

**Quoth Eppie Taff:**  
Here lies the bones  
Of Rolland Becker,  
He rolled off the top  
Of his double-decker.  
—McGill Daily.

Her eyes were like pools of water.  
I wonder what a diver would find?  
Pearls or MUD.  
—Shadowland.

**CAMPUS BARBER SHOP**  
HAS REDUCTIONS ON SOME  
OF THE TONICS

Call and see the new line.  
Fresh stock just received from  
factory.

Yours for the best that is to be  
gotten anywhere

**J. F. LAVINDER**

"Husband," said the wife of the  
Physics Prof., suspiciously.  
"Yes, my dear."  
"Who is this Violet Ray you are  
always talking about in your sleep?"  
—Logg.

"Felix is an awful ladies man."  
"I know it. I've seen him with  
some awful ladies."

The  
**Exchange Barber Shop**

Appreciates Your  
Patronage

"Isn't Angelina a sort of suicide?"  
"What do you mean, suicide  
blonde?"  
"Dyed by her own hand, old thing."  
—Puppet.

**Approaching Danger.**  
First Roach (on a Nabisco box):  
What in the hell is your hurry?  
Second Roach: Don't you see that  
sign. It says, "Tear along this line!"

**J. F. HOLICK & SON**  
The Expert Shoe Repairers  
On the Campus—East of  
Milner Hall  
PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT  
**Campus Shoe Shop**

**SOBLETS**

Did you ever get a  
mellifluous letter from that  
dimpled darling from  
the old home town and she pro-

mises to send you  
a box of those toothsome  
divinities made divine  
by her lilliputian hands. And

you divine that  
the divinity from your div-  
inity will be a  
fit morsel to place in the

face of hunger. Your  
mouth waters and to check the  
flow you track it  
over to postmaster Henderson,

the man of letters,  
rather than to Cap Watkins,  
the man of fixtures.  
So you peer into your box with

a mental photograph  
of a little green card notifying  
you of heaven's gift  
earthbound in white tissue. But,

Atlas! your box resem-  
bles the proof sheets of a  
Bertillion expert. The  
letters M. T. sum up its contents.

To you this implies  
"Maybe tomorrow." On the morrow  
sure enough a card  
meets your eager gaze. You draw

on your imagination  
what it portends. But your  
account has been  
overdrawn as the card reads

"Report to the fiscal  
office." For several days there  
is no change. Finally  
after giving up all hope, you

glance casually into  
the aperture and find nestling  
upon its cobwebbed  
interior the coveted card—

board of green. Hast-  
ily you present your gastro-  
nomic passport. And  
oblivious to all else, you

clutch the "Pacquet  
Doux" to your breast, and fly  
to the love nest. With  
trembling fingers you lay open

the handiworks of  
your diety and behold! there  
in peaceful repose,  
lies that pair of woolen hose

You left at home christmas.

**"GET FUR HOME BRUNO."**

"I hear that Mable nearly drown-  
ed the other day."  
"Yes, the button came off her  
swimming suit and no one dared to  
save her."

Society reporter writing for Stu-  
dent Life.—"Cooling refreshments  
were served and the young ladies  
showed skill in the way they filled up  
their programs.

666

will break a Cold, Fever and Grippe  
quicker than anything we know, pre-  
venting pneumonia.

**The big or little  
company—which?**

WHEN the talk turns to where should a  
fellow start work, a question arises on  
which college men naturally take sides.

"You'll be buried in the big company," say  
some. "Everything is red tape and depart-  
ments working against each other."

"Your little company never gets you any-  
where," others assert. "The bigger the  
company the bigger your opportunity."

And that seems true—but in a different  
sense. Not physical size but bigness of purpose  
should be our standard for judging an indus-  
trial organization just as it is for judging a man.

Where will you find this company with  
a vision?

Whether its plant covers a hundred acres  
or is only a dingy shop up three flights is on  
the face of it no indication of what you want  
to know—is such and such a company more  
concerned with developing men and ideas than  
boosting profits at the expense of service?

You must look deeper. What is the or-  
ganization's standing in the industry? What do  
its customers say? What do its competitors say?

There are industries and there are companies  
which offer you every opportunity to grow.  
Spiritually they are as big and broad as the  
earnest man hopes to build himself. If you  
are that kind of man you will be satisfied with  
a company of no lower standards.

Conversely, if you are working for such a  
big-souled company, the very fact will argue  
that you yourself are a man worth while. For  
in business as in social life a man is known by  
the company he picks.

\* \* \*

The electrical industry needs men who can  
see far and think straight.

Published in  
the interest of Elec-  
trical Development by  
an Institution that will  
be helped by what-  
ever helps the  
Industry.

**Western Electric Company**

An organization which holds for its  
ideal the hope that it may measure up  
to the aspirations of those who work  
in it.