**Why Girls Leave Home**

*A Fantasy in Two Acts*

Music by Aichel

Lyrics by "Blink"

Staged by A. G. Allen Contracting Company

Time—Present

Place—Here

Girl—?

**Act I—Saturday morning in the King's bed-chamber. 8.15 A.M.**

King Alec (Awakening from a bunch of sweet reveries)—Forsooth, and did I hear the shriek of the whistle

"Preacher" Williams (his hand maid)—Alas, my lord, 'tis true indeed.

King Alec—Make haste then varlet and fetch unto me my morning suit of brown.

"Preacher"—My lord, as usual the pressing club has not returned thy suit of brown. Methinks thy white sweater would become thee.

(King Alec, without forethought or malice, dons his armor and nonchalantly steps forth into the bright sunshine. Seeing Beau Brummel approaching on his weekly tour, the King very nonchalantly lights his morning cigar.)

Enter Beau Brummel with his attendant.

The King—Morning Sire!

Beau Brummel—Hail to thee, O King!

(Beau Brummel passes on his way quaking and fervently hoping that Preacher has prepared the King's domicile well.)

Curtain.

**Act II—The Royal Campus. 10 A.M.**

(The King strolls nonchalantly about, the inevitable black cigar between his teeth, greeting his subjects with a cheery "Good Morn.")

Enter Dr. Kagee, the Prime Minister.

Dr. Kagee—Hail to thee, O King! I have this very morning consulted the engraver concerning the design of thy diploma, and while he acts most perfunctorily in the matter, public sentiment demands that it be completed by the year 1916 A.D.

The King—Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Exit Dr. Kagee and Enter the Poet Laureate.

The King—(at last enthusiastically)—I see by last month's *Yellow Jacket* that thy faithful kinsman hath at last discovered the North Pole.

Poet Laureate—Yea, my lord, but their name is not legion who have an adequate conception of the barbarous atrocities encountered upon this perilous adventure.

The King (aside)—Gadzooks, the man raves.

Exit the Poet Laureate, hurriedly, and enter Lord Gremp.

Lord Gremp—Waal, and how is my "koind friend" this morning?

The King (this time real enthusiastically)—Cripe Dang it! I would rather meet thee on some other morn.

Lord Gremp—Knowing thee to be a good student, I will hie my "humble self" away.

Exit Lord Gremp, and enter Count Wright, the Lord of the exchequer and gentle grafter.
The King—Count, knowings at my innermost vitals inform me that I have not yet partaken of the morning's repast. Match me, therefore, for a sandwich of egg, and damned be he who first cries, "I am stuck."

They toss.

Count Wright—By my troth my lord, I have thrown "heads."

The King (terribly enthusiastically)—Then thy doom is met, for I have tossed thee "tails!"

(As the curtain slowly falls, the King and his retinue triumphantly prepare for the Commissary.)

Executive Staff

Stage manager ................................................... "JOHN D." KELLY
Stage carpenter .................................................. UNCLE HEINE
Electrician ....................................................... J. B. TOBE
Master of properties .......................................... HORACE THOMPSON

Costumes by WHITLOCK
All Aboard for Birmingham

Oh how I love to study,
Oh how I love to cram,
I love my Si and Blinkey,
But oh you Birmingham.

February 28 5.30 P.M.—Bunch leaves Atlanta 25 strong and “Alabama Bound.”
7.00 Theological discussion led by Prof. Kell.
10.45 All off for Birmingham. Heinz wins pool on time of arrival.
11.00 Proprietor of Jefferson Hotel loses his mind and takes us in.

March 1 1.00 A.M. Crowd starts in to get six hours of “restful sleep.”
8.00 14 report for visit to Semet-Solvay Plant.
10.30 7 more report.
12.00 Crowd increases to 23 for dinner.
1.00 P.M Visit to Thomas furnaces.
8.00 Birmingham Electric Plant. Phinizy gets some valuable information as to point of cutoff in turbine engines.
8.30 Oh you bald-headed row. Madame Sherry. Also second row balcony.
9.00 Brooks goes to see a girl.
11.00 Anonymous post cards to Uncle.

March 2 12.30 A.M. Loving changes hotel. Holt missing.
1.00 Heinz follows Loving’s lead.
8.00 Spent day at Tennessee C., I., & R. R. Co. Plant. Spalding reports on time minus Cowles and Oliver.
March 2 4.30 P.M. Walk 4 miles, thanks to Mr. Chas. Smith, of Macon, to see coal washer, not in operation.
6.00 Prof. Kell checks up 17 short.
8.30 Brooks goes to see girl.

March 3 12.30 A.M. Crowd starts arriving at hotel.
2.00 Lights all out, but Holt missing.
8.00 Visit Plate Mills at Bessemer. Woodward arrives on time.
1.00 P.M Cross country endurance circuit of 7 miles to Cast Iron Pipe foundry, only half mile away, thanks to Prof. Kell’s intuition.
4.30 Phinizy visits henney.
4.45 Prof. Kell finds hen fruit in his pocket just in time to avert catastrophe.
5.00 Herault obtains possession.
5.01 Hap Hazzard receives an impromptu egg shampoo.
5.30 Hazzard buys a new lid.
7.30 Some repast at the Metropolitan. P. Smith makes a mash on the Cashier.
8.00 Doe Frye smokes a cigar. “Oh, but I’m sick.”
8.15 Brooks goes to see girl.

March 4 8.00 A.M. Everybody reports on time for once. Somebody shows the effect of the morning after. The Car Wheel Co. makes our acquaintance. Stokely asks a question. Appleby (’06) can’t answer.
10.00 American Bolt Company.
1.00 P.M We ascend a hill 150 ft. horizontal distance and 500 ft. high to the Red Ore Mine.
3.00 Bunch starts out to see Birmingham by daylight.
7.00 Appleby after working all day turns in answer to question.
8.00 Brooks goes to see girl.
12.00 Requested to go home so they can shut up the town for Sunday.

March 5 5.30 A.M. Early call.
6.25 Woodward and Herault depart for the depot.
6.30 Train leaves.
6.35 Woodward catches train 2 miles up yard.
6.40 Herault arrives at depot and decides to stay over until next train. Brooks also decides to stay over to see his girl.
1.30 P.M Arrive back in Atlanta, ready to make up a week’s sleep.
Campbell had a little lamb,
And he took it on the stage;
 Everywhere that Campbell went,
The lamb was all the rage.

A student named Jenkins,
By himself sat thinkin,
Feasting on crackers and beer;
A "prof" espied him,
And sat down beside him;
Now they'll be sober a year.

There was a student named Clay,
Away from classes he did stay;
One morning he awoke with an awful thud,
And found they'd changed his name to Mud.

Sing a song of six pence,
A student full of rye;
Wishes he could creep to bed,
And dodge the inspector's eye.

There was a professor who always was blue;
He had so many children he didn't know what to do;
Daily to the trustees for a raise prayed he,
That he might increase his family.
Calendar

September
4 The captain blows in from Gloversville, N.Y. and football begins.
18—Skeet Coleman is discovered without the inevitable chew of schnapps.
25—Dormitory regulations begin. Dutch Goldman signs one year contract with Mr. Billy.
26—Tech opens.
28—Forsyth reduces price of matinee tickets.
30—Social activities at Tech resumed when Pinkie Black puts on his armor and sallies forth.

October
3—Fall term of Supreme Court in the Shacks opens with Judge Alexander upon the bench.
6—Prosecuting attorney, Jim Moore, loses his first case.
7—A decided limp noted in the attorney’s walk.
8—in a mud battle, Tech puts it over Chattanooga.
15—Playing great football, the team trims Mercer 46-0, and then forgets what football they know.
25—Doe Wilson tries to call too many places home and quits college athletics.
31—Shields arrives from a great Northern University to train the team.

November
4—Liniment becomes strangely scarce.
18—A dark day for Tech. Through the black she sees red.
20—Members of Tech faculty band themselves in solemn compact to defy Cupid.
22—Plenty of hair flies. “Bocat” loses whiskers and “Bear” sprouts moustache.

December
1—All song-birds cornered and Glee Club practice starts.
8—Prof. Clarke pays a visit to the county jail.
22—January 3—Quiet times at Tech.

January
7—Coach Alexander meets his Waterloo and the Junior team goes down in defeat.
15—Aichel starts to raise fund for a piano in the gym.
17—Aichel settles drug store bill for the first time in his college career.
23—Exams begin.
27—Bill Campbell, thinking his college days are over, goes home.
29—Bill is well spanked and sent back to school.

February
6—Second term opens.
10—Baseball practice begins.
14—The whole college astir because Derby Brown has failed to report.
16—Glee Club leaves for an extended tour of the state.
20—Inspector’s meeting. Dr. Wallace gives a long talk to the men upon attention to duties.
21—Preacher Wright up for inspection and attends breakfast.

March
17—Glee Club leaves for a taste of rural life.
27—Annette Kellerman at the Forsythe.
28—April 2—Lights burn all night in the absence committee’s room.

April
5—Shacks adopt a dog.
7—Mange soap supply exhausted at the drug store.
8—Blue Print sent to publishers.
On the sunlit plains of Algebra, over the mountainous and rugged Analyt, through the dense forests of Calculus, and among the almost impenetrable mazes of Differential Equations, I have hunted this nimble member of the mathematical world. I have chased it from plus infinity to minus infinity, and back again. I have followed it on simple straight lines, and along the tortuous courses of all varieties of complex curves; I have gone into limitless space, and not satisfied with this I have pushed on into that indefinable unknown, the fourth dimension, in order to capture it. Beyond the realm of the tangible and into the region of the irreconcilable, I have pursued this incongruous creature.

I have followed it until my fingers were numb and my eyes were bleary; I have chased it until my brain became befuddled and my mind deranged; I have hunted it until reason tottered on its throne, and my soul in agony cried out, "Xs, Xs, everywhere, and not a one to eat." Oftentimes after hours chase we reach out and pluck it from its nest, and find that after all we have zero for our trouble.

When in company with its co-wanderers, Y and Z, it is oftentimes very difficult to catch.

My escutcheon shall in the future be embellished with a rampant X, and emblazoned with a factorial n. My children shall be named in order of their arrival "X₁, X₂, X₃, X₄, ... Xₙ," where let us hope the limit of n is not infinity. I shall not stray from that path of rectitude, the X axis, unless perhaps I see a sign portraying the excessive magnitude of the glass that I can purchase for a nickle, and then I will go off only on one of the standard curves in X.

Let us so live that when life's fitful fever is ebbing to a close, and we receive our summons to join that innumerable throng we may be admitted into that celestial region where the only X is in "exstacy" and the only Y in "sublimity."
Wants

WANTED—To dispose of my boots upon leaving college. Will swap same for a pair of old shoes, size 13. Augustus M. Burt.

WANTED—An assistant in collecting department to help take care of my increased business. Lizzie Preacher Wright.

WANTED—To know if there was any performance of Annette Kellerman that Pinky Black did not attend.

WANTED—A new site on which to build a garage. P. Lowndes.

WANTED—A cure for insomnia on Glee Club trips. E. W. G. B.

WANTED—Nurse to take care of Tits Stevens. Elderly lady preferred.

WANTED—One job as lieutenant. John Heard.

WANTED—A new name. F. Morton.

WANTED—Position in some moving picture show. Will sing (?) for almost nothing. Francis C. Lewis.

WANTED—To know why Patterson has changed his suit of red to a (pur) suit of Brown.

WANTED—A good grade of blondine for my new moustachio. B. J. Jackson.


WANTED—Some girl whom I could look up to. Shorty Sinclair.

WANTED—Sporting editor. Atlanta Journal.

For Sale

FOR SALE—One bath room ticket, as I have no use for any. Apply to P. Barney.


FOR SALE—The sled on which I rode under the moving freight train. Sled goes to the highest bidder. Blink.

Lost and Found

LOST—One linen duster. Finder please return to J. B. Tobe, care Physics Lab.

LOST—A green package on Glee Club trip. Was last seen near Lower 9. Finder please return same to “He.”

FOUND—One fly in Tuesday’s dessert. Owner can have same by applying to J. A. Goldman and identifying it.

LOST—One book of Inman Park street car tickets. Finder please return to “Grits” Barwick.

FOUND—A. P. Hill at Goodrum’s Corner. Owner will please call for it at the Associated Charities.

Miscellaneous

NOTICE—This is to notify Freshies that the new edition of the rule book will be put on sale September 25, 1911. Inspectors.

$500.00 reward for the persons, dead or alive, who wrote “Why Girls Leave Home.” W. A. Alexander.
Many letters come each year to the editor but few can be printed. We try to print those that are needed most to explain the things that have been worrying us.

Dear Blue Print—

Some of the fellows at Tech do not know which university I attended, and in order that henceforth they may not suffer for lack of knowledge on this particular detail, I write the following. I attended the University of Georgia, at which place I was actively engaged in the great University Extension Survey. There it was I learned the D. M. D. rule, without which engineering students would be as so many barbarians, ignorant and uncouth. There too the great Bernoulli equation was inculcated in my adolescent mind, and there it was that I learned to distinguish between the hydraulic gradient and the hydraulic elevator. There too I learned how to play marbles, an accomplishment that served me well during the past summer. I acquired quite a few other formulae, among which might be mentioned $Q$. —A.V, a relation without which water would flow uphill.

Yours for moustache,

B. E. A. R.

Dear Blue Print

I will answer the questions propounded to me in order of their asking.

The coat which I so continuously wear is a precious heirloom, invaluable and unpurchaseable. 'Tis true that it is frayed by many wintry blasts and soiled by many summers' suns, but remember the quotation, "A ragged pair of trousers oftentimes covers a warm heart." Then too gasoline costs the price of many coats.

My bicycle has been sent to the Smithsonian Institute, where it is revered and treasured as a precious relic, in that it most nearly approached perpetuity of action.

Yours for unaccelerated motion,

P. U. D.

P.S. I would write more but I have to correct a few "bulls."

This is an extract from one of the many received on this subject. We dare not print the rest.

"Ye call me lady-killer, and ye do well to call one lady-killer who for five long years has spent his simoleans at Nunnaly's, The Alcasar, and The Forsyth. Henceforth from my native Shacks, I shall not stray. My suits have gone to the Hays that made them, my beautiful hose are in the trash pile, and my bath-tub is covered with dust. I thought that she was stringing all of the others, but giving me the real goods. Oh! what a fool I have been. Never again, shall I look upon the face of a woman. Never. Never. Frailty, thy name is woman; Alexander, thy name is mud."
Dreams

Oft I sit in idle fancy and half-way close my eyes, while the God of Necromancer weaves strange visions in the skies.

I am in a large show ground. I wander aimlessly around until the sound of weird, Oriental music is wafted on the balmy breezes to my shell-like ears. I hurry in the direction from whence comes this enchanting melody, and listen in wide mouth amazement to the barker who stands in front of a large crimson tent. He with fine frenzy rolling and fancy flowing free describes the sylph-like creature within. He tells us in stentorian tones of the dreamy motions, subtle gyrations, and harmonious action of the Modern Terpsichore enthralled inside. "Skeet" Coleman has at last utilized his oratory for some practical purpose.

After many years absence from my alma mater, I decide to return and review the scenes that my young manhood knew. I walk up the graveled path that leads to the vine-clad Y. M. C. A. building, picturing in my mind's eye the miserable quarters occupied by this organization when I was at Tech. I hear a voice strangely familiar saying, "All the l-a-t-e-s-t songs and dances. A dime, ten cents. Any one else wish a copy?" Cape Simmons was in a happy mood, for he informed me that he had at last passed up Calculus.

I am in a strange city. My last nickle has been spent for a "hot dog." I rack my brain for means of procuring money. Then I cogitate a while. But to no avail. I am so hungry that a parboiled hen feather would be palatable; so thirsty, that one of Fuzzy's "dopes" would taste good. A thought hit me. "My engagement ring, I can soak that." I hurry to that sequestered part of the city which from the nature of its denizens is called New Jerusalem. I pass through a portal over which I see three brass spheroids, and bicker and haggle with the wizen proprietor until finally I get seventy-five cents for a ten dollar ring. Then he protests in a smirking voice that I have defrauded him. After leaving the place, I thought that the face and manner was strangely familiar. I look on the ticket, and read in amazement, "E. F. Chandler, Pawnbroker and Jeweler."

A miserable and melancholy man is sitting in a chair facing twelve of his peers, his heart beating quick for fear lest he be convicted of the charge of being a "pooh-ball." A red-haired fellow is defending him. To this jury composed of ruralists he pictures in glowing words the transcendent music of the spheres, the sweet and soothing songs of the birds, the tender and pathetic crooning of the infant, the soft and melodious cadences of the wind, and the moaning of the waves combined with the sighing of the sea. He portrays in spell-binding terms the lowing kine slowly wending their way "over the lea," the humble milkmaid tripping lightly over the green velvety expanse, the vermeil glory of the setting sun, and the iridescence of the dawn. He plucks the spheres from their orbits and juggles them as he would marbles. He cites cases of acquitted "pooh-balls" from the time Jonah was rescued from the whale, until in recent years Uneeda Milkshake was freed from a similar charge.
The jury retire and after a moment's deliberation return the verdict, "Not Guilty."
The emancipated man, with his heart overflowing with gratitude and his eyes filled with tears, hands his defender a check, saying, "You have saved my life. Take this and have a good time." I looked over his shoulder and see the check. It is made out to D. Hill for fifty cents and is signed by W. A. Alexander.

Necromance refuses to weave further tonight, since his looms are in a depleted and dilapidated condition.