

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

SOBLET'S

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
Bertillon 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.