Senior Class Characters

"Y’ho! Y’ho! and a bottle of rum. 
Gimme a drink and watch out, by gum."

Pat, the Pirate scuttled his first bottle on the coast of California, but of late years has been devoting his time to scuttling scuttles of suds in the land of cotton. One would think by his looks that he had just "did a deed," but 'tis not so, fair Geraldine; for he has just stepped off the ball room floor after winning first prize at the Chi Phi Masquerade. In the Y. M. C. A. salvage contest he brought 38 bottles of Schlitz safely across the bar, the unselfishness and nobleness of this deed gaining him the office of president.

"Wine, Woman, and Song.
It’s this way all the day long."

Our next victim is Count Romeo Apollinaris, the kid with the kick. As a ball-room favorite he has no equal at Tech. This is not his regular ball-room attire, but one that he requested to be allowed to wear at the Anak initiation, last May. Seldom does the night pass that he is not seated at the festive board in the Georgian Terrace or Piedmont Driving Club, breaking, one by one, the hearts of the admiring damsels gathered 'round. By request from Janie, he sings:

"It’s Y’ho! my lads, Y’ho! 
The ladies all pursue me, 
And it’s everywhere I go 
They are always clinging to me. 
As a breaker-up of homes 
I’m a regular sort of knave 
Whene’er I go a floating 
Upon a Marcel wave."

80
"Bye Baby Bunting, Father's gone to college,
Where he is hunting for a certain kind of knowledge."

Ladies and Gentlemen, we call your attention to the next event on the program. We have here in captivity the one and only "Papa" in our midst. He left college about three years ago, married, taught school, and is now with us again, struggling between the Textile department and the Nursery for a "dip." He swears that the first words that "Baby" said were "Teck-et-e-Reck." We don't dispute his word, for they all sound alike to us.

Baron Fritz Anheuser de Pretzel Kunze left his ancestral castle on the Rhine some years ago. Before coming to the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave he toured Europe and neighboring countries with Sig. Spegeft Macaroni Segadlo's marvelous production of trained molecules. The Baron had complete charge of the Atoms, and it was his tremendous will power and magnetic charm that kept these ferocious creatures in captivity. He has utilized this wonderful power since coming to Tech, and for six years he has held sway over the Freshmen in the Chemical Lab.

Here we have the one and only student who has ever thrived on Mess Hall grub. Last year was, perhaps, his banner year, for by the month of May he had eaten his share for the year, and it was decided to ship him off to Florida in order that the other fellows might have the remaining month in which to fatten up. This year he went in to beat his record of last year and finished so far ahead that he had to manage the Electrical Show and give up his position as inspector several months before graduation.
For five years hath he played hymns in chapel. He is able to play any three of them backwards at one time and with his right hand tied to the piano stool. As a musician he has no equal, nay, not even a certain miss who oft times enlives the hours for the lowly "Studes" of Swann. It is rumored that he and Alexander have a vaudeville sketch which they will produce later in the year.

"Killa de big chief wid de stillett
Lasso de squaw wid de rubber spegett."

"Spegot," or "Speget," will get him and he will kill many an hour, telling you wondrous tales of the lock and dam. He is our oldest inhabitant, having first entered Tech in 1902, and he has been with us off and on ever since. He remembers when the lower shack stood on the spot where the Chemical building now stands and the Sunday morning breakfast when brains and eggs were first introduced. He is trying to make a "getaway" this June, and we wish him every success, although we will miss his rebel yell and his sprightly step at the head of a nightshirt parade.

Philip Rembrandt Christy Remington Fisher Shutze is what we call him for short. When this lad picks up a pen, our old college chump Millet takes another turn in his grave and laments over the fact that he was not born a few years later in order that he might have taken lessons of our Staff Artist. P. R. C. R. F. S. refuses to divulge whether or not he sketches from life, but, if so, we envy him. Judge, Puck, and Life, have made him very enviable offers, but at present he feels that there is more money to be made in the Blue Print, which is no doubt a fact, but not this year.
WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO GEORGIA'S GOAT
Officers

President    H. W. Patterson
First Vice-Pres.  E. B. Means
2nd Vice-Pres. C. R. Stegall

Secretary       J. C. Brooks
Treasurer      E. P. Brooks
General Sec'y   E. A. Turner
This is Genial Gene, our General Secretary. He has been with us since the fall of 1907. Besides bringing the Y. M. C. A. from almost nothing to one of the leading institutions at Tech, he has taken an active part in several other activities. Through his untiring efforts in conjunction with those of the advisory board, we have on our campus the most magnificent college Y. M. C. A. building in the South. Before Gene Turner came to Tech there was no such thing as a Bible class. Now almost all of the dormitory students and a great many of those who live on the outside are brought together in weekly meetings for Bible study. This year Gene has piloted the Technique, our weekly paper, and it has been pronounced by many to be the best college paper in the South.
Anak Society

Founded 1908.

OFFICERS

W. B. Coleman.........President
W. A. Alexander......Vice-Pres.
C. I. Collins............Secretary
B. M. Hall, Jr.........Treasurer

MEMBERS

W. A. Aichel
B. M. Hall, Jr.
D. C. Black
A. W. Hill
C. C. Sloan

C. P. Goree
W. A. Alexander
W. B. Coleman
H. W. Patterson
C. I. Collins

H. T. Thompson

86
Fragments From the Diary of Lady Harem-Skarem, All-Southern Suffragette Tackler

"The meeting will come to order. In the absence of Sister Alexander, I, Sister Patterson, will act as presiding officer on account of my great ability in the manipulation of said office. We will open the meeting with a prayer by our devoted Sister Collins, who will, we anticipate, make it very short.

"Whereas, we are becoming justly dissatisfied with the present state of politics at Tech, we will dispense with the regular order of business and start immediately upon our open-air crusade against man's tyrannical rule. Sister Aichel will come forward and bear our party emblem with its noble insignia, 'VOATS FER WIMMIN,' while Sister Goree will bring up the rear with our voluminous noise-dispenser. Sister Hill, see that the supply of cigarettes is amply sufficient for our needs this day.

"Halt! We are now in the heart of town and, since such a multitudinous crowd is gathered round I will call on Sister Coleman to address the hungry rabble on 'Woman and Her Rights.'

"Such applause as has just rent the atmosphere would seem to justify me in presuming that our cause is fast gaining favor in the hearts of the stronger sex. So, after finishing our general crusade through the city, I wish the following special 'suffragette missionaries' to obey the orders given them.

"Sisters Goree and Hill will invade the patch of Thorns, being careful not to get stuck. Remember the latest Parisian modes of eating—bringing the knife into great prominence.

"Sister Collins will betake herself to the Cole house and if, perchance, one ounce of smut be found upon her fair countenance when she returns, many will be her trials and tribulations.

"Sisters Coleman and Aichel will get themselves gone to the home of our esteemed sympathizer, Hoke Smith; and will use all of the piquant charms in converting his two lovely daughters to our cause.
“Sister Hall and myself (Sister Patterson) will take on our noonday repast at the abode of our adoring admirer, Miss Brown.

“And as a word of parting, I command that all sisters be present at the Tech-Georgia game this afternoon, it having come to our ears that Sister Alexander will appear in the roll of a man bedecked in ball-room livery.”

Editor’s note:—Upon the conclusion of the above nightmare, the persons mentioned therein became active Sons of Anak.
Though for many years past we have had our commencement exercises at the Grand, there has never been very much made of this most important event. It is the why and the wherefore of the collection of college festivities and social functions which we know as a whole as commencement. It was seldom that many of the under classmen were present to see the seniors graduate, small notice was taken of it. Our last commencement, however, the program was arranged to suit the graduating exercises; they were given a noticeable place and made up an important part of the week’s proceedings.

Firstly, the whole student body and faculty were required to be there, and, secondly, a proper and suitable way to get them there was decided upon. The school assembled at the corner of Peachtree and Harris Streets and were arranged in divisions with a man in charge of each. The body was formed in column of twos, the sub class in front, next the freshmen, then sophomores and juniors; these last two in caps and gowns. The procession stopped at the theater door and the ranks of the lower classmen opened and faced each other, to allow the faculty and seniors to pass between, on into the building and up on the stage. As they passed the junior class fell in behind them and occupied the front row seats in the orchestra; then the sophomore, and so on, all being seated by classes. The friends and relatives of the seniors and other visitors sat in the boxes and balcony.

Dr. Reed, president of Dickenson College, gave the principal address and was followed by Chancellor Barrow, and then Governor Brown, who also presented the scholarship medals.

After the speaking the diplomas were presented, and as each man came up there were cheers and applause, these being specially loud when a six or seven-year man, like Earl Chandler, would come forward. The exercises were impressive, and though there were many men we hated to see leave, still we were glad for their sakes to see them get their dipls and be able to give them our heartiest, best wishes for success on the hard road they had begun to travel.
At last exams were over. After many weary days of boning, Senior Class Day had arrived and everybody was happy, for were we not through with recitations, labs, and shops for three long months; and, too, were we not all going to the Junior Prom that very night? All over the campus could be seen dignified Seniors in Cap and Gown and envious underclassmen wondering if they would ever reach such heights.

Soon everybody gathered in chapel to hear the class prophecy and the giving of the charge to the Juniors. But all these things were of minor interest, for rumors were going around about something that was to happen at the Prom. Nobody except the Seniors seemed to know much about it, and if one of them was asked he would only look wise and smile, so we had to suppress our curiosity as best we could until that night.

It was about ten o’clock when we heard a noise over toward the Academic building. Everybody stopped dancing and came out to see what was going on and, looking around, saw a number of Seniors, still in Cap and Gown, in along procession, headed by a band, composed chiefly of a trombone. Just behind the band came four Seniors, carrying on their shoulders a bier, on which rested an effigy, the dead body of their former studies. Behind, and completing this stately procession, came the rest of the class in double file, keeping step to the sad music of a funeral march. The effigy, together with many a calculus and analyt book and a coat which many of us remembered having seen very often in the drawing hall, was burned, just as they burned heroes in the days of Homer; and the Seniors danced around the big fire in a wide circle, singing ‘Rambling Wreck’ as only Seniors can sing that glorious song.
The first real social event of the 1911 commencement was the Senior Ball, held in Taft Hall on the evening of June 12. The ball was well attended, there being in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty couples in attendance. This first event gave a great impetus to commencement week and will long be remembered by the Seniors as a most enjoyable occasion.

The hall was tastily decorated with Old Gold and White bunting and pennants and sweet music was dispersed by an orchestra of ten pieces. It was early in the morning when they finally played “Home, Sweet Home.”

This was the first dance to be given by a graduating class at Tech. It is to the 1911 class that is due all the credit for the launching of Tech upon what bids fair to become, in future years, a series of delightfully successful commencements.
The night was beautiful. The stars sparkled with all their brilliancy, and the smell of Spring was still in the air, for it was the early June.

The campus presented a most pleasing appearance. The electric lights that flanked the walks cast their mellow light upon the surroundings with pleasing effect. High above, on the Academic steeple, the big electrically lighted TECH glistened with marked splendor. From the Electrical building the spot light cast its beams through the leaves, seeking to disclose those engaged in Cupid's game. Over by the Swann a band wafted sweet music to those lovers who in vain tried to elude the spotlight in the hands of the few bachelors in the Senior Electrical class.

Down in the Gym the lovers of the terpsicorean art tripped the light fantastic toe. It was indeed a pretty sight to gaze upon those fair maidens as they glided in their waltz.

Upon the campus perhaps the most popular place was the refreshment booth. Here the gentle youth escorted his Queen, and then they again sought the charms of music. But it was here that those poor youths dwelt who did not bask in the sunshine of some fair damsel's smile.

All in all, the Prom was a great success. Everybody was happy, even the profs enjoying themselves, and, what amounted to more at that time, our fountain stood unmolested through the night.
About the most enjoyable event of commencement week was the Pan-Hellenic dance, given at Taft Hall in the Auditorium Armory by the fraternities. Everything went toward making it a success. It was a beautiful night, clear and warm, with a full moon; and inside the hall, prettily decorated, was very large, affording plenty of room for dancing and cozy corners besides; a many-piece orchestra played about the best music it could find and seemed to play it just right; the girls were pretty and there were oceans of stags.

The dance began about ten o'clock, and as the evening wore on everybody seemed to get livelier, the music better and the girls more attractive. Between dances the moon outside drew many, and everywhere there were couples, the girls in their light, pretty dresses, laughing joyously, and the boys in white flannel trousers and blue coats, attentively making up compliments or spouting chapters of their life's history. During the intermission a buffet supper was served.

The moon looked on with approval, but was destined to miss the best part of the pretty scene, for as it sank behind the buildings the first streak of dawn could be seen in the east. It gradually grew lighter and lighter, and the happy company revelled in it, and danced on with the renewed energy it seemed to bring. Soon the lights in the hall were put out and the odd and fascinating effect of dancing by the morning light was more enjoyed than any other part of the dance. Somewhere around four-thirty or five o'clock the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," came forth and a general sight of regret went up that such an enjoyable time must come to an end. It was broad daylight as the dancers started homeward, and all along Peachtree Street one could see automobiles full of them, hailing each other as they passed. Some of the boys took the opportunity to make morning calls on their return and took pictures out on the lawn, hating to put a final end to the occasion. When they did it was not only to think of what had happened, but also to look forward to the Pan-Hellenic dance of 1912.
The Athletic Association dance, given in February, was the first dance to be held in the "Crystal Palace," the rejuvenated Foundry. The dance proved to be a popular one and the crowd was overflowing. Everyone voted the dance a huge (I hope the printer does not become careless and leave off the final letter of that word) success and it gave a good start to the dances that followed in the Crystal Palace. We have long needed a suitable place on the campus in which to dance and the Crystal Palace serves very well as a place to hold "after game" hops, etc. Let us hope that our new Gym will soon follow and that the Crystal Palace can be soon turned over to the Subs as their nursery.
Her Songs

Oh, the songs you sing!
What memories they bring
   To one so far away!
They come with the winds
That the good night finds
   To promise a happier day.

Oh, the notes so clear,
Bring thoughts so dear
   To one who loves your song;
As blue skies above
Bring thoughts of love
   To those who wait and long.

Oh, the songs you sing!
Sweet assurance they bring
   That our dreams will come true;
Their melodies sweet
Make love complete
   To one who loves but you.
The Yellow Jacket

The Yellow Jacket is one of Tech's oldest institutions, being the first publication attempted at Tech. It was a success from the very start and at one time was a bi-monthly magazine. In its earlier days it went under the name of "The Georgia Tech," and in those days, when it was Tech's only publication, it filled many wants. Now, since the establishment of the Blue Print and the Technique, it has changed its policy and is endeavoring to be a technical magazine. It is published every month and contains interesting engineering discussions, a few short stories and poems, and any of the athletic doings of the past month.

The Yellow Jacket has had its ups and downs, but mostly downs. Now it is in the best condition of its varied career and, since the change in policy, it promises to be a wideawake technical magazine, filling the wants of budding engineers.
B. M. Hall.....................Editor-in-Chief
G. M. Hill......................Associate Editor
C. S. Crofoot...............Associate Editor
J. A. Logan....................Athletic Editor
W. P. Hammond.................Exchange Editor
G. B. Lamar....................Local Editor
G. W. Smith..................Engineering Editor
C. R. Clarke................Alumni Editor
P. T. Shultze................Staff Artist
R. L. Bidez..............Circulation Manager
D. C. Black................Business Manager
H. J. Hall...................Assistant Business Manager
The Technique

For a long time there had been a feeling that Tech should have a weekly newspaper, but until the fall of 1911 nothing came of it. However, several loyal Techites got together on this subject early in the session, and the result was the "Technique." The first edition came out on the seventeenth of November. Of course it was received with enthusiasm. The student body realized that a long-felt want was at last supplied. Naturally, the first "Technique" was not the "Technique" of today, for it has since grown in size and developed along other lines, but it was indeed a worthy little publication, and one of which its publishers might well be proud.

The "Technique," bright and breezy, full of life and ginger, improving with every issue, has found a place in the hearts of many, both in Tech and out of Tech, but its prime purpose is to reach Tech men, to let them know of things that are going on around the campus and to bring them closer together. Every week it is full of items of interest to all, from the youngest Sub to the oldest Alumnus. By means of it, questions are agitated and matters brought to the attention of the students that would otherwise have to be dropped. Then, again, there are spicy little jokelets and inexcusable daffydils all through its pages to drive away the cares of study-clogged minds and make life more worth living. In that period between football and baseball, when interest in things generally would probably have lagged, the "Technique" did a great deal towards keeping alive the spirit of the fellows. The "Technique" is undoubtedly making for the "Greater Tech." It is certainly the one best influence here for developing a spirit of loyalty and unity, and to Mr. Turner and Prof. Blohm, who have made it what it is, Georgia Tech is deeply grateful.
Editors

E. A. Turner        A. Blom

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

C. I. Collins, W. W. Whitaker...Society
C. E. Porter, W. A. Aichel.......Athletics
J. S. Moore, E. B. Means.........Locals
E. A. Turner.............Business Manager
Coelebs Club
(Faculty Bachelors)
Founded 1910.

OFFICERS
W. G. Perry..............President
E. T. McCarthy...........Vice-Pres.
J. W. Speas..............Secretary
W. R. Wright............Treasurer

MEMBERS.
E. A. Turner
E. W. G. Boogher
C. G. Wood
R. H. Lowndes
W. K. Van Haagen
L. W. Murphy

C. A. Jones
O. H. Lang
P. S. Connor
J. B. Reeves
G. C. Robeson
W. M. Johnson

W. A. Bennett

102
Society of Civil Engineers

Founded 1909.

OFFICERS

C. T. King .......... President 
W. A. Aichel ....... Vice-Pres.
W. A. Alexander .... Secretary 
C. M. Simmons ...... Treasurer

SENIOR MEMBERS

W. A. Aichel 
W. A. Alexander 
C. B. Branan 
L. J. Bussey 
Homer Cook 
F. H. Goette 
C. T. King 
W. G. Miller 
C. M. Simmons 
Campbell Wallace 
W. H. Weaver 
W. W. Whitaker

JUNIOR MEMBERS

D. C. Ashley 
R. W. Edmonds 
M. W. Newbanks 
W. D. Evans 
S. N. Hodges

HONORARY MEMBERS

T. P. Branch 
J. S. Coon 
Park Dallas 
B. M. Hall 
J. N. Hazlehurst 
J. N. G. Nesbit
Architectural Society

Founded 1910.

OFFICERS

F. H. Ogletree .......... President
H. S. McCrary .......... Vice-Pres.

D. A. Finlayson ........ Treasurer
P. H. Clark ............ Secretary

MEMBERS

P. T. Shutze
C. B. Latta
J. C. Dennis
F. L. Rand
F. H. Ogletree
J. J. Biggers
W. E. Conklin
J. M. Russell
H. D. Stubbs
L. C. Boland
W. S. Adams
D. A. Finlayson
J. L. Moore
P. H. Clark
F. F. Lockwood
H. S. McCrary
W. E. Dunwoody
G. M. Hill
M. W. Lott
H. H. Everette

C. B. Thompson
Society of Mechanical Engineers
Founded 1911.

OFFICERS
B. M. Hall.................. President
C. C. Carson................. Vice-Pres.
D. C. Black................ Secretary

HONORARY MEMBERS
Prof. J. S. Coon  Prof. J. N. G. Nesbit
                   Prof. R. H. Lowndes

MEMBERS
N. N. Teague           H. W. Patterson     A. L. Loeb
R. D. McGaughey        L. Bleckly          W. B. Coleman
W. S. Hazzard          J. A. Milligan     E. K. Thomason
W. F. Osborne          D. C. Black        W. A. Emerson
W. B. Simmons          E. A. Brooks       G. A. Smith
T. B. Bethel           F. A. Stivers      C. P. Goree
A. O. Williams         O. A. Barge        C. I. Collins
R. E. Mell             B. M. Hall, Jr.    C. C. Carson
J. D. McCarty

JUNIOR ASSOCIATE MEMBERS
H. S. Holland           M. L. Rahner
E. W. Tomlinson         W. A. Crowe, Jr.

106
Society of Electrical Engineers

Founded 1912.

OFFICERS

D. W. Harris .................. President
G. S. Jones .................. Vice-President
A. W. Hill .................. Secretary
W. A. Linton .................. Treasurer
C. A. Byrd .................. Adv. Manager
J. F. Heard .................. Marshal

MEMBERS

R. M. Harris  
C. M. Kimbell  
W. H. Lamar  
A. M. Wynne  
H. T. Thompson  
W. A. Smith  
C. C. Sloan  
R. D. Conacher  
C. A. Byrd  
E. D. Drummond  
J. N. Moore  
J. F. Myrick  
W. A. Linton  
G. S. Jones  
D. S. McLaurin  
J. L. Peacock  
H. N. Pye  
H. L. Ross  
A. L. Lemon  
T. D. Guinn  
E. H. Hubert  
A. Q. Smith  
J. W. Spears  
F. W. Quarles  
J. F. Heard  
D. W. Harris  
A. W. Hill
Textile Engineering Society

Founded 1912.

OFFICERS

G. F. Luck .................. President      R. L. Bidez .................. Secretary
F. P. Brooks ......... Vice-President      M. H. Barnett ............. Treasurer

MEMBERS

SENIORS

G. F. Luck  M. H. Barnett  R. L. Bidez
F. B. McDonald

JUNIORS

H. Luehrmann  F. P. Brooks  Bryan
F. P. Taylor  C. L. Crumley  Maddox
G. H. Northeutt  L. L. Brown  Kaufmann

SPECIALS

Gary  T. Barrett III  Brown
C. S. Colley  W. L. Treadaway

108
Emerson Chemical Society
Founded 1912.

OFFICERS
R. F. Monsalvatge .... Sec.-Treas.

FACULTY MEMBERS
Dr. W. H. Emerson Dr. W. K. Van Haagan
Dr. G. H. Boggs Prof. C. G. Wood

STUDENT MEMBERS
F. S. Andrews  A. E. Kunze  P. Smith
James O. Clarke  R. F. Monsalvatge  G. D. Van Epps
S. D. Frankel  D. M. McMillan  A. A. Van Orsdale
L. S. Hardy  R. F. Sams  R. V. Walton
GLEE CLUB
Glee Club Officers

C. I. Collins..............President
A. W. Hill........Business Manager
W. B. Coleman........Adv. Manager
R. D. Conacher........Stage Manager
D. W. Harris..........Press Agent
J. D. McCarty, Jr..............Leader Mandolin Club
C. S. Crofoot..............Leader of Orchestra
W. A. Aichel........Accompanist
W. E. Arnaud.............Director
Glee Club

E. G. Barwick
R. W. Collins
E. B. Means
E. L. Drummond
E. J. West
H. G. Balk
W. T. Morgan
J. Lucas, Jr.
D. B. Vincent
R. E. Mell
J. M. Holland

E. A. Brooks
W. E. Dunwoody
C. Carter
R. D. McGaughey
K. H. Klein
E. L. Chapman
G. A. Miller
B. J. Gannt
E. D. Drummond
J. R. Watts
H. W. Patterson
C. B. Grimes

J. R. DuBose
E. Everhart
J. C. Craig
E. L. Rhodes
T. F. Lockwood
R. H. White
C. E. Porter
J. H. Lucas
R. Campbell
J. Overbey
J. R. Vincent
Mandolin and Guitar Club

J. D. McCarty, Jr., Leader.

First Mandolins.

O. P. Adams
C. C. Carson
B. J. Gantt
T. F. Lockwood
J. D. McCarty, Jr.
H. W. Patterson
J. J. Strickland
W. A. Troy
J. R. Watts

Second Mandolins.

E. L. Chapman
E. D. Drummond
G. A. Mercer, Jr.

Guitars.

C. I. Collins
E. J. West
E. L. Drummond
D. W. Harris
Orchestra

C. S. Crofoot, Leader.

R. E. Mell  L. Brown
W. A. Aichel  J. R. Clark
H. G. Balk  M. P. Lawton
M. H. Powell  R. L. Bidez
P. F. Raybon  R. Weddell
A. B. Wilkins  P. R. Yopp
Calendar

September.
15 Stalwart band of eight report for football practice.
16 Jim Moore arrives and displays his muscle. All gloom dispersed.
20 School opens—Pete Houser arrives.
22 John Craig, our 197-pound white hope, encounters Pete's stiff-arm.
23 Johnny turns in football suit.
24 8 p.m., Goldman leads band of valiant Sophomores against the newly arrived Freshmen; 9 p.m., Goldman's voice from under the bed, "Alec, is that Freshman with the bowie knife still in the hall?"
25 Y. M. C. A. reception to new men in chapel.

October.
1 Mr. Hicks, the new henglish janitor, tells a jolly good henglish joke to some bloomin' chaps in the Swann. Riot call sent in to quell disorder.
3 O. O. Boyle leaves Tech to go into faster company.
5 New Hospital opens with afternoon reception. Punch served was made by Mr. Allen.
6 Standing room only in Hospital.
8 Bidez holds first Band practice. Balk learns what a swinette is.
15 Bear Jack gets out the 13th revision of his 42nd edition of his now famous "Diversified Alphabets."
20 Jake Goldman reports for football practice.
21 Goldman cuts off part of his belt.
24 Clements finds out where bath room is.
25 Stegall turns in following report: "McMekin ate eight biscuits at breakfast, thereby causing me not to get any."

November.
1 Glee Club practice starts. Lucas "gets religion" and offers to sing solo.
11 Tech 23, Sewanee 0. Scrubs go to Riverside and Brenau.
13 Scrubs called up by Dr. Matheson to find out who was janitor at Brenau.
14 Silver Loving Cup presented to football team by Col. English for defeating Sewanee for first time.
17 First issue of the Technique comes out.
18 McWhorter again.
30 Thanksgiving Day. Tech 31, Clemson 0. Crutcher empties pitcher of water on plum pudding in an effort to extinguish flames.

December.
1 Big Chief Pete Houser goes on the warpath.
5 Second floor Swann championship decided in Holland-Raphael bout.
13 Glee Club concert at Grand. Pinkey Black and Carl Sloan made debut as vaudeville stars.
15 Seniors appear with swagger sticks.
Prof. Boogher discards his cane.
Dr. Wallace resigns from the Coelebs—the Faculty Bachelors' Club.
Dr. Wallace pays Cupid's price.
Christmas Holidays start.

January.

2 School re-opens. Many vacancies in dormitories.
3 "Red" Hill moves to hospital.
6 Pardo sees snow for the first time.
22 Exams start.

February.

3 Exams are finished and so are many Subs.
5 Grits Barwixk leaves school.
6 Glee Club disbands.
10 Indian signs noticed around the campus.
11 "Pete" Goldman gets appointed sub-lieutenant.
23 Opening dance in Crystal Palace. Pinkey Whittlesey mistakes a bottle of Apollinaris water for champagne and had to be assisted to his room.
29 Ollie Attridge worships at the synagogue.

March.

1 Dave Harris resigns as Inspector. Bill Evans takes his place.
2 Patterson turns in O. K. report for first time this year.
13 Rube Tate's feet become warm. He discovers that the dormitory is on fire. Alexander, Black, Aichel, Parker and Prof. Boogher save the building.

April.

1 The misery is over. I am in the hands of the printer.
Three Roses

I planted a rose where grew the weeds:
'Neath rain and sun and the breezes' breath,
My rose grew fair. The weeds, alas!
Grew, too, and choked my rose to death.

I planted a rose where no weeds grew:
The rain and sun and the breezes' breath,
Came all in vain. Where grew no weeds
No rose could grow—it starved to death.

I planted a rose where weeds grew tall:
I plucked them up and cast away
Their evil bodies root and all:
My rose is fairer every day.

E. H. HUBERT.
After the Business Manager and Editor-in-Chief of last year's Blue Print had taken as much of the profits as they desired quite a sum was left over. For a while it looked as if they would be unable to dispose of this surplus cash. Nobody called for it, and it cluttered the office up so badly that, finally, they appealed to Mr. Allen for help. After much thought, Mr. Allen offered the suggestion that we send Phil Shutze to Paris for the summer with directions to make a few sketches for this year's Blue Print. Accordingly this was done, and on the next two pages you will see some of the things that our Staff Artist saw in Paris, but not all.
Where Love Abides

"O Traveler, tell me, where in all the world
Doth lie the place that thou hast found most fair;
Where trees do noblest, coolest grow, and where
The breezes blow the sweetest incensed air?

Oh, where," I asked, "in all the whole wide world,
Do waters run with purest rippling ring
And birds with clearest fluted trilling sing
And loveliest honey-perfumed flowers spring?

Tell me, O Traveler, where in all the world?"

"Hear thou: the fairest place," he soon replied,
"Where song birds trill from sweetest warbling throats,
Where brooklets run with silv'riest tinkling notes,
Where violet and sky are deepest dyed,—
It is the place where those we love abide.

There is the fairest place in all the world."

E. H. HUBERT.