol. II.

MAY, 1916

No. 9



QUIBBY," the other day, felt a slackening of the pulse, a thickening of the brain, and a sensation of general lethargy throughout, which drove him to a downy bed of leaves beneath a spreading tree away off where no mere man could interfere with his retrospection, as he gazed off into the hazy distance where golden sunbeams chased minute darts of the insect world among the awakening flowers and blossoms nestling in the ample bosom of Mother Nature.

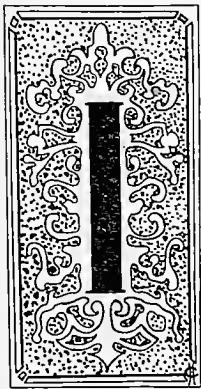
And as Squibby considered and dreamed, and wondered what this strange malady could be that numbed his sensibilities and deadened his muscles, and sent his mind wandering among the fields and woods, communing with the birds and flowers, a hazy recollection of some mysterious phrase with a sound like "spring fever", came to his mind. And then he returned to the world of men and "Willie" Green, and repaired to the latter's Library, where after diligent research, he succeeded in finding among the medical authorities, the following: "*Diminished excitability of the sensory*

THE SQUIB

apparatus so that slight stimuli either pass unperceived or are felt indistinctly, while powerful stimuli are felt only feebly, or in high degrees of the affection, are not perceived at all. This is the condition termed *anaesthesia*, in which we must admit great or even complete immobility of the molecules of the sensory apparatus." Then *Squibby* said to himself: "Let us not call such a noble disease by such a mere name as 'Spring Fever,' but let us call it something more impressive and learned." And so he christened it "anaesthesia," and in order to give his great discovery to the Campus, he decided to publish his findings in the ANAESTHETIC NUMBER.

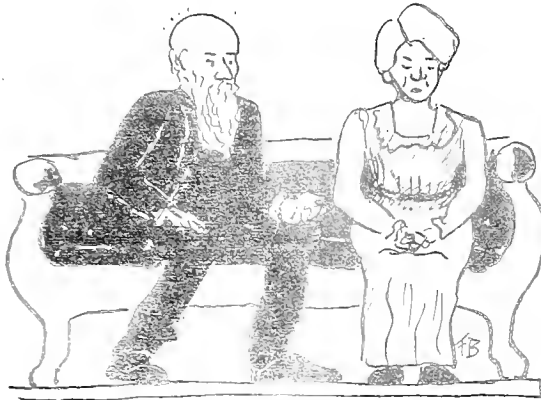
Inasmuch as *Squibby* is using the term "anaesthetic" as the title of this number, it might be well in passing to pay some little attention to the history of the matter in question and to pay our small tribute to the men who made possible the use of anaesthetics in the world of medical science. Perhaps the gentle reader cannot conceive of our being serious, and so, just to disabuse you of that idea, we cite the following: One of the earliest records of the use of an anaesthetic was when Sir Humphrey Davy in 1800 experimented upon himself with nitrous oxide. But it was not until 1844 that general use was made of the wonderful discovery of sulphuric ether, when William Thomas Green Morton and Dr. Charles T. Jackson used it in dental operations. Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested the terms "anaesthesia" and "anaesthetic," and it was Weir Mitchell who called it the "Death of Pain." The latter is the key-note of the situation, the culmination of the efforts of the word-constructionists, because it expresses in a word what ether means to medicine. Of all discoveries of science, that which gave anaesthetics to the world was the greatest boon to mankind, the key that opened up the locked door of the operating room to the word "humane." Whatever our race, color, or previous condition of servitude, we can not but help to admit our admiration for those men who did so much for the afflicted, who soothed the pains of the diseased, and barred the tortures from the operating table for all time to come.

But we have wandered from our topic. We were telling our readers of the delights of Spring Fever, that natural anaesthesia which makes us forget our boring lessons and duties attendant on the curriculum, and sends our minds and bodies floating away on the billows of ease—if you can imagine it—until those among us who are so unfortunate as to be sophomores, awake with a start at the sight of a rare specimen of Nature's handiwork and bestir themselves sufficiently to pounce upon a contribution to that slowest-growing of all human efforts—the herbarium. We would like to call your attention to a manifestation of anaesthesia which is anything but profitable to the good appearance of the Campus—namely the strewing of trash in the grass all along the edge of the walk from the ravine, past the Chapel to the stone bridge. This is a disgraceful sign of sheer laziness and thoughtlessness on our part and one which is easily remedied. Just take the thought and time, at the next opportunity, to carry that orange peel or newspaper to the receptacles provided for receiving trash.



IN connection with the recommendations of the Committee on Ways and Means to whom was referred the Bill to provide for permanent improvements at our college *Squibby* notes with interest one point in particular, namely the investigation of the entrance examinations. These are considered by the above to be too difficult for an institution of this kind. As *Squibby* sees it, no regulation will ever bring success to the entrance requirements. As long as the things required are a certain number of high school credits, the task of getting into the institution will never be difficult. Every man with a high school education has an equal opportunity and furthermore an education given a man by the state is an investment by the state in that man. No business man or cooperation would plunge into an investment which showed little chance of commensurate returns. We must realize that not everyone is fitted for a course in this college and surely it would be an infinite task for the professors to maintain courses here which would

suffice both for students graduating from grammar schools and high schools. Then why should this state utterly expend its money in educating all who apply for admission? Would it not be better for the state to help those children of exceptional ability but who are financially handicapped to go through college than to assist children of inferior ability. In closing we would say, rather make the entrance examinations harder and pay more attention to the financial status of this college.



A RETARDED SPARK



ANAESTHESIA OF LAUNDRESSES

DO not think for an instant that this is a disease peculiar to the Co-Op Laundry, simply because East Entry of North sends its laundry every week to that great adjuster of the laundry-bag. No, even the husky Swedes at the corner of East Pleasant and Pleasant can withstand the onslaughts of that virulent contribution of North to the weekly wash, to a sufficient extent to reduce the same to some semblance of cleanliness. Nor do the fumes of soap—I beg your pardon—bleaching powder cause this dreaded disease, nor the stifling atmosphere of the boiling room. Rather is it to be found among the home-loving laundresses who bend their backs from day-end to day-end over the steaming tub in order to keep filled the tobacco boxes of their loving lords and masters, while these latter animals lean back in their shirt-sleeves and superintend the labors of their “means-of-visible-support.” In a word, anaesthesia of laundresses, upon reference to an authority, is discovered to be: “Numbness, formation and a peculiar stiffness in both hands and forearms, but seldom of acute pain.”



Three examples of the effect of anaesthetics:

1. Henry Young.
2. Henry Young.
3. Henry Young.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

In the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen

RESOLVE

Providing for an Investigation by a Special Commission of Agricultural Education at the Massachusetts Agricultural College and the Development of the Agricultural Resources of the Commonwealth.

- 1 *Resolved*, That a special commission is here-
- 2 by established, to be composed of the com-
- 3 mission on economy and efficiency, the com-
- 4 missioner of education, and three persons to
- 5 be appointed by the governor, with the advice
- 6 and consent of the council, for the purpose of
- 7 investigating the subject of agricultural educa-
- 8 tion as conducted at the Massachusetts agri-
- 9 cultural college and the development of the
- 10 agricultural resources of the commonwealth.
- 11 The commission shall investigate and report
- 12 as to the advisability of further expenditures
- 13 for new buildings.



AS is commonly believed, physicians never make any effort to keep the papers and magazines placed in their offices for the entertainment of their patients while waiting, up-to-date. As a matter of fact, they do to a reasonable extent, but the village wag evidently thought he had “pulled” a good one the other day, when he walked into old Doc Sawbone’s office, picked up a newspaper, and exclaimed:

“My God! Lincoln’s been assassinated!”



“Schurman, Head of Cornell, is out for Hughes.”

Boston American.

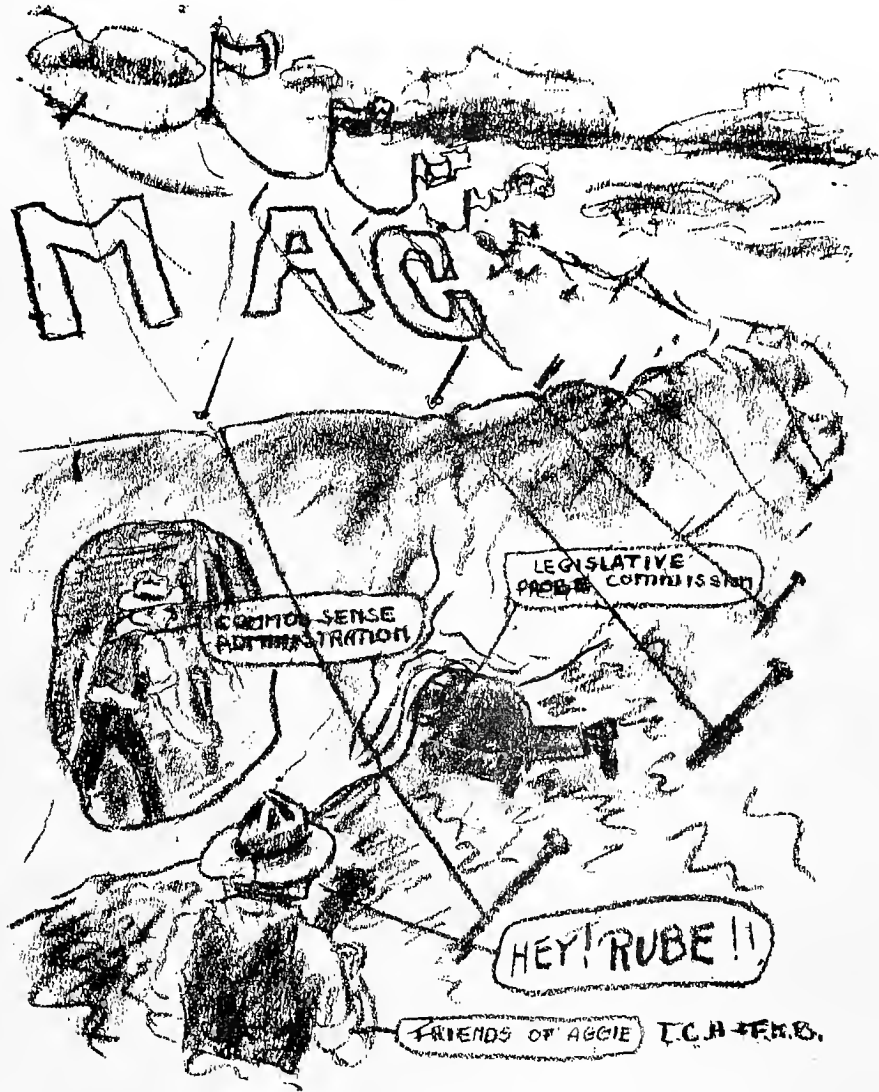
What’s the trouble? Has he a grudge against him, or does Hughes owe him money?



Man of the House—Why did you tell my wife what time I came in this morning, after I expressly told you not to?

The Cook—Sure, Oi didn’t tell her. She asked me what toime ye got in an’ Oi told her Oi was too busy gettin’ the breakfast that Oi didn’t look at the clock.

THE SQUIB



LATE TO CHAPEL?

WON—What do you call your room mate?
 Too—When do you mean, when he is around, or when he can't hear me?



PAUL—Did you get those cigarettes that I told you to?

Maul—No, the man Hassan any.

Paul—Then I will have to Mecca cigarette myself.



BEAN WORK

MAC—How did you hit the exam?
 Jac—The same way I would like to hit the prof. that gave it, right on the bean.

DOPEY—That girl is made for me.
 Mopey—What makes you think so?
 Dopey—She made herself a blond.



BATCH—What's the trouble with you lately?
 Newlywed—Everyone is kidding me about my wife appearing in tights at an amateur show last week.

Batch—That's nothing to be sore about.

Newlywed—No not at all, when they tell me I married her for her money.

THE SQUIB



A DARK PRECIPITATE



DECREASED TWO WAYS

I TOOK my jeans to the tailor man,
Had them creased up spick and span,
Worse luck, it started into rain,
Decreasing my pants all over again.



DELERIUM TREMENS

OH see the pretty little snakes,
Said the stewd upon his knees,
But truly they were only fakes,
For he mercly had D. T's.



CHEMICALLY SPEAKING

HE staggered in across the door,
No further could he go,
The reason was he called for "more"
Of Rahar's C_2H_6O .



TARGET PRACTICE

A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush
Is a couplet that is not always true,
For a man with a gun that he knows how to
shoot
May come out of the thicket with two.



I AM a drunk,
And I am a souse,
What if I am a bum,
Penniless, coatless
And use good rum;
I get by with it.
It's bum dope
As you may dote,
But I have to have
A little booze,
So I may choose
A lamp post
For my roost.

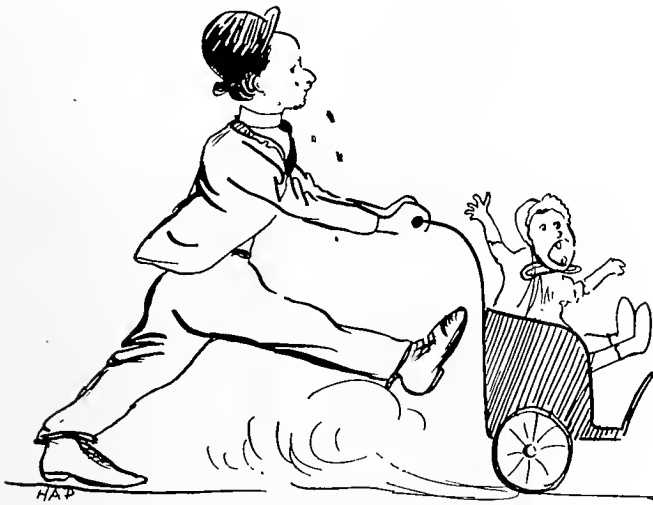


OUTFIT FOR A WHALING EXPEDITION

1 Wood shed	1 Broad lap
1 Small boy	1 Slipper.



THE SQUIB



POOR DOPE

HE'S working now to beat the band
For in matrimony he's had his hand,
He certainly must have been a "mope,"
For goodness knows that's very poor dope.

He told us all, he'd own a fliver
But look at him, see how he shivers,
Instead of a fliver after his marriage
He has inherited grandma's baby carriage.



MISS SAUSAGES' COLUMN FOR THE IGNORANT

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

I am in trouble. I am going with a girl who is continually "kidding the shirt off my back." What shall I do? She is one of those kind who would take the gold right out of your back teeth if you were laughing at her.

Sincerely,
Distressed.

Dear Distressed:

The Haberdasher is certainly making money on you. You should endeavor to find some other means of clothing yourself. I would suggest a bearskin.

Dear Sage:

I am keeping company with two college students, one from Aggie, the other from Amherst College. Which one shall I consider, as I like them both.

Smittingly yours,
Lovesick.

Lovesick dear:

Accept neither, you had better write to Nat Goodwin. If this is not satisfactory to you I would advise you to draw straws.

Sau Sage dear:

I haven't enough money to go the to hop. Please tell me what to do.

Brokenly yours,
Busted.

Dear Busted:

Don't go. Better go to the Herrick School Dance, admission 10 cents.

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

I have a pet snake who recently sprained his ankle. How can I help him from suffering?

Yours truly,
Snake Charmer.

Dear Snake Charmer:

I know no cure but quick death will be in his favor.



PREPAREDNESS? READ THIS!

A NERVOUS lady was watching the drill one day. The Captain said "Company right dress. (She heard it. "Company, white dress.") The soldiers looked stupidly away. Then he commanded "Company front." Then they faced front and saw her. She smiled and bowed her appreciation of the attention they exhibited to her, "those nice boys," she thought. But we squad righted, heaved a few sighs, and floated over to Sunderland.



JUST LIKE NATURE

HE—Why do women wear low neck dresses in the winter time, and furs in the summer time?

She—Are not the limbs of trees clothed in the summer time and naked in winter?



FROSH—That professor is very approachable.
Soph—I know it, but you can't touch his courses.

THE SQUIB



BUM DOPE

SODA is soda, and beer is beer,
And dope is dope we'll agree.
But physies, zoology and agronomy dear
Are not dope but the dirty three.



DOPE

DOPE is the stuff that makes college life what it is. Where would we be if we didn't have dope on exams, dope on football games and dope on the weather? Some dope is good, some bum. It was the latter kind that the Sophs had on the Freshman banquet. Dope is sometimes found in the form of Peruna, in that case (six bottles) you have to dope out where the dope is. Dope is also used sometimes in horse liniment, causing the blind staggers. Dope as handed out by profs at lectures has the same effect on the class that any other form of dope would have, namely sleep. Dope wrecks the lives of more people in one year than the blank cartridges in drill do in three. Conclusion: Dope and drill are good things to have nothing to do with.

SIX HOURS A WEEK

PERSISTENT—This botany Lab stuff isn't very interesting.

Assistant—Never mind, you will get a lichen for it sooner or later.



PUBLIC SPEAKING

GIVE me three hours of public speaking
Just three hours of it
It will make me a Mexican Athlete
Who throws the bull a-bit.

They say my mind is full of soap
About the war and all its dope
But give me three hours of public speaking
It's just what I am seeking.
I'll flunk Math, English and Chem,
I don't care for them
But three hours of public speaking
Will help me in——.*
*Fill in the correct word and win the Aluminum lawn mower.



NOTICE

DOB—You must be thinking of yourself.
Sob—How do you figure that?
Dod—Because you have such a "Nobody Home" expression.



THE RANK AND VILE



SOME MORE GOOD DOPE

AT the beaches in the summer time
Where the maidens bloom so fine,
They dress in filmy, silky clothes,
Which makes "poor man" there only foes.
And about them men say foolish things
When the filmy clothes to the maiden clings.
Is it not good dope, then, to take a walk
Along the beach and hear the girls talk,
As they prance around in the sand
Doing their best to get a tan (man).



'Honest Cop' of New York is dead.
Boston American.
Probably due to lonesomeness.

A BOTTLE FANTASY

THERE was a jolly sailor and he sailed the
raging sea,
In search of wild adventures of a kind that ne'er
could be
Except in picture story books of great imagination
That he'd swallowed as a callow youth with mor-
bid fascination.
And after many weary years of sailing on the
brine,
He sought again his native town, where grazed the
lowing kine,
And he swaggered down the village street, his face
a rusty brown,
And thirsty for refreshment, in a tavern sat him
down.
But with his lively spirits he refreshed himself so
much,
That when he got him up to go, his boot soles
would not touch
The stones he tried to walk on, so he let them walk
at will,
And he tangoed down the village street with all
consummate skill.
But when he came beside the pond he swore the
waves were high,
So he climbed a slender birch tree to keep him
high and dry.
But the tree bent near the water, and he bellowed
full and loud,
"The ship is lost! All hands to mess! You lub-
bers loose that shroud
Alas! The fragile mast snapped off; he tumbled
in the pond,
A kindly sheriff fished him out—the picture of
despond!
And as he guided him to jail, he heard the tar ex-
plain,
"There's more storms in a bottle than in all the
raging main!"

H. Henderson '17.



PEACE AT ANY COST

JANE—At the peace meeting last night they
sang one of the Allies' National Hymns and
the audience didn't seem to like it."

Alice—I suppose that is on account of the war.

Jane—No, I think it was on account of the
piece.



I HEAR you had a quiet time in the country."
"Yes, all the noise I heard was the tree bark,
the ice cream, and the lawn mown."

THE SQUIB



MANY a Sophomore will shuffle the major cards, cut, bid, and then holler "Raw deal."



By L. J. Graham

MARY—Did he propose?
Ella—Yes, the same old style.

M—How is that?

E.—By the Kneeostyle (or neostyle).



JUSSHH ONE MORE

LIVES there a souse with nose so red,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my last, my final beer,
Bartender, take this nickel here."



SHERIFF, CALL OUT THE CONSTABULARY

THE village mezzo-soprano got up to sing. In fact she was got up to sing—with the bosom bouquet, and the air of higher altitude than thou. She performed—a solo. It was not low enough however and the audience heard it. She ceased, only because the selection did. Then came the encore. (It should have been the relief corps). She deceased (she did not die, no such luck), this time a sad song was wailed. It was one of those long time notes, on which the interest may be lost. She lost it, spluttered, missed fire and sang several G-clefts, then a regular futurist song picture of sharps and flats. Even the player-piano skidded, the hollow silence. Her maiden aunt in the first row, led the inevitable thunder of applause, a precocious neighbor lad overreached a bundle of roses across the footlights, she seized, bent profusely forward and retired, let us hope for life.

Moral: A casket bouquet often covers or fills a grave situation.

I WAS SAVING THEM, THO

BOUGHT a pack of cigarettes,
Had a surplus dime,
Passed 'em round among my friends,
Do it every time.

2

Ten were in there when it came,
Bill took one and Pete the same,
Donald lit his with dispatch,
Pinky even asked a match.

3

Harold curled up rings of blue,
Clarence said "Come don't be tight,
Percy thot he'd use one too,
Whistle burned it with delight.

Chorus

Dwindle, dwindle little pack
Will I ever get you back, ???
With a smokestick left inside,
For my tongue, so hot and dried?????

4

Eight were gone and two remained,
Jacky reached and puffed in joy.
To take the Last one none disdained,
Sam received with "At a boy."

5

So the whole blame ten went out,
On the steps we chanced to group on,
But a fellow has to shout
Then, besides, he has the coupon.

THE SQUIB

SH—SH—SH—SH

Banquet Season Dope

I MET a
Sophomore on the way
To Hamp and he
And I got separated
It
Was
This
Way
You see He said
Come here and
Says I the
H— you say
He looked at me
I looked
At him
We started to run
I after
Him
He after me
You ought to have
Seen us
We both met in a
Collision in front of
A Girl
Oh she was a pearl
You see she had
To stop
For in the excitement
She dropped
Her pocket book
And I stooped over
To pick it up
And you ought to have seen
Her eyes, my what a dream
The Sophomore then
Hit me on the bean
For he called time
As I did lean to
Pick up the girl's
Pocket book.



SEEMALL—That sure was some burlesque show.

Nevermissem—Yes, the scenery was very enticing.



A HARD COAL WORLD

CUSTOMER—This coal I got here was entirely too hard.

Coal Dealer—Well, why didn't you bituminous?



STUDE—Yes, ours is a very old family. You know we came over with the Puritans.

2nd Stude—So, and did you have a pleasant voyage?



RATHER DOPEY

HE—Perhaps you don't understand the expression to "dope out" something.

She—I didn't at first but I finally doped it out.



ODD TIRES

Isn't it queer that after retiring I generally feel tired.

SMOKED OUT

MOTHER—Why Johnny, I saw you smoking after dinner.

Johnny (penitent)—Yes, ma, and I saw my dinner after smoking.



AT THE BASEBALL GAME

HE—There is our coach and team over there.
She—O but Jack, isn't it more up-to-date to have automobiles now?



STRAIGHT DOPE FOR MOONSTRUCK PEOPLE

By One Who Knows

OF course I don't suppose you have ever taken a young lady for a walk on a moonlight evening. No? Well, maybe you prefer an evening without a moon, and you are not to be blamed for that if you can find your way home without it. Be that as it may, you have probably heard or participated in a conversation similar to the following: (I am going to tell you what She will say and what you OUGHT to say and do.)

Her first remark will very probably be something like, "Isn't the moonlight beautiful tonight?" You are supposed to look very attentively at her and observe, "Yes, it is when it shines upon your face." This may produce a little giggle from her but requires no answer.

You walk a little way and she stops and says, "I guess I have a pebble in my shoe." This may mean that she wants you to take her shoe off and shake the offending pebble out and put it on again, or it may mean that she wants you to turn your back while she does the trick herself. Use your head and think quick. I can't advise any true and tried course of action in this case. I have tried both and got in wrong both times.

You walk some more and pretty soon she will feel fatigued. You see a likely looking fence right ahead and propose you rest awhile. I didn't say she saw the fence before you did, but she may have, you know. You assist her to a seat on the top rail and she will say, "My, but this fence is wobbly, isn't it? I'm afraid it is going to fall." Of course you are sure it wont and you must tell her so, then move up a bit closer and put you arm around her to keep her from falling off. After a while she will tell you that the moon is shining right in her eyes and it



annoys her, so she moves her head toward you a bit. This means that you should adjust yourself so that she may rest her head upon your manly shoulder and then you can shield her from the offending moonbeams by shadowing her face with your own head.

When she finds the top rail is getting hard she will suggest going home. You help her to the ground and when she starts walking she will complain that she has been sitting so long than one foot is asleep and will start limping. This means that you must put your arm around her again to support her until you reach her home.

Here my advice ceases abruptly, for if you don't know how to say "Good-night" yourself by this time—well, you can just do without, that's all.

This is all straight dope. Try it.

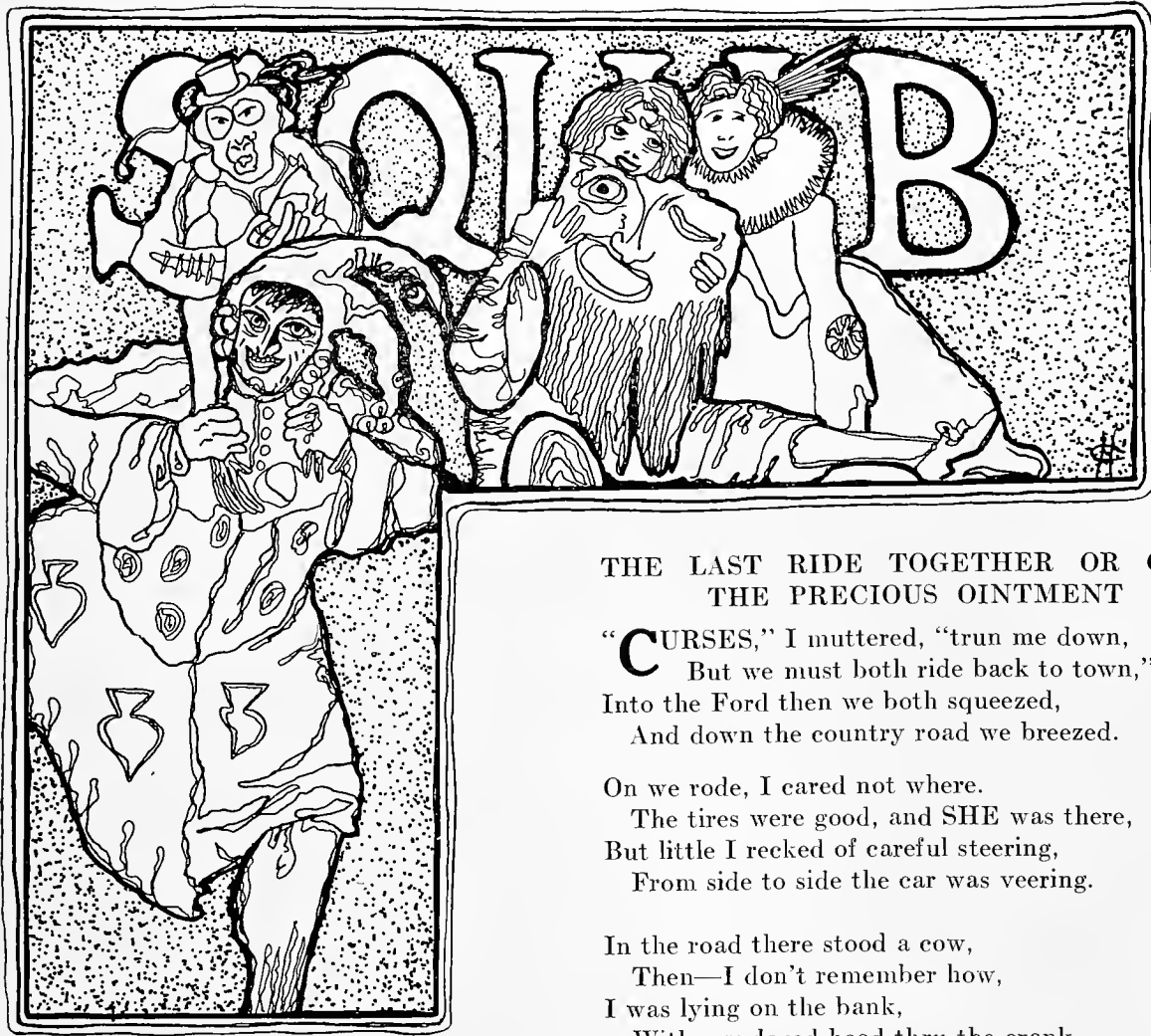


PEBBLES

POPULARITY is a nightwatchman going the rounds of applause.



VARIETY is the spice of life, but insobriety the shortening.



THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER OR GAS THE PRECIOUS OINTMENT

"CURSES," I muttered, "trun me down,
But we must both ride back to town,"
Into the Ford then we both squeezed,
And down the country road we breezed.

On we rode, I cared not where.
The tires were good, and SHE was there,
But little I recked of careful steering,
From side to side the car was veering.

In the road there stood a cow,
Then—I don't remember how,
I was lying on the bank,
With my dazed head thru the crank.

The girl was gone and deep despair
Came near pervading me right there,
As I surveyed the ruined car,
And lit a poor five cent cigar.

But then I lolled about the green,
And r'ghteous joy was in me poured.
I'd saved a tank of GASOLINE,
Enough to buy another Ford!!

ON THE BLEACHERS

FAN—Isn't it funny that the ball rolls until it
stops.



HINKEY—Why do you always sit so close to
your girl?

Blinkey—Well, we always have a chair between
us.

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BY FITS AND STARTS

First Encina—What the devil's
the matter with you? You read a
minute, stop a minute, and then go
on reading again."

Second Encina—Why, the prof.
told us to go over it in odd moments.
—Chapparral.

Minister (to sick student)—I take
a friendly interest in you, my boy,
because I have two sons in the uni-
versity, myself; one taking Engineer-
ing and the other, Agriculture. Is
there anything I can do?

Sick Student—You might pray
for the one taking Engineering.
—Minnehaha.

TENNYSON HAD NOTHING ON HIM

"They say Tennyson frequently
worked a whole afternoon on a single
line," said the literary enthusiast.

"That's nothing," said the poor
clod seated beside him. "I know a
man who has been working the last
eight years on a single sentence."



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In Germany—"Germs."
In Ireland—"Microbes."
In Russia—"Skeets."
In U. S. A.—Simply "Bugs."

Pat and Mike were sent on their first job to
paint a house. Mike had just succeeded in pull-
ing the scaffolding, on which Pat was clinging for
dear life, up to the second story. Pat cast one
horrified look at the ground below and yelled at
the top of his voice, "If you don't let me down
quick I'll cut the rope."

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IN THE ROLLER-COASTER

Corpulent Occupant of the Front
Seat—Hey, young feller, would you
mind telling me something?"

Y. F.—Yeah?

C. O. O. F. S.—Do you play
chess?

Y. F.—Yeah!

C. O. O. F. S.—Well, move your
queen.

—Purple Cow

Young Lady (with hopes)—What
do you think is the fashionable color
for a bride?

Male Floor Walker—Tastes differ,
but I should prefer a white one!

—Punch Bowl.

INDIRECT VISION

"What color dress did Marie have
on last night?"

"I dunno, but—"

"But what?"

"If it matched her stockings—"

"Yeah?"

"It was dark blue."

—Gargoyle.

Professor's Wife—I need a new
hat, dear.

Prof.—"All right I'll have the
students buy some of my test books.

—Siren.

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AN AMATEUR

Folly—He doesn't know anything about the little niceties of paying attention to a girl.

Dolly—Why, I saw him tying your shoestring.

Polly—Yes; but he tied it in a double knot, so it couldn't come untied again.

—Judge.

Job-seeker (entering the office unannounced)—Is there an opening here for me?

Chief Clerk—Yes, sir, right behind you.

—Argwan.

She—You know, as soon as I saw her come into the room I knew she was trying to conceal something.

He—You didn't see her after she took her coat off.

—Froth.

He—I wonder why these girls wear such short skirts now days?

She—Oh,—for two reasons!

—Widow.

"Last night Jack tried to put his arm around me three times."

"Some arm."

—Reeord.

Him—Where will you meet me to-night?

Her—Half way.

—Chapparat.

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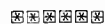
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MEALS SERVED AT ALL
HOURS

FAST ENOUGH

"How quickly does your machine
pick up?"

"Oh, on Good nights, I have a
couple in fifteen minutes."

—Gargoyle.

She—Do you ever swear?

He—No.

She—Do you ever lie?

He—Damn it, you win!

—Record.

He—I have a small headache an

She—Well, what do you expect
out of that head—a brain storm.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

MODISTE, WHAT DID HE
MEAN?

"Good-bye. I hope I see more of
you at the hop."

—Panther.

He—I want to tell you a joke
about mistletoe.

She—Be sure it isn't over my head.

—Widow.

"What did you say your age was?"
he remarked, between the dances.

"Well, I didn't say," smartly re-
turned the girl, "but I've just reached
twenty-one."

"Is that so?" he returned, con-
solingly. "What detained you?"

—Punch Bowl.

REAL CULTURE

Young Hopeful—What does col-
lege bred mean, Dad?

Dad (reading heir's school ex-
penses)—Merely a big loaf, Percival.

—Panther.

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First Mother—Mrs. Clancy, yer
child is badly spoiled.

Second Mother—Gwan wid yez.

First Mother—Well, if you don't
believe it, come and see what the
steam roller did to it.

—*Lampoon.*

Ikey—How much was dose collars?

Store Clerk—Two for a quarter.

Ikey—How much for vun?

Store Clerk—Fifteen cents.

Ikey—Giff me de odder vun.

—*Yale Record.*

Wm. G. Bassett, Pres.

F. N. Kneeland, Vice-Pres.

Oliver B. Bradley, Cashier.

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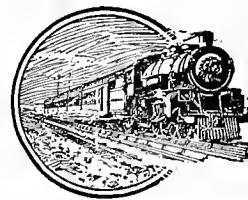
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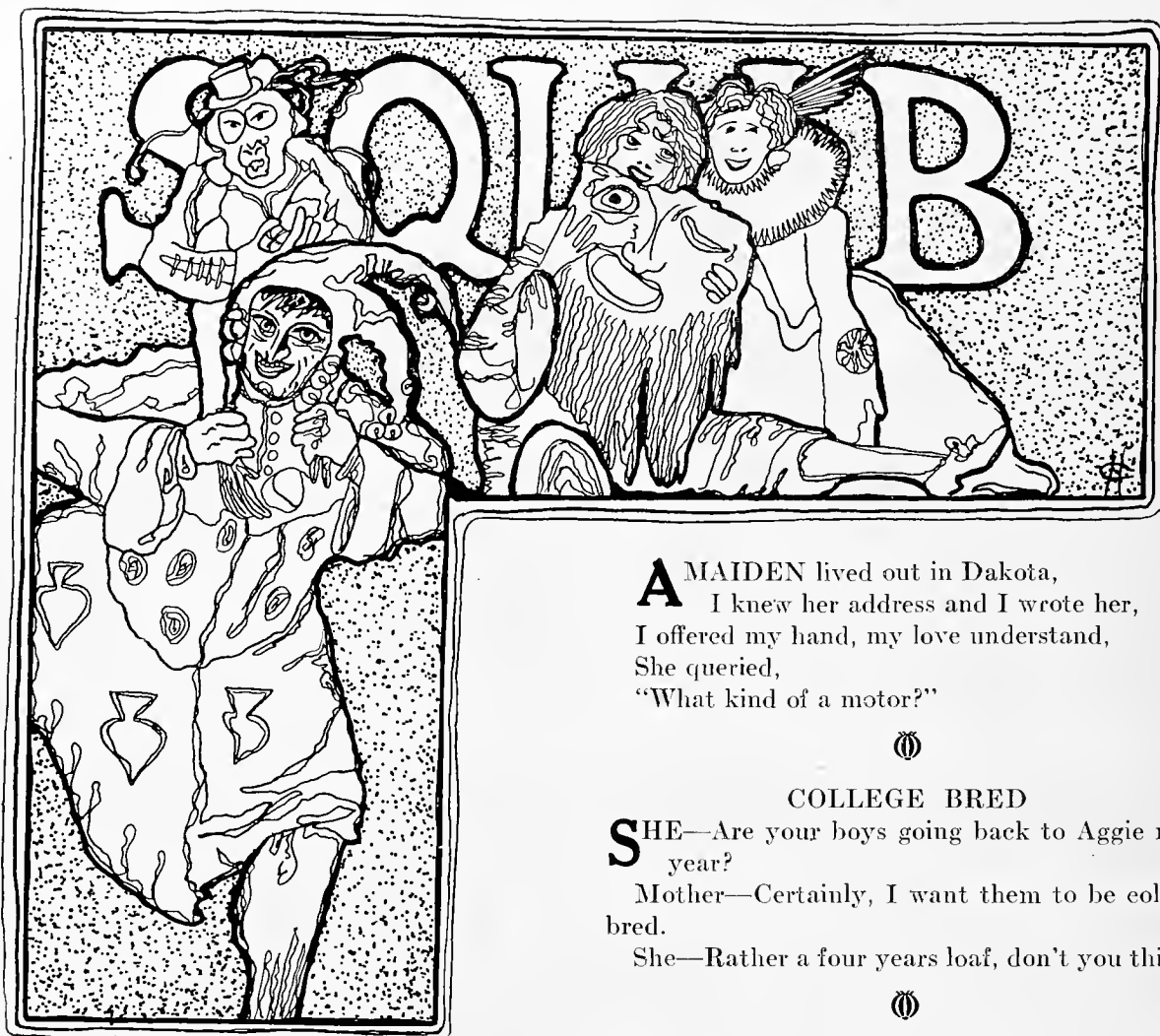
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Cox Sons & Vining

72 Madison Ave., New York



Loyal sons of old Massachusetts,
Faithful, sturdy sons and true
To our grand old Alma Mater
Let our song resound anew.
Cheer, boys, cheer for old Massachusetts
Give our College three times three;
Sons forever of the old Bay State,
Loyal sons, loyal sons are we.



HERE'S ONE TO ROOST ON

HIRAM—"Jeke says he is afraid to go into the chicken house."

Jake—"Why is that?"

Hiram—"Oh the hens are all laying for him."



MOTHER—Do you smoke those cheap cigarettes?

Collegiate—Oh, Helmar no.



DEFINITIONS OF THREE COLLEGES

BRYN MAWR—How much money has he?

Mt. Holyoke—How much does he know?

Smith—Where is he?



LEAD IN A HARD WAY

WRITE—Hard lines for that guy.

Now—How's that?

Write—He just bought a 5H pencil.

A MAIDEN lived out in Dakota,
I knew her address and I wrote her,
I offered my hand, my love understand,
She queried,
"What kind of a motor?"



COLLEGE BRED

SHE—Are your boys going back to Aggie next year?

Mother—Certainly, I want them to be college bred.

She—Rather a four years loaf, don't you think?



HE—Why do they have so much pure air in the country?

Haw—Because the farmers sleep with their windows closed.



PORT—"What's on the other side of that billboard?"

Brainy—"Nothing but blank verse."



PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE

FRESHMAN—"Is there any practical use for fifth and sixth roots?"

Professor—"Well, if you are going to study agriculture you ought to know something about roots."



IN THE TRENCHES

SLAM—I see by the papers that the French soldiers are all wearing steel helmets.

Bang—That seems like a headstrong thing to do.

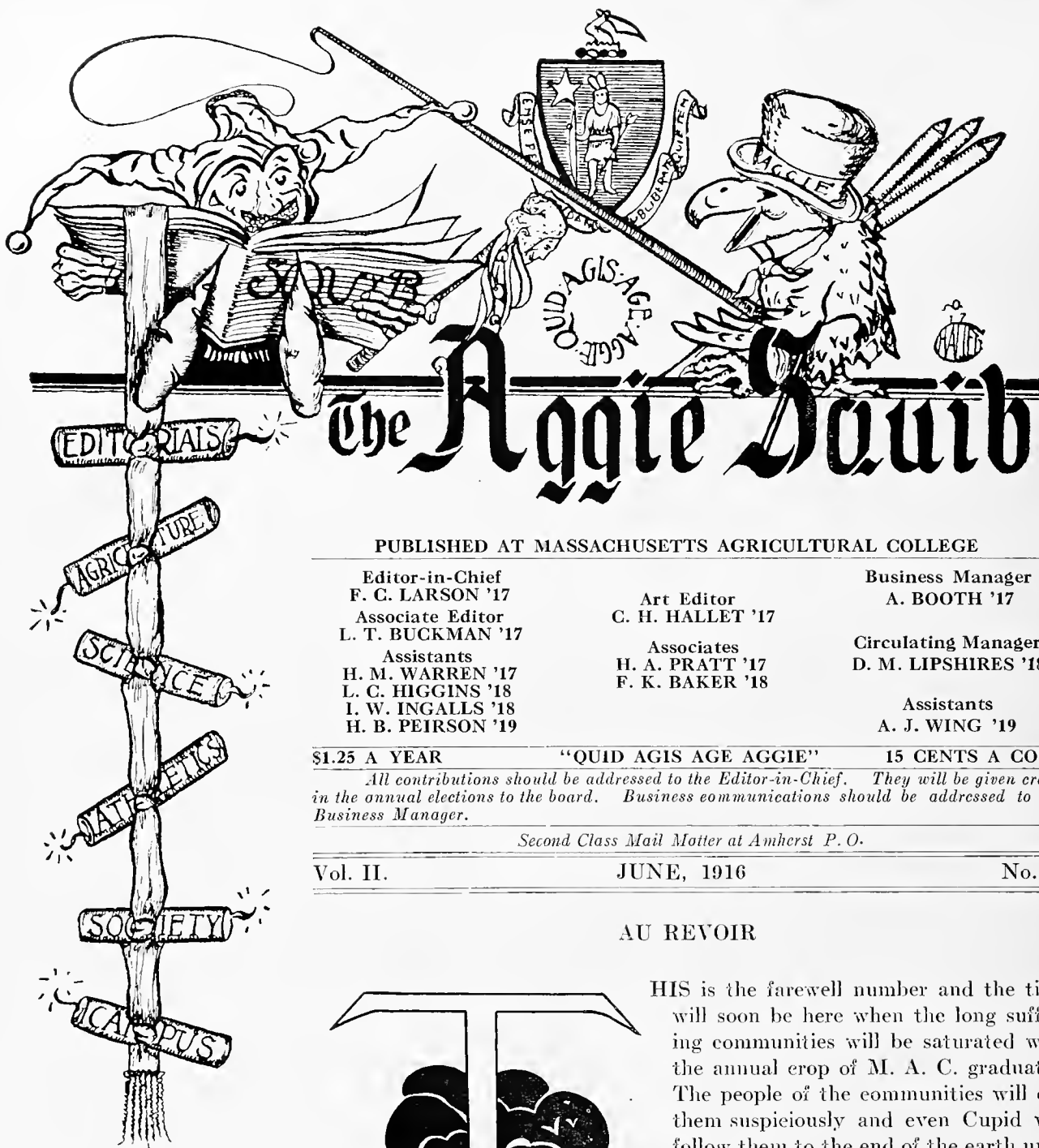


MY SUMMER GIRL

THE girl who meets me at the beach
Is shyly clothed, and shy;
She sure is nothing but a peach,
Which you can hardly deny.

She's quite the nicest girl I know,
She has such a witching way,
And when I take her to a show
All the boys have something to say.

But when it comes to swimming
She's there four different ways,
For she's not like the rest of the "Wimmin"
She knows what the wild waves say.



The Aggie Souib

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All contributions should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. They will be given credit in the annual elections to the board. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

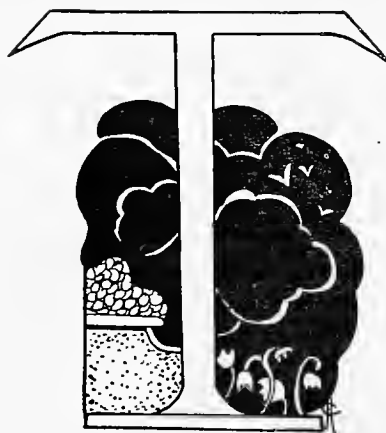
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Vol. II.

JUNE, 1916

No. 10

AU REVOIR



HIS is the farewell number and the time will soon be here when the long suffering communities will be saturated with the annual crop of M. A. C. graduates. The people of the communities will eye them suspiciously and even Cupid will follow them to the end of the earth until he has accomplished his mission. Is it not cruel to throw these celebrities out into the cold world, with the air of responsibility hovering about their forms? But now is the time for them to get busy before the plums are shaken from the plum-tree. We could write at length on the oscillating heart throbs that we feel on the "eve" of their de-

parture, but we won't. We could tabulate a long list of things which the Class of 1916 has accomplished for the institution, but we won't. We might even pass a few bits of advice to them as an aid to their endeavors to become leaders in this world, but we won't. We could praise them everlastingly, but all

THE SQUIB

we have to say now is Good Bye—or if you prefer—“Auf Wiedersehen, or Au revoir. May they come back to us as faithful Alumni and always keep at heart the everlasting spirit of “Old Aggie.”

S S S



ONCE again the bread (college bred) which has been cast out upon the waters of life returns to little Old Aggie grown big, in the shape of Alumni. Two conflicting thoughts are present, that of the alumni wishing themselves in our boots having a corking time sweating blood over intensely interesting books and that of we poor studs in some cases stewds year ing for the life that is to come when we shall go out to battle with the foaming waters or beverages of life. We have our future already planned. First we will marry the prom girl, sweet thing. Then in a few years as we are coming home from the office after the day's work is depleted, and mount the porch steps we shall be greeted by our little offsprouts climbing on our shoulders, while in the door way stands the girl you took to every informal and to whom you proposed at the prom, now the mother of your children with a rolling pin in her uplifted hand. (The uplift due to attending the Robbins Champagne) Such has been the good fortune of the alumni. The alumni, some aluminum alumni look over the frosh of their respective fraternities and wonder if they ever could have actually been as chlorophyllitic as this bunch. The frosh in turn do some wondering, trying to figure out how long it will take them to grow a food filter. However, we will have to hand it to our alumni, the men who have handed us our new field, and pass over their startling independence for cuts, other than razor. We hope that they will take a fancy to the Squib and have him sent once a month to their homes or at least where their wife lives.

S S S



SINCE the time is near when we shall all depart for the summer, it seems feasible to bring to our minds the watch word of the college “Boost Old Aggie.” Service to the college is an ideal which we all cherish. During the coming summer many of us will probably meet a number of preparatory school men who intend to go to college, but in whose minds no definite place has been fixed. It often lies in our power to exert considerable influence on these men and a few words may result in their choosing M. A. C. for their Alma Mater. Be on the watch for these men and your influences will prove successful.

S S S



THE 1916 Squib Board greets you for the last time. In the next number which will appear as the Freshmen Number the New Board will endeavor to carry out the good example set by the Old Board. Perhaps the Squib has not been an absolute success this year—we are sure it will be next year. Perhaps the editorials have not been startling enough—we will startle you further next year. At the last meeting of the Board we were imbued with the desire to do something big for a good start. As a result L. C. Higgins '18, I. W. Ingalls '18, H. B. Peirson '19 were elected to the editorial staff and A. Booth '17, D. M. Lipshires '18, A. J. Wing '19 to the business staff.

Good luck to them all in their future mixing of the ingredients for the Squib.





MANY have wondered,
And justly so—
The reason for it
We do not know—
Why the tickets for the hop were so few;
But take a look
And you'll admit
That on the floor
There will be a close fit
If the styles of all the dresses are new.



FOTOGRAFICALLY SPEAKING

SENIOR—See here, I don't like the finish you gave to my photographs.

Photographer—Well, look what you gave me to start with.



HEARD AMONG THE FUMES

CHEM. PROF. to Frosh—Give that potassium cyanide to the assistant, and he will take it over in the corner.

Frosh—If he only would.



STUDENTS ALSO

CHEM. PROF.—In what group does antimony belong?

Sleeping beauty—The anti-money group. Why, er the Socialists come under that group.

MRS. BROWN—"I am going to paint in the spring."

Mrs. Jones—"Well, between you and me, I have been doing it since spring."



MAJOR LOOK

COUNT OFF—Are you men shooting well?"
General Discipline— Yes, they won four dollars from the New Zealanders."



THINGS THAT INEVITABLY FOLLOW

Fish for dinner.....Fish cakes for Supper
Steak for d'inner.....Hamburg cakes for suppe:
Beef for dinner.....Hash cakes for supper
Chicken for dinner.....Croquets for supper



THE GAME OF LOVE

HE was love and so was she
When they started to play the game.
And she was love at fif't, thirty, and forty
But old Father time got in his story,
Then came the time when love ceased to remain,
And the whole thing ended in simply a deuce game.



PRAYERS

ROOM mate—"Shut up, wil you?"
Bed mate—"Why do you want me to shut up?"
Room mate—"I want to say my prayers."



THE CAUSE OF A LIMITED NUMBBR OF TICKETS TO THE HOP THIS YEAR.

Big skirts—no room.



SENIORS

This is worse than Studying
Look what you're coming to.



TENNIS WORSE THAN TWO

BILL—"How did you come out in your tennis match with May?"

Hen.—"Oh, I loved her and she hated me for it."



IT'S A HARD LIFE

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THAT'S the provoking question all the know-nothings are asking the Senior these days. The very idea of presuming to ask a dignified Senior that! Give the man a chance to find out himself, before you expect him to enlighten you on the subject.

Nevertheless, it would no doubt be a bit amusing if we could get up high enough somewhere and get a birdseye view of the seniors about a year from now. By that time those that are physically normal should have recuperated sufficiently from their four years of hard labor to start out and earn their daily bread instead of asking to have it given to them. You would probably see one off in a corner trying to make the stony back pasture his father willed him into a scientific farm. He has our sympathy and deserves his daily bread. Another would probably be forsaking his cozy bed to get up and milk the cows about the time some of us would be crawling in between the sheets. No doubt there would be others up at that early hour of the morning, but how do we see them? Walking up and down the floor with a wee squalling bundle in their arms. You need an Agricultural College education even for that.



YOU AUTO KNOW

JIM—"What is the difference between a garage and garbage?"

James—"Why one is hollow and the other isn't."

Jim—"You lose, one has a bee in it and the other hasn't."

Ask the Juniors what they are going to do. Why they are going to be dignified Seniors next year. 'Nuff said.

And what about the Sophs? They are trying to decide what they are going to major in just now. So we can't tell you what they will be doing until they make up their minds on this vital subject. They may be out in the backyard digging worms, bugs, we mean, or they may have a few camping parties on the "Reservation", or trying to make a hen hatch a china egg, or most anything else that is not understandable.

The Freshmen are just waiting to reap vengeance on the poor, unsuspecting creatures whom we have not yet met. If they only knew what was coming to them! Well, it will furnish some excitement anyway.



A PARTY of traveling men in a Chicago hotel were one day boasting of the business done by their respective firms, when one of the drummers said:

"No house in the country, I am proud to say, has more men and women pushing its line of goods than mine."

"What do you sell?" He was asked.

"Baby carriages" he said as he fled from the room.—*Ex.*



HAROLD—"Did you notice how quiet it was in church today?"

Ralph—"Yes, I even heard my gum drop."



OUT-DOOR S

COLD PUDDING

NICK—What dessert is it that Niagara Falls for?

Dick—Ice jam.

THAT WAS SURE ROARFUL

OLD LADY—What was that terrible noise the distance?

Young^r Man—Oh that was just one of the booming powder towns.



SPORTS AT AGGIE

SOME 'ER JOB

JIM—What kind of a job have you got for the summer?

Jams—One that's on the level.

Jim—What doing, laying bricks?

Jams—No, surveying.

WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

MISTRESS—Have you the ice-cream made for dinner?

Maid—No, the salt petred out.

THE SQUIB

THE LAST BLOW

TIME: The dark ages.

PLACE: Police Recreation center.

CHARACTERS (SOFT): Student mob. Pianolist with corner of eye on screen.

(HARD): Melvin Shaves (sometimes).

Smoothy Myth, the movie maggot
Retinue of police lab. assistants.

(from across the Rubi Connecticut.)

SCENE I.

PLACE, the Tencent Haul of Film, Expectant-faced student mob, seated in the floorground, smoking defiantly and Camels. Also . . . Smoothy Myth inserted in the background of the Haul, with his rusty band of very plain old clothesmen, lurkily scattered throughout the audience.

SMOOTHY (glancing at the unruly mob)—Them student fellers are actin kind of funny tonight. If they get ter raisin tranation, we'll settle their hash. By hen! !

MELVIN (reassuring the nervous maggot)—We got plenty of hired help around here tonight, from our sister city, Northampton, yer know.

LOVE SCENE (on the screen)—Loud rumble among students. One titter, three cackles and four giggles (Smoothy counted them).

LOVERS KISS (business of headon collision)—Smack! not kisses, but heavy Irish confetti floats on ether waves. Turmoil, confusion, wreckage, pandemonium, HELL . . .

MELVIN—Turn them lights on and folly me. Grab any student you jedge you can handle.

SMOOTHY MYTH (grabbing meek-looking student)—See here, young feller, don't be stubborn to a ossifer. I seen you breakin the lawrs of the taown.

STUDENT—Gracious! Really, sir you have the wrong person. I never did an unlady-like thing in my whole life, and the last thing my mother said before I left for college was "Now Percy, darling, promise me you won't raise hell at the movies."

SMOOTHY (almost reduced to tears by the tender appeal)—Drags him with a sterner grip bouncing over the chairs, out into the street. Here there are three fellow disturbers of the peace, held by the strong arm of the law, which the mob tries to put in a sling.

SCENE II.

PLACE—In the street, with student mob, Fords, and banana peels.

Police Force Ltd. Florid and Puffing. Quick sale of antique eggs, which egg on the police to the jug. Cries of "Crown Smoothy Myth!!" heard from bloodthirsty pharynxes.

STUDENT—Let me explain, I was sitting . . .

MELVIN (between puffs)—No you can't fool me, you be one of them dangerous characters. Don't I read the Police Gazette? ?

Students are then locked in the "jug," and do not escape thru the cracks like the other insects, who have evaded like sentences.

WEAK (the baker, a lab ass)—Is mysteriously refigerated by a ferocious fist.

MELVIN—You boys will ketch the o'd Harry in the mornin. If I was a jedge, I'd give you a darn long sentence, I tell yer.

STUDENTS (invite him to a place where his buttons will melt)—Give us a drink, Melvin.

MELVIN (reaching to his hip pocket)—No, you boys can't have none. I'll get you some water bimeby. (Sarcastically adds) I hope you have a pleasant night (policemen must have their little jokes).

ASBESTOS CURTAIN (to protect Melvin from his future home.)

SCENE III

IN COURT:

Large cheering section with tense suppressed emotion, tear-eyed, gape the proceedings. The judge with the courage of his convictions, reads:

FIRST STUDENT—Guilty.

SECOND STUDENT—Guilty.

THIRD STUDENT—Guilty.

FOURTH STUDENT—Guilty.

Then the janitor, disregarding the applause, starts to do his duty. Thus the courtroom is cleared up.



VERY ORDINARY, INDEED

BINGHAM—That was a very common thing for Jack to do, it seems to me.

Bangham—What was it?

Bingham—He was walking on the town green.

Bangham—Well he did it on the square anyhow.

THE SQUIB



"THE BIG THREE"

"Beware or *They will Get You*"

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Becky and Hymen were going to marry
But months came along and still d'd they tarry
First was October, then a delay
Because Hymie didn't get a raise in his pay.

Then came December, and it seemed that fate
Would allow these two at last to mate.
But no, not yet, some other excuse—
They were not tied, but went around loose.

So January came with frost and snow
And Hymie still, did lack the dough.
The insurance business was on the bum
And Hymie lacked the required sum.

When February came they lacked a bed
So a borrowed one they'll use instead.
At last we hope they'll wed, by heck
For this couple gives us a pain in the neck.



IF HAMP WERE ONLY DRY THIS IS WHAT ALED HIM

FIRST FELLUOUGH—I understand that Jack's
Dad strenuously objects strongly to amber
brown sun glasses.

Next Fellough—No, it's to his son's glasses of
the amber brown, that he objects.

WHAT COMMENCEMENT MEANS

COMMENCEMENT means that you have
to commence getting up early and staying
in nights. You must commence to save for a
bungalow, and the support of what wears a bungalow
apron. It means that you must commence to cease
to do many things, such as, cross the town bound-
ary three times a week, and eat at seven different
grubshops for six consecutive meals. Commence-
ment means that you will have to stop beginning to
start things, such as roughhouses on the stairs
and cooing noises in public amusement dives.
It means that you must commence raising a
moustache and a family if you are not already
at it. You must commence to use the door as
an exit, not the fire escape, and must push a per-
ambulator instead of a jimmy pipe, or both. You
must commence to dress in civilian clothes, lest
you be taken for a "hobo sapiens." You must
commence many things disagreeable and trivial
but, most of all you commence being a man and
a loyal alumnus of your alma mater, so rest easier
in your cap and gown.

Moral: Every black robe is not a shroud. Cheer
up, bong voyage!!!



ISAAC—"Vot are you planning to make your
thesis on?"

Jacob—"Vell I've been thinking of 'vinding a
way to take the post-mark off from old postage
stamps so dat ve vont hav 'ter buy any new ones."

THE SQUIB



"HIS BEST MAJOR"



THE HOP

ON the night before the twenty-first
There will be some hard work done,
From eight o'clock in the evening
Until the rising of the sun.

You will see the cars unload them—
Well-groomed men and pretty girls.
All dressed in the latest fashion,
Flashing diamonds, and pearls.

They'll waltz, and walk, and fox-trot,
Till the perspiration off them pours.
Then the boys will take their coats off
And throw open all the doors.

At midnight for a while they tarry
In the hash-house banquet hall,
While the neat, white-coated waiters
Come and go at their beck and call.

Here hilarity runs high
While they fill the empty spaces,
Reflected is the hour's joy
On all the happy, smiling faces.

One is making funny animals
By sticking toothpicks in the rolls,
Another in the table linen
With his knife is cutting holes.

Then back again to trot some more,
'Til the first faint glimpse of dawn.
Then ambition seems to waver—
Most of the hilarity is gone.

The next day they feel bent and broken,
Financially and otherwise;
But they'll do the same stunt over
As long as money such pleasure buys.

Just suppose some one should ask them
In profitable labor that time to spend
You'd be likely to hear a few objections
And pitiful wails the air would rend.

"A fool there was", friend Kipling said—
And as far as we can see,
There's another one born every day in the year,
So there will always a fool be.

CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY

AT the Aggie commencement in 1976, there were a dearth of victuals and beds, all the houses were congested to the full, and even the Amherst House hung a newspaper over their sign, "Rooms to Let." People starved, and went unslept, for days at a time. Barns in North Amherst were entered by force and forage crops devoured. The poultry plant kept only one hen that was in a box with coccidiosis, the visitors, the brilliant commencement guests got the rest of them, not a feather remained. The mail carrier was assaulted and robbed of several packets of government seeds, which they swallowed between gulps of ravine water.

The sleeping accommodations were terrifically few. Men knocked a couple of bricks from the chimney at the Power Plant and in the crevice thus made sought rest during the off hours of the seige. The Arena, was jammed. One woman asked her husband to cut her a steak from the plaster model of a cow, and the baled hay in the young stock barn was entirely commandeered. Two brave and cool-headed alumni tore a door from the chapel and launching it in the pond, pushed out into deep water and there dozed on it. Flat roofs did a land office business and many Fords vacated their garages that the innumerable guests might be covered from the moon's fatal rays, and the piercing night air of middle June.



ROSE arose to put some rose on her cheeks to make them rosy. Clara said that Will had cheek to say the rose on Rose's cheek was not a natural rose. Will said Clara has two cheeks, which is worse than having cheek to say the rose on Rose's cheeks is not a natural rose



XPEARIENCE

Two little hen eggs, rested on the table,
Both of them came with the 'New Laid' label,
I broke one up and I got a surprise,
To open the other, I thot not wise.
Neyther a borrower nor a lender be.
If an erstwhile friend has done you for a fiver
or a ten
It's the proper thing to dun him both in person
and by pen.
But if you are the one who did the doing that
was done,
All talk and correspondence cease, lest he should
try to dun.



CLASS SING REHEARSAL
"And a Goodly Crowd was There."

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We invite you to inspect
our outing shoes

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Thompson 

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We have selected our goods for
spring with unusual care.

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144 Main St. NORTHAMPTON

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***Candies &
Ice Cream***

247-249 Main Street
Northampton

Ike—I am desirous of being intro-
duced to a girl in the gas works.
Could I go down the cellar to meter?
—*Michigan Technic.*

Pullman Porter—Next stop is your
station, sah. Shall I brush you off,
now?

Morton Moros—No; it isn't ne-
cessary. When the train stops, I'll
get off.

—*Judge.*

50—50

Student (trying to pick her up)—
The fellows bet me a dollar, I didn't
dare speak to you. You don't mind
do you?

Beautiful Girl.—Not at all. Run
along now and get your dollar.

—*The Widow.*

Mr. Dudds—Why do you always
stand before the mirror while dress-
ing?

Mrs. Dudds—To see what is going
on of course.

—*Puck.*

Order Cooking Specials

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**Best Quality Food
Moderate Prices**

E. G. DILL, Proprietor
213 MAIN STREET NORTHAMPTON

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"Everything is so Tasty"

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Single Room, with Bath - - - - \$2.00 to \$3.00 for one
Single Room, with Bath and Two Beds, \$4.00 to \$5.00 for two

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is within a handy walk of everything—terminals—subways—elevateds—surface lines—theatres and clubs, yet you can have quiet, refinement, and service withal.

European plan restaurant
unexcelled for its cuisine

Service and accommodations unsur-
passed for completeness and efficiency

Write for our Map of New York

W. H. VALIQUETTE
Managing Director

A. E. SINGLETON
Asst. Manager

"How did you come out in the examination, Terrance?"

"Knocked the blooming thing cold, Cholly."

"That so?"

"Yes, almost down to zero."

—*Sun-Dial.*

"Gee, Dorothy, I haven't got a cent with me."

"Well, it doesn't matter. Everybody knows you, here, don't they?"

He—Unfortunately they do.

—*Siren.*

She (thoughtfully)—Did you ever think much about reincarnation, dear?

'18 (otherwise)—Think about it? I eat it nearly every day—only we call it hash.

—*Tiger.*

Hunt—I was just about to take a shot at the skunk when he ran away.

Runt—Got away strong, eh?

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

A Good Place to Eat

The Ideal Lunch

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Fine Cuisine

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Eyesight is too precious to take chances with. Big, roomy eye protectors that are comfortable and easy-fitting will avoid the chance of accident, relieve eye-strain and prevent headaches. For long motor trips they are indispensable for the driver and the passengers. We have a liberally large line for you to select from.

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Exceptional Cuisine

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Sake"**

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Alleys May be Reserved in
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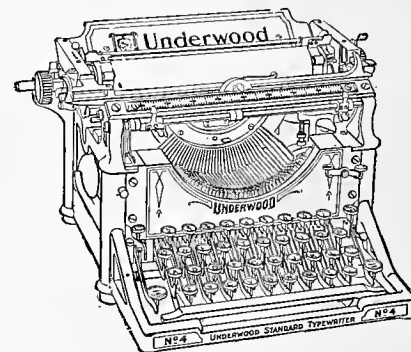
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UNDERWOOD

TYPEWRITER



The next best thing to owning one is

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UNDERWOOD

"The Machine You Eventually Buy"

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245 Worthington St.

SPRINGFIELD, - MASS.

**Stationery, Blank Books and
Fountain Pens**

1918 and 1919
COLLEGE STATIONERY

A. G. Hastings

Newsdealer and Stationer

PASSE?

"Would you mind telling me what time it is, Jackie, dear," she purred as she stretched out in the hot sands to disclose a well formed ankle on which a watch nestled contentedly in its leather straps.

"Kittie," he said, hurt almost beyond words—"I never expected to find hands there."

—*Punch Bowl.*

She—Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat?

He—Because it isn't felt.

—*Brunonian.*

"As the party is off we will have nothing on for the afternoon."

"Then we has better go in swimming."

—*Punch Bowl*

**NOT PRECISELY WHAT HE
MEANT TO SAY**

The Girl's Mother—And do you think my daughter can live on your salary?

The Steady Company—Why not? Other women have.

—*Puck.*

GILMORE THEATRE

THE HOME OF BURLESQUE



*Four Days Every Week Beginning
Wednesday*

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R. F. Armstrong & Son

Commencement

Days will soon be here. Let us show you our line of suits ranging in price from \$12.50 to \$25.00.

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Northampton, Massachusetts

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Special Dishes at All Hours

R. J. RAHAR, Prop.

Bay State Dye House

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Amherst Agent

You are getting out your flannels, have them cleaned by our process. Better than the rest. We will serve you to your full satisfaction. Give us a trial.

Just bring your suit or trousers to Scotty, we will do the rest.

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Closed only from 1 a. m. to 4 a. m.

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Kodaks and Films at Deuel's Drug Store

Sole Agent for Eastman's Films.

Huyler's, Park & Tilford, Maillards
Page & Shaw, and Apollo Candies

Any box of candy bought here which is not
satisfactory will be replaced or
money returned

VICTOR MACHINES AND RECORDS

Deuel's Drug Store

UNCHECKED

"How did the teller get his cold?"

"All the drafts in the bank go
through his cage."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"Oh, I had ta laugh. I wasn't
even in the submarine. Neither was
Jim and when we asked the Kaiser
who was responsible for sinking the
battleship, he said, 'U2.' "

—*Froth.*

"Don't you think my mustache
becoming?" asked a senior of his part-
ner.

"Well," replied the fair one, "it may
be coming, but it certainly hasn't
arrived yet."

—*Gargoyle.*

HE WASN'T FIRST

She (just kissed by him)—How
dare you? Papa said he would kill
the first man who kissed me."

He—How interesting. And did he
do it?—*Judge.*

CHAPTER FROM A TRAGIC TALE

"An' I said, 'Jump; we'll hold the
blanket,' an' gosh, I hadda laugh,
'cause we didn't have no blanket—"

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Prof.—What is the value of a ver-
bal contract?

Freshman—Why, a verbal con-
tract isn't worth the paper it's written
on.

—*Punch Bowl.*

Transcript Photo Engraving Company

North Adams, Mass.



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and Fit Well

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Compliments of
A. J. GALLUP, INC.



We sell
**Hart Schaffner & Marx
Clothes**

293-297 High St. Holyoke, Mass.

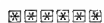
*Our Food Has That Tasty Taste
Which Reminds You of Home*

North End Lunch

On the Left as You Enter
the Campus

DOOLEY'S INN

HOLYOKE



The Happy Hunting Grounds
for Ye Aggie Men



MEALS SERVED AT ALL
HOURS

"Say, jeweler, why don't my
watch keep good time?"

"The hands won't behave, sir;
there's a pretty girl in the case."

—Widow.

Richguy—What's your ideal of a
Hop girl?

Hardup—Well, she must dislike
flowers; be afraid to ride in a taxi;
think it perfectly foolish to sleep at
all; have a return railroad ticket; and
be just too excited to eat.

—Record.

She—Do you keep a diary?

He—No; it wouldn't be fair to the
girl I marry.

—Record.

GOOD SALESMANSHIP

Buyer—I bought this toy here
yesterday, but when I wound it up
at home it wouldn't go.

Seller—That's the idea exactly,
sir! That's our automatic tramp,
and it wont work.

—Judge.

PREPAREDNESS IN THE DARK AGES

"You gonna fight fo' yo' country
in de wor?"

"Gwan away nigger—what'y I
want wid fight fo' country—I'se a
city nigga."

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

"Marriage is a lottery."

"Not with these cobweb clothes
the women are wearing now."

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

It is better to
have your

Printing

Done by Us than
to wish you
had



Excelsior Printing Co.
Printing—Ruling—Binding
North Adams, Mass.

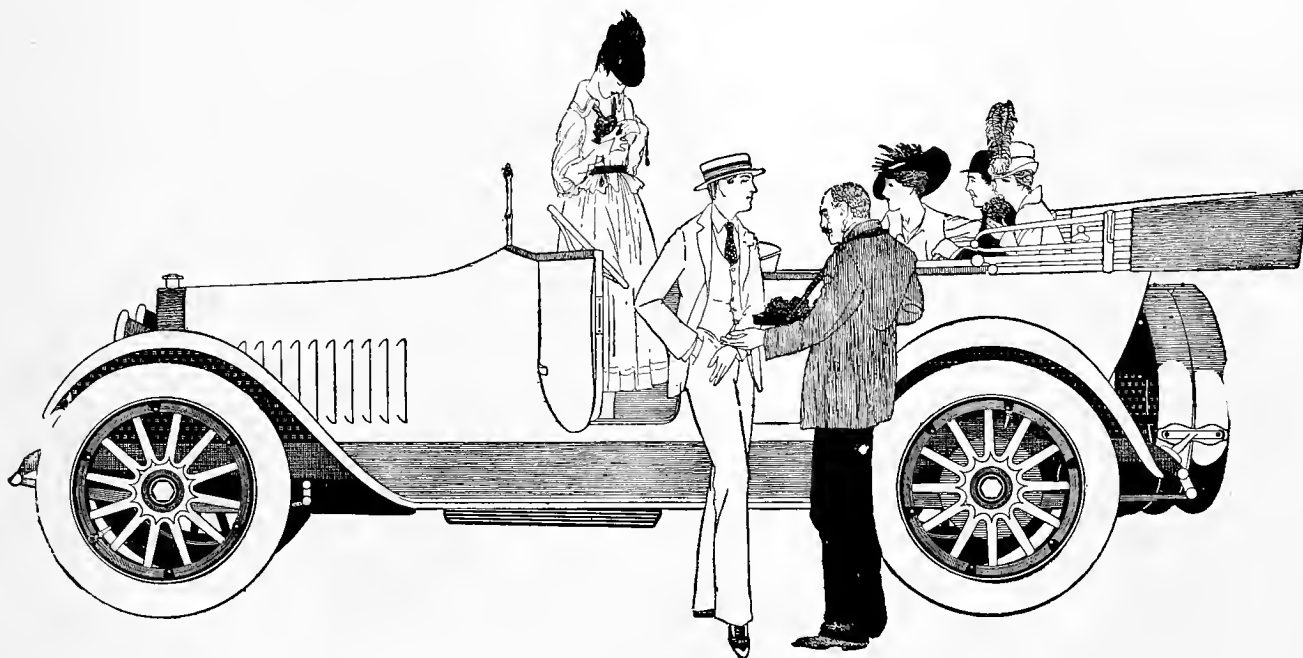
Wholesome old fashion food served
in the most modern
manner at the

COLONIAL INN

At the entrance to the campus



Quality First



IT'S OFF LIKE A PUNT—THE LONG-LIVED 3400 R. P. M. CHALMERS—\$1090

Like the heroes of track and gridiron, this 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers knows the fine athletic art of saving itself from strain—of holding back great reserves of power for bursts of performance.

The vast margin of reserve between all normal needs and this wonderful engine's safe crank-shaft speed-limit of 3400 revolutions per minute explains this car's astonishing length of life, its 18 miles on a gallon of gas, and its enormous range of performance on high.

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Over 15,000 owners now swear by 3400 r. p. m. It's guaranteed by a book of service inspection coupons, negotiable at any Chalmers dealer, anywhere.

In Oriford maroon or Meteor blue this car is fascinating. The Cabriolet comes also in Valentine green. Wire wheels optional at extra cost on Roadster or Cabriolet, in white, red, primrose yellow, or black. Look these cars over before they're all gone.

Five-Passenger Touring Car,	\$1090 Detroit
Two-Passenger Roadster,	\$1070 Detroit
Three-Passenger Cabriolet,	\$1440 Detroit

Chalmers Motor Company, - Detroit



ARROW

Soft

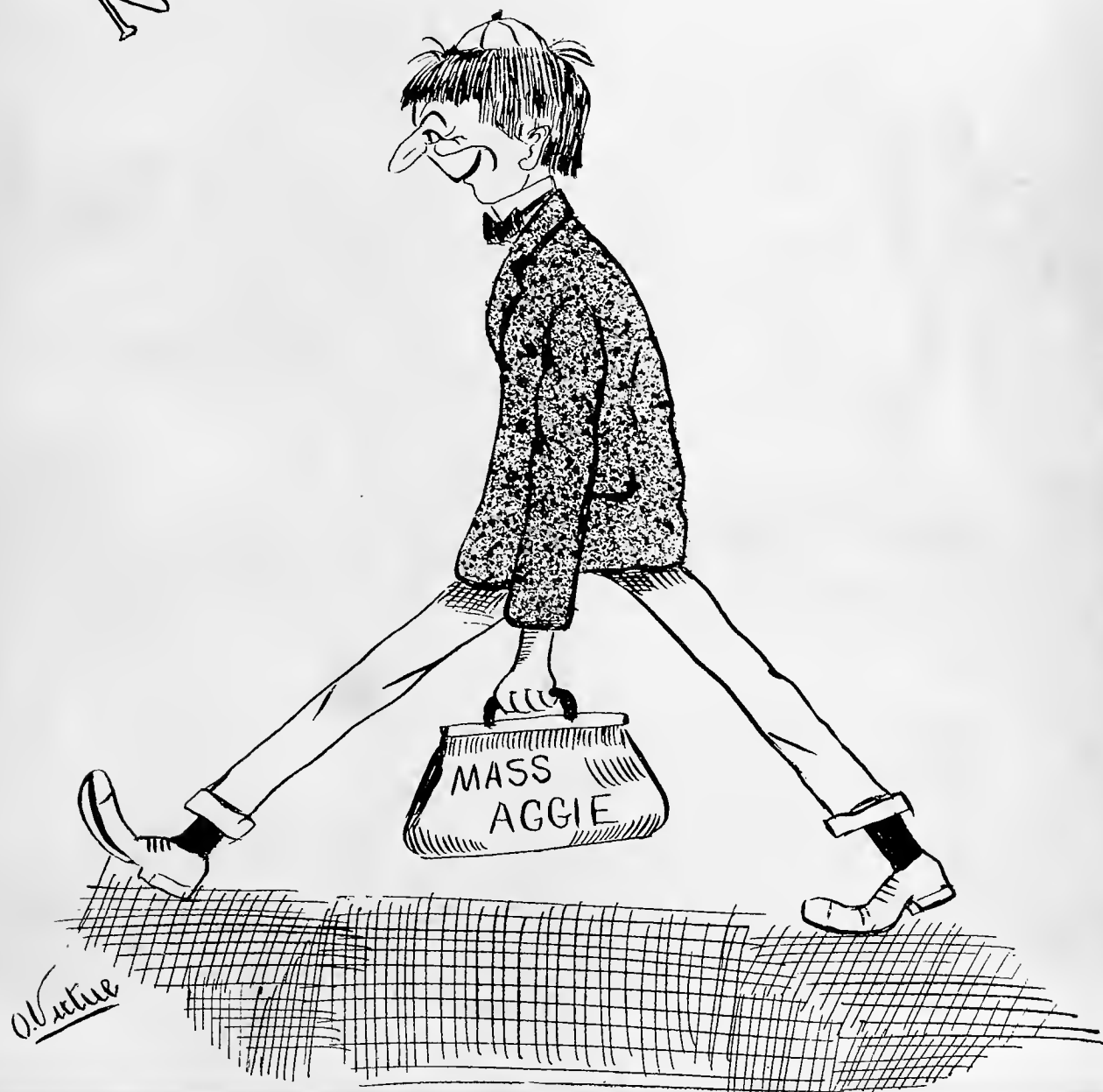
COLLARS

Look and wear better than the ordinary—A very wide range of styles at your haberdashers
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

THE

SQUIB

FRESHMAN
NUMBER





PUBLISHED AT MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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"QUID AGIS AGE AGGIE"

15 CENTS A COPY

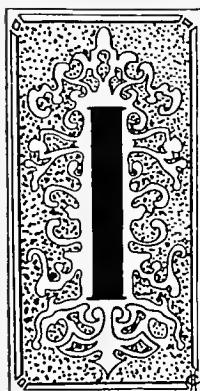
All contributions should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. They will be given credit in the annual elections to the board. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager 12 South College.

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OCTOBER, 1916

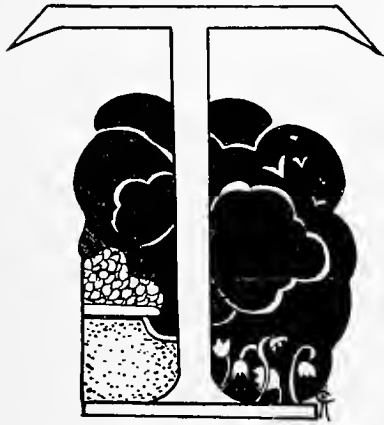
No. 1



IN consequence of the opening of college, *Squibby* takes it upon himself the work of welcoming back the undergraduates and of greeting another entering class of greenlings who have put their feet on the threshold of dear "Old Aggie". We are surely glad to look into their smiling faces and welcome them back after an exciting summer remarkable for its epidemics, strikes and heartrending incidents. Once again autumn is with us and Mr. Infantile Paralysis has quarantined the fair sex in our sister colleges. But be as it may, the way of the transgressor is hard and all we can do is to endeavor to live up to the watchword of the year, "Be Ambitious". We hope that the entering class

as well as those that are now here will try to make this year the most successful for Aggie. And now that *Squibby* has duly welcomed you, make yourselves at home on the campus and live up to the rules of the Senate.

THE SQUIB



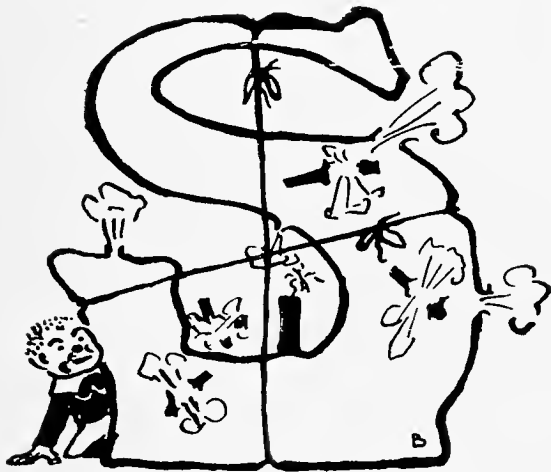
HIS number starts *Squibby* on another year full of hilarity and cheerfulness. But *Squibby* finds his humor subsiding considerably, for he feels that he cannot continue to live if he is unable to obtain the support of the student body. If you remove the sunshine from the rose it cannot exist, then why expect *Squibby* to stay in the trench when you remove this pecuniary vitality? Do not let him go to the River Styx just because you would rather read your neighbors' copy, but endeavor to purchase each copy yourself. Every large college in the country has its own comic, Harvard has her *Lampoon*, Yale her *Record*, etc. Aggie has her *Squib*, but is she supporting it? *Squibby* looks for your support and is ready to accept any criticism which in any way would benefit him, so if you cannot support the paper financially, show a little pep by trying to become a member of the board.

So think it over men, and let us have a prosperous year for the *Squib*.

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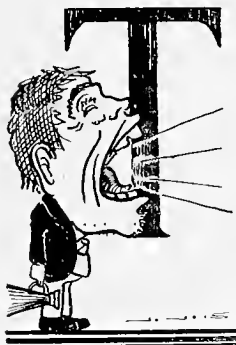


QUIBBY, always thotful for the welfare of his beloved Aggie, was peeved. He had been thinking of an incident which happened a year ago, and suddenly his just wrath culminated in his unsheathing of his royal corn-cutter and delivering the following edict: Be it known to all the dwellers in the Kingdom of Aggie that any attempt to intimidate the people who recently came here from the Kingdom of Prep-school shall be considered TREASON against His Majesty, *Squibby*, and as a penalty therefor he will send his staff on a punitive expedition with the pun left out. Long live Aggie! (Beware lest the executioner do a death scene, with you as the corner's hero).

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HE "Squib", although a strictly non-partisan paper, cannot help but make a statement in regards to the political situation at "Aggie." To say it is acnte is mild—it is exasperating. We were going down the campus the other day and a friend asked us if we were for Hughes? After looking him in the eye for a minute we said yes, and talk about the hand shake we received. Taft and his five thousand hand shakes is a back number. A little further along we met another friend who asked us if we were for Hughes. We again said yes. Woe and betide, we lost one good tooth, a clean collar, and were otherwise considerably mussed up. Since this latter parting we have decided to remain neutral—at least until the day to cast our vote comes. American politics are surely strenuous, especially when a peace loving citizen has to change his mind every two minutes as to his favorite candidate, in order to live until voting day.

THE SQUIB



SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PLOWING TEAM

MONDAY, Oct 23 members of last year's plowing team met down at the sheep barns to elect new officers and discuss plans for the coming season. The meeting was called to order by Manager Flint who, in the absence of President King Babbitt, acted as chairman. The meeting was characterized by much cheering and enthusiasm in general as the various reports were read off. Last year the team being on its first official schedule went through without a defeat such well known teams as Wellesley, Vassar, Radeliffe, Mt. Holyoke and Smith College going down to defeat in the order named. Smith College forfeited their meet after seeing our decisive victory over their rival, Mt. Holyoke. The following is a brief account of an article which appeared in a well-known Boston paper:

"AGGIE TOO STRONG FOR WELLESLEY"

Plowing Team Wins First Meet of Season

The plowing team of the Mass. Agri. College was too strong for Wellesley, the champions of Greater Boston, and therefore scored an easy victory. Braves Field was packed with loyal rooters of both colleges who cheered their respective teams on. For the Aggies James Day, noted football player and all-round athlete, starred, as it was largely due to his masterly handling of the runs that accounted for the final outcome. Wellesley was superior on the straight-away, but the Farmer's team had the corners down to a science. Only one mishap marred the meet, this being the breaking of a tug by Wellesley which was quickly repaired by handkerchiefs collected by women spectators. After the meet both teams showed their sportsmanship by holding various theatre and dinner parties. The final score stood:—Aggie 9 furrows, Wellesley 7 furrows."

This was cited as an example of the widespread advertising derived from such a branch of sports.

Following the reading of the minutes of the club the treasurer read his report which showed that in spite of the small guarantees received, the team was able to close the season free from all debts. Large contributions from outside people were responsible for this, the list including John D. Rockefeller who showed his interest by sending in a check for fifty cents.

Owing to the discomfiture of the members of the team who found it very trying to walk in the soft earth, nothing but sulky plow will be used this year. This affords all men who find it hard work to stand on their feet a chance to make their letter by the easier method of sitting down. An urgent request is made to the freshman class to send out a large delegation to the practices which will consist of field demonstrations and blackboard talks. The Agronomy Department has set aside 20 acres for the team to practice on besides a yoke of oxen which are the best motive power attainable for the team.



IN THE MILLENIUM

"Who is that Jones is continually kissing?"

"My young wife. They have become great friends."

—Life



"It must be good fishing around here."

"Why?"

"See all the empty bottles."

—Gargoyle

THE SQUIB



Jumping The 9's

WHAT HE DREW

THE artist and his girlie
In the quiet studio sat;
He had met her in a burlesque
During intermission chat.

Her slightest wish was to him law,
It made her only dearer,
He asked of her "What shall I draw?"
She said "A little nearer."



A QUITE well-to-do lady from the country
visited the city and entered one of the
larger stores where she looked around for four
and half hours in search of something of which
she might like to be the owner. At last the floor
walker advances, and with a polite bow says,
"Pardon me madam, but are you here to buy
something?"

The lady looked him over from top to toe and
said, "And what did you think I was here for?"

The floor walker with another polite bow: "I
didn't know but you were taking an inventory of
the stock."

STOLEN GOODS

SNIVVERS—I was about to go for a drive
in my auto this afternoon, but one of the
cylinders was missing.

Flivvers—You are lucky, I wanted to go for
a ride this afternoon and the whole car was missing.



OVERHEARD AT HASH AGAIN

TUB—I say old chop—

Grub—What are you talking to, this meat
or to me?



THOSE HORRID ENGINEERS

SHE—Are you a strict follower of the Golden
rule?

He—Nope, the Slide rule for mine.



1st Frosh—"Got a match?"

2nd Frosh—"Yep. Here."

1st Frosh—"Think I forgot my makings too."

2nd Frosh—"Well, give me back my match
then."



YOUNG lady to army surgeon—"I suppose
you will marry after the war, doctor."

Doctor—"No, my dear young lady. After the
war I want peace."

THE SQUIB

THE CORKERS CORKED

THEY were all talking excitedly, one voice rising above the others could be heard saying, "That frosh is a corker and we simply gotta gettim. He played left fullback at Extra Handover last year and has been playing on the best prep. school teams in the country for the last eight or nine years. And when it comes to baseball there is nobody in the country who can touch him. He caught more flies in one season than Zaek Wheat and Tanglefoot combined, and had to carry revolvers to keep such managers as Mae Raw and Robemsome from kidnapping him. He's a wonder and we gotta take him by hook or crook. Now here's the inside dope. We as loyal members of Slinga Line Abull have got to get him away from that roughneck Delta Guya Blow gang, whether the man is any good or not, and I tell you they are after him strong because only yesterday I saw Jack Rushem offer him a cigarette paper. As for the You Sighs, I saw them stuffing his poeket full of pledge pins last night downtown in Skinner's drug store. The Papa Eata Motza gave him such a corking feed at Rabrahs that he thinks possibly he will go with them, and the Signi Shi Asaloon have him dated up for tonight. Our only chance is to bid him this afternoon."

Two members of Slinga Linea Bull were chosen for this task, and set out to find I Gotta Repp, the boy wonder. They found him in his room quietly reading the Dean's Rule Book for 1916.

"Hello old scout, we have got the best bunch in college and we want to have you with us. If you want to come with a good live, noisy bunch just sign up with us. We are corkers, all of us."

"Well I'll tell you, boys, I want to go with a bunch that is quiet because——"

"Gee then you want to come with us, we have the quietest bunch on the campus and as for athletes, why, the college couldn't get along without our bunch."

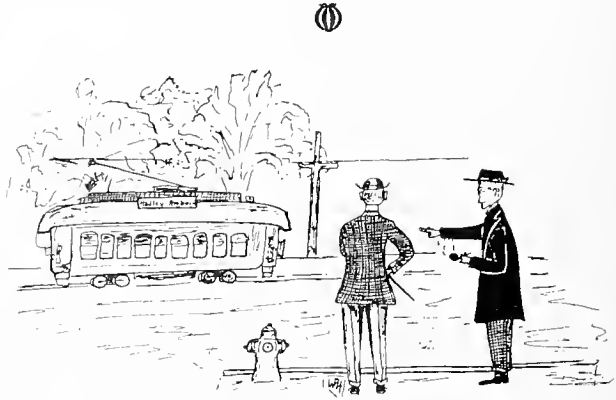
"Yes, I suppose so, but I am going in for the studies now that I am in college because——"

"Then sign up with our bunch and you will make no mistake for we lead the whole college as far as studies go. Last year we lost only about half our men on account of studies, and what we are giving you is straight dope absolutely no bull."

"That is probably so boys, but after I graduate I intend to go into the real estate game, and

I want to join a bunch that can sling a good line of bull."

Long silence

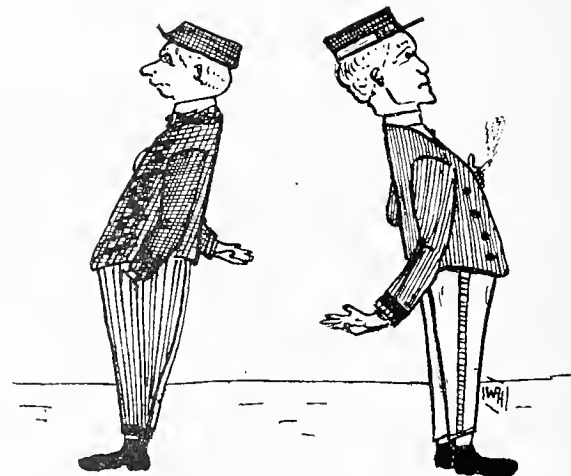


YOICHS, HARK AWAY!

The open season now is on, the trolley men are glad,

And now you guys go over, who wished to go so bad.

Be like a mighty hunter, the chase must never lag,
But remember the rules of tradition,—one chicken makes a bag.



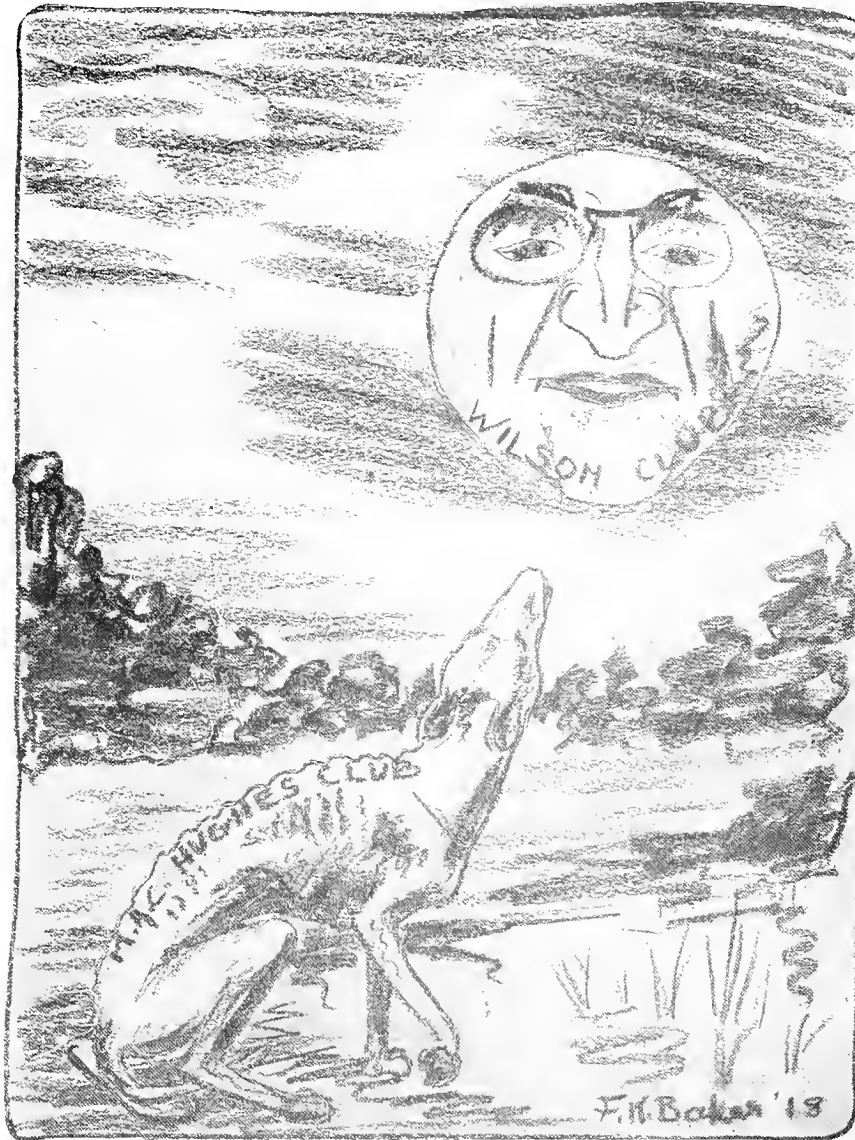
YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THEM

KENNEDY and Lipshires the ex-bell-hops will now trill that touching hotel melody, entitled "The Itching Palm."

THE boarding-house Mrs. who is noted for serving minimum portions of food asked her new boarder in her sweetest voice, "How did you find the steak this noon, Mr Smith?"

Mr Smith, pleasantly, "Quite easily, thank you—I am a detective by profession, you know."

THE SQUIB



The person sending in the best title to the above picture will receive a year's subscription to the Squib.

Send your answers to 12 South College.

She—Can a man tell when a woman loves him?

He—He can, but he ought not to.

—Record

“Prices are going up.”

“Well, women's skirts have been reduced to almost nothing.”

“But they're going up, too.”

—Siren



Cholly—“Are you going to the fancy dress ball?”

Agnes—“Oh, no, I have hardly a thing to wear.”

Cholly—“Er— isn't that the latest style?”

—Froth



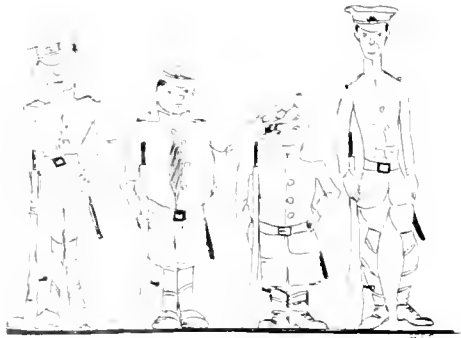
Life Guard (excitedly)—Madam, your poor husband has been drowned.

The Widow (in bathing costume)—And have they found his body?

Guard—No, it's lost.

W.—Now isn't that too provoking—he had the key to our bath house around his neck!

—Tiger



To The Plattsburgers

Several loyal Aggie men in neat drill suits
reported
To the student camp at Plattsburg, and for a
month disported.
Little questions for today: Were they glad to
hit the hay?
Were they very tired at night, after learning
how to fight?
Did the tactics seem a pipe, were the New York
apples ripe?
Were there dances to cheer them out, was their
Aggie spirit gone?
Did they know the way to shoot? Did the officers
look cute?
Did their putters keep them cool, could they sit
upon a stool?
Demerits, curses, were they passed, and how
long did our fellows last?
Could they march ten miles a day, did they
always feel right, ay?
Did they tear a roll to arms, paper talk and
false alarms?
Once, not once did they repent, underneath a
rain-soaked tent?
Were their blouses open and open, did their drill
shoes hold their tan?
All these wonders wrecked our dome, we who
had to stay at home.
Will they show us up this year, introduce new
methods here?
Must we dig a trench a day, or build a fortress
out of clay?
We are glad they went there, tho: wish that all
of us could go!
So let us make a loyal note a long yell for
our Plattsburg boys.



THE SQUIB

HOW THEY MEET

"OH, you Bill, welcome soap, to our city without a heart. Have a good vacation?"

"Very good Eddie, and you, hello old timer. Who did you do?"

"I was farming and working, pretty soft, that is my hands were. Look at these callouses now, ho."

"Farming and working, hey, good combination, a little of both is a good thing, (as the hobo said as he enclosed two pies with a single stretch of mouth.) Got unpacked yet?"

"Well, the first load of photos has come. Lookem over child. See any new faces?"

"Wait a minute! Who is this, summer queens, some are not, etc."

"See that 'Slick Stories' there. I read that all summer."

"And got a clean bill of health from the office? Some slipup. Say, if the Dean knew—Is that the bell? then an reservoir, I want to get a flying start in this chem course. But did you lamp the new stewardess? I almost dropped the milk pitcher when I saw her. Well, let's go gang! A ce soir."

He's OFF—in more than one sense.



ONE of the Mexican border songs contains the phrase "the blooming engineers".

We would humbly ask if they mean the Floriculturists at Aggie?



THAT FLATWAD MUSE

WHEN I consider how my coin was spent,
On jitneys, movies, camels, and the dance;
I wonder where my heritage has went,
And go and auction off my flannel pants.



FATHER—"I don't like the habit your young man has of hanging around here so late at night. What does your mother say about it?"

Daughter—"She says men haven't changed one bit since she was young."



THE BURNING QUESTION

WILLY—Smithers seems to be having a heated argument with the janitor.

Nilly—Yes he is trying to get him to put a little coal in the furnace.



JACK—"You're looking prosperous! What did you do this summer?"

Jake—"Me? Sort of a chemist. Used a cast iron nerve to turn aluminum into tin!"



OH YOU OLD PEP, TEAM

OH every year about this time, the glorious early fall,
The campus rings with football yells and signals' snappy call.

This season starts a splendid plan, three coaches now must pick,

The better of the candidates who tackle and who kick.

Oh the team we love to yell for, they are always in the scrap,

And they're sure to keep old Aggie on the footballistic map.

When they start to hit the schedule, they will show em where we stand

For they know we're all behind them from the co-eds to the band!

Hip-hip-hip-Mass.Mass.Mass., etc.



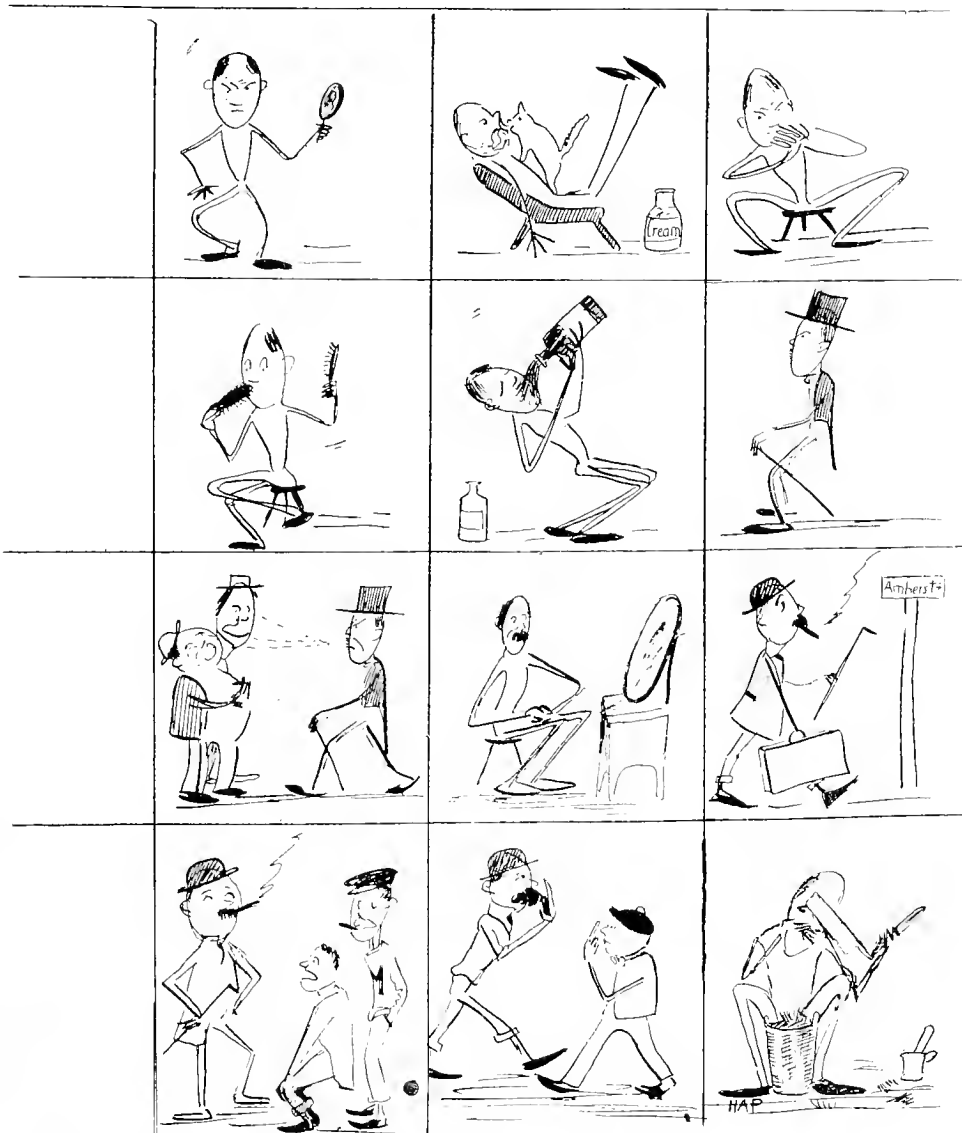
HE—These tire thieves are very bold now, aren't they?

She—Oh, yes, father had to put chains on his tires.



THE Visitor—"I don't see how the Freshmen can keep their little caps on their heads."
The Professor—"Vacuum pressure."

THE SQUIB



"INDOOR SPORTS AT AGGIE"



PROF—"Where is your common sense located?"
Co-Ed Freshlady—"In the brain."

Prof—"Right. Man's brain is larger than woman's. What is the result?"

Co-Ed Freshlady—"That shows that quality counts more than quantity."



HOWARD—"Did your aunt remember you in her will?"

Henry—"Sure she did. Directed her executors to collect all the loans she had made me."

ROBERT—"Have you loved anyone before me?"

Rose—"No darling, I have not. I have admired many men for their bravery, beauty, intelligence, strength, but as for you Robert, it is only love, nothing else."

YES," confessed Jack. "When she wasn't looking I kissed her."

"And then what did she do?" asked his friend.
"Refused to look at me again all evening."

THE SQUIB

AGILE ADGIE OR THE BOY WONDER OF THE MEXICAN BORDER

ADGIE, the hero of our story, was a victim of the much dreaded flunk-out system and in consequence packed his things collegiate and jumped a train for home. Upon his arrival, in reply to the volley of really pertinent personal questions turned upon him by his wrathful paternal parent, Adgie was forced to confess that 40% or more of the professors were down on him, bore a nasty grudge against him, wouldn't give him a square deal and for some entirely imaginary and trumped up reason had failed him in the exams.

"I knew the stuff cold pop", he said, "but they gave me a raw deal. Why, just to prove that I was a good student observe the stellar rating that I received from the Department of Military Science. Anything that is really difficult and takes brains you see, I was able to master," and with his feet arranged beneath him like Napoleon in the Famous picture "Don't give up the Ship", he added, "Father I am going to join the troops at the border make a name for myself and become the pride of the town." He then executed a right face and without further parley left his already proud father in the doorway dazed but happy in the thought that no more letters would be forthcoming from the treasurer's office.

To be concluded.



ETIQUETTE BETWEEN FROSH AND SOPHS

AFROSH should not require a request to be repeated.

A Frosh and Soph should not be angry at the same time.

Bestow your warmest sympathies in each others trials.

A Soph should make his criticism of a Freshman to the latter's face, preferably a black eye.

Always use the most gentle and loving words when addressing each other.

Let each study what pleasure can be bestowed upon the other during the day.



The widow and her children approached the photographer.

"What are your rates, please?" she inquired.

"Seventy-five a dozen, madam," he replied.

"But I have only eleven."

—Jester

OH SKINNY! LOOK DOWN THE RAVINE

THINK, fellow students of the intense efforts of the men of landscape artistic genius who are trying to make the Ravine into a Grotto of Gush, where Junior and Co-ed can meet on equal terms and a rustic settee, and try to make each other believe that that rippling rivulet comes not from the pond but from "somewhere on Campus", and that the squirrels are really amusing.

Later when the rural engineers get going, we will have concrete casts of Pomona, Johnnie Appleseed, and Jimmie Niek mounted there on huge pedestals. Poison ivy will twine sweetly around a rum cherry tree while the landlocked salmon chew coaldust cuds and swim swiftly.

Freshman will not be allowed to sail toy boats in the stream, and one way bridges will span the murky minnow brook.

Later when the sorority has a house of her own, alumnae will wheel perambulators, etc., along the rubble promenade and will show the children the sidehill cages of zoo animals while promiscuously passing peanuts to the dearest little monkeys.

Here is a sofmore swinging in a hammock far out over the deep waters of the stream, there is a senior playing in the sand with a pail and shovel, ice cream cones are in the air, soda fizzes, all are happy in then enjoyment of the Aggie Dreamland, which was developed by the landscapers and the graduate capitalists. So be it.

Branch offices might be established in the dorm entries, and with the use of cover, hanging gardens, moss carpets, and hedgethorn partitions, intercrop the present layout with hardy perennials with the general effect of back-to-nature- with all feet at once.

Seriously, (pardon us, Freshman, for the stern attitude), now seriously, we congratulate the landscape artists on their idea, their initial attempts and their promises of further development.

We all want to see the campus beautiful—all over. Merei, yes.



YOU don't care whether I leave you or not," he said mournfully. "When I reach England I shall commit suicide. I feel it. A rope will be all I need."

"Oh, don't worry," she said cheerfully. "I'll send you a cable."

THE SQUIB

LOCAL SQUIBS

"**H**OW do you like your corporal?"
"O! He is a 'Jewell.'"

It is rumored that Count Off is afraid of neither the pond nor work, but he keeps away from both.

I'll squeeze your adams apple until you spit cider.

At the rope pull "Goody, Goody for our side."

Cy—"The alarm clock just went off."

Harry—"Good, close the door and don't let it in again."

"I understand that 'Strings' is trying out for the foot-ball team."

"Yes, but you might as well try him out for fat."

"How is that?"

"Why you can't get anything out of him."



ON TO THE POND

FRESHMEN! show me your hand-book, and don't you dare put your hand in your pocket.

A farmer in telling about the wonderful fruit grown down south said that they often took pine-apples, hollowed them out and used them for waste-paper baskets. "That's nothing," said the Boston man. "One of our policemen was lost on a beat last week."

Freshman—"Our class has got a 'Silverman.'"

Sophomore—"That's nothing we have a Pond for him."

Wanted! Second hand sonnets for the Sophomores.



The Co-Ed Society of Higher Criticism will meet on the upper piazza this noon to look over the material on the way to dinner, and plan a course of tactics from this observation.

(Heads up fellows, you are eligible maybe, smile if necessary).



Did you see Alumnus Plaisted stare at the improved hash-house?



Even Charlie Moses was tickled with the decorations, floral and personal.

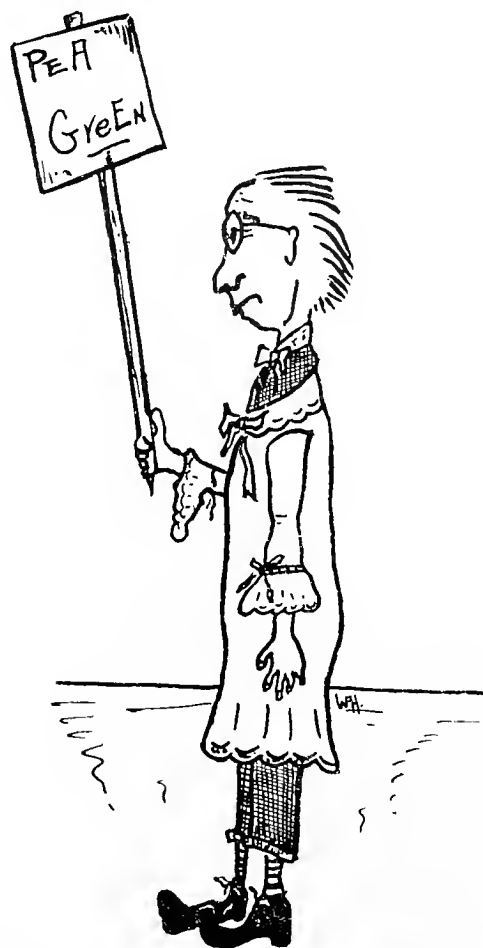


To the class of '16. We miss your pep, so come around often to see us.



That tall freshman denies that he intends to pledge a sorority.

We believe him, but think he forgot the watch-word for the year.



"**T**HE old order changeth,"——
yes,—even the shirts are daintier!



CRITIQUE!

WHEN an English man-of-war visited a Chinese port the officers were invited to a feast at the house of a prominent merchant. The conversation was not very lively as none spoke the language of the country.

The captain had just had a second helping of a course which he thought was roast duck and which he thought was very good. He turned to the host and pointing to his plate said "Quack, quack, quack."

The merchant looked puzzled, then as the meaning dawned on him, shook his head and with a smile replied, "Wow, wow, wow."

THE SQUIB

MUSINGS OF A MILLIONAIRE

SUPPOSE I were a millionaire. Then I am wealthy, and my wants are easily satisfied by the expenditure of a few hundred thousand dollars.

I have automobiles, a steam yacht, an airship, and an estate on the most exclusive shore of some thing. I also own enuf stock in various enterprises, copper mines, sugar beet factories, and the like, to take a passing interest in a certain page of our daily papers.

Then having emulated other millionaires, and being possessed of a complete millionaire's working outfit, I must rely on my eccentricity to provide an outlet for my wealth. I cannot invest, for I would prosper further, and besides—there is the income tax to spoil that.

This is what I would do. I would go to Switzerland again (for I would have been there several times before, of course). There among the rock-anchored bungalows and piedmont glaciers, I would seek some great genius, a master of music box making, who could carve a grand piano out of a single piece of a certain type of wood. I would have him experiment in a new field of endeavor,—Whistling Alarm Clocks!! Yes, and he would produce one, too.

I would pension him, even to the third generation, and with a load of Whistling Alarm Clock, which was worth an equal weight of platinum bullion, I would roll home on the steamer, to Finnback-on-the Fish, my butiful summer extravaganza, on the rim of that water mass, in whose placid bosom, it is a la mode to disport in a one-piece.

Aha, you wonder, why would I go to all that trouble for a Whistling Alarm Clock when the other kind are perfectly reliable. You said it. They are perfectly reliable. They never fail to explode at the right inopportunity. Neither do I. As the first clang of the terrible clapper bangs the reverberant metal, I wake up mad, my efficiency being reduced about \$89.00 per day for a week, and furthermore, of most importance, I am dis-turbed.

Millionaires must not be dis-turbed, you know, lest they be unbalanced and get to giving away money to charity, and forgetting to tie a string to each gift.

Millionaires have obsessions as well as eccentricities. I obsede on the happy days of my youth. Another reason therefor for the Whistling Alarm Clock is the desire to remind me of the

days when Pete Murphy, used to wake me up with his long whistles to go fishing up the creek, or to borrow my big double-runner. Ah that was the method-royal in which to be brought into the light of another day, by the cheery whistle of a chum.

Do you catch the subtle humor there, Pete was always up earlier than I but now he's a . . .

. . . Well so long everybody, I must hast to a meeting of the directors of the umbrella trust.

(Signed)

I. Gotthe Coyne.



Harry—Going to the library tonight?

Jerry—I don't have to; I have a date.

—Orange Peel



A GLOSSARY FOR THE FROSH

SMITH College—12c away from Amherst, 12c back. An institution exclusively for girls not for co-education as many visitors suppose.

Mt. Holyoke College—Girls college running in opposition to Smith situated on the way to Dooleys.

Town Movies—A slow succession of pictures thrown on the screen, sometimes mysteriously followed by a fast succession of brick-bats thrown at the screen. Public invited.

Town Police Force (?)—An aggregation of from one to two men for the purpose of controlling angry mobs, promoting the peace of the peaceful streets and for taking in the lamppost and the sidewalks in rainy weather.

Cuts—Useful and invaluable accessories to be used in case of non-preparedness.

Chem Lab—A pretty reaction formed by the combination of a Kansas barn after the worst tornado in 72 years and the nondescript odors of a Boston gas works.

Lab Ass't —Indispensible individuals distinguishable from undergraduates by their white street cleaners coats.

Sophomore—A bloodthirsty ruffian whose chief ambition in life is to kill at least one Frosh.

✻ NORTHAMPTON ✻ Plymouth Inn ✻ MASSACHUSETTS ✻

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 desirably located for
 College Patronage



Especially suited to the
 requirements of tourists on
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American and European Plans

Special Attention to Banquets

Observer—I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car the other day.

Observed—Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand.

—Punch Bowl



Will be sure to injure your eyes—
 increase the complaint—
 why not get top notch
 eye-glass service and satisfaction
 by having us fill your needs?

We specialize on prescription
 filling—on exactness
 and highest grade work.

O. T. Dewhurst

Maker of Perfect Fitting Glasses

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Opposite City Hall
 Telephone 184-W

She—Let's sit down, I have a sprained knee.

He (absently)—So I see.

She (horrified)—You brute, you do not; I'm going home.

Exit He.

—Lehigh Burr

“Say, Bill, did you see the dress on that girl who just passed?”

“No, I didn't; did you?”

—Penn State Froth



Clarice—But Jack didn't like the new negligee I wore and went away mad.

Antoinette—The idea of getting mad over a little thing like that! What do men want, anyway?

—Froth



SAFETY FIRST

First Boy—“What is this big-brother movement?”

Second Boy—“Well, as I understand it, never lick any boy who has a big brother.”



Aunt—“You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear?”

Niece—“Oh, no, auntie. In our set nobody goes to a party until everybody else is there.”

—Boston Transcript

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FRUIT, SYRUPS, AND CANDY

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 Fancy dishes in Town. For private
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EUROPEAN PLAN

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All Kinds of Sea Food

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Meet me at "DICKS"

R. J. RAHAR, Prop.

Sanderson & Thompson

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Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes
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Henry Adams Co.

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Druggists

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Cigarettes and Tobacco

The Rexall Store

THE KISSES SHE'S SAVING FOR ME

There's a little girl down in my little home town—

I left her just two days ago—

And already I yearn to pack up and return

And she's yearning to meet me I know.

'Cause back in our childhood we played in the wildwood,

And I loved her then and before—

If there's aught to be known or aught to be shown,

This girl knows it all, and some more.

The tales that I'd tell to a gay college belle

Would be to this girl only jokes.

'Cause she's long been wise to th' approximate size

Of my bankroll, and that of my folks.

She may be above me, but she surely must love me

In spite of the facts,—as you see.

So here goes a stein to that old girl of mine,

And the kisses she's saving for me.
—Siren

"Why aren't you in school, sonny?"

"Don't believe in child labor."
—Life

Dealer—This chair will hold two in a squeeze.

Fair One (blushing)—Send it out tonight, please.

—Froth

Salesman of Patent Bottle—Yes, sir, this bottle will keep beer cold for a week.

Prospect—No use for it at all. Once beer is cold what jackass would keep it for a week?

—Siren

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have your

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to wish you
had



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CLUETT, REABODY & CO., Inc.

MAKERS

TROY, N. Y.

"Whao's that old pedlar over there!"

"Oh, that's an Economics Prof. who took a flyer on Wall street."

—Record

Ike—Ven do you tink de war vill be over?

Mike—Niver, oi hope. Oi'm satisfied to lave it in Europe.

—Orange Peel

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and a complete line of diaries

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STUDENT FURNITURE
and CARPETS

"I hear that you've been looking up your family tree."

"Yes, and I find that most of its branches have been grafted."

—Lampoon

Prof.—You are too literal. You don't read between the lines enough.

It—I can't very well; it's half erased!

—Record

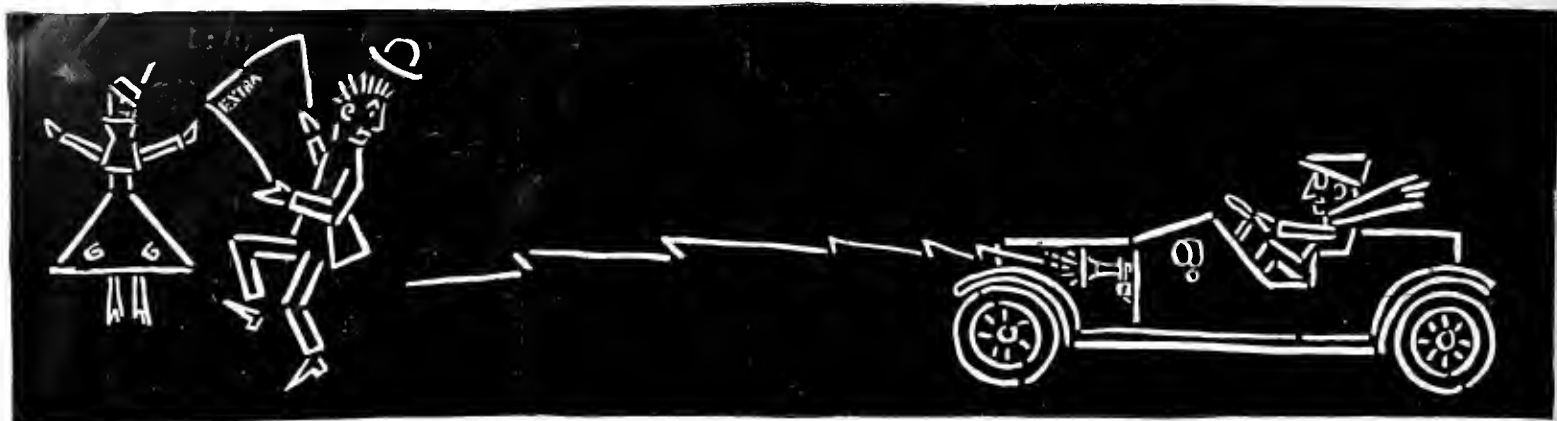
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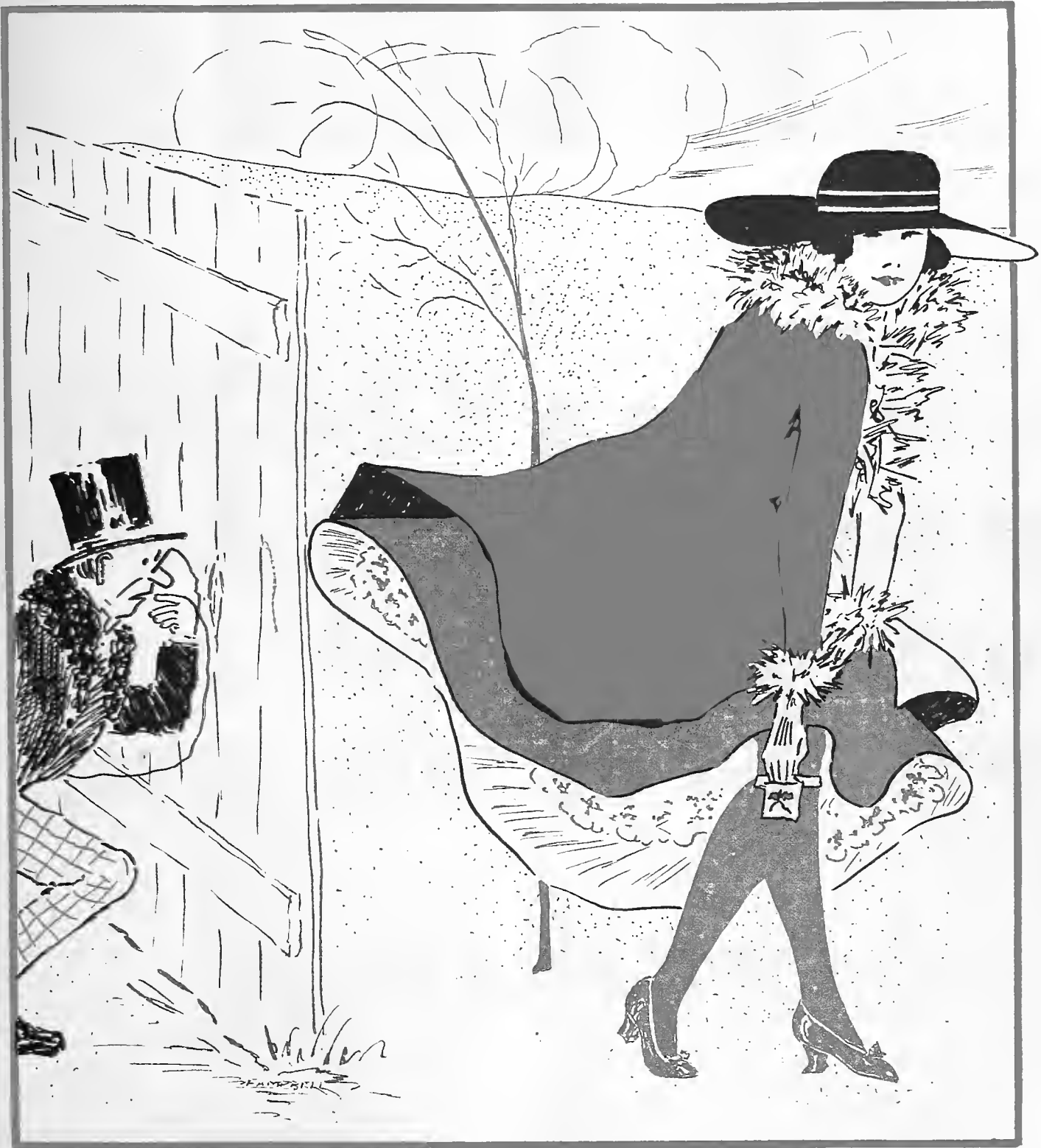


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for your car *[unless there
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put it on on trial- **you'll**
never let us take it off

This year they're **ALL
BLACK**
\$4 to \$20

THE SQUIB

NOVEMBER 1916



PREPAREDNESS.

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SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

Thanksgiving Dinner

1 P. M.

TABLES RESERVED 'Phone 2628-W Holyoke

Art Editor (to artist applying for position)—
"And what have you drawn, before coming here?"
"Wages sir, but I should like a salary."
—Widow

"I am hunting for an honest man," muttered
Diogenes, as he held up his lantern.

"You're a fool," said the thug, as he adjusted
his flash, "you won't find nothing on him."

—California Pelican

Genuine Hawaiian UKULELES

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The finest toned, best constructed instruments
of their kind. Strictly hand-made, of the choicest
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correct thing in young men's wear

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She (enthusiastically gazing over the fields)—
"What a good looking valley."

Jealous He—"Oh, that's just a Freshman that
hauls our trunks."

—Penn State Froth

Father—"Were you the young man I caught
kissing my daughter last night?"

Young Man—"I think I was one of them."

—Penn State Froth



52 CENTER ST., Northampton, Mass.

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Photographers

Main Studios: 1546-48 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

First Moth—Why so thin and
emaciated this spring, brother?

Second Ditto—I was shut up all
winter with a young lady's bath-
ing suit. Not another bit to eat
in the closet!

—Punch Bowl

Bland—Hello, Rand. Didn't
I see you and your wife at the
show last night!

Rand—You saw me, Bill, but
for heaven's sake don't ask my
wife if you saw her.

—Judge

For Winter Sporting Goods, come in and see our
line. A full line of Skates, including college hockey
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A good assortment of Hockey Sticks
Sleds of all kinds

And the best line of Skiis ever shown in Amherst
Also all the straps, harnesses and poles
to go with them

The Mutual Plumbing & Heating Co.

35 South Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass.

The price of collars has risen;
and as usual the ultimate con-
sumer gets it in the neck.

—Pelican

Prof.—In what populus area
is a man not allowed to vote!
Stude—Sing Sing.

—Awgwan

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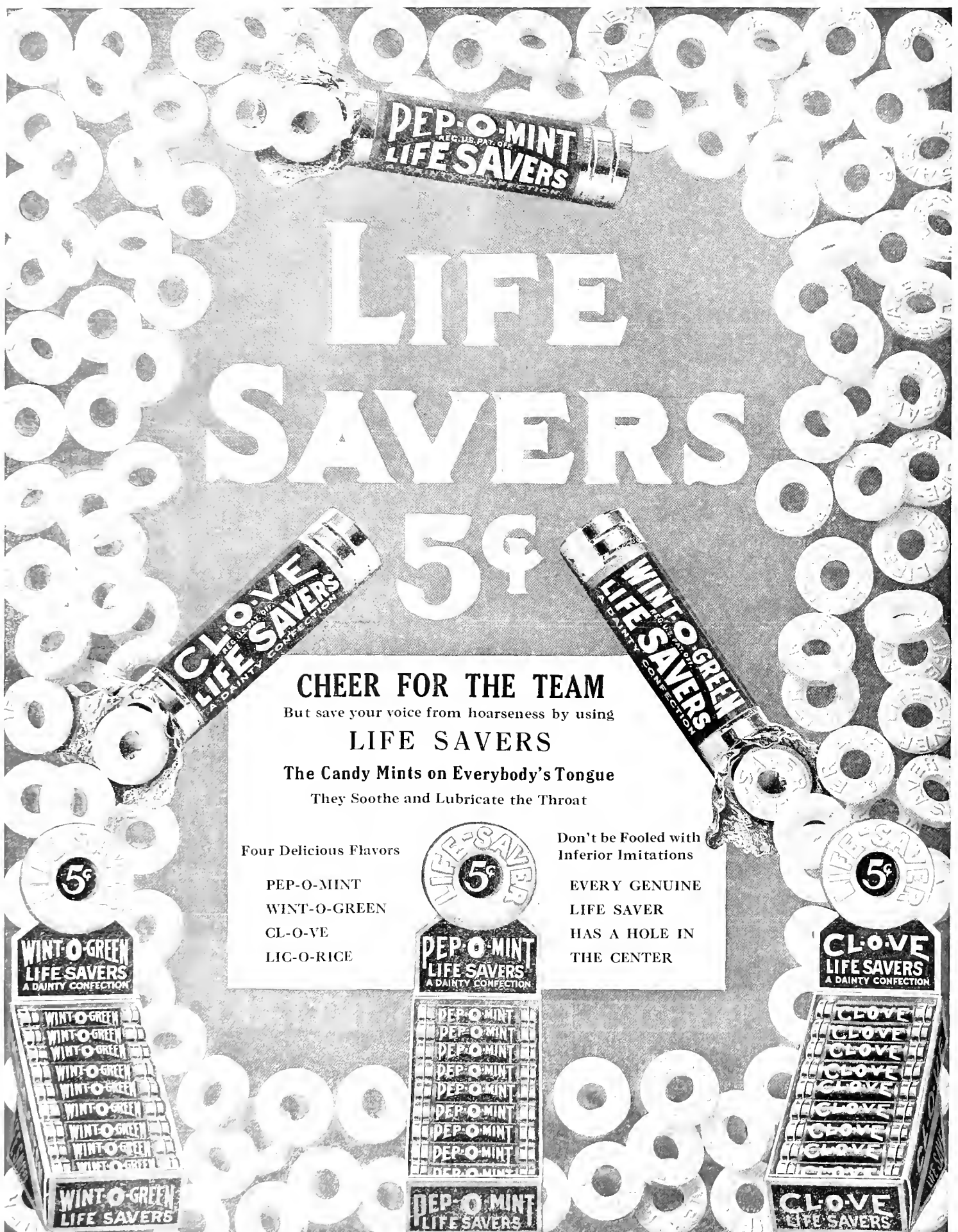
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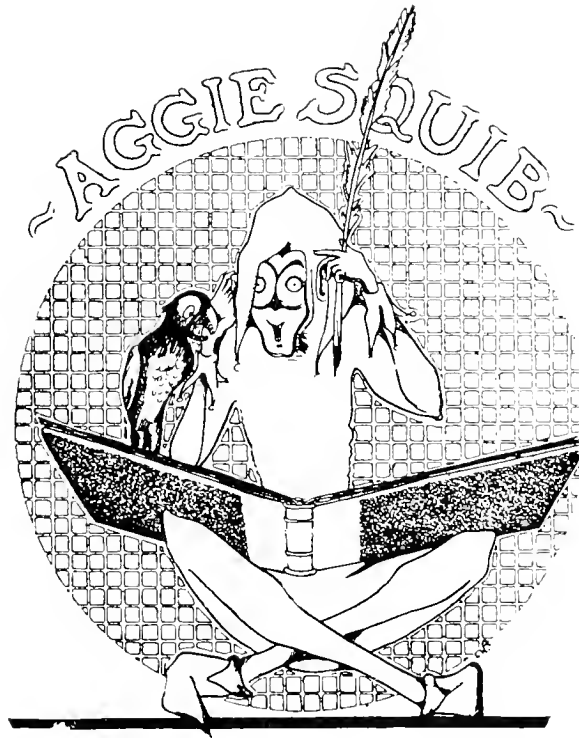
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Inferior Imitations

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HAS A HOLE IN
THE CENTER



GIVE THESE MERCHANTS A CHANCE



ROSE—"Where are you going tonight?"
 Alice—"Lapland."

S

AT THE DAIRY SHOW

AGENT—"Can I sell you a Holstein?"
 Farmer Jones—"Yes, I'll take one glass,
 but not all froth."

S

JUNIOR—"You're getting pretty smutty
 lately."

Senior—"Why shouldn't I, at present I am
 studying smut fungi."

S

WINDS do blow
 And we shall have snow,
 And we must have a heavier dress,
 So my woolens I've dug out,
 And I'll keep them about;
 For I believe in Preparedness.

S

NUT—"Why is the B. & M. terminal a good
 thing for that road?"

Nutty—"Because it's the beginning of the
 end?"

Nut—"Oh nonsense, it tells the B. & M.
 that it has gone far enuf."

They Died Game

PINK was the name of the hero.
 Rose was the heroine fair.

Eyebrow, misplaced, he boasted,
 Peroxide blond was her hair.

A bottle of ink he tipped over,
 Right on top of her golden dome

"Enuf villain," she cried, and he faltered
 "Dear me, I think nobody's home."

Noting his sorrow she murmured,
 Endeavoring to save him distress,

See, in my bag another bottle of bleach.
 Saved! by Preparedness!

S

PREPAREDNESS

FIRST Stew.—"Jones fooled his wife last
 night and came in the house without her
 knowing it."

Second Stew.—"How did he do it?"

First Stew.—"He walked up the front steps
 with the milkman."

S

AFRESHMAN ran out of the cattle barn;
 Tho excited, he managed to stutter:
 "The Jersey has swallowed a rabbit, John."

Do you think there'll be hare in the butter?"

S

THEY say Bill fell into a whiskey vat and
 was drowned."

"Yes, but then he died in good spirits."

THE SQUIB



"CELL SAP"

S

AIN'T IT HELL?

STUD.—"How do you know we are in hell?"
Prof.—"Never before have I gone in public without being clothed."

S

A HIGH BROW

SHE—"Why do they call Tom a high brow?"
He—"Because he always exclaims, 'Lo, the beautiful Maiden', when he really means, 'Pipe de chicken'."

S

INDOOR SPORTS

HE—"Why is a plumber always happy when he sees the first signs of ice?"
She—"Because his indoor sports are just commencing."

S

PROF.—Just imagine with what feelings Columbus cabled home to Spain that he had discovered America.

CULTIVATION

WHY do you consider a Chinaman similar to a farmer?"
"Because he is a cultivator of the soil."

S

PENETRABLE

HE—"That dress that your girl wore at the informal was similar to a piece of window glass."

The other—"What do you mean?"

He—"Why, you could see right thru it."

S

NIC—"How did you manage to convince your fiancé that you couldn't afford to keep an auto?"

Hic—"Pure luck. She got some spots on her skirt and bought a gallon of gasoline to remove them."

S

SHE—"Do you remember, dear, what happened two years ago today?"

He (thinking hard)—"It wasn't our wedding day, was it?"

She—"No, you bought me a new hat."

S

SONNET TO A PADDED BOY

By a delirious sophomore

WHEN Stearns, the deacon, had within his coat

A pillow tucked, his belly to expand
And also to protect, and then his hand
At wrestling tried, this artificial bloat,
Extending from his waist up to his throat,
Did radiation of the heat withstand,
And all the warmth within his belly canned.
"Oh, gee! I'm hot!" he cried with plaintive note.

A little lesson from this anecdote
I draw: With thine own form be thou content.
Seek not thy natural figure to augment
With pads. Thy beauty if thou must promote,
Thy body exercise with proper care
And mold it to such form as it should bear.

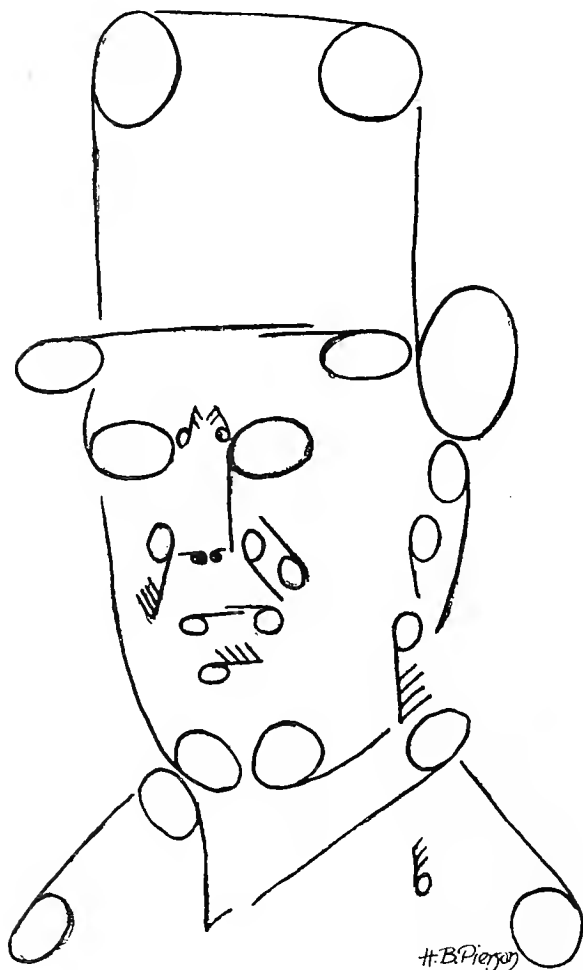
S

HE sipped the nectar from her lips
As 'neath the moon they sat.
And wondered if mortal man had 'ere
Drunk from a mug like that.



PREPAREDNESS

THE SQUIB



"NOTES"

S

HAROLD—"What have you been doing the last two years?"

Walter—"I have been working a bank most of the time."

Harold—"What were you doing there?"

Walt—"Oh simply shoveling gravel."

S

THE HASH HOUSE COURSE

ALL required.
No electives.

S

ENGLISH Instructor—"Why did Tennyson write 'In Memoriam?'"

English Student—"I guess he couldn't get any one else to write it."

A NAPKIN ESSAY ON THE HEAD WAITER

A Head-waiter is a piece of dining-room furniture which can be moved from place to place by heaving a biscuit.

At every meal he stands on end and keeps one eye on the waiters and the other on the cashier, occasionally flicking off a speck of dust from his left sleeve, and trying to escape out of his terribly high collar. In most places the Head-waiter shows you your place, but in the hash-house he keeps you in your place. He frowns professionally at every loud noise made by the diners, and receives complaints about the food without any display of surprise. He deserves the Nobel prize for diplomacy, and takes a paternal interest in the collective culinary welfare of the college man. Implicit trust and long standing in the community and in different corners of the dining hall have made him an expert in forecasting elections, menus, etc., and the results are correspondingly satisfactory to all.

Head-waiters thrive on opposition and their little private meal consisting of a thick steak, or a side of beef. Mere kings, cheeses of police, and other petty monarchs are puny in power compared with a Head-waiter. He orders the waiters to serve the meal, he orders the over-demonstrative to be silent, he orders the waiters to clear the tables, and then when the bustle of the mob mastication is over, he sits over in the corner and orders that good little steak. When the Head-waiter has nothing else to do (except look important), he goes over to the desk and talks on equal terms (almost) with that wizard who keeps account of the arrival and departure of the waiters, and the per capita departure of the limited supply of toothpicks.

Otherwise the Head-waiter has an easy time, and has only to change his collar and press his cuffs to be ready for the next meal, or period of harmless abuse.

S

SCIENTIFIC TERMS USED AT THE HASH-HOUSE

MOO-MOO—Milk (also known as cow).
Goat—Butter.
Bushes—Celery.
Sinkers—Doughnuts.
Again—Beans.

THE SQUIB



AT PLATTSBURG
Full of Preparedness.

S

TWO RUBES

CY notices a sign on a theater reading, "Fair and Warmer" as he and his companion are strolling along the main thoroughfare. "By gimmini crickets, in these days of progress even the theaters are forecasting the weather."

S

AT six o'clock I'm still asleep in bed, When r-r-r-r-ring,—there goes the old alarm clock bell. I hurl a pillow at the noisy thing, And gently murmur thru my teeth, "Oh, Hell!"

S

ALL-WAYS

FROSH—"Were you drunk coming back from Hamp last night?"
Soph—"No, I was drunk both ways."

AFTER STRUGGLING IN VAIN FOR INSPIRATION, Nov. 27, 1916

OH muse, I know thee not; no poet I
In past, but now I must a thot express
In verse, in sonnet form. It must possess
Such meter, rhyme, octave, sestet. Oh fie!
My brain is blank and bare. To thee I cry,
Enterpe, or which ever muse doth bless
The sonnet-scribe; before Thanksgiving recess
I must the Dean's requirement satisfy.
The need of serious subject stops my thot.
Sing to me, muse, thyself select the theme
And choose the words. Far rather would I write
Ten silly sonnets such as this, than scheme
To pass the course by trying to indite.
A poem full of feeling, as I ought.

(Anonymous)

S

ECONOMICS

HE—"The savages are a very economical people."

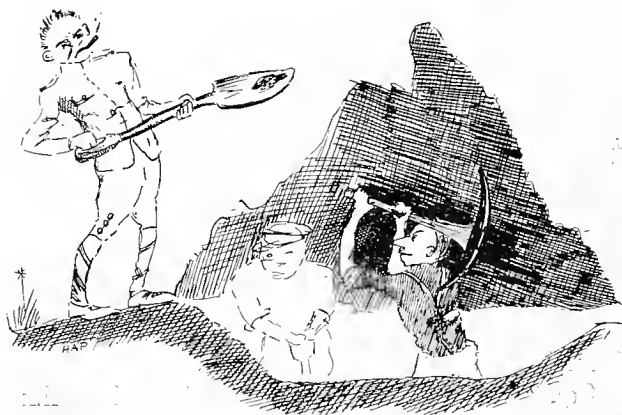
She—"Are they more thrifty than the Americans?"

He—"Of course, they never allow their tailor bills to exceed the cost of laundering a handkerchief."

S

GNAT—Why is a cat like a stove?
Gnut—Because they both have four legs and a damper.

S



A member of the Grave diggers Union, after his service at Plattsburg.



Miss Sau Sages Advice To the Stricken



Dear Miss Sau Sage:

Why do they only allow one week's vacation to the M. A. C. students Christmas? I am madly in love with one of the students and would like to keep him home longer than one week. How can I make one week serve as two?

Lydia

Dear Lydia:

Blame it to Mr. Infantile Paralysis, 250 W. 30th St., N. Y. City. He even put a quarantine on Smith. In order to make one week serve as two, don't go to bed at all, and by so doing you will eliminate the time wasted sleeping. If you petition Congress they might decide to extend the year of 1916 one week.

Dear Miss Sau Cer:

I love two girls at Smith, one is homely but very rich, the other is lovable and ravishingly beautiful. Which one shall I continue to keep company with?

Carrionel

Dear Carrionel:

Use your head, if you're broke——, if you're a millionaire——. In other words, don't be a darn fool.

Dear Miss Sage:

My husband works on a lemon farm and every night he brings home lemons which he steals. At present the parlor is filled with lemons. Since I can't use all the lemons at one time, how can I reduce the amount of space they take up and at the same time preserve their usefulness?

Lemon

Dear Mrs. Lemon:

Squeeze them and put the juice in milk bottles. DON'T put the juice in disregarded whiskey flasks unless your husband's life is well insured.

Dear Miss Sau Sage:

My roommate has been delirious lately. He comes home every night yelling, "In Hoc", "In Hoc". What does this expression signify?

I. M. Broke

Dear I. M. Broke:

It shows that he has been conquered by the sign of the hock-shop. Beware he will use an imperative sentence, namely, "Lend me two dollars."

Dear Miss Sausage:

We have a pet cat which we admire greatly, but fleas like him better than we do. How can we get rid of the fleas?

Flea

Dear Flea-flea:

Secure the services of some Entymology student who will be glad to remove the rare specimens. If he hasn't enuf space in his potassium cyanide bottles, turn your attention to Mr. Wilcox, the director of the Wilcox Parasite Destroyer Corporation.

Dear Miss Sau Dust:

I am a great lover of onions and also a lover of a Smith girl. Of course these two chemical affinities do not combine well together. How can I still keep on eating onions and at the same time retain the affection of the girl?

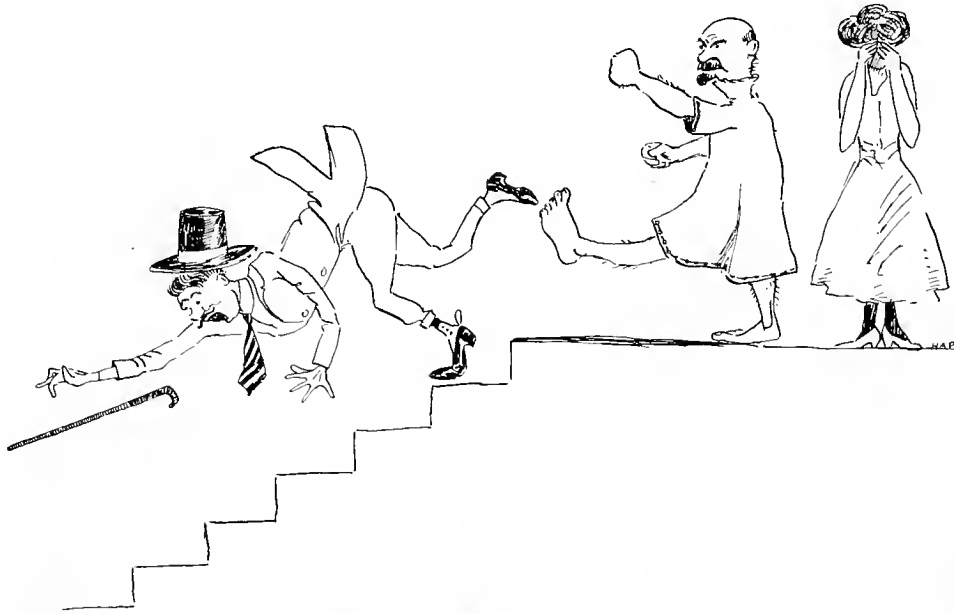
Onionist

Dear Onionist:

You're in hard luck. I would advise you to carry a package of "Life Savers". In these times they are feeding the baby "Life Savers" to find him in the dark.

THE SQUIB

FOOTBALL EXPRESSIONS



SECOND DOWN FIVE TO GO

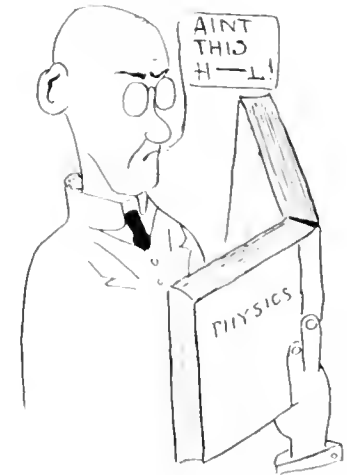


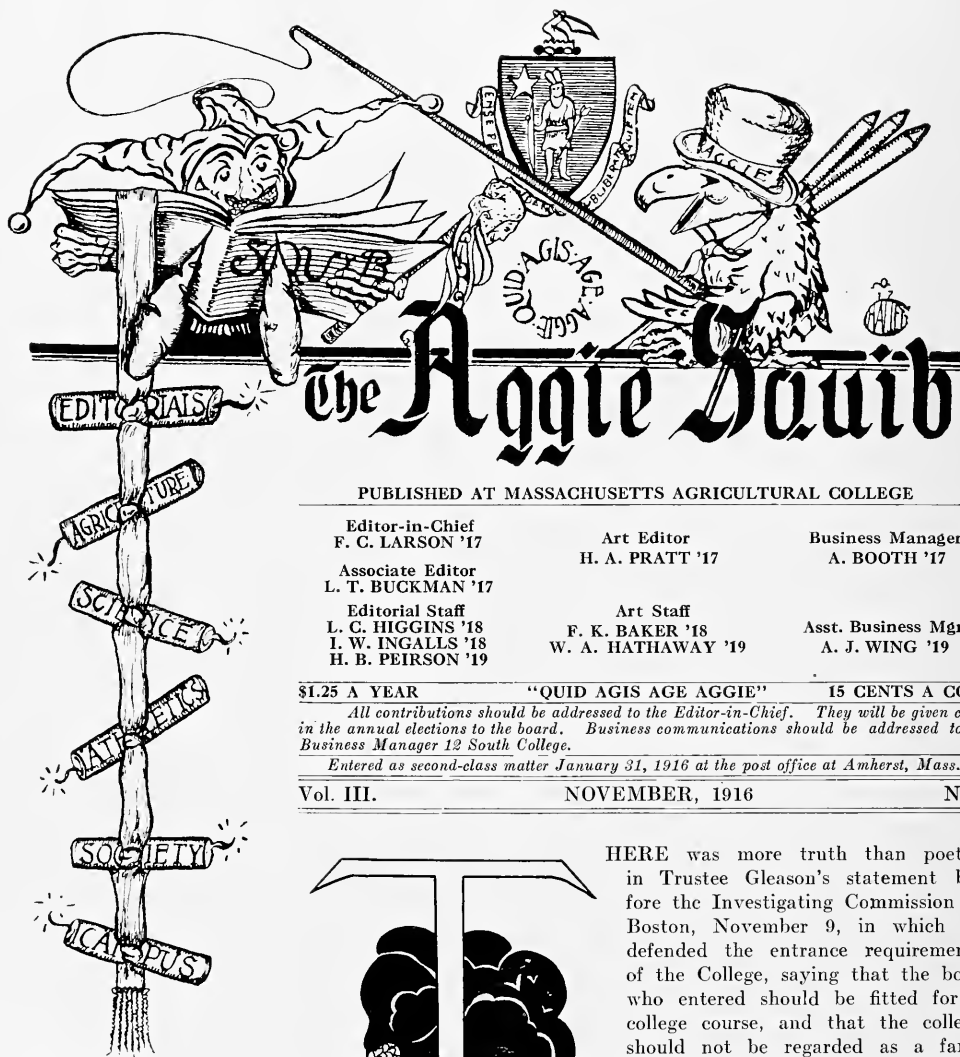
TAKE THE PENALTY?



HELD FOR DOWNS

PREPAREDNESS





PUBLISHED AT MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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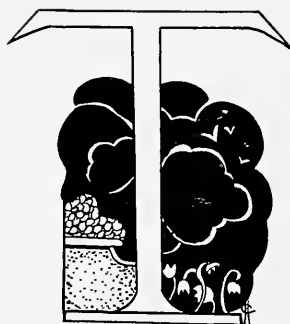
All contributions should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. They will be given credit in the annual elections to the board. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager 12 South College.

Entered as second-class matter January 31, 1916 at the post office at Amherst, Mass.

Vol. III.

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 2



HERE was more truth than poetry in Trustee Gleason's statement before the Investigating Commission in Boston, November 9, in which he defended the entrance requirements of the College, saying that the boys who entered should be fitted for a college course, and that the college should not be regarded as a farm school. There are no two sides to the PREPAREDNESS question when it comes to determining whether a boy is prepared to enter M. A. C. Either he is, or he is not, and we are with Mr. Gleason in his plea that the

THE SQUIB

entrance requirements should not be lowered. Any prospective student at M. A. C. should be prepared to carry the work of the College. If he has been fortunate enough to enjoy the privileges of a first-rate high school, he should be able to carry the work of this College. If he has not had exceptionally good opportunities to prepare himself, then he should not be granted the privilege of entering until he can satisfy the entrance requirements by examination. Too many young men enter College totally unfit to pursue college studies, and their time and the time of the college, spent in discovering the fact that they are unfit, might better be spent in other efforts. They might be spared the pain and disappointment of having the privileges of the college withdrawn. The entrance requirements are not too high. What we want is PREPAREDNESS on the part of the college man-to-be, rather than a lower standard for entrance.

S S S



RE you prepared, Mr. Aggie Man, to enjoy the privileges of new dormitories? Are you prepared to maintain a dormitory home in a quiet, respectable, and studious manner? The question becomes pertinent in the light of the exceptionally intense political feeling that this fall has given vent to midnight inter-dormitory "serenades". And because this political feeling has been intense and unusual, *Squibby* is inclined to look at the matter in a rather lenient way and say that you are prepared. However, the discharge of firearms out of the windows is not recognized by Hoyle as the proper way to express feeling and enthusiasm. Neither does it typify preparedness. It may be a perverted form of patriotism which the clear thinking man cannot tolerate. Think before you act—then we can believe that you are prepared to have more dormitories.

S S S

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

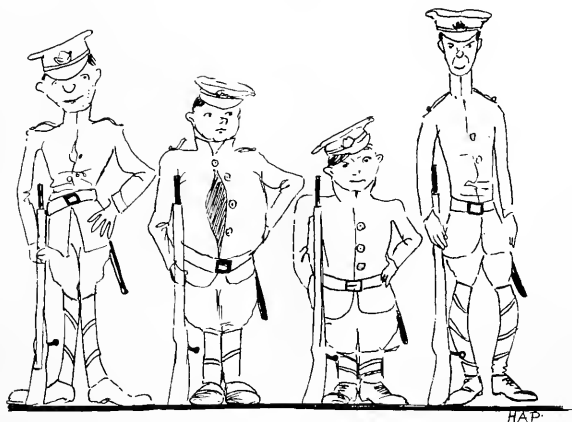
ART

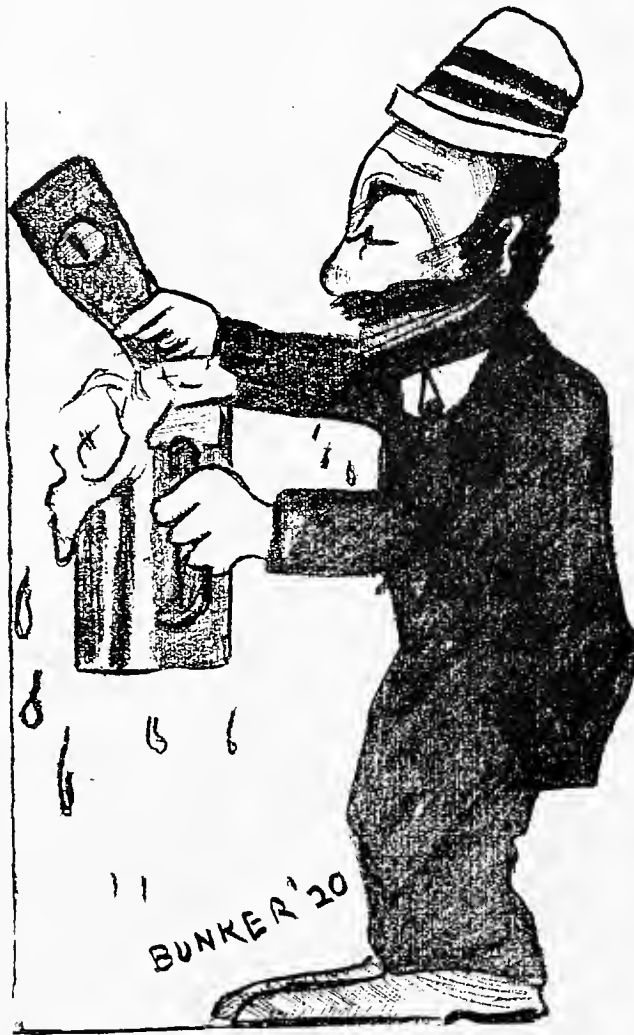
BUNKER '20
WEBSTER '20
CAMPBELL '....

EDITORIAL

DIXON '20
OPPE '20

S S S





PREPAREDNESS

MIXING DRINKS

S

HAVE you noticed the decrease in the good openings for far sighted young men?"

"What is the cause of the decrease?"

"There are no slit skirts today."

S

MRS. Jones—"Are you on speaking terms with our new neighbor?"

Mrs. Burk—"Of course I am! Yesterday I called her a flirt, and she called me a gossip."

S

THEY say that Jones has water on his knee."

"What is he going to do about it?"

"The doctor advised him to wear pumps."

THE Herrick School is being investigated because a Mr. Nutt felt like crabbing and wanted to appear in public as a wise guy? He says that the exit exams are too easy, that there are some students there who are right in their mind, and are therefore out of place. He also asserts that some of the nurses act sanely and thus give bad example to the inmates.

He also thinks there should be more practical work done, and more extension work given to outsiders. Melly Craves, whom Mr. Nutt has hired to appear at all the hearings and testify against the school, said that he had noticed one student on several occasions and said student had neither tried to fly thru a drug store window nor called down a chimney to play tag with him. This indicated that there are some students in the school who are not entitled to treatment, and should be in a regular jail if they did something, or in college if they are harmless.

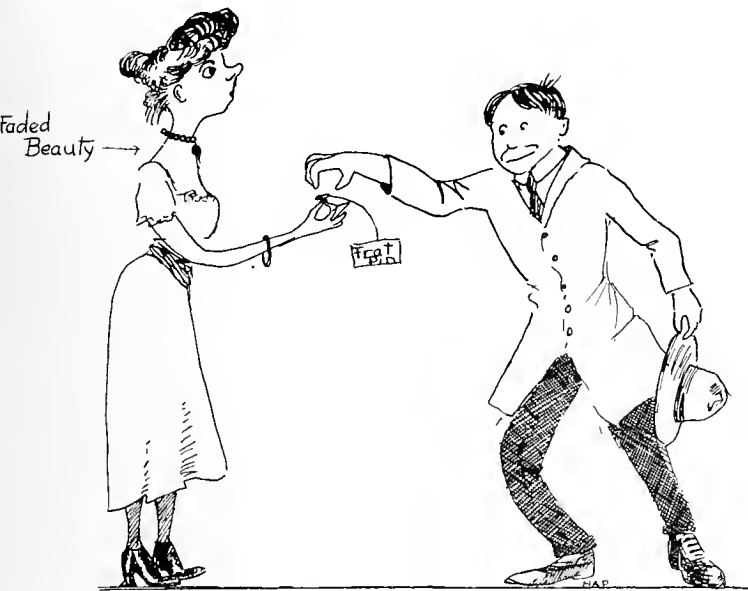
The exit exams, Mr. Nutt swears, are so easy that the inmates just act natural and get their graduation and degree of S. A. (which means "almost sane".) Several aluminumni defending their arma marta testified that they stayed up nights for two weeks to pass the exams that would permit them to go to movies alone, and smoke borrowed meccas like other people. One ex-inmate said that he left before graduation because one of the nurses insisted, with tears in one of her eyes, that he eat animal crackers, and play all day long with a rag doll.

The faculty have imported secretly several college students so that the probers may find at least a few who are deserving of the school's valuable treatment.

The mere fact that one inmate was severely reprimanded for attempting to solve a problem in Kimball's Physics proves that the school is living up to its ideal of keeping the boys dippy, and the school certainly has its hands full in doing this job without giving treatment to college freshmen and others who might be benefitted by such care as the inmates receive.

The next meeting will be held at the Pre-varicators Club of Coldbrook to study the problem of co-education of imbeciles, or "How to make that backward boy jump".

THE SQUIB



FOOTBALL EXPRESSION

"Recovering a fumble."

S

THERE was a she, likewise a he,
Who sat beneath a chestnut tree.
He hugged her, kissed her, and caressed her
'Til the tree fell on his chest protector.

S

I SEE by the papers that they are going to
make and sell ice cream at Aggie this year.
What of it? Don't they have college ice
on the pond every year?

S

JUDGE—"How old are you?"
Witness (a woman)—"Don't know."
Judge—"But when were you born?"
Witness—"Why? Are you going to send me
a present on my birthday?"

S

SHE—"How is business done at the stock
exchange?"
He—"Very simple. I pay for something or
other which I don't get with money I don't
have, and then I sell that which I never had for
a great deal more than it ever cost."

S

TEACHER—"Can anyone tell me what is
even higher than the king?"
Pupil—"The Ace."

THERE was a young girl named Maria
Who had a kid brother, Josiah
One day, unawares,
On the front parlor stairs
He put a small piece of barbed wire.
His sister came down,
In a new morning gown,—
I think it's not best,
I should tell you the rest,
But the flags are half mast in Ohio.

S

THERE was a small city called Hamp,
Wherein the Smith students do camp.
And the boys from old Aggie
Visit Jane, Ruth, and Maggie,
By the light of the pink parlor lamp.

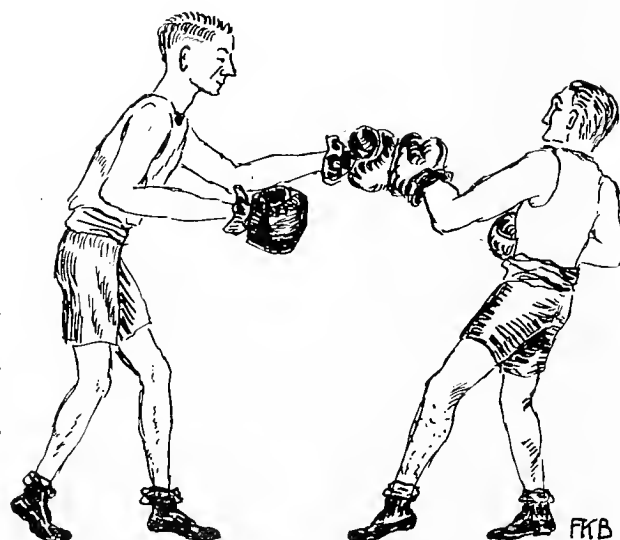
S

THE sick doctor—"When I am dead I want
a careful autopsy made. Observe the liver
especially—it will interest me greatly to know
what really is the matter with it."

S

BOANE—What is the difference between a
dog and a bee-hive?
Hedde—Fleas take bites from one; bees take
flights from the other.

S



TEDDY R's Trainer—"Why don't you hit me?"
Stud—"For every action there is an equal
and opposite reaction."

THE SQUIB



PREPAREDNESS WORKS OVERTIME AT THE HASH HOUSE

TO parallel the craze for sheepskin coats we expect that the fellows will soon appear in rural attire thruout, heavy cap with earlaps folded around it, old-fashioned muffler, red mittens, and felt boots. Of course straws will be provided for these ruralists instead of the usual hash-house toothpicks.

S

1st Stud—"Is it really true that your uncle, the well-known physieian, can give an immediate diagnosis on a case?"

2d Stud—"Absolutely true. The last time that I visited him I hadn't been there ten minutes before he gave me a twenty dollar bill."

S

JUDGE—"What! You ask me to be lenient and this is the ninth time that you have been arrested for the same offense!"

Prisoner—"Yes your honor, I thought you might treat me like a good customer."

ELEGY WRITTEN AT THE AGGIE DEAN'S BOARD

THE freshman proudly wears his pea-green cap.
His drill suit he is very proud to show;
But on Dean's Saturday there comes a rap,
In ALGEBRA and FRENCH he finds he's low.

The sophomore has nerve and "bull" aplenty—
At bull-doing the freshmen he's not slow;
And yet we see he's on a par with '20,
For "Billy's" PHYSICS knocked him cold
as snow.

The junior helps the verdant freshmen out;
(The freshmen who, they say, are green as grass)
He's very wise and dignified, no doubt?
Look on the board. His CHEM he didn't pass.

The senior gaily wends his way to Smith,
With lordly mein and bearing proud as Nero;
His active brain is full of useful pith,
Altho in DAIRYING he pulled a 0.

So, as we stagger thru our college life,
And try our best some learning wise to hoard;
Despite our daily struggles, weekly strife,
We find our names upon the dear old board.

THE SQUIB



UN PREPARED

S

"I wonder if they know that he is living?"
"You would think so if you saw the bills he
sends home every week."

S

FACIAL BEAUTY

DOOR—"She has an interesting face, don't
you think?"
Sill—"Rather a plain knocker."

S

DO TELL

SO the lawyer lost his case?"
"Yes, but they were all empties."

THE BALLAD OF THE THREE DRAGONS

List to my plaintive ditty,
Give ear to my mournful lay
For I sing of a white washed building
That isn't so far away!

It stands at one end of the Campus
And sorrow and woe betide
The innocent, guileless student
Who chances to venture inside!

Within it reside the Three Dragons
Who lambast you over the bean
And soak you with physics problems,—
From books that you never have seen!

One of these Dragons is lengthy—
Yes, lengthy and lean and lank,—
With a mind both kindly and learned
But a form like a seven foot plank.

Another is skinny and stubby
With glasses that help him to see
Where to slap the red ink on the lab. work
Or pass out an infrequent "B".

Over them stands the Head Dragon
With a roaring voice and a grin;
His "*Rub it out*" sounds like the death trump,—
But it covers a warm heart within!

And so the Sophomores worry,—
Their marks are most *fearfully* bent,—
The height of their earthly ambition
Is landing that sixty per cent!

S

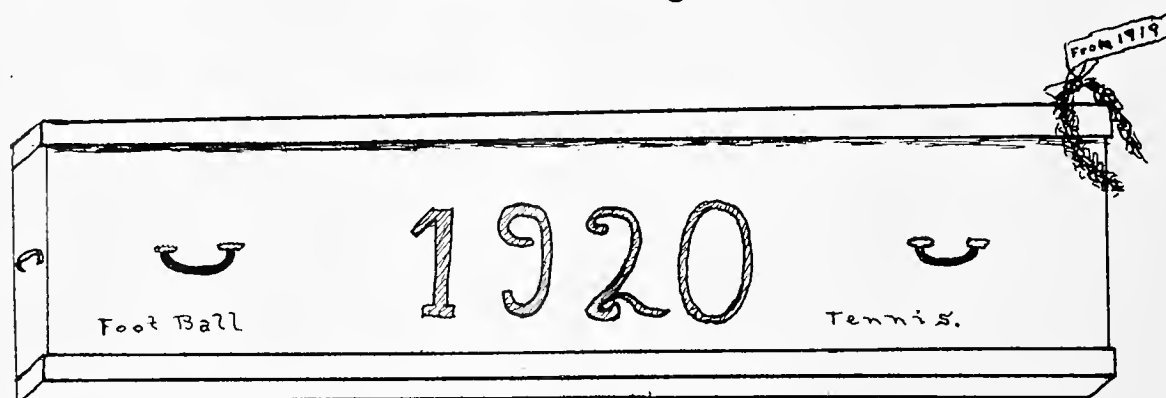
LAWYER—"Well doctor, I noticed that you
didn't vote at the last election. You ought
to be ashamed to go back on your party like
that."

Doctor—"I did a lot more for the cause than
you. I forbade ten patients of the other party
to leave the house that day."

S

THE juniors are afraid the bloke will use
those searchlights for drill, seeing a possi-
bility of training them in the night attack. Wire-
cutters would then be in demand on the campus.

THE SQUIB



RECENT BULLETINS BY THE CO-ED EXPERIMENT STATION

9786978. The Agronomics of the Twin Coconut, (or 20 years with the Blushing Carrot).

9786979. Fannie Lucile's Hot-house Angoras, or The struggles of a toothpick magnate with his new granolithic piano.

Announcement: The committee on coiffures and fudge acknowledge the donation of a pretty bag of Peruvian Guano to the promiscuous rouge fund.

S

1st Frosh—"Jack has got an awful cold seat in chapel."

2d Frosh—"How's that?"

1st Frosh—"He sits in Z row."

S

Take—"I see Ignatz is studying forestry."

Em—"But why forestry when he intends to take up manufacturing?"

Out—"Shoe-trees, my boy, shoe-trees!"

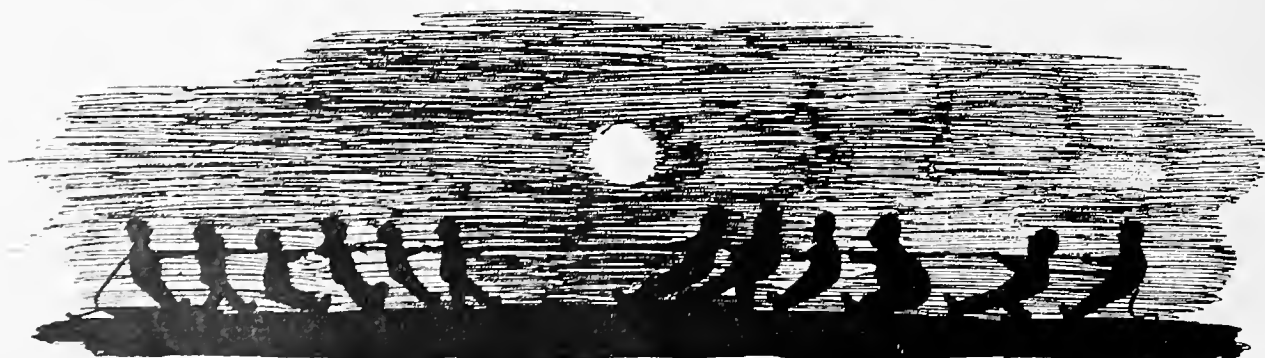
—Widow

H.B. Peirson THE VISION

OUT from the lighted windows of South College float the dainty voices of Aggie's flock of frolicsome females; from behind the lace curtains of North peer their fairy features; from Draper ring their joyous shouts and laughter. But what is this,—from the commodious barn beyond the Chapel comes the hum of men's voices; above the rumble of the Power Plant machinery the Sophomores hold their clinic over the mangled remains of the long suffering Hegner's *Introduction*; from the roof of the Chem. Lab. resound the stentorian suores of the sleeping Seniors.

And you dare to inquire why the men of Aggie thus bunk on a pile of rotten boards, con their lessons to the soothing accompaniment of a steam turbine and foregather in the Drill Hall? The reason is not far to seek, for, from near and far they come to us, invade our most sacred precincts, scatter hair pins about the Campus walks and taint the air with the perfumes of violet and rose,—the army of the co-eds.

Men of Aggie, such is the outlook for the future! Ye must prepare! Learn to study on Wednesday afternoons when the band turns the Social Union into a chamber of horrors; practice sleeping on the soft side of a stone step; for know ye that the State is poor, that dorms. are expensive, and that the co-eds increase in numbers. Prepare for the worst!



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A High-Class Hotel
 desirably located for
 College Patronage



Especially suited to the
 requirements of tourists on
 account of its pleasant location

American and European Plans

Special Attention to Banquets

F. Stude—"Did you ever see the bad-lands?"
 See. Stude—"No, but I've seen the Alumni
 Field Tennis courts."

—Widow



Will be sure to injure your
 eyes—increase the complaint
 —why not get top notch
 eye-glass service and satis-
 faction by having us fill your
 needs?

We specialize on prescrip-
 tion filling—on exactness
 and highest grade work.

O. T. Dewhurst

Maker of Perfect Fitting Glasses

201 Main St.
 Northampton, Mass.

Opposite City Hall
 Telephone 184-W

TROT OUT THE TRIPE

"And where is your daughter, Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, she's been away nigh on to six weeks to a boarding school."

"Land sakes, whatever put it in t' her head to study sich stuff as that?"

—Sun Dial

R. F. Armstrong & Son

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Holeproof Hose

Guaranteed no darning; just right for
 College Men

25 Cents a Pair

The Elms Restaurant

Where Quality and Quantity Dwell

Try our dinner and supper specials

E. G. DILL, Prop.

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DELICIOUS HOME MADE ICE CREAM

FRUIT, SYRUPS, AND CANDY

COLLEGE CANDY KITCHEN

We have the Biggest and Best varieties of Superfine
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Druggists ✱

Candies and Ices

Cigarettes and Tobacco

The Rexall Store

Wholesome old fashion food served
in the most modern
manner at the

COLONIAL INN

At the Entrance to the campus

Judge—Gentlemen of the jury,
We hold that according to the
evidence you are bound to believe
that which you consider to be
true.

—Awwgan

John—What makes your hands
so soft!

Yahn—I sleep with my gloves
on.

John—You must sleep with
your hat on, too.

—Awwgan

"Is there an opening here for a
bright, energetic young man!"

"Yes; an' close it as you go out."

—Judge

"Papa disgraced me again last
evening."

"Yes, of course—what did he
do!"

"He missed count and finished
dinner with two knives and a
fork left over."

—Pelican

I have renewed Aggie Men's Soles
for the Past Ten Years.

HOW IS YOUR SOLE?

Better let GINSBURG fix your soles

J. Ginsburg

SHOE REPAIRING

11 1-2 Amity St.

It is better to
have your

Printing

Done by Us than
to wish you
had



Excelsior Printing Co.

Printing—Ruling—Binding

North Adams, Mass.

CAMPION

FINE

TAILORING

College Outfitters

Ready-to-wear

CLOTHES

College Engravers

With—

The Desire to Please
The Facilities to Accommodate
The Experience to Suggest

Briefly:

Quality and Service
For those Desiring Good Cuts

May we hear from you?

Howard-Wesson Company

College Engravers
Worcester, Massachusetts

Dealer—"This chair will hold two in a squeeze."
Fair One (blushing)—"Send it out by tonight."
—*Penn State Froth*

SOME CLOTHES LINE

Her—I like your clothes, Seetums.
Hee—Well, dear, I can get closer.

—*Augwan*

GILMORE THEATRE

THE HOME OF BURLESQUE



Four Days Every Week Beginning
Wednesday

MATINEE DAILY

Phone Connection

Mandolins, Guitars and Musical Merchandise

Milton O. Wicks

Maker, Collector and Repairer of Fiddles, Etc.

Dealer in

Hawaiian Ukuleles, Steel Guitars & Accessories

Plaza Theatre Building

51 Pleasant St.,

Northampton, Mass.

Compliments of

E. D. Marsh Estate

STUDENT FURNITURE
and CARPETS

"The rain broke up the preparedness parade,
didn't it?"

"Yes. Nobody thought to bring an umbrella."
—*Lampoon*

Friend—"Did the doctor tell you what you
had?"

Sick One—"No, but he took what I had with-
out telling me."

—*Penn State Froth*

Kodaks and Films at Deuel's Drug Store

Sole Agent for Eastman's Films.

Huyler's, Park & Tilford, Maillards,
Page & Shaw, and Apollo Candies

Any box of candy bought here which is not
satisfactory will be replaced or
money returned

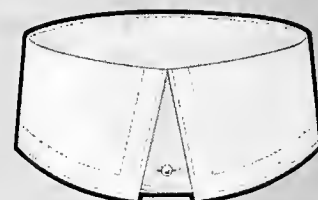
VICTOR MACHINES AND RECORDS

Deuel's Drug Store



BERWICK
2½ inches

Curve cut to fit over the bones and muscles of the shoulder. Means greater comfort and at the same time improves the sit of the collar.



TALBOT
2¾ inches

It is an exclusive Arrow feature

15c each 6 for 90c

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC.

Makers

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S Q V I B



DECEMBER • P E P • 1 9 1 6

College Engravers

With—

The Desire to Please
The Facilities to Accommodate
The Experience to Suggest

Briefly:

Quality and Service
For those Desiring Good Cuts

May we hear from you?

Howard-Wesson Company

College Engravers
Worcester, Massachusetts

"You know McTavish, the Scotch comedian?"
"Well, what about him?"
"Well, they say that he can't take off the Scotch unless he has taken some on."

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

"When is a tie not a tie?"
"Shoot."
"When it becomes your roommate."

—*Record*

GILMORE THEATRE

THE HOME OF BURLESQUE



*Four Days Every Week Beginning
Wednesday*

MATINEE DAILY

Advertising Chats

* * * *

Do you realize that the fifteen cents you paid for this number is just about one half of its individual publishing cost.

The men who bought space in the Squibb are the ones who paid the rest.

Just as a courtesy to them, next time you have occasion to purchase something give them a chance to show you what they have to offer.

They will appreciate it too, if you just mention that you noticed their ad in the Squibb.

* * * *

Squibby takes this opportunity to wish all its advertisers and supporters a Very Merry Christmas and may your next year be even more prosperous than the one just past.

She—Do you believe in long engagements?

He—Indeed I do. A couple should be happy just as long as they possibly can.

—*Gargoyle*

He—My cigars are my best friends.

Him—You never give any of your friends away, do you?

—*Pelican*

Kodaks and Films at Deuel's Drug Store

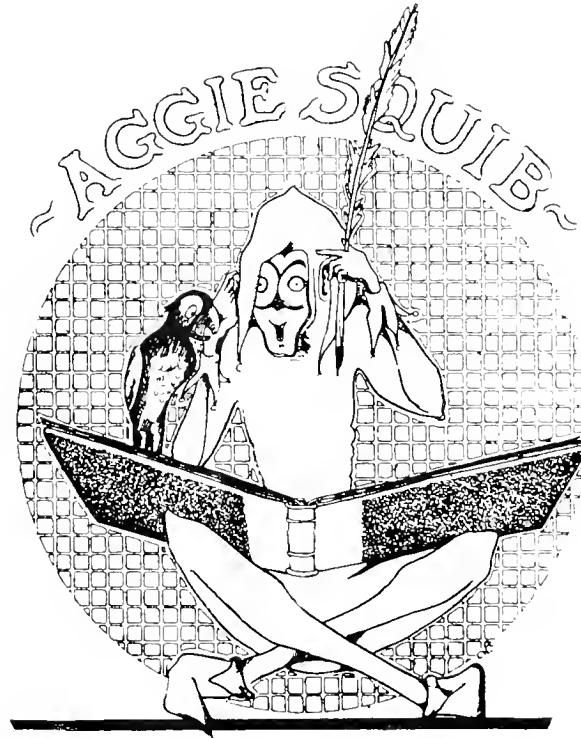
Sole Agent for Eastman's Films.

Huyler's, Park & Tilford, Maillards,
Page & Shaw, and Apollo Candies

Any box of candy bought here which is not
satisfactory will be replaced or
money returned

VICTOR MACHINES AND RECORDS

Deuel's Drug Store



THEY searched his trousers
While he slept
They found a note
And then they left.

The note was not
An "X" or "V".
The note was signed
"To F. C. Kenny".

S

A HINT FOR THE THIN

JUMP out of the attic window and you'll
come down plump.

S

PEN—"Will eraser tomorrow?"

Pencil—"No, he is afraid he will blotter
last record."

S

SO you went to Missouri to be shown?"

"Oh, no, I went to a burlesque show
last week."

"P"ALMER
M"E"LCAN
"P"ERRY

S

CUSTOMER—"You keep everything for
the violin here?"

Clerk—"Yes Sir."

Customer—"Give me a stick of dynamite."

S

NOABARDY—There were some hicks in
the physical director's office last night.

Holme—"That's nothing. I saw a Curry
comb in there once."

S

YOU ought to see my new typewriter."
"Second hand?"

"No, a Smith College girl."

S

BOUBE—Why is a country road like a
soldier's ammunition box?

Roobe—"Because it's full of cart ridges."



THE SQUIB



A LITTLE STUDY IN EXPRESSION

(In front of the Dean's Board)
Find the student who isn't on.

S

HAROLD—"Cheer up, they say money grows on bushes."

Edward—"I wish you could tell me what kind of a bush."

Harold—"Well, I think it is some variety of mint."

S

"YOU'RE sure you love me for what I am?"

Asked a gay old maid of a bright young man.

"Ah promise Ah will faithful be,
To you and not the *legacy*."

S

"THE domestic hen," said the zoologist, "has lost the power of flying. Never again will the species darken the morning sky."

"Aw, shut up," said the consumer, "eggs are way up in the air and some of them might hatch out. Science can do anything."

S

THE LULU BIRD SAYS

NO wonder you feel scrappy when you are all cut up.

FIRST FROSH—I am leaving because the board don't agree with me.

Second Ditto—What, hash house?

First Frosh—No, Dean's.

S

SOON comes the longed for holidays
The time of joy and joke;
When we must tell our families
In gentle tones: "I'm broke."

We think about the by-gone weeks
How busily they were spent;
Alas for our lean pocketbooks
Which lack a single cent.

The mater says, "Cold weather, John."
You softly gargle: "Ain't it?"
And wonder if those London Lives
Your fragrant breath have tainted.

S

PREPAREDNESS

THERE have been many inquiries as to what was done with the post-holes on Alumni Field since the closing of the football season. We hereby beg to announce that the Post Hole Storage Company, Inc., has contracted to store them until next year. The post-holes have been carefully dug up, packed in excelsior lined boxes, and stored in our new air-tight, water-tight, frost-proof warehouse. We guarantee to return the post-holes next season absolutely in A No. 1 condition, free from all frost cracks, warps, etc.

Respectfully submitted,

The Post Hole Company, Inc.

Ima Knutt

President.

S

"WHAT do you want in your stocking?" the butcher said to the cop.

"I can think of nothing better," said the copper, than a chop."

"And what would you desire to find, O butcher," said the cop.

"I'd like to find your money," said the chopper, "for the chop."

S

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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Dixon '20

Webster '20



“PEP” PERSONIFIED



The Aggie Quib

PUBLISHED AT MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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No. 3



PEP as a By-Product" might be taken by a Billy Sunday as the text of a sermon to be preached to college men. "By-product" in its primary sense is a secondary product made from what would otherwise be the waste of a manufacturing enterprise. In a broader sense, it is anything secondary to a more important thing. PEP as a by-product of the college man's life should be secondary to the greater purpose for which the boy enters college. By that we do not mean that the college student should continually delve in the hidden mysteries of locked knowledge, but that PEP should not be the main product of his efforts. The Rah! Rah! type is the hero of the fifty



THE SQUIB



cent novel and the twenty-five cent boys' book, which portrays the perverted sort of pep. The man who does his job up right when he is given it, who boosts the team, but does not knock, who pays his taxes, and attends his class meetings, and supports the campus life in general—that is the man with the right sort of pep. He may be loud-mouthed, but not a splash; he is not a fourflusher, and is business-like in his support.

Pep is a valuable asset in the world at large. We know a minister who is retired, and lives on the generosity of a fund, while he spends his idle time, which is all the time, doing nothing which will last or count for his glory. We know another minister who is retired, but self-supporting, who is the embodiment of all that might be classed as the right sort of pep. He has a farm, owned and run by himself. He is a man of sixty years, but does the work of a husky of thirty, markets his product in a business-like way, and at the end of the year, can show a balance of worldly goods, as well as many appreciative hearts where by kindly offices, he has done more good than the other has with all his smooth salve and "Bless-you-brother" sop.

We know a college "boy" who is always rahrahing, who goes to the one mass-meeting of the year and tears all the benches to pieces, and who at the game, escorts a blushing damsel in a proprietary way. He owes his class, his tailor, the Dining Hall, his chum, and his "frat". We know another—a more quiet fellow, attractive for the strength of his convictions. Time and again, you can find him in the bleachers or on the side-lines at practice. He never skates himself on the varsity rink after the "ass" managers have swept the ice, but he has paid his Alumni Field pledge. He never throws a biscuit at the Dining Hall, and he has never been on the Dean's Board heavier than two "L's". He does not tell everybody how he would run the team nor does he give a Continental whether Tom, Dick or Harry goes to the Gilmore or to a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Sarah Bernhardt. This does not mean that he is a grind or does not care about the moral uplift of the campus, but it does mean that he minds his own business and shows pep when it is needed and supports what he knows he ought to.

S

S

S



OR this time, the *Squib*, although generally in a humorous state of mind, condescends to a serious mood, and it is in this latter state of mind that we make the following comment. The time of "Finals" is again upon us, and again we begin to wonder "Why are finals." Are they to show the instructor what one knows? As a general rule, emphatically *no*. At least if one is to judge by the questions asked. Their greatest benefit lies in the fact that the student is obliged to review his term's work. *Squibby* believes this reviewing could be done far more efficiently by taking it up in systematic order as regular class work. The present system practically forces a man to stay up nights and "eram" before the finals just enough to remember the work until the "exams" are over, and then if he fails to remember certain points, which may be of minor importance, to fail him in the course.

There was an old farmer, who, when he wished to carry a bag of grain, always took an empty bag, put some stones in it, tying the end of the bag to the end of the grain bag. He would then sling the two bags over his shoulder with the grain bag on one side, and the bag with the stones in it on the other side to offset or balance the weight of the grain. When asked why he didn't divide the grain into two bags, instead of carrying a lot of stones, he replied: "We have always done it this way and I guess it is good enough for me yet." So it is with "finals". The old habit

still hangs on and probably will until some man, fearless of the comment of others, will step out of the present rut and inaugurate a new system so that a man in reviewing his term's work, will do it in such a way that he will remember the main points of the course, not for a period of one week only, but for a period of years.



THE SQUIB



CAMPUS TALK

JONESIE
 He's my room-mate
 And
 He was looking for
 A scrap
 So
 I sent him up
 To
 The treasurer's
 Office
 And on the
 Floor
 He
 Picked up a Scrap
 A green scrap
 Of engraved paper
 Such as we get
 Sometimes from home
 And as he waved it
 Aloft
 He said
 Hurrah
 I have found
 A bone to pick.

S

CHRISTMAS, what do we want at Christmas????? Pep, and other presents such as Chevrolets, checks de cash, and Hawaiian neckwear. We trust that all the readers of the *Squib* will enjoy themselves and that all who do not enjoy themselves will become members of the *Squib*, in other words, we wish everyone a merry Christmas, bon noel, etc., including ourselves.

S

NUT—Why is it so hot at the circus?
 Tee—The heat is in tents.

S

ST. NICK—And what would you like in the stocking?
 Prodigal Son—A fatted calf.

THEY had been on a hunting trip for a few days and as their luck was not productive of food, the supply on hand was in a weak condition. Finally they hit a good trail and one of the party sighed that he wished they could land something. Whereupon he was informed that it was *barely* possible that they might bag a doe.

S

WHY NOT?

WHY not have the finals at the beginning of the term and do away with all this cramming? If you do not pass the final then, you will study to raise your mark, and if you do pass the final, you will not have to study. This will work out satisfactorily to all. Try it.

S



LADY—"Your produce seems very high."
 Farmer—"Well, why shouldn't it be! When you've got to know the botanical name of the plants you raise and the entomological name of the bug that eats 'em and the chemical formula for the thing that kills the bug,—somebody's got to pay!"

THE SQUIB



WHERE WAS BILLY SUNDAY WHEN THEY MIXED THE SCHEDULE?

CRAMMING tonight, cramming tonight,
Give us a pail of beer.
Many are the lights that are burning tonight,
Here's hoping we get by clear.
Cramming tonight, cramming tonight,
Cramming on the old prof's trail.

S

INSTRUCTORS and especially lab. assistants
acting as monitors or pussyfoots during the
finals would do well to examine all fountain pens
used in the writing of exams. They may con-
tain inspired ink which has dope on the final
exam in question. Safety final!

S

PAY DAY FOR WILLIE

FLUFFIE—Do you like Billy Sunday?
Ruffles—Yes, but he has more money
Saturday nights.

AUTOIST (slowing down)—“Tired of walk-
ing?”
Stranger (running to get into auto)—
“Yes.”
Autoist (speeding up)—“Run for a while,
then.”
Stranger (!X?—!!!!?—)

S

FATTY—Say, I just learned why you
don't catch cold in your head!
Skinny—“How's that?”
Fatty—Cold can't penetrate a vacuum!!

S

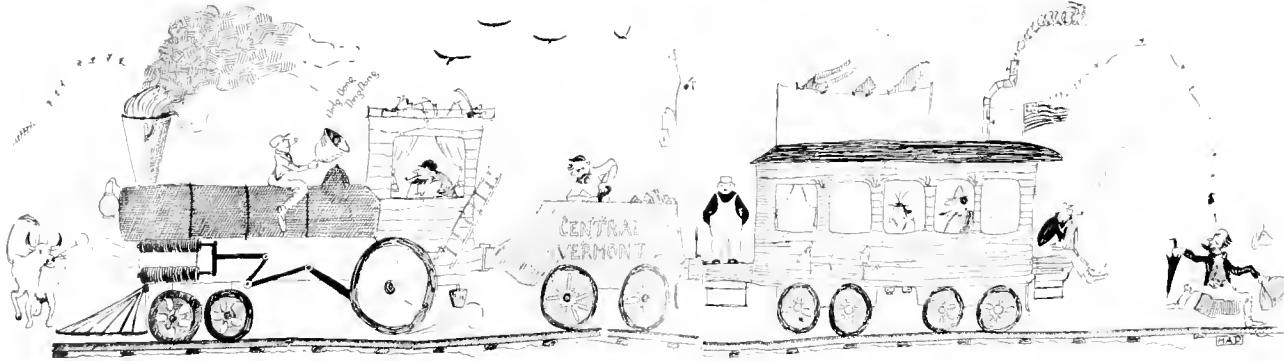
IN the Stadium one day the Harvard quarter-
back was rather erratic, so much so that
an alumnus burst forth, “What the d—l ails
that man; he always throws the pass at random.”
Immediately his wife looked around at the score
board to see where this man Random was playing.

"Pepless" Wonders

"Whose Squib are You Reading"



AND THE WHOLE IS SET
TO COME
WANTED — YEP FOR THE OLD
BUCKET BUNCH!



195 SIX MAN ROPE PULL
TEAM NEEDED 'PEP', BUT—
THEIR ONE MAN TEAM IS
NOT SO BAD



YOU NEED LOTS OF PEP
IN THE FIRST LETTER TO
THAT TEACH YOU NOT TO HANG ON



PUTTING PEP INTO THE SENIOR COURSES



THE SQUIB



TO MY SAMPLE CASE

(I sold Aluminum last summer.)

OH thou my dear old sample case!
I dearly love thee well;
Thou'st been my constant joy and friend
On days as hot as h——l.

I love thy reddish brown,
And sleek and ample sides,
They're filled with samples clean and bright
About which I have lied.

But when I've found I've told a tale
That cannot bear the light,
If they will tell me what I said,
I'm glad to make it right.

But you, my dear old sample case,
You've stoutly stood the test,
And oft upon you I have sat
When I have needed rest.

And when this summer's work is o'er
And I to school have gone,
You'll know that in my sad, sad heart
A feeling has been born.

A feeling 'tis of joy and pride
And not of doubt nor fear,
That I shall never, never do again
What I have done this year.

No more I'll tramp the dusty roads,
Nor at the doors I'll knock.
No more I'll sit upon my case
In absence of a rock.

But you my dear old sample case,
You've been a friend to me.
'Tis not your fault that those I've met
Have shown discourtesy.

And when in future years I walk
With slow unsteady pace,
A place there'll still be in my heart
For you, my sample case.

S

"THEY will meet but they will miss him, there
will be one vacant chair"
And the sofmores should be thankful, all the Big
Three are not there.

S

A prof should get a bonus if his class takes
no cuts in the course, but a class that takes
no cuts should get a sanatorium course.

REFORMATION

THERE'S a college in the valley
Of a certain famous river
Where they fed the jolly students
Beef on toast and chicken liver.

Every once or twice a fortnight
The monotony was busted
By a cubic inch of beef-steak
Or a minute cup of eustard.

Once a year they had sweet cider
In a one-quart demijohn;
Ate for breakfast every morning
Oats or malt or pettjohn.

But the ancient order changeth
'Neath the fierce investigation
And the complicated menu
Gave the scullions no vacation.

We get chicken, peas, potatoes,
Orange marmalade, and ham,
Oyster stew and Injun pudding.
"Pussy-Foot" don't give a d——n!

Scullions fast and waiters able
Never keep a fellow waitin'
And we only hope to goodness
They keep on investigatin'.

S

GOING AND COMING

"CROSS not a bridge till you come to it",
The young knight mused in thought.
As he rode across his gallant horse,
To a castle near that spot.
"Cross not a bridge till you come to it",
Some wise old codger wrote,
So the knight passed on, nor wound his horn,
And he fell into the moat.

"Look before you leap" they say,
He thought of this as he walked afield,
When a roaring bull pursued him full,
And he dropt his sword and shield.
"Look before you leap", he thought,
So looked he o'er the fence,
But the bull charged on, and shook his horn,
And tossed the poor cuss hence.

THE SQUIB



A MASS MEETING

CHEERLEADER—All right now, a long yell for that team, make it snappy. Hip, Hip. Feeble yell from mob.

Cheerleader—Aw watsa mattuh, that was the rottenest yell since college started. Now again and put some pep in it this time. Hip, Hip. Less feeble yell from mob.

Cheerleader—That wasn't so bad. Now we are going to hear some real talks now.

Spirited student—Where's your pep, who ain't goin' to that game. Aintcha got no pep. What we got to have around here is pep. Every year the pep around here makes me sick. There ain't enough pep in the whole college to make a cat sneeze. Why only today I saw a freshman give up the last cent he had to pay back board at the hash house and the game only two days away. What kinda pep do yuh call that? Why back when I was a Frosh everybody went to the game even if they had to hock some of John Spaggett's statuary. They had pep in them days. The college is goin' to the dawgs now, no pep. Pep. Pep. Pep. That's all fellus.

Loud yelling and banging by mob.

Cheerleader—Who ain't goin' to the game now? Nobody stands, loud cheering.

Cheerleader—Thasze old pep. Lessee who have bought tickets.

Everybody stands, loud cheering.

Cheerleader (musing to himself)—Thas funny and I have a whole bale of tickets left.

Razoo Club enters with six and one half frosh reporting that some seniors told them to go to hell, so they came back to the meeting.

Cheerleader—I wanta have these tickets outa my hands by tomorrow. A long yell for that team now, make it snappy.

Corker yell.

A TYPICAL ASSEMBLY

2.10 Speaker introduced as the greatest living man in his line. (Some line.)

2.20 Speaker gets away with a joke about the superfluous introduction.

2.30 Remarks about the co-eds and predicts that there will be more.

2.40 Tells how he used to be a farmer boy himself.

2.50 Takes five minutes to say that he is going to stop speaking.

2.55 Snoozers wake up at loud hand clapping.

2.56 Prexy goes out, not followed by speaker.

2.56 1-9 Prexy returns and hugs speaker out.

2.57 Mass meeting. Don't ride bicycles on the sidewalks. Nobody dares to tell the truth about the hash-house.

2.60 Senior class meeting. All other class meetings scattered over the campus.

S

WHAT TO INVENT FOR STUDENTS

An alarmless alarm clock.

Vest pocket note-taking machine.

Morningless chapel or absent treatment.

Combination everlasting tobacco pouch and match box.

Non-leakable self spilling fountain pen.

Number System for changing 39 to 93.

An indetecable check raiser.

S

SHE (in a new gown)—“How do you like it, hubby?”

He (scanning its scantiness)—“Is it up to style?”

She—“Why certainly, it is a 1917 model.”

He—“I thought it was sold before it got its growth.”



THERE is no lack of "Pep" in the Stockbridge Coat Room scrambles.

S

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

To avoid needless repetition and negative applause, all outside speakers should observe the following hints:

1. Say that you came here for the ride, not for the pleasure of addressing such a fine looking body of young men and women.
2. It is understood that you were born and reared on a farm.
3. Exploit our wonderful opportunities—to transcribe times on Aggie, Ec.
4. Make some sly reference to the co-eds and stroke your whiskers.
5. Solve the dormitory problem by telling how to use North and South in the shifts per day, for sleeping.
6. Throw a time bomb into the junior section to wake them up in time for the usual mass meeting.
7. To add local color, compare Napoleon to Henry Young, proving the former to be a four flusher.
8. Describe the campus in '88 when you were here last on a visit to the only co-ed.

HIS LIFE CYCLE

SHE—Why does that author go off on a tear and get drunk?

He—So he can write stories about his experiences.

She—But why does he want to write about his experiences?

He—So as to get some money.

She—But why does he want money?

He—So he can go off on a tear and get drunk again.

S

PAP is part of a fraternity rallying cry, "Howdy pap."

Pip is what a chicken has when it can't cackle.

Pop is what ginger beer sounds like.

Pup is what a dog used to be.

But PEP is what we all need.

S

REVISED REVERIES OF A STUDENT

ONE student without any "Pep" may easily prevent two hearts from beating as one.

"Pep" is not blind, but there are many students who have poor eyesight.

"Pep" makes men and not mollicoddles.

After a student has become a Soph. he acquires some "Pep" but he shows his "pep" chiefly at informals.

Figures don't lie; it's said, so it is best not to publish Aggie's "pep" in figures.

Sometimes, thank God! when "pep comes in at the door", crabbiness flies out at the window.

Pep is not really akin to Love. Love is but a step further.

S

WHETHER it is really just to the college or not, it is an admitted fact that a college is classed by the general public as its teams are rated in the athletic world. Now everyone of us want to have Aggie's teams looked up to and honored by all. There are two factors in a team's success, first the players, and second, its supporters. Since the men who take part in athletics at Aggie give all they have to their teams, it is up to the rest of the student body to do all they can to encourage the players all through the season. We saw what "pep" did at Medford and more recently at Springfield. What better or more convincing proof of its value do we want? What we lack is "pep" and until we get so enthusiastic that we will yell our heads off, we are not doing our share to bring credit to M. A. C.

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manner at the

COLONIAL INN

At the Entrance to the campus

"Johnnie, you don't have to
bring in the wood; father is
coming home with a load."

—Awgwan

Wife—Can you give me some
eggs that you will guarantee
that there are no chickens in?

Grocer—Yes mom, some duck
eggs.

—Awgwan

"Looka here you, ef youall
don't gawan away and leave muh
I'se gonna knock yoah heaad off
an' throw it in your face."

—Awgwan

When a man drinks tea only
is he a tee-totler!

—Awgwan

In a photograph office—"Now
I suppose you want me to look
pleasant."

"Yes, unless you want to look
natural."

—Awgwan

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for the Past Ten Years.

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SHOES

E. M. BOLLES
THE SHOE MAN

When Dad Comes to
See You

Send Him down to

THE AMHERST HOUSE

Bellhop—Here's your water, sir.
Kentucky Alumnus—Water? What for? Is
the room on fire?

—*Punch Bowl*

“My face is my fortune.”
“What an encumbrance to inherit.”

—*Froth*

About college, we are told, there are two sad
things. One of them is graduating. The other
is not graduating.

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

Two tramps who had been literary men but
had fallen even lower were wending their hungry
way past a farm house. Smoke was coming from
the kitchen chimney. It was supper time for
everybody but the literary tramps.

Mused one, “It looks like Keats over there.”

Answered the other, “Yes, and I bet the
potatoes are Browning.”

—*Sun Dial*

Pessimist—One who has lived with an opti-
mist.

—*California Pelican*

“Young man, do you favor professorial free-
dom of speech?”

“Sure, let 'em say what they think without
thinking what they say.”

—*California Pelican*

“I want something good to read,” breathed
the indifferent one.

“God bless you,” said the good, prim old soul
as she handed out a copy of the New Testament,
“anything else?”

—*Sun Dial*

THE VETERAN

Recruiting Officer—“So you wish to enlist in
our army. Any experience?”

Would-be Soldier—“None, sir.”

Officer—“Married?”

Would-be Soldier—“Yes, twice.”

Officer—“Here is your commission. Such ex-
perience is invaluable.”

—*Princeton Tiger*

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BOOT SHOP

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NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

A MISFIT

They sat on the steps at midnight,
But her love was not to his taste.
His reach was 36 inches,
While hers was a “46” waist.

—*Yale Record*

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"Were you copying his notes?"

"Oh no, sir! I was only looking to see if he
had mine right."

—Lampoon

Him—"How did you like the stage hangings
in that Shakespeare show?"

He—"There weren't no hanging, y' boob; he
killed 'em with a sword."

—Widow

"I hear you have turned botanist."

"Yes—at present I'm specializing in two lips."

—Froth

Queener—"Do you know how to do this new
dance, 'Walkin' the Dawg?'"

Athlete—"Well, I don't know the steps but
I know the holts."

—Loughorn

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and CARPETS

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Christmas Dinner

1 P. M.

TABLES RESERVED 'Phone 2628-W Holyoke

Jinks—Billings sure likes to put on airs.

Binks—What's he doing now?

Jinks—Oh, he fills a gasoline can with water and carries it home in full sight of the neighbors every night.

—Widow

Doll—"Jack is getting so stingy I don't enjoy his company."

Node—"Yes, he's even beginning to be saving with his kisses."

—Froth

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Honour and Fortunes
Keep with You**

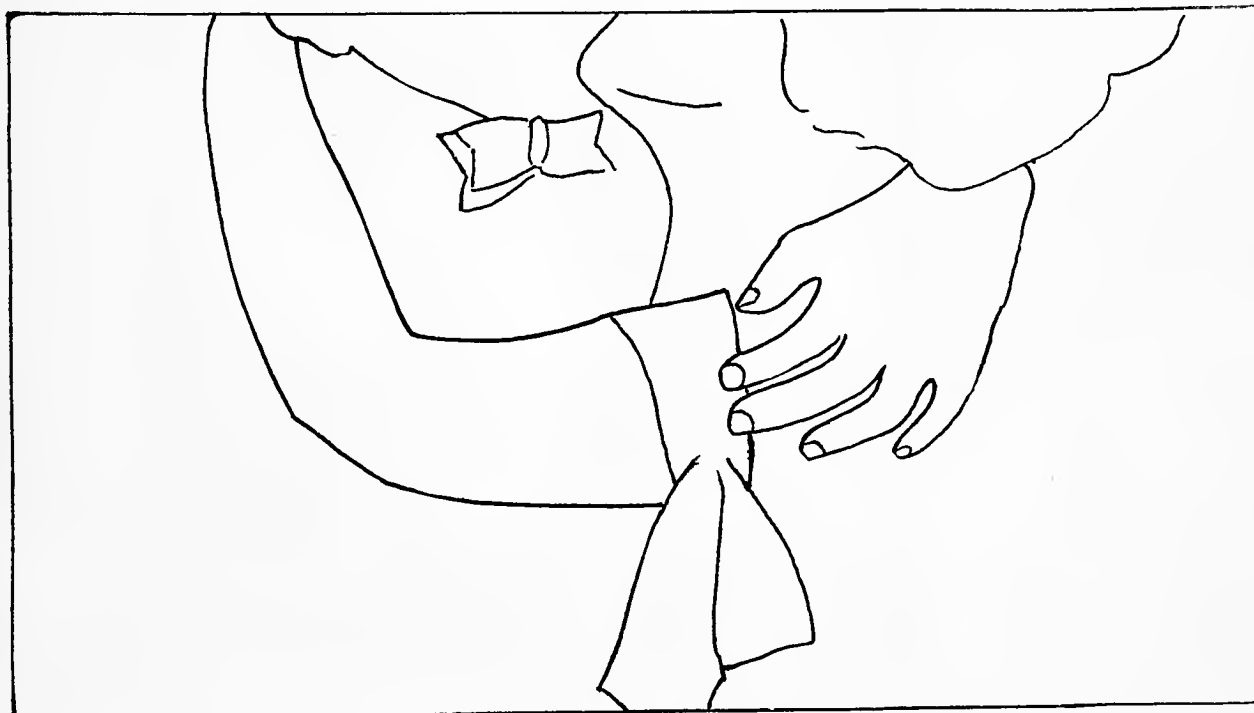
Shakespeare



The Squib

VOL. 3, NO. 5

The Happy Number



"Universal Armament"

FEBRUARY 1917

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A LITTLE LIE

WHEN first I met with Muriel
My poor old heart was lanced once more.
I felt, I *knew* I loved her well;
Better than all that went before.
I told her she was the first I'd loved,
I'd be to her a willing slave.
She laughed, and worse, appeared unmoved;
She said I was a scheming knave.
But she believed! Oh! blessed girl;
She said I was her first love, too.
Ah! life is happy with my pearl;
What good a little lie can do.

A GOOD DOG FOR A CENT

"HHEY, Bo, do you want to buy a barometer
dog?"
"Wot kinda dog's zat?"
"One that kin smell a storm a mile off."
"Naw. I don't want no storm seenter in my
room."

—Longhorn



SHE—"Did he go on the stage for his health?"
He—"No, he is a vegetarian, and he wanted
his meals free."

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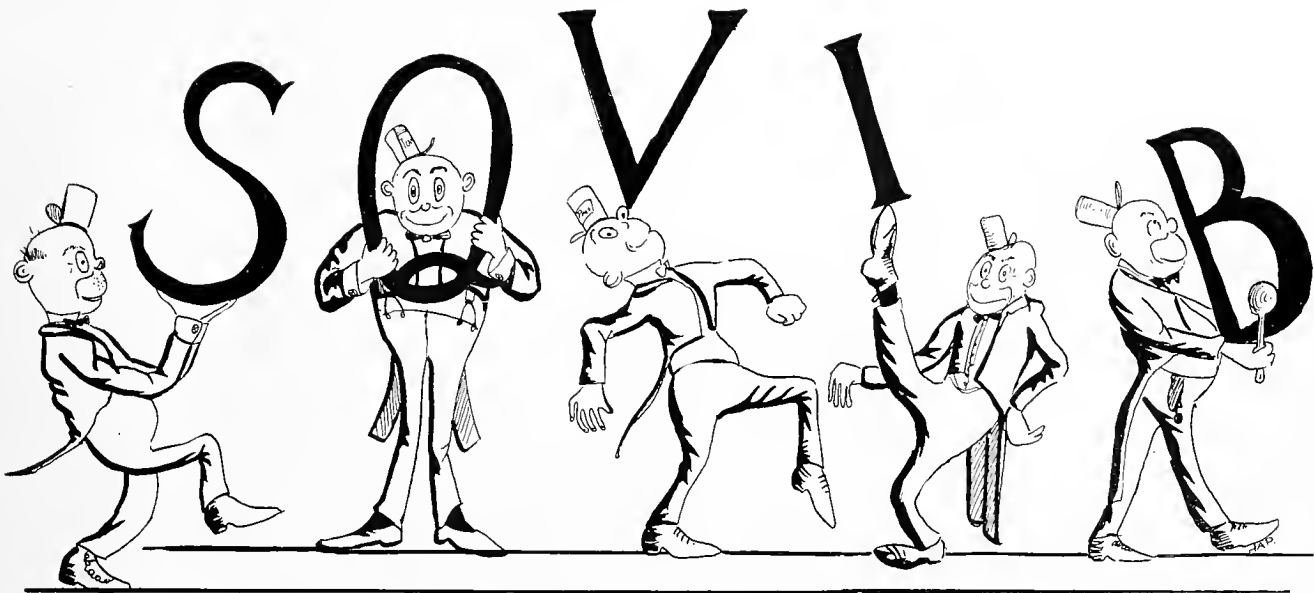
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AT THE PROM

HE—"Don't you think that I am pretty light on my feet?"
She—"Yes, but you are heavy on mine."

S

ANOTHER ONE ON BRAINS

ONE Frosh—"That prof gave us something to think about."
'Nother One—"Something for nothing, hey?"

S

SMITH Frosh—"I think that she ought to study German."
Smith Soph—"No, one tongue is enuf for her."

S

THE END OF THE SOUP

GENTLEMAN (to new waiter)—Bring me some oxtail soup.
Waiter—"Oxtail soup suh, yes suh, I'll get it for you right away but it is a powerful long way to go back for soup."

S

FAIR AND WARMER

ZIP—"Where is the weather man?"
Bang—"He's downstairs getting a shower."

S

FROSH—"I was born in April."
Soph—"When it rains it pours."

THEY SHOULD HAVE CARRIED SAFETIES

THE ancient Greeks enjoyed a blessing
Their trousers never needed pressing
But to their joy some gloom attaches
They had no place to strike their matches.

S

A CHOPPY SEE

PHUNEM—"That guy doublecrossed me."
Ayebyte—"Howz 'at?"
Phunem—"He's cross eyed and he looked straight at me."

S

DO YOU TIP, IN THE GRILL?

THE twinkling stars are falling
From the dewy shades of night
And the waiters are rushing onward
Grabbing all the coin in sight.

S

THERE exists an old fellow named Satan
Whose manners are quite aggravatin';
He for;
started what
this just
war knows

No one

May a hand grenade smash his old pate in.

S

PPROMY—"I'm all balled up."
Nod—"How's that?"
Promy—"Everything I own is in hock."

S

X—"Why do they have to wash this floor so often?"
Y—"It's scrub pine."

THE SQUIB

Here's to the studies if such things can bless
A poor wretch like me who has made such a
 mess
Passing what courses I did.
Plugging, my gray matter some to impress
You think I should worry—why let cares
 oppress?

S

CAMPUS TALK

YESTERDAY

I saw my friend,
 He was looking fat and happy
 Naturally
 I asked him where he was
 Eating and Sleeping
 Also how much he was getting
 Stabbed for it.
 It's a secret
 He whispered
 I am sick all the time now
 And I live up at the
 Infirmary.
 It costs me
 One plunk a day
 I have my breakfast served in bed
 It's corker
 This little stunt costs me
 Seven plunks a week
 That's about as cheap as
 Some of you guys get by.
 Very true
 Says I.
 I find upon inspection
 That I have
 Intercostal neuralgia
 Superinduced by overstudy
 I am going to the
 Infirmary. So long.

S

STEW—"What have you in your room for
 cold?"
 Dent—"Steam heat."

S

GAS HOUSE TALK

SMOKESTACK—"You're full of coke."
 Furnace—"Thanks for dat remark."
 Fluey—"O my, what an iron retort!"



LORD ONLY NOSE

ONE—I see that the investigation committee
 found one great deficiency at Aggie.
 The other—What was it?
 One—There was no ape in the Apiary.

S

STUDE—"Hey 'wiff' bring me a glass of water."
 Ent—"Aw watchatink I am a wet nurse?"

S

I was "over the river" the other night calling
 when the lights went out. I obeyed that
 impulse and kissed her *lightly*. It was perfectly
 plain then to see where I stood.

S

"WHY was Adam like Billy Sunday?"
 "I give up."
 "Neither like to see Eve ill."

S

I knew a young boy in Fall River
 Who was slim and slight as a quiver
 He slipped from a cliff
 And fell with a biff
 He's an arrow now in a quiver.

S

DAOWN T' TH' PUST ORFICE, BY HEN
IF "creeper" ever gits back thi' snoon, tell him
 that they's one a them speshul devilry letters
 same's wot came in last week. He might's well
 hunt it up and take it out this afternoon, prob'ly
 the feller might expect it.

THE SQUIB



"The female of the Species is more deadly than the Male."

S

CO-ED—I don't like this math. course.
Prof.—Why not?

Co-Ed—On account of the improper fractions.

S

THE Radcliffe girl is feeling sad,
For she's thinking of the day
When the mean old profs wrote to dad
And took her "cigs" away.

She now sits on her downy bed
And the only rings she blows
Are the ringlets on her pretty head
Falling o'er her eyes and nose.

S

THOSE WHO TAKE ANI HUS

HURRAH for the professor
Hurrah for his lamb
Hurrah for the co-eds
Who do not give a d——n.

S

THE bullet hit a steel rib so her life was saved.
Of corset was.

S

THERE once lived a girl on the Island of Crete
Whose costume was made out of plain
Shredded Wheat

Her skirt was most void
Being celluloid
So you see that the outfit was very neat.

BE HAPPY

WHEN you're piling out on a cold gray morn
Shivering and putting your clothing on
And the whole blame world seems all dead wrong,
Forget your woe, sing a brighter song.

Be Happy!

If the service is poor at the hash house at noon
You beat it angrily back to your room
And repeat this performance from fall until June,
Oh! be happy and sing us a jollier tune.

Be Happy!

Whether the clouds bring us hail, snow, or rain
You snarl and you crab but there's really no gain
Your breath is just wasted, your talk is in vain,
Cheer up and whistle the optimist's strain.

Be Happy!

If the classes get dull and the profs tend to bore us
It's our fault, not theirs, that our marks become
porus

We must study, not crab, to make them decorus,
There's a loftier note, so join in the chorus.

Be Happy!

As the sun sets today o'er the neighboring hill
Let us turn a new leaf, make a resolute will
To withstand the mistakes and with new joy instill
The life on the campus; then this song we'll trill.

Be Happy!

S

CO-ED—"It isn't her good looks that gets
her by."

Co-ed—"No, but Tim banks on them."

S

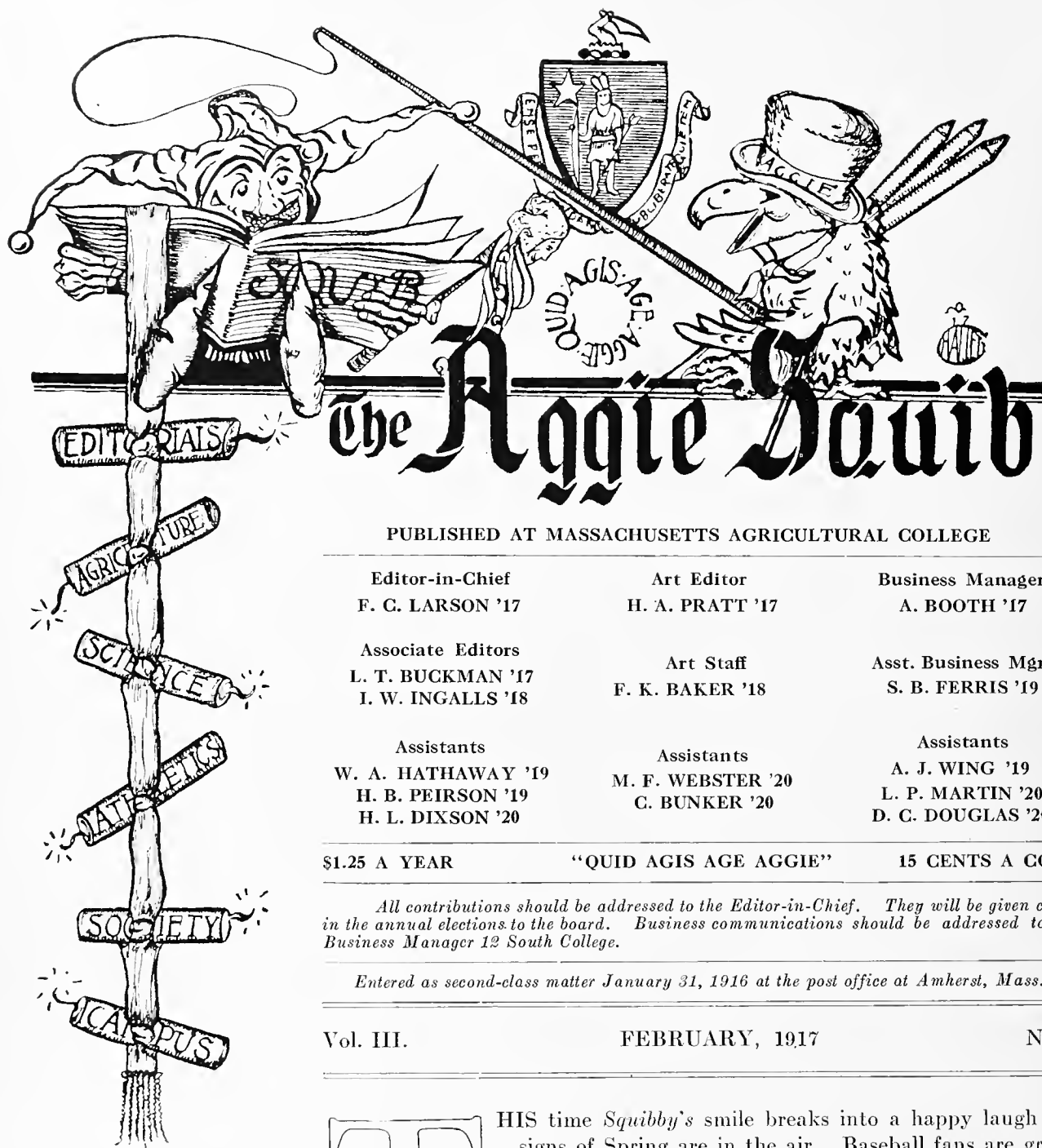
LET'S go to dinner," said the student life saver
Unto the mermaid fair,
"I'd like to go," said she
"But goodness me,
What am I going to wear?"

"Don't worry about the clothes, my dear,"
Said the student from Spokane,
"For in these fashionable days,
One finds out that it only pays
To wear as little as one can."

S

BAT—"Have you a life cycle?"

He—"No. My pocketbook has yet to be
touched by a woman."



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Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 5



HIS time Squibby's smile breaks into a happy laugh for signs of Spring are in the air. Baseball fans are greasing up their gloves and the coach will soon be on the diamond earning his salary. They are happy. The track men will jump from the boards to the cinders and the fussers will go "queening" in the great outdoors instead of the rather uncertain parlor stuff. They too are happy. Second term finals are on their way which gives great glee to the pros now that they have three chances instead of two. Be happy yourself and everybody else will seem happy to you for as the old saying goes, "When you are down in the mouth think of Jonah, he came out all right." The pessimist may have his uses, but the optimist has him beaten forty ways. Thus Squibby presents himself clad in the sheets of the Happy Number.

THE SQUIB

THE *Squib* wishes to issue another call for candidates for the editorial and art staffs. Students in all the classes are eligible. Therefore show a little interest in literary work and make your funny bone labor a little for a good cause. We are very desirous to get as many men as possible.

S

S

The *Squib* regrets the resignation of L. C. Higgins '18 from the editorial department. Leo has departed and registered at Harvard University. His loss will be keenly felt by the *Squib* but perhaps his endeavors along literary lines will help the *Lampoon*.

S

S

This number of the *Squib* has been edited by I. W. Ingalls '18.

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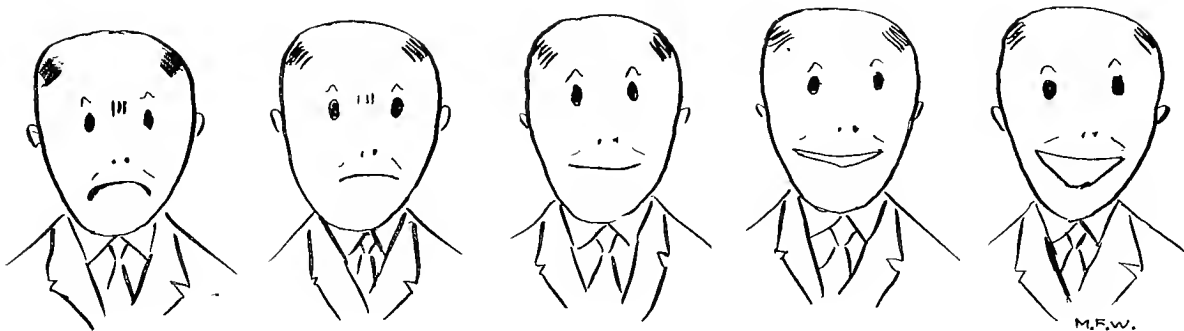
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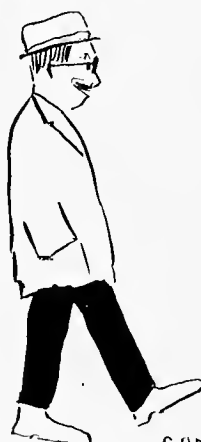
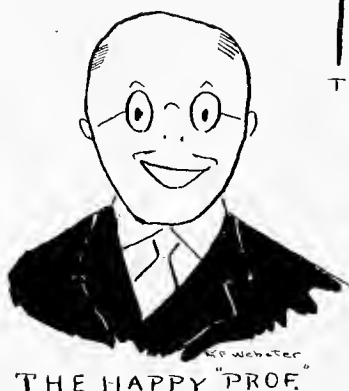
E. B. NEWTON '19

R. S. BOLES '17



SMILE, DAM YA, SMILE !

THE SQUIB



S

FOOLING THE PROFS AGAIN

SIC Arette—How did Verrie Dents manage to get sixty in that exam?

Sic Adog—He shaved before he took it and had a smart sensation.

S

NOT VERY LONG THOUGH

RAVING on in chem exam:—And AgNO_3 , like Schlitz, is kept in brown bottles.

PROF. X made a scene when I went to see him about that exam I flunked flat.

And—

He made much Ado About Nothing.

S

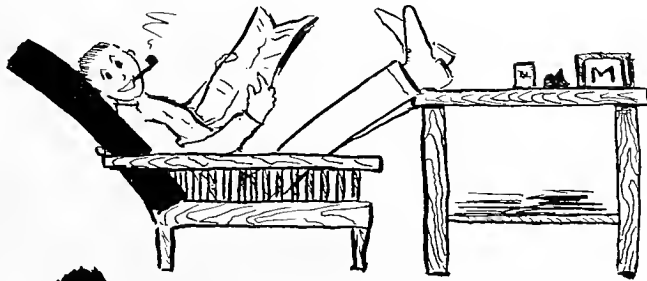
THE TRUTH EXPLODEDE

JEWIN'YA (18)—Be careful how you throw that copy of "Sappy Stories" around here.

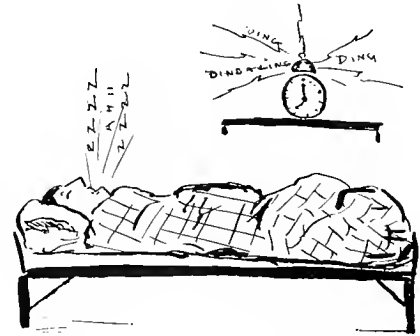
Seein'ya (17)—Why zat?

Jewin'ya (18)—They are putting lots of explosives in magazines nowadays.

THE SQUIB



NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW



FUSSIN'



Mr. Webster

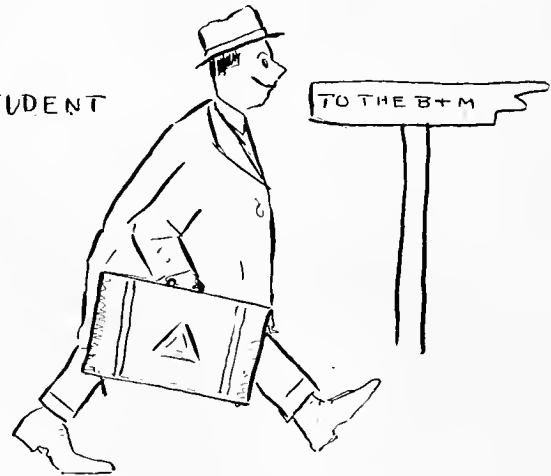
THE HAPPY STUDENT



ON THE HIKES



NO FINALS!



GOING HOME

S

UNIVERSAL ARMAMENT

SHE—How is it that all the fellows nowadays put their arm around you?

The other—They all believe in universal armament.

S

FROSH—"Has your room-mate any bad habits?"

Junior—"Just one, he swears at the alarm clock every morning."

S

BE CAREFUL

SMASHEM—"I'm going to blow my brains out," shouted the youth who had been flunked out.

Crashem—"Hold on," said his cool headed roomie. "Those are my shoes you are wearing."

S

MY pen won't write.
Isn't the ink well?



The Deep and Thoughtless
Stude.

Here's the deep and thoughtless student
With his hat crammed on his dome
All he has to worry him
Is the pretty dame back home.

S

SHE WAS THE FLOUR OF HIS SOUL
"DO you love me," said Dotty, resting her
face on Jack's shoulder.

"Yes, only you talc too much," replied
Jack woefully, looking at his shoulder.

S

BACK TO EARTH

AVVY—When you are flying, what sort of
a feeling do you have when you look at
the earth?

Attor—Just terra fir mu.

S

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES

FELLA—I want some ribbon for my type-
writer.

Goil—Ribbon counter second aisle on left.



A Young Bright
Freshie.

This is the bright young freshie
Who in his cute and winning way
Is reaching for a regular hat
To wear Saint Patrick's Day.

S

NO CHRISTMAS IN THOSE DAYS

STOCK—If Achilles had lived today he
would never have been killed.

Kings—Advance.

Stock—He would have worn Holeproof
stockings.

S

SWAT HIM

SHE—Why do they have wire netting in the
grandstand?

He—To keep the foul flies out.

She—Why foolish, flies can get through
that.

SPRING HATS



Quality By Gosh.

HERE'S a funny looking duck
His age is under fifty
And if we're not mistaken
He thinks his lid quite niphty.

S

A STEP TOWARD WISDOM

'TIS folly to be wise when ignorance is bliss,
And hard blows do not dent the tough
hide of a mule;
But when you've knocked your head enough
you'll find out this:
A step toward wisdom is to realize you are
a fool.

S

FROSH to Co-ed who has slipped on the ice.
"Can I assist you? I belong to the Ladies'
Aid Society."



Coed Queen

Here's a familiar picture
Of a typical co-ed queen
Her jealous idea in buying hats
Is to make the others green.

S

DID you ever notice how o-fish-all the waiters
are on Friday?

S

HE—Nature is honest.
Li Kel. I saw the corn crib.

S

ANNE—This steak reminds me of yore.
Kycce: Frinstance?
Anne—Your rubber boots.

THE SQUIB

THE KNOCK

THIS hat in shade a deep rich green
Might to a young bright freshie seem
To be his ardent heart's desire
'Twould set his very soul on fire.

But for a deep and thoughtful stude
It must be that he's just a dude.
If such an awful thing he wears
Just so he'll capture co-ed stares.

S

THE ANSWER

FAR too small this tiny head attire
To demonstrate my ardent heart's desire
And 'tis not the color that tells the tale,
But quality that doth never fail.

And in that respect this hat does beat
Any other chapeau seen on the street.
E'en that of the deep (?) and thoughtless stude
Hasn't a show with that of the dude.

Full well I feel the admiring glare
As the hat passes by the co-eds' stare.
But I should worry and I should smile
They're just ten years behind the style.

'Tis not the hat with its shade of green
That catches the eye of the co-ed queen???
But rather the striking face below
Brightening all with its radiant glow.

The hat that doth this message bear
Is what you think I ought to wear.
The ancient that owned it is dead and gone
So if the cap fits you, why just put it on.

Signed T. W.

S

YOU CAN BE SURE THAT IF YOU

BRING a girl on the campus, somebody will
bawl you out and yell, "Remember I got to
have my shoes tonight."

Post a notice in the Social Union, ten minutes
later wise guys will write so many hilarious com-
ments all over it, that you will think you are
reading the latest copy of "Strife."

Borrowed money to go to the prom you will
be dunned for the rest of your college life.

Get a seat on the last car from Hamp, it is a
mistake on the part of the company.

Happen to be overcome with that rare sensa-
tion of the desire for study, somebody will come
in and insist on a bull fest with you.

Lend some fellows money they are conferring
a great favor upon you when they return it.

If you are not on the Dean's Board nobody will
notice it.



It's not an ancient mariner
With this horse so wild and bold
For he has the landlubber's hat on
To separate him from the cold.

S

IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY

HARRY—Hey, lookit, Jack, see that smoke
near the chem lab?

Jack—Yep, the lab must be on fire.

(Meets Frank)—Hey, Frank, the chem lab is
burning down.

Frank—Gee, is that right?

(Frank meets Art)—Did you hear about the
lab fire? Seven fellus wuz fatally burned.

Art—Zat so? Good night.

(Art meets George)—'Aloe, George. The chem
lab is on fire. Seven students is burned to death
and all the profs were asphixiated.

George—Oh, goody, the mean old things won't
have a chance to correct that quiz I flunked
yesterday.

(George meets Tom)—Hey, Tom, the lab has
burned down. Whole piles of guys burned up
and all the profs are dying up at the infirmary.

Tom—How do you know?

George—Art told me.

Tom—Who told him?

George—I don't know.

Tom—I'll telephone to Doc Chamberlain.
"Hello, Doc, is the lab on fire?"

Doc C.—Good Lord no, no such good news
since I got my last raise.

S

IT'S Oliver with my typewriter now; they buried
her yesterday so she's Underwood.

S

SMART—Why is a bad boy like a chair?
Smarter—They both have caned seats.

THE SQUIB

SATISFYING THE MOB, OR, IT CAN'T BE DONE

PHELLA—Anybody coming down town?

Bumb—No, but here's my laundry, take it down and mail it. I will owe you the postage.

Nother Guy—Yea, and here's a quarter, get my collars at the Chink's.

Suaveguy—Would you mind dropping into the jeweler's and get my watch, then go to the tailor's and see if he has finished mending my cheapskin coat, then take these shoes down and have them shined? I won't have time tonight.

Common Herd—Bring back some smokes.

Phella—Ain't anybody going downtown with me?

Briteguy—Nobody but you Phella, I guess.

Phella goes downtown, does the errands and comes back.

Bumb—Have you got back? Did you mail my laundry? How much was it?

Phella—They soaked me twenty cents, including insurance.

Bumb—Who in the dickens told you to get it insured? My lord, what boneheads some people's sons are. Next time I will take it down myself.

Nother Guy (opening collars)—Hey, Phella, look at the ink spots on these collars. Why didn't you give the Chink the devil? You could have looked at them when you were down there, couldn't you? Where are your brains, and yea, where is that other cent? The laundry was only twenty-four cents, wasn't it, and I gave you a quarter. Trying to get away with something, hey? I never thought you was that low, Phella.

Suaveguy—You got the wrong watch. Don't you know what my watch looks like? You will have to take this one back, because if I take it he won't recognize me. Dawgawn it all, I wish I had gone myself. Good night, did you get a light finish on these shoes? I always have dark. This looks rotten. Why didn't you tell Jo who the shine was for? He knows what I want.

Common Herd—Where are all the cigs?

Phella—Honest, I forgot them. You ain't sore, are y' fellus?

S

ONE WAY

SALT—I should think that a sailor's life would be very monotonous.

Horse—No. We often run into a fog bank and get some change.

THE LULU BIRD SAYS

IF you don't boost the hash house, the prices will boost themselves.

Aggie men are not cowards, neither are they fools.

How would you like to be "Creeper" and get cussed out for not bringing letters that she never took the trouble to write?

Here's how the pros like the booze, "When I was outside of Champagne, Ohio presented a rolling landscape." Stagging.

Did you ever hear one of those all winter B. V. D. heroes try to hush up the fact that only invalids wore heavy clothing in the winter.

It is too bad that the pros are not required to attend chapel. It might be as soul inspiring to them as it is to us.

Radcliffe girls have been forbidden to smoke. College life is hell, isn't it, girls?

S

ARE WE RIGHT?

THE meanest man in all the world—one who borrows your best necktie and then orders grape-fruit.

—*Columbia Jester*

Wrong again, Mr. Jester; your choice we refuse,

When defining the worst of all froshes;

We hand it to him who puts on his old shoes—

Then borrows your brand new goloshes.

—*Yale Record*

By the meanest of mankind I always have meant
A lad who is bad beyond doubt.

He's that friend who, when you unsuspecting
present

Him unto your best girl—cuts you out.

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

Jester, Record and Mercury, wrong.

The meanest one in the Bizz,

While you get D he pulls B,

Having copied from you in the quiz.

—*Panther*

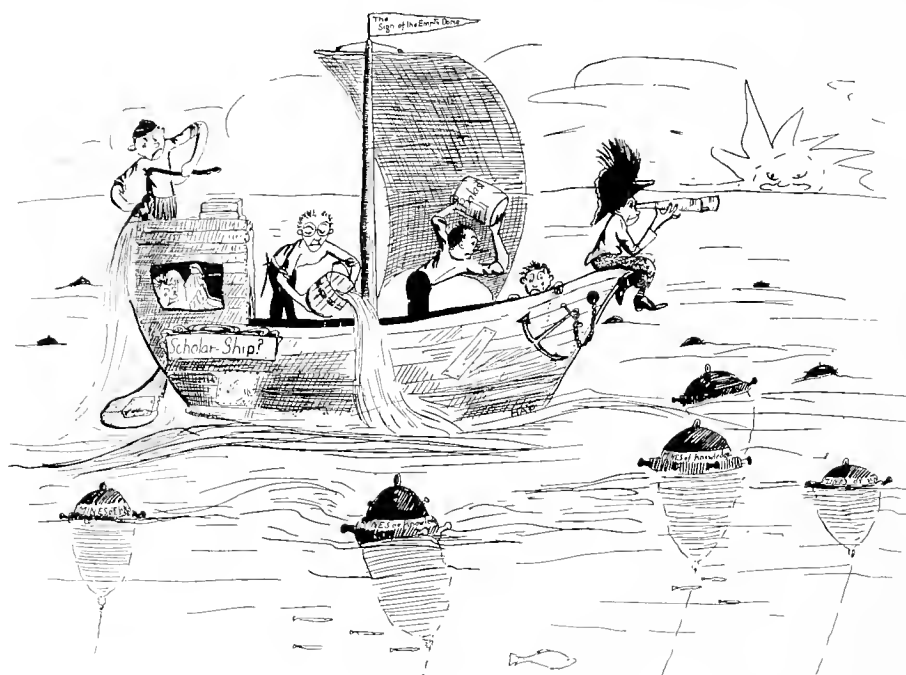
Jester, Record, Mercury and Panther!

As for the meanest man there's but one anther,
(I lithp)

And he's that guy, the darned old pig,
Who always "bums" your only "cig".

And then wants to know why in hell you
didn't save the coupon for him.

THE SQUIB



SHERMAN WAS RIGHT

AS I tumbled into bed that night my head was
 far from clear;
 My nerves all played "Die Wacht am Rhein" in
 good old lager beer.
 The wine and the gin rickeys had a quarrel in my
 head,
 And I kissed the chandelier "Good night" before
 I crawled in bed.
 I slept. Jove, what a restless sleep. My sleep
 was full of dreams.
 The bugle call was sounding and I hopped into
 my Jeans;
 Got out my rusty trifle, slammed a drill cap on
 my dome,
 And reported at the drill hall as the clock was
 booming one.
 "The enemy's upon us," cried the sergeant in
 amaze.
 "Fall in. Atten—Shawnn. Forward march."
 The band a quickstep plays.
 Then they marched us to the battle ground; the
 men began to sneeze
 For the smoke about the cannon's mouth smelled
 like limburger cheese.
 There we fought and bled and suffered, and amid
 the reeking smoke
 We could see our doughty captain swapping
 stories with the "Bloke."
 Soon we'd no more ammunition, and, despite our
 captives' screams,
 We loaded every mortar with a plate of Boston
 beans.

Lo! A small white, humble banner from the
 trenches yonder floats.
 We've persuaded our opponents that for once
 they are the Goats.
 Then we cheered our brave lieutenant and we
 cheered the good old "Sarge"
 Who was passing out the Murads to each com-
 pany in his charge.
 But a cannon ball came whistling (as we stood
 there at relief);
 If it went where it was pointing it was sure to
 hit the chief.
 So I grasped my rusty trifle, took a Honus Wagner
 pose,
 And, with all the strength that's in me, hit the
 pill upon the nose.
 Shades of Barnum. What confusion. Shades of
 Julius Caesar too.
 For the bally shell exploded and for miles the
 splinters flew.
 I felt my senses reeling and a buzzing in my head.
 And I woke to find, dear reader, that I'd fallen
 out of bed.
 What a volley; what a thunder; to the left and to
 the right.
 As those Boston beans went hurtling through the
 darkness of the night.
 Cries we heard from opposite trenches, as the
 baking missiles fell.
 We could well agree with Sherman when he
 gargled, "War is Hades."

THE SQUIB

WHAT THEY SAY	WHAT YOU SAY	WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SAY
I beg your pardon.	Certainly.	Why in the d—l don't you walk on your own feet?
Lend me a quarter.	Sure thing, old man.	Are you ever going to pay back the last one I lent you?
How did you like that girl I took you over to see?	Fine.	Rotten.
Am I in your way?	Not at all.	Get the h—l outa here.
How did you hit that exam?	Right on the bean.	Don't talk about it. I am sick.
Are you prepared this morning?	Yessir.	No, I never saw your d—n text book.
Didn't that speaker get a great deal of applause?	Yes he did.	Because he was through speaking.
Isn't the hall decorated just lovely, and don't you think the floor is fine?	Yes, very nice, Miss Informal.	This is the worst barn I ever saw, and I have about s'teen splinters in Jack's pumps now.
Don't you frankly think that you get a great deal out of my courses?	Yessir, I have always enjoyed your courses, etc.	You bet your life I got a <i>great deal</i> when I elected anything you taught.

S

THE TIE THAT BINDS

(Goes perfectly well to the tune of Jingle Bells)

THE taxi waited at the door;
 'Twas just before the prom
 The snow outside was driving hard;
 A whirling drifting storm.
 I'd washed and shaved and dived into
 That horrible dress suit
 I grabbed my hat and grabbed my coat
 And jewelry and loot.
 I dove down stairs and slammed the door;
 The taxi waited there.
 We whizzed away to find the Girl,
 The maid with golden hair.
 We finally reached the promenade
 At seven forty-five;
 I doffed my hat and shed my coat;
 For the mirror made a dive.
 I stood and stared and stared some more,
 My God, what an awful blow,
 I'd tied my tie on the way down stairs
 And that tie was a bright green bow.

S

"HELLO."
 "Ummblugb."
 "Hi."
 "Ummblub."
 "Hello."
 "Ugh."

Scene: The Aggie Campus.
 Time: Any time.

Cast of Characters: Three Regular Men passing a Dead One as they go along a campus walk. (The Dead One is usually a freshman, but several upperclassmen would do just as well). There were supposed to be *four* Regular Men in the act, but it was found that the Dead One would not even grunt the fourth time. In order to make this act go, the three Regular Men must put plenty of pep in it to make up for the lack of vitalizing force in the Poor Fish that can't talk.

S

THAT dash man goes like an arrow.
 Yes. Like one of these Indian arrows with a bone head.

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*"Gee Whiz! How tempus does fugit!" Spring
 is almost upon us and her added calories will make
 us think of Spring duds. Our's are coming in every
 day, drop in and take a look. Costs you nothing
 unless you take some article, then a reasonable price.*

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 —why not get top notch
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 faction by having us fill your
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NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THERE is a young fellow named Vickers
 Who in basketball proved he could lick us.
 When he came out, by chance
 In Hagelstein's pants,
 The gallery burst into snickers.



FRIDAY NIGHTS

SON—What's a school of fishes, Pa?
 Par—Sousemore college, son.

The Amherst Fruit Store

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 and Tobacco

"Your money or I'll throw you off the cliff!" demanded the hold-up man in the wilderness.

The millionaire chuckled and strode on, for he realized it was only a bluff.

—Judge

Kay—"How did you feel when you peroxidized your hair?"

Bee—"Light-headed."

—Punch Bowl

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In the good old days gone by;

The Bible says Isaiah

Went up to Heaven on high.

—Cornell Widow

Stude (facetiously)—This steak is like a day in June, Mrs. Bordem—very rare.

Landlady (crustily)—And your board bill is like March weather—always unsettled.

—Punch Bowl

HYPHENATED VERSE

Ish weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten

Dasz ich so traurig bin;

Ich habe mein Trot vergessen

Und muss rely on my Sinn.

Der Prof ist Kuhl und er chuekelt,

Und ruhig lacht er in Glee;

Er sagt dass er will man flunken.

Ach Himmel. Kann das sein me?

—Brunonian

FLEMING'S BOOT SHOP

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NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Author (boastingly)—"Yes, I wrote my last popular novel in two weeks."

Bored Host—"What delayed you?"

—Harper's

HIS OWN BUSINESS

Guest—"You say dinner's ready! And where do I wash?"

Host—"Why, er, that's up to you."

—Chaparral

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AMHERST**

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in the most modern
manner at the

COLONIAL INN

At the Entrance to the campus

In Physics—"What happens to
Brooklyn Bridge in winter?"

Wise Freshie—"It contracts and
pulls Brooklyn nearer New York!"

—*Jack O' Lantern*

"Who planned the ventilating sys-
tem for the building?"

"Some draftsmen, I suppose."

—*Jack O' Lantern*

SONG OF THE HAIR-LIP BOY

My moustache isn't handsome,

But then you'll all agree

That every day I keep it,

The more it grows on me.

—*Lampoon*

THE BEST WAY

"Say, Jones, how are you going
to sell your new novel—in book
form?"

"No. I'm going to call it 'Grape-
nuts' and sell it as a serial."

—*Tiger*

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