JOKES AND NEAR JOKES
TECH. 20  S.C.  -  0
105  MERCER.  -  0
0  ALA.  -  13
28  V.M.I.  -  7
20  SEWANEE -
AUBURN -
GA.
FLA.

EXCHANGE OF GLANCES
MEANING SOME TEAM

GET BEHIND THE TEAM FELLOWS

SEWANEE GOT OFF EASY WAIT UNTIL TECH MEETS GEORGIA

33-0 1913
20-0 1914
THE NEWTONS HOLD THEIR ANNUAL MEETING

ELECTION OF NEW MEMBERS.

On April 1st, anniversary of the foundation of the Newtons four young negative exponents of the science of mathematics presented themselves before President Burrous.

The following examination was set, and successfully passed by all candidates:

1. Differentiate log x by Burrous method.
2. Give Struppa’s 4 methods of preparing hydrogen.
3. Prove Moore’s factor theorem, and apply to your result Burrous method of simplifying complicated expressions.

Each candidate was next required to present some result of original research.

Summers, R. J., qualified by giving a new method of differentiating log x.

\[ \frac{d}{dx} \log x = \frac{1}{x} \]

This theorem was received with applause and President Burrous congratulated the young author heartily.

Tutan; G. W., contributed the following:

\[ \frac{d}{dx} (x^3) = 3x^2 \]

‘The proof,’ said Tutan modestly, ‘is quite simple and original.

\[ \frac{d}{dx} (x^3) = 3x^2 \]

‘Hence by simple multiplication of exponents \( \frac{d}{dx} (x^3) = 1 \)’

Tears stood in the eyes of President Burrous as Tutan concluded. Shaking the young mathematician by the hand he assured him, in broken voice, that in thought, con-

(Continued on page 4, Col. 2.)

SECOND STORY MEN BREAK 4th COMMANDMENT

CHAPTER HOUSES AT TECH VICTIMS OF ATROCIOUS ROBBERIES.

No less than four Chapter houses have been criminally broken into and robbed in the last year. Such a state of affairs is without a precedent in the history of Tech, and, while the articles stolen were very valuable (?), the indignities placed upon the occupants were such as warrant this article, in hopes that the President will send a company of soldiers down here to protect our students.

The A. T. O Scare.

‘Twas somewhere between the mystic hour of midnight and calculus, when Mr. B. J. Gantt awoke from that blissful sleep which is

(Continued on page 4, Col. 1.)

WITH THE TERROR AND TATTLER’S CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT.

The latest of war news received at this office prior to going to press was received from our special correspondent, last year’s business manager, who is sojourning in the European water (?)ing towns. He says:

‘Having spent my summer in a French hamlet (Paris), I was returning to London by way of Berlin. We were crossing the Alps on our bicycles, and I, having punctured a tire on a mountain peak, was in the rear. Suddenly I heard a sharp report. Oh, horrors! Goodness!!’ The report later turned out to be only a rumor.

‘Later, while tramping across the British Channel to England, having been unable to get a ship behind us toled a long line of refugees carrying in their arms their cattle and furniture, while others dragged their houses behind them on a string. Suddenly an officer leaned out of a passing airship, ‘You look as if you were in a low state,’ said he. For a moment there was a silence broken only by the distant sound of a submarine bumping into a codfish. ‘We are,’ said I. He punctured the balloon, descended, and got out. ‘We were looking for Holland, anyway,’ said he.

‘In London I had an odd experience. I was sitting on the corner of Trafalgar Square with my legs hanging over the edge, eating a bun, when the king rode by. In a spirit of playfulness, I dropped a brick on him, and to make the jest more pointed, fired my revolver five times in the air. To my astonishment, I was taken for a spy and arrested. After outrageous treatment, the consul whispered some

(Continued on page 20, Col. 3.)
In conclusion, I earnestly hope that you will all unite with me in gravely considering the abolishment of this pernicious evil.

Compulsory chapel for the dormitory rat is a conflagrational conundrum to us all. Much has been said on both sides; that is, there has been much discussion.

We will not treat of the merits of the question, but will content ourselves with answering the objection that no satisfactory substitute for Chapel can be found. After considerable thought, we have hit upon a plan which might serve as a substitute, as complete and revolutionary as it is simple.

Let a well-equipped Big Ben alarm clock be placed in each of the dormitories. At 7:49 let the dormitory assemble in a first floor room and play a game of hearts or set back for order of precedence. The first man will step to the clock and punch it. Immediately a concealed phonograph will render some enlivening and well-loved tune. The patient will then punch the clock again. This will sound a click of hidden mechanism and an excellent photo of the punches will be taken—an ingenious artifice by which the Faculty may ascertain the completeness or incompleteness of his attire. We suggest the following scales for marks to be worked off on the coal pile.

Hair not brushed or no necktie—½ mark; no shirt—1 mark; raincoat over pajamas—5 marks; room mate’s slippers—5 marks. On every other Tuesday, every third Friday and all Chinese holidays such delinquencies will count quadruple.

In complying with Code Section 468 of the Laws of the State of Georgia, requesting every corporation and concern doing business at a profit to submit an itemized statement of the profits realized during the year, we hereby submit the grand profits of the Blue Print up to and including the salaries paid the office boys, flunkies, and editor. This official account in the Blue Print is published with a view to putting a quietus on the multi-tudinous prattlings of certain parties.

**EXPENDITURES.**

**RECEIPTS.**

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<td>From Burrus (special advertising)</td>
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</tr>
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**Deficit**                                        | $18,900.00 |

Respectfully submitted,

B. J. SAMS, Business Manager.
supported vote of all present, except one McCarthy of the Austrians, that peace would be declared. Great rejoicing went round, and said McCarthy, who had been asleep, woke and thought from the delicately dancing figures, that the battle was on. No sooner thought than he girded up his loins, and hit Kink George with a lab report, said report was heard all around the Campus, and the Allies immediately rushed to the rescue of their Kink. Thusly, unwittingly, and thereforely, the bloodiest battle of history was started.

The machine guns of the Allies, supervised by Baron Benbow, opened fire on the german pretzels, commanded by his Royal Hulffness Heinie, shooting lathes, nuts, screws, etc., with explosive force. Heinie immediately fainted, and Gentlemen Billy took charge out of the german runt guns. "Gentlemen," quoth Billy, "Pour it in er," and directly the german guns belched and yawned whereupon the din was terrific. The battle of guns continued for about ten minutes, when disorderly Neal strode up to Kaiser Coon's tent, and found his July personage, contentedly smoking a corn cob pipe and designing a uniflow engine that would blow up the Allies. Nealing in front of him, Neal made the report that Col. Tobe, of the airmen, wished to go up in a dingyble and drop an electron on the dome of the English squadron. Delighted with the brilliant idea coming so unexpectedly from Col. Tobe, the Kaiser spent a few sleepless moments deciding to let him go up. Up went the dingyble (Ford engine) with brave Col. Tobe, but Lieut. Skiles, of the signal department (Allies) shot a single and cosine curve at him and brought our hero down into a heap. Whereupon the stout-hearted germans had another glass of beer around, and rushed to avenge their fallen comrade. Such a charge (leaving out the Quartermaster's) has never been recorded in history! The german left wing charged madly at the Allies' right, whose hero, Commodore Perrine started the flying squadron, and beat everyone of them to the fence, where, in defense of their country, they mounted to top offense, and hurled direct current down at the invaders, commanded by Crown Prince Shroeder and Uncrowned Prince Wood, of the Germans, rode forth on bulls to parley voo. After the proceedings had been delayed as long as possible by these great exponents of courage, it was the un-
SECOND STORY MEN BREAK
Nh COMMANDMENT.
(Continued from page 1, Col. 2.)
only given to the pure in heart and
tramps, just in time to see his Sun-
day treat crumble as it quietly went
out of the door. Mr. Gantt, being
a mild-tempered man, swiftly drew
the cover over his head so as to
avoid a row, also so as not to be
compelled to testify in case the
burglar was caught. When the
receding footsteps announced the
fact that the burglar was down-
stairs, Mr. Gantt arose from his
position of emersion and proceeded
to heat a piece of coal in order
in the bathtub and the door locked,
Three sleeping in a 6-inch space


INTERESTING SPOTS ABOUT
ATLANTA.

One of the quaint sights of the
city is a building called the Pied-
mont Hotel. I have often seen it
when standing in that interesting
spot called Mr. Nunnally's, and
finally went in and asked the clerk
all about it. It is made entirely of
marble, alabaster, and precious
metals, and is equipped with hot
and cold elevators, fireproof water,
cyclone ceilings, and other modern
inconveniences which they told me
about, but which I have since for-
gotten. On the ground floor is the
bar, at which buttermilk and other
dairy products may be purchased.
The circular swinging doors not
only serve the purpose of exit and
entry, and as an obstacle to shirt-
tail parades, but they pump the
house water supply.

Have you ever noticed the old
smithy which stands between
the shops and textile mill, imme-
diately back of the chapel? It has
an interesting history. It was
originally inhabited by Indians.
Later it was used as a refuge for
Admiral Dewey when he fled from
the British. In the Civil War it
was used as a part of the fortifica-
tions for the town. Still later it
was used for the purpose of hous-
ing Pud's "Speed Demon." At one
time it was removed to the Na-
tional Museum, but since then has
been returned to its original rest-
ning place, where—ah me! it lies,
its glorious past forgotten.

The Newtons Hold Their
ANNUAL MEETING.
(Continued from page 1, Col. 1.)
tent and method the theorem re-
imined him strongly of H. P. Con-
way at his best.
The remaining candidates,
O'Kelley, R. E., and Hickman, B. B.
presented the following triple play
which they executed successfully
with the aid of Tutan.
O'Kelley to Tutan to Hickman:
Prof.:—"O'Kelley, what is the
equation of the sine curve?"
O'K.:—"Well, now Professor, I
don't exactly recall the equation
but it looks like this." (Draws a
circle in the air.)
Tutan:—(With face aglow with
enthusiasm): "I know, Professor;

Hickman (contemptuously):—
"Pshaw, kid, that's a straight line."
President Burrus was all but over-
come with this achievement.
"We have here a proof," he said,
of the value of collaboration. The
unerring geometric intuition of
O'Kelley, plus the analytic mind of
Tutan, plus the keen critical in-
sight of Hickman—all these were
required in this theorem.
Under the following communi-
cations a letter was read from Moore.
J. S., announcing that he was
keeping up with his classes O K,
and a card from Struppa bearing
greetings.
Honorable mention was next
voted to two young men who barely
missed becoming Newtons. To
Strickland, J. J., for his famous
translation of "Deutschland aber
tales," i.e. "It's all over with the
Dutch." To Brim, S. A., for in-
vestigating the question, "How
many grams make a centimeter?"
A hot discussion of the limiting
of initiatives to four next ensued.
Tutan, in an earnest appeal, de-
clared Prof. Smith's entire eleven
takings for the town. Still later it
was used for the purpose of hous-
ing Pud's "Speed Demon." At one
time it was removed to the Na-
tional Museum, but since then has
been returned to its original rest-
ning place, where—ah me! it lies,
its glorious past forgotten.

(Continued from page 9, Col. 3)
ed the goat, O royal reader, you
would have found him no mean an-
tagonist. In the spring it is nec-
essary to bat him over the bean
and to put him out before he can
make a run, or he will show you
he's game. His lairs are in Ath-
ens, and just as spring come 'round
you may hear them speaking a
strange language about Georgia
Tech. Still, the spring affair is not
as bad as the fall in Autumn. Said
goat is then hunted with that part
of a pig's anatomy, called the skin.
In said skin game, the goat will
try to run the hog over you if you
do not hit him hard and steadily.
Nevertheless, it is the general
opinion, that the goat is very much
afraid of Yellow Jackets for he
has been stung many times by this
species of buzzers, and is very
likely to get stung many more
times in the future.
No less fierce was the battle that raged in the center of both armies. Kink Emerson's men came forward firing atoms and molecules at every step, but our roman hero, the Speed Kink, knew how to ward them off, you know a roman nose. He made a descriptive drawing of all their movements, and by a rare ingenious train of mechanism, refused to let them pass because they didn't know enough English. The German center, though, soon wrecked his train, and, undergoing a chemical change, charged the Allied center with fourteen test tubes, three flasks and a platinum wire. Whereupon the Allies uttered a yell of "Robbers" and beat themselves to the rear bank, closely pursued by the terrified men of Kink Emerson, who seemed determined to collect all their damage fee.

"Class," orated H. R. B. Blink, taking a new cut, "Didn't I tell you to charge?" Immediately the brave Germans charged ferociously, but were compelled to return to their lines and wait a half hour because Capt. Cornwallis Cockie hadn't completed his war toilet. Lieut. Pill Perry, however, seeing them returning, committed the crime of leese majeste, by leading the brave English squadron after the German in order to cover himself with glory, quoting: "And a little child shall lead them." So fierce was the characteristic charge of Lieut. Perry that in a little less than a half hour he had nearly crossed Grant Field. Dismayed at having to work again, H. R. B. Blink summoned Private Scovell of the Scouts to go forward and find out whether the English were really going to charge or were only taking exercise before retiring. Hiding behind his mustache, Scovell twisted his body into the form of a field of alfalfa and grew towards the Allies. What was his surprise to run into another field of alfalfa in the person of Crenshaw of the Allies who was also determined to collect all their damage fee.

GEMS FROM UNCLE.

Once upon a Midnight Dreary, As I pondered weak and weary, Of exams long since gone by I heard the voice of "Uncle Si." E. H. C.—Give us a few simple English words. That's the biggest fool question I've asked in the last 26 years. (E. H. C. starting for the hall.) What's out in the hall? Some ladies. J. L. D.—How can he look a loco focus in the eye and say this. If such is the case what is before us? Answer—nothing. C. W. D.—Come now, which one is it? Answer: The other one.

"All Dressed up and no Place to Go."

H. O. F.—Don't talk about the smoke stack. Come now or I'll throw the steam gauge at you. A. P. F.—I thought I was talking to a sane man.

J. J. G.—Some men are born with moral responsibility. Tell these poor innocent boobs what will happen.


H. H.—What do you think of this, Mr. H.? Mr. H.—You need a long, long rest.

J. D. L.—Listen, listen to that man rave.

R. M. L.—Come, sort yourself out. A boy who doesn't know that is so near dead, he ought to have his measure taken for a coffin. Come, take your mental broom and sweep out all the cob-webs of superstition from your brain.

G. B. L.—Are you back to stay or just visiting?

J. H. L.—Hello! Here's a heathen philosopher! You get two peanuts for that, come to see me next spring.

E. B. N.—Correct, Mr. N.—.

J. L. P.—You ought to write a book and then burn it. How can you have the nerve—the gall to look a loco-focus in the eye.

W. T. M.—The man that takes a beautiful indicator card. Does any one know putty about this? Here's a man who persists in talking about the smoke-stack.

P. R.—Well, for the Land's sake.

B. J. S.—Is the beam cracked as much as your head? He knows, but can't tell.

J. H. S.—He has his front foot up in the air. Where is your "vacuum" situated?

J. J. T.—He's guilty. We'll have a bag of peanuts together some time.

MOST ATRIOUCIOUS DEED IN HISTORY OF CRIME.

Never since W. J. Bryan swore off the jocund grape and the Quartermasters were defrauded, has such a heinous deed been committed.

(By Inoculated Press.)

Special to the Terror and Tattler.—Shades of our ancestors, but it is with fear and trembling that we of the Editorial Staff of the Terror and Tattler, take pen in hand and write the following news of the most atrocious crime ever committed in the history of criminology! We say that it is with fear and trembling, it were better to say with awe and asparagus! When the telegraph instruments brought in said news started clicking, they were all blushing before they were half through. The receiver fainted twice with horror and an extra force was called in to receive the message composed of the most notorious criminals in the pen. The very tables and cards flushed. As we mentioned before, it is with awe and asparagus that we take pen in hand in order to write the most minute descriptions of this heinous deed, or in the words of Wild Willie, the boistrous Bard of Avon, this deed is so awful that we can not give it a name and consequently you will be spared the horror of reading it.

The Tech Terror and Tattler always works for the boredom of its readers, and therefore the above-mentioned crime will not be printed.
THE TECH TERROR AND TATTLER

(AS IT WILL APPEAR IN 1915.)

TECH WINS SOUTHERN CHAMPIONSHIP OVER AUBURN

IN MARVELOUS BATTLE OF SKILL, BRAWN AND BRAINS
HEISMAN'S HOPEFULS WIN CLASSIC STRUGGLE—FINAL SCORE
—40 to 6.

Yellow Jackets Run Rough Shod Over Opponents in Last Half.

(AS IT WILL APPEAR IN 1915.)

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT FELLOWS—
EVEN THE WEATHER WAS

FAMOUS PAINTING
"HOME SICK"

YOU HUNG ONE ON
ME. I SAW THAT TIME.
IT HAPPENED.

WHOLE DAM TEAM.

I AM ASHAMED
WITH PLEASURE.

THAT LOOKS
NEAT.

SUGGESTION FOR GEORGIA FANS.

noon 230 4.30

JUST PULL OFF THAT
RED RIBBON
AND YOU WILL BE— IN MOURNING.

Jack T. Coates

hella time before, during and after the game. The Auburn student body, with their band, occupied the eastern stands and their following seemed almost as large as that of the Yellow Jackets.

At exactly 2:20 p.m. President K. G. Matheson, who was occupying an elevated stand near the boxes, arose and flashed a wireless to the Tech student body that their hopefuls were leaving the dressing room. Hardly had his information reached the Jackets' headquarters before 22 pigskin artists, donned in yellow and white spangles, trod upon the field for a little practice. Their advent upon the scene was sufficient cause for the Yellow Jackets to send up one mighty whoop, the echo of which can still be heard on Grant Field. A few minutes later the Orange and Blue artists took the field, and immediately the Auburn band struck up the tune, "We'll Roll it Over Them," accompanied by a very wild display of joy.

It was purely a championship struggle, and both teams seemed
in the condition of their lives. Captain Morrison, of the Jackets, was getting seventy yard spirals down the field on every attempt and every player on both squads seemed confident of victory. Neither team's goal line had been crossed during the season and both seemed determined to uphold their reputation. Tech had only a few days before defeated Georgia by an overwhelming score (60 to 0), while Auburn had put Vanderbilt out of the race in their game in Birmingham on the same date, scoring three touchdowns to the Commodores' nought.

The Game in Detail.

Captain Morrison won the toss, and by doing so established a record not failing to call the toss a single time this season. A slight wind was blowing towards the northern goal, and he very wisely decided to defend the one at the other end of the field. "Are you ready, Tech?" "Are you ready, Auburn?" (Whistle) and the great struggle was on. Louiselle booted the oval sixty yards down the field straight into "Woocuh" Fielder's waiting arms. The Yellow Jacket interference got together like a brand new Ford engine, and Woocuh was not downed until he was in the center of the field.

Captain Morrison directed his attack at Auburn's left flank, and Messrs. Goree, Senter, Johnston, et al., human battering rams, soon put the pigskin twenty yards nearer the Auburnites' goal. The play was now well in Auburn's territory and the hitherto impermeable line of the Orange and Blue seemed unable to hold their own against the terrific onslaughts of Tech's Krupp guns. However a couple of plunges by the Tech backs failed to make a very substantial gain and it seemed as if Auburn was beginning to realize they had a worthy foe to contend with. Signals were quickly called for another play and the oval was seen sailing through the air at a fleeting Yellow Jacket. "Turn," called Morrison, and the ball fell gracefully into Joe Hayes' hands, with nothing between him and a touchdown but the goal posts. Carpenter kicked goal.

Score: Tech 7, Auburn 0. Tech had scored a touchdown in less than ten minutes of play.

Further efforts in the scoring line in this quarter were without result, although the Jackets kept the ball well in Auburn's territory during the entire period. They were issuing in immense volume from the Yellow Jacket supporters, entirely drowning the beautiful rendition of Rambling.

The cheering that followed the first touchdown was immense. "Hi, hi, Analyt," etc. Such was the spirit which prevailed when President Glover arose to call the meeting to order, he could scarcely be heard above the din of "Hurrah for our teachers." Finally after much trouble, the bunched together demanded the speaker for the occasion were announced. Doc Seidell was the first to take the floor.

"Gentlemen," quoth this worthy exponent of learning, "I am already one of the best engineers in this country, but even with my age and learning, I decided that there was much more to learn and so came to Tech to delve into the mystic realms of engineering. (Cries of "Go on, go on!") My heart is indeed touched—pax volubilis—by the enthusiastic denizens of Mnemosyne whom I see before me clothed in their ramments of thought and the desire to see the bulletin boards draped in their superior clothing in the months to come, n'est pas? (Sound of great cheering.) Oh had I the gilded tongue of Demosthenes that I might discourse for hours of the sublimity of calculus, of the devine reality of business lecture, of the inspiration of the foundry, of so many things, may be more than that, but being but a poor student whose time is devoted to his brain, I must give way before the mightier speakers of the evening."

President Glover was heard from the rostrum:

"The next speaker upon the program is a man who has devoted his energies to raising the scholastic standing of Tech, and, although a member of the faculty, he is a man that we all love because of his studious habits and the inspiration which he gives his pupils. We will now hear from Dr. Alexander."

"Boys," quoth the young doctor of A., after the cheering had stopped, "It gives me unbounded pleasure to appear before you this morning in this worthy endeavor to bring the scholarship of Tech up to the criterion of excellence. As a worthy example, I might use a personal illustration. In my college days, I spent my days and nights studying and even now that I am regarded as one of the foremost exponents of learning at Tech (cheers) I still study hard, and try to make my classes follow my example. I thank you for the privilege of speaking, and hope that your worthy purpose will succeed."

"I am sure that we all feel deeply touched," quoth President Glover, "by the personal illustration of Dr. Alexander, and that we will all profit by his speech. The next speaker is a man who has made his way into our midst by diligent study, and a student that every member of the faculty points at. We will now hear from Mr. Cecil Grimes."

The cheering that followed the mention of Mr. Grimes's name, was so voluminous that the roof began to quake.
Wreck which the band was playing. On the final attempt the ball was given to "Battering Ram" Senter who won a name for himself in the Auburn game of the year previous. "Jim" ducked his head, tucked the oval under his arm, and making his own interference, crowded through the Auburn line for the second touchdown. It was a marvelous piece of work. Carpenter again kicked goal.

Score: Tech 14, Auburn 0.

Tech then kicked off, being desirous of showing their supporters they were just about as good defensively as offensively. Auburn, up until this time had held the ball scarcely none at all, and hadn't even recorded a first down. The year before they had been unable to hold Auburn's quartette of full-backs, Menard, "Red" Harris, "Ca-ruso" Bidez, Arnold and Hart. An exchange of punts left the ball in the middle of the field. By the aid of a wonderful forward pass, Louis-selle to Harris, the Orange and Blue got within striking distance of the Yellow Jackets' goal, but on the next play Auburn was penalized half the distance to her goal-posts, due to a too high degree of resistance of one Mr. Kearley, at right end. An exchange of punts again followed, it being clear that the Yellow Jackets were content to try to keep their own goal uncrossed. The half ended with the ball in Auburn's possession on the Jackets' forty-five yard line.

Tech Students Celebrate Between Halves.

Led by their band, the Tech students filed onto the field during the intermission between halves, and treated the great throng of spectators present, to everything known to college boys in the way of celebrating a near victory. The playing field was a solid mass of yellow and white colors. Freshmen marched arm in arm with Seniors, every one being intoxicated with the taste of a championship. The snake dance was presented in its revised form. Several yells were then given, led by Pat Patterson, Ed LaFitte, Skeet Coleman and other cheer leaders of days gone by. As the band played, "It looks to me like a Tech night to-night," the students, with visions of the Rex floating around in their brain, marched back to their seats and waited the resuming of festivities.

Third Quarter.

Auburn kicked off to Tech, and Morrison returned the ball to his 35-yard line. Joe Hayes went around left end for a gain of ten yards. "Ted" Arnold went through center like a streak of greased lightning for another ten. Morrison bucked five, and Goree dittoed. A forward pass, Morrison to Goree netted twenty-five yards, and the Tech contingent went wild with joy. Cries of "make it a hundred," came from the Jackets camp, and immediately Fielder went around right end for fifteen yards. Here the Auburn line held for downs, Tech only making five yards on the next four attempts. Louisselle punted to Joe Hayes on Auburn's forty-yard line, and Joe went through the entire Auburn team for a touchdown. He showed marvelous sidestepping and dodging ability. Carpenter missed his try at goal, the ball going wide by a few inches only.

Score: Tech 20, Auburn 0.

Auburn again kicked off, and Hayes was downed in his tracks by Kearley. After making a first down Tech was forced to kick, Auburn soon returning the oval to them well back in their territory. Morrison opened up with a volley of forward passes, the first one, to Goree, being wild. The next one, Morrison to Beard netted fifteen yards. Then Morrison turned loose one of the longest and prettiest heaves ever seen on Grant Field; the oval sailing thirty yards into Tyler Montague's waiting arms. Tyler then twisted and squirmed his way through the line of the and towards Auburn's ten-yard line. Successive bucks by Senter and Johnston put the ball across for another touchdown. Fielder missed goal.

Score: Tech 26, Auburn 0.

Tech kicked off to Auburn, and line bucks by "Red" Harris and "Ted" Arnold, netted the Auburnites twenty yards, finally held on their own forty-five yard line. An exchange of punts followed, and then the whistle blew announcing the end of the third quarter.

Fourth Quarter.

Both teams resorted largely to the open attack in the last quarter, Auburn trying desperately to score a touchdown, and at the same time Tech being just as determined to roll up a record score, to pay in part measure for the defeats handed them in previous years. The beginning of the quarter found the ball in Auburn's possession in the center of the field, and they were making a last stand. The fighting on both sides was very intense, there being no perceptible lost love among either side.

A fake punt, and a couple of very beautiful forward passes, put the ball on Tech's twenty-yard line. Then Auburn's full backs showed the fans and fannettes present the way "they used to do it." It was first Harris, and then Bidez, in regular rotation, until the Jackets found themselves within the shadows of their own goal posts. A final try, this time by Christopher, placed the ball over their first and only touchdown. The try at goal was wide.

Score: Tech 26, Auburn 6.

Angered by the fact that their opponents had eased over a touchdown at this stage of the game, the Jackets went to work with a snap and vengeance that bode ill for their opponents from the hamlet of Auburn. The "Get together, Tech" of Captain Morrison seemed to inspire them to great things, for on the kick-off Tyler Montague displayed the prettiest piece of work seen on the Flats in many a day, and repeated Homer Cook's run of a couple of years before, for 80 yards and a touchdown. It was the longest run of the game, and seemed to take the pep and fight out of the Auburn team for the time being. The try at goal was good, Fielder making the boot.


Tech kicked off to Auburn, and the Orange and Blue guys soon had to return the oval. Morrison then opened up with another volley of forward passes, nearly all
of them being good. In this manner the Jackets soon worked the ball to Auburn's twenty-yard line, where a trio of bucks by Senter, Goree and Morrison put the ball ten yards nearer another touchdown. Then Morrison pulled another one of those heady plays for which he is famous, and instead of trying another series of bucks, sent Fielder around left end for another touchdown. The Jackets were trying fiercely to roll up half a hundred points against their opponents. Carpenter kicked goal.

Score: Tech 40, Auburn 6.

Auburn again kicked off, and again Tech resorted to the forward pass and trick plays. A double pass, Morrison to Fielder to Hayes, brought the Tech student body to their feet, as Hayes wasn't down until he was in the middle of the field. Short end runs by Fielder, Rountree, and Glover again placed the ball within striking distance of another touchdown. Right here the whistle blew announcing the end of the game—a game great in more ways than one, for it brought to Tech her first Southern football championship.

Here's to the champions of 1915. They certainly deserve the honor.

WHAT IS GEORGIA'S GOAT?

How, oh how many times have you been asked this momentous question, O gentle reader? And still how, oh how many times more have you been forced to admit that as far as you know, 'tis but a metaphor. Such an answer is sad, and to correct this erroneous reply, we intend to give herewith the true origin of the word, GOAT, as applied to Georgia.

Were you to refer to the encyclopedia, you would probably find that the goat is a member of the genus, Cheese. Were you to peruse Darwin, you would find that said goat is descended from the gnu, a Hindu word meaning, to know. These two definitions, O gentle reader, while correct in so far as they go, for who would dare to say that Georgia's goat is not a cheese? That you gnu, but to delve even deeper, as our friend Cecil Cicero, the Dago Bard, was wont to sneeze, the goat must have color, he must have many, very many, things which are not attributed to him by said supply sources. These things we will donate you, O perfect perusers, with such sang froid as our French will allow.

When last we saw this marvelous animal, 1914, he wore a magnificent white, Tech-made coat, of wash goods. Such coats, we were informed, were his hobby. His dainty simp-like feet were red and black. This last statement is contestable, for, though the red and black is nearly always on the bottom, it could hardly be said that it comes out on top when the goat lays down. The family bawl of the goat is very changeable. In the fall it is a football, in the spring, when all the onions are in bloom, he shows his scurvy nature by scoffing at the beautiful beauties of nature with a base bawl. The favorite hunting ground of the goat is a huge field, hollowed out as if by some large bat or a mammoth pigskin. Had you ever hunt (Continued on page 4, Col. 3.)
SENIOR MOTTOES.

"Do well, and everybody"—"Pap" Wood.
"The jingle, jingle of the dollar is the sweetest music to me."—"Doc" Witherington.
"If I have said anything that I am sorry for, I am glad of it."—Gris.
"Better late than never."—Seidel.
"None but himself can be his parallel."—Robinson.
"His tenor's like the whistle of a saw mill."—Lucas.
"My life is one demned horrid grind."—Gantt.
"Your voice shall be as strong as any man's—maybe."—"Lenghty" Jordan.
"I know you will do as I advise."—Crutcher.
"A bold bad man."—Lang.
"That man is idle who does less than he can."—Law.
"Never argue with a man who talks loud. You couldn't convince him in a thousand years."—"Trez bein" quoth Scovell of the Germans.

FACULTY ESPOUSE WARRING NATIONS.

(Continued from page 5, Col. 1.)

scouting to find where Prince Wood had hidden. "Bon jour," cried Scovell of the Germans. "Guten Morgan" shouted Crenshaw of the Allies. Whereupon in each manly breast there was an almost humane desire to rob the other of his alfalfa. For several heart-rending minutes, the two valiant scouts debated whether to fight or to kiss. Great minds running in the same channel, both exclaimed at the same time, "What's the use of fighting? Let's you and I kiss." "Trez bein" quoth Scovell of the Germans. "Sehr Gute" quoth Crenshaw of the Allies. Whereupon they intermingled the alfalfa.

Just at this opportune moment, the German reserves under Baron Randall, made their first appearance, showing the texture that they were made of. No sooner had the reserves loomed up than Col. Cockie finished his war toilet and sent an English code to McKee to appear also, McKee did not like this theme though, and composing himself in the shade, delivered a eulogy on peace. The Kaiser, however, put on steam and sent Tommie out with the Branch division of the engineering corps to survey the ground for a good place to sleep. Chief Tommie had the asthmatic and registered a call to telescope to do it. Then, as is usual with the pesky scopes, it could not see it, and so the Kaiser was forced to call a general charge. The Allies charged at the same time and the fighting was the fiercest ever recorded in the annals of his-

DO YOU TAKE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING?

The H. U. Wood Raincoat Agency. "We make our goods a prevailing necessity for Tech men."

THINGS NOBODY KNOWS.

The point to a Yellow Jacket story.
Where our damage fees go.
Who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle?
When the first joke on Ford automobiles was sprung.
How examination papers are graded.
Who told Cuthill that he is good looking.
Who gave "Dutch" Goldman that mackinaw.
How Grimes grew a mustache.
Who got the coin on the Frosh hats.
Why "Uncle SI" carries an umbrella in sunny weather.
Where Pud's "Speed Demon" has gone.
"Uncle Heinie's" Aunt Polly joke.
Who blew the whistle on November 14th.
Who first invented Calculus.
Why three "cuts" are given.
Why we do not get an Easter vacation.
Who has any authority around Tech.
Why the Civils grew mustaches last fall.
Why chapel was changed from Monday to Friday.
Why "Doc" Witherington came to Tech.
Why Jim Senter goes to Chattanooga.

WHO TELL CUTLIFE HE IS GOOD LOOKING.

DO YOU TAKE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING?

The H. U. Wood Raincoat Agency. "We make our goods a prevailing necessity for Tech men."
DRAMATIC TRIAL IN THE ROCKEFELLER APARTMENTS.

Walter Wynne Ballew Faces Severe Charge of Having a Birthday—Feeling at High Tide.
(Special Dispatch to The Tatler.)—Rockefeller Apartments

Jan. 11th, 1915.—A special meeting of the R. A. R. chapter of the Twin Double A was called to order to-night for the express purpose of dealing justice to one of their honored members on the charge of having a birthday, and at the same time having attained his majority. (Ladies, we have a man in the house.) In the absence of Judge Howell, perhaps now better known as “Instructor Howell,” the meeting was presided over by Clerk “Jesup.”

The accused, being a member of high standing in the R. A. R.’s, holding the dignified and ever-important position of prosecuting attorney and not being daunted by prosecuting himself, the acting judge appointed Assistant Sheriff Howe to act as Prosecuting Attorney and Chief Bull-Slinger, and to prosecute the regular ordained prosecuting attorney, the same being one “Smoke” Ballew, of Cedar-town (Ga.)

Direct evidence, as well as some very strong circumstantial evidence, was produced against the prisoner at the trial, same being in the form of a card of congratulations from one of his numerous female friends. (Note: A motion was made to strike out the word “numerous” but failed to carry.) Said card at the time of the trial was in the possession of one “Ed” Oehmig, sole occupant of room No. One.

Mr. Oehmig was the first witness to take the stand. His testimony in substance was as follows: That the accused, in his estimation, had reached the momentous age of twenty-one is not supposed to stick his feet under “pa’s” table any longer, and that said knowledge was working backward and forward in simple harmonic motion in the defendant’s brain.

The most damaging evidence against the accused was presented by the court’s star witness and licensed room mate of Mr. Ballew, the same being none other than that one Cecil Fife, of Fayetteville, Ga. (U. S. A.) Mr. Fife stated that he had very strong suspicions of some very weighty matter floating around on the defendant’s cranium, due to the fact that he had broken all precedent by bathing during the middle of the month. This was something very unusual for the accused, according to Mr. Fife’s testimony.

Mr. Howe for the court, in his speech to the jury, brought out some very strong points which had been overlooked by the two witnesses. The accused moved that these passages be stricken from that part of the trial to be considered by the jury. The judge overruled the motion. Mr. Howe, in a very convincing manner, stated that it seemed to him that one who had managed to reach the ranks of a sedate Junior in the “South’s greatest Engineering School” (parson us K. G.) should have better sense than to leave such damaging testimony as a birthday card in another room besides his own, and should be found guilty if for no other reason than this alone. He closed with a mighty argument to the jury to uphold the tradition of the R. A. R.’s and to bring in a verdict of guilty, with no recommendation of mercy whatever.

In defending himself, Mr. Ballew, speaker par-excellence, let loose a dazzling line of Rooseveltian oratory and appealed more to the emotions of the jury, rather than trying to convince them of his innocence. He suggested that they put themselves in his place for the time being, and then apply the golden rule.

In his charge to the jury the judge instructed them that from the testimony which had been produced at the trial, and also according to the Constitution and By-laws of the R. A. R.’s a verdict of guilty should be brought in. The jury retired and immediately brought in their usual verdict.

It being an unwritten law that the exact punishment which a prisoner undergoes before the R. A. R. tribunal shall not appear in print, we find it impossible to state the extent of Mr. Ballew’s bodily and mental anguish. Suffice it to say that though the motto of the court: “To make every lick count” is kept constantly in mind, as others who have been in his place will easily testify.

MLLE. CUTLIFF’S

The Criterion of Beauty Parlors

Mlle. Cutliff says: “We have inspired Tech boys for four years.”

Hairdressing a specialty.

DEAD?

If so, Apply to J. J. STRICKLAND

(The loquacious undertaker)

The best funeral you ever had.

We have never had a client that kicked.

Death has lost its sting since we entered the funeral field.

Trade Mark—REST EASY.

(The people’s friend).

AIN’T YER COACH?

He ain’t no doc or lawyer an’ he ain’t no president,

He ain’t no people’s pony with a million dollars spent.

But his heart’s all right an’ mel–low, an’ he’s just a darn good fellow,

AIN’T YER COACH?

He’ll yell an’ cuss an’ bawl yer when yer stumble o’er a play,

An’ he’ll tell yer that yer rotten, make yer run around all day,

Though he works yer an’ he moves yer, yer kin bet cher boots he loves yer.

Don’t yer Coach?

Sometimes he seems like snowin’

he’s so harsh an’ stern an’ cold,

Yet he’s nothin’ but er youngster though his days would call him old.

An’ we never mind his manny fer he gits old Georgia’s Nanny,

Don’t yer Coach?

Ther boys, they all stick by him, fer they know that he’s a friend.

Ther kind yer like ter freeze ter, fer he helps yer ther end.

An’ in athletic show off, well, he’s just ther best we know of,

AIN’T YER COACH?
This delightful little game is played and must be played by all Juniors who are so fortunate to take Architecture. Object of said game is to get as much drawing done in an hour as possible and to use up as much tracing paper as would take to make a pattern of the latest tango kimono for an African skeezicks. At the end of nine hours those that have survived without dinner or supper have the privilege to submit their designs to the New York society provided that they are accepted by the department, in which advent they are given six weeks of incessant day and all-night work in order to get their problem in on time. Prizes are awarded for this in the shape of Mentions, and the ones obtaining the most outlandish and impossible design is usually the winner. Notable designs submitted by local aspirants have been prisons, garages, castles, and morgues.
YE AULD SENIOR BENCH.
(An uncopy-writed play.)

Dramatis Personae.

Some Sad, Slothful Seniors

The weary whistle whistles whimsically, announcing that one more hour has passed into the coal heap of the past. Those seniors, too lazy to study, or feeling the need of a little restful bull, perch upon the senior bench and begin firing:

Fellows, I had the rummiest dream last night, I dreampt that I was being sold at a rummage sale.

Gosh, you must have thought you were a barrel of rum.

Ye Gods, can't you guys quit punning. Now look at me, I never pun, but—

Yes, look at that watch chain. Methinks 'tis ten foot long. How did you foot the bill? Did you buy it by the foot or reel?

Anyone can see its not real. Here, here, this can't go on. Who'll buy me a dope?

An Ominous Silence.

Did any of you guys get anything out of this lesson?

Yeah—

What?

A good night's sleep—Uncle Gus walks up.

Boys, are you ready to buy those robes from me?

Naw, we ain't going to buy anything from you.

Why?

'Cause the other companies are going to sell them cheaper.

No they're not. I'll sell them twenty-five cents chaper than any other cheap company going.

Aw, we want good robes. I'm for wearing overalls myself.

Well I'll sell you overalls cheaper—

A general shout of laughter, and Uncle Gus goes away with his feelings hurt.

You Electricals should have seen Uncle Si turn the hose on this morning. Told him he was an Australian booby.

Yes, but he didn't tell me to get a job in after life using my head for a vacuum cleaner.

Whew, get him an umbrella and a couple of towels.

Whistle.

Say, do any of you fellows know what a regular electrical senior is? I bite. What is it? A guy that Wood put Perrine in Dutch if he could—D. C.?

Yes, A. C.

I'm going to class after that.

Dr. Wallace (explaining a passage from Paradise Lost)—"Gentlemen, this part of the poem right here is—hell."

WHY PROFESSORS CAN GIVE ZEROS—AND NOT LAY AWAKE ALL NIGHT, REPROACHING THEMSELVES.

"I thought this was all the farther the lesson went."

"I wasn't here the last time and did the wrong lesson."

"Didn't you say that we stopped at paragraph 467?"

"I understood you to say that we could omit this." "That is not in my book." "I didn't know that we would be held for that work."

"I never read the fine print at the bottom of the page."

"I know how to work it but can't."

ARE YOU AFFLICTED WITH INSOMNIA?

If so, take Professor Kirk's course in Economics.

All patients guaranteed not to sleep over Sixty Minutes in One Hour.

Apply Second Floor of Academic Building.

PIPES.

"If you should see a bumblebee, Who tries to flirt with thee, And you have any sense at all You'll let that bumblebee."

That's good logic, but you can't Itt Dutch Goldman's French-made English, hand-painted walking pipes be—they're too good.
VERNON SKILES.
(Apologies if possible to R. Kipling.)

You may talk of wear and tear
When you're a student out here,
And you think that nothing's quite
so hard as Analyt;

But if you engineer
It's math you'll have to use,
And you'll lick the bloomin' boots
of him that knows it.

Now in Georgia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-slaving at the Georgia Tech,
Of all them rum-faced crew
The finest man I knew Was our mathematical prodigy,
Vernon Skiles.

He was "Skiles! Skiles! Skiles!
"You hawk-faced bunch of learn-
ing, Vernon Skiles!
"Shot me this time, didn't you?
"Think I'm some boob don't you?
"You squint-eyed, sharp-faced,
math-proof, Vernon Skiles."

With all our records in his head,
He gave exact our daily grade
And watched us 'til the whistle
blew retire.

And for all his harsh outside
He was white, clear white inside
When he went to coach the bone-
heads 'fore exam.

It was "Skiles! Skiles! Skiles!"
When exams were rolling up like
thunder on the hills,
When formulas had fled,
We all rose up and said,
"Lend us a hand please, Vernon
Skiles!"

He would lecture and explain
'Til the longest day was done,
And he didn't seem to know the
use of wear.

If we cursed or flunked or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
He'd be right behind us bringing
up the rear.

III.
I shan't forget the night
When I dropped behind the fight
With the galling thorn of Calculus
in my side.

Choking mad, about to burst,
And the man that spilled me first
Was our good old grinnin' driver,
Vernon Skiles.

He lifted up my head,
And he nursed me where I bled—
Showed me how to integrate for
fair;
Math to me was always tough,
How I loath the wretched stuff.
But I'm grateful for the help from
Vernon Skiles.

It was "Skiles! Skiles! Skiles!
"Here's a Freshman with a per-
fect vacuum

"In the thing he calls his head,
"In blank despair, his prayers
said;
"For God's sake come and help
him, Vernon Skiles."

IV.
He took my paper down
And cast on it a frown,
But gave me two points and slid
me thru.

"You'll never know math,
"But math isn't all, and
"I hope you get your dip," says
Vernon Skiles.

So I'll write him later on
From the place where I'm gone—
Wherever my construction camp
is pitched.

He'll be standing at the boards
Teaching math to poor Sopho-
mores,
And he'll integrate once more for
me, will Vernon Skiles.

Yes, "Skiles! Skiles! Skiles!
"You four-eyed Yankee math-shark
Vernon Skiles!"

Tho' many times I'd have slayed
you,
By the living God that made you,
You're a better man than I am,
Vernon Skiles!

NEVER U. MIND.
Poets' Corner

NO WONDER THEY WANT SUFFRAGE.
The Frenchmen are a crazy bunch,
They really are so silly,
They call their loving mothers "mares."
Their daughter's name is "Filly."

They really are a common race,
Just like the German brewers,
For all the high class people call
Their darling sisters, "sewers."

The Germans, they are just as bad,
A girl, the Lord defend her,
For whilst the men are men all right,
A girl is neuter gender.

OF COURSE NOT!
Where the shot and shell were flying,
And the wounded rent the air,
Did I tremble like a craven?
Of course not! I wasn't there.

When the burglars broke the windows,
And the pretty ladies wept,
Did I rush unto their rescue?
Of course not! I only slept.

When the Seniors all flunked English,
And old A. C. broke the rule,
Did I flunk with all the others?
Of course not! I warn't in school.

When the nice boys all get married,
And each preacher strikes the match,
Will I fall for some sweet maiden?
Of course not! I'll stay a batch.

But when hubbies all stay sober,
With their money in a trunk,
Will I stay upon the wagon,
OF COURSE NOT! I'LL STAY DRUNK.

NOTE—All of these have slipped by the National Board and we print them at great risk. Any one taking offense or wishing to settle any grievances will please call at the office where the Board will hold a reception. The editor will be assisted in receiving by the Board many of whom are football players, and the Shacks in a body. Messrs. Smith and Wesson and also Mr. Derringer, will be of our party. Arrangements have also been made with several well known and accomplished bomb throwers to help handle the crowd.

THE RUBY RETOLD.
Into this Georgia Tech, and why not knowing,
And all around it like water willy-nilly flowing,
We know not whither willy-nilly blowing.

Ah, Guy, could you and I conspire,
To grasp this bunch of Profs entire,
Would we not hammer them to bits—and then
Just flunk them to our heart's desire?

Gee, but I had a funny dream last night."
"I know, I saw you with her."

THE PERFECT MAN.
There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears—
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snare.
He's a Freshman!

There is a man who never does a thing that is not right;
His "wife" can tell just where he is every morning, noon and night.
He's a Senior!

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, WILLIE.
Bainbridge, Ga., Oct. 12th.—Willie Kwilecki of this place was a visitor at the home of his parents during the past week. Willie is engaged in pursuing a course of study in architecture at Georgia Tech and is meeting with great success. He has recently discovered in some of his research work a long lost master, Samuel Kelly.

Frosh (upon first glancing at Yellow Jacket)—"I wonder what course the man who made up these jokes is taking?"
Second wearer of the yellow cap—"Enbalming."
A LOVER'S ALMANAC.

Introduction.

Although we are sadly lacking in personal experience in this line, from many heart to heart talks around the Senior Bench with such lady’s men as Hill, Montague and Carman, we feel sure that the below chronicled protoplasms of the genus, LOVE, are correct.

Love’s a little bug that bites and itches, and the more you scratch, the better itches.

A Kiss is like the beginning of the world. It is made out of nothing, yet God knows it’s good. In shape, it is elliptical. In appearance, it is two-faced. In manner, it is sometimes cheeky. In feeling—well, none of the three could define it, and we are not near as great a man as they are.

A Caress is the most proper way of finding whether the hair is perfect or false. It consists of a few taps upon the bean. No man who holds gum in his hands or who sticks it behind his ear, should try this.

A Hand is a very useless part of the body, composed of five fingers and some flesh. It is very handy in the moonlight. It is the only thing that is given away in marriage and ever returned.

A Hug—Well you’ve had fever and nearly suffocated—That’s it.

A Squeeze is a vociferous hug, practiced only by illiterate men and college boys. It is a nerve-racking, rib-cracking ordeal which is not allowed in polite society.

A College Widow is generally defined as one of that deadly species who amuses a “rah rah” boy in his hours of recreation, sits upon his books when he attempts to study—metaphorically, Martha—spends his book money and raises the laundry william. This definition is, however, erroneous, for there are many females who go with college boys who are not College Widows any more than we are, but it is not of this variety that we shall discourse. Suffice to say, you get muh, Pleadies! ’Tis of the other kind, subtle, charming and dangerous, that we will continue to waste our time upon.

College Widows are all good looking, but they are more or less spary in good cooking. The last named ingredient is generally reserved for those unlucky fellows who think it wise to try it—we will not venture our opinion, “for,” sayeth Steinmetz, “one must learn by experience.” They are generally in evidence at a college dance, either dancing or flunking an exam for some guy. It is quite usual to see them at a ball game eating peanuts for nourishment, while escort eats his heart out. They all have particular accomplishments, ranging from a well-developed sigh to an automobile, and it would be hard to say which is the more desirable, the sigh or the automobile.

Every three years a new breed comes on and the Tech boys train them up so that they will be creditable debutantes, receiving no thanks in return. A College Widow has more or less brain, and it is a favorite pastime for a college lad to find it after a period of three years. Taken all in all, school would not be school without these sparkling, laughing, daughters of Terpsichore—for there would be no lessons flunked. Also, life would lose its savor to some of the boys if they couldn’t throw off a little superfluous hot air on ears that, alack, do not heed. We make the above two statements only including some of the fellows, other lucky (?) guys are woman-haters, and they are—well let a Widow define them for you.

SOCIAL SLAPS.

(By Cyrus Campus.)

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(By Cyrus Campus.)

The College Widow.

A College Widow is generally defined as one of that deadly species who amuses a “rah rah” boy in his hours of recreation, sits upon his books when he attempts to study—metaphorically, Martha—spends his book money and raises the laundry william. This definition is, however, erroneous, for there are many females who go with college boys who are not College Widows any more than we are, but it is not of this variety that we shall discourse. Suffice to say, you get muh, Pleadies! ’Tis of the other kind, subtle, charming and dangerous, that we will continue to waste our time upon.

College Widows are all good looking, but they are more or less spary in good cooking. The last named ingredient is generally reserved for those unlucky fellows who think it wise to try it—we will not venture our opinion, “for,” sayeth Steinmetz, “one must learn by experience.” They are generally in evidence at a college dance, either dancing or flunking an exam for some guy. It is quite usual to see them at a ball game eating peanuts for nourishment, while escort eats his heart out. They all have particular accomplishments, ranging from a well-developed sigh to an automobile, and it would be hard to say which is the more desirable, the sigh or the automobile.

Every three years a new breed comes on and the Tech boys train them up so that they will be creditable debutantes, receiving no thanks in return. A College Widow has more or less brain, and it is a favorite pastime for a college lad to find it after a period of three years. Taken all in all, school would not be school without these sparkling, laughing, daughters of Terpsichore—for there would be no lessons flunked. Also, life would lose its savor to some of the boys if they couldn’t throw off a little superfluous hot air on ears that, alack, do not heed. We make the above two statements only including some of the fellows, other lucky (?) guys are woman-haters, and they are—well let a Widow define them for you.

SOCIAL SLAPS.

(By Cyrus Campus.)

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Cartoonist's Page

A Stewed Stud.

Waiting for a Criticism.

Reeking with the odor of exceeding freshness.

What is it?

"College Bread" (a four year loaf)

Shades and Shadows.
CAMPUS IMPROVEMENTS.

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO THE FELLOWS WHO DROP OUT OF SCHOOL BECAUSE THEY DO NOT LIKE TO WORK IN THE FOUNDRY AND GET THEIR HANDS ALL DIRTY

THIS IS NOT A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR HANDS SOFT GO TO A BARBER COLLEGE.
CLEANLINESS IS NOT NEXT TO GODLINESS, IT IS NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE.

NAME IT, WE HAVE NOT GOTTEN THE HEART...

LOOKS LIKE A MANICURIST BGOSH!

callan. J. J.
Wants Add
(So Do Burroughs)

REWARD.
To any one enticing one "Ignatz" Hardwick upon the third floor of the Y. M. C. A. a life membership in the R. A. R. order is offered. By order of The R. A. R.'s.

WANTED—Safe place to invest $16,000.—Blue Print Staff.
WANTED—Boys with strong digestive powers—Mrs. Brooks.
WANTED—All those taking Sophomore and Freshman math to report to Summer School. Special rates to those entering upon their fourth time.—Apply to the Dean of the Summer School.
WANTED—Students to buy a limited number of old English Themes which I am willing to dispose of at $1.00 per word.—Prof. McKee.

HELP WANTED—All kinds.—The Allies.
WANTED—An adding machine or a cash register before the next football season with Tech.—Mercer University.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.—G. B. Lamar—as usual.

"GONG" AISLE TAXI SERVICE.
WE ALWAYS EXCEEDED THE SEED LIMIT.
PROMISES EVERYBODY.
SERVES NOBODY.

HOT SPORTS ALL COME TO O. G. SCALDING.
For their croquet needles, push pins, checker boards and chess. Everything you don't want at a price you can't pay.
Georgia Tech agent, Uncle Gus, the man who makes a living off Tech boys, and also an auto.

DID YOU EVER GET LIT?
That is, in a prohibition State? No? Then try some of Mumm's Extra Dry, not too wet for any State, but good and palatable for all.

"Ask the Faculty."
"Is that a Phi Beta Kappa Key?"
"No, it's a Yale Lock."

Aw, go to your dreams of fair Phylis, your sights, and your songs of a curl,
My pipe is a bachelor hermit, that never would dream of a girl,
Go to, you old simpleton lover, your lady will finish you right,
My pipe? Why I wouldn't leave it for any old sweetheart to-night.
Ask the "Velvet Albert" which is the better, a pipe or a girl?

HAVE YOU TRIED TO ADVERTISE IN THE BLUE PRINT?
Some men advertise very freely in these wonderful sellers, and their names are among those who are also advertised on the Bulletin Boards. See us at once for further information as to those thus favored.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.
Anyone desiring to obtain a free subscription to the Tattler may enter the competition. It is absolutely free and many attractive prizes are offered. See next issue for details.

WITH THE TERROR AND TATTLER'S CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT.
(Continued from page 1, Col. 3.)

diplomatic phrase in Russian and I was released.
"Another curious and heart-rending scene occurred in London also. A certain Senior from Tech was arrested by a keen-eyed English detective who had observed the crowd with binoculars. The charge preferred was that he was a German, wearing an upturned Kaiser Wilhelm mustache. The police commissioner, however, after examining him without the binoculars, dismissed him on the grounds of insufficient evidence."

SLIPPED BY THE BOARD OF CENSORS.
R. A. CLAY HAS DEMONSTRATED ATHLETICS TO TECH BOYS FOR SEVEN YEARS.
Engineering Terms.

1. The Moment of Inertia.

2. The Bending Moment.

3. The Moment of a Couple.

4. The Elastic Limit.
GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY
ATLANTA GEORGIA

Report of Mr. J. J. S. Carr, for Term ending JUN 10 1915

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUBJECT</th>
<th>Abs.</th>
<th>Grade</th>
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| Arch.| No. | Elements of
|      | Shade and Shadows
|      | Shadows and Perspectives
|      | Perspective
|      | Free Hand Drawing
|      | Arch. Design
|      | Elementary Design
|      | History of Arch.
|      | History of Art
|      | Building Construction
|      | Sculpture of Ships
|      | Pen and Pencil Rendering
|      | Historic Ornament
|      | Water Color Drawing
|      | Architecture
|      | Professional Practice
| Civil Engineering | Abs. | Grade |
| No. | Plan Surveying
|      | Topographical Surveying
|      | Railroad Surveying
|      | Internal Economics
|      | Railroad Design
|      | Mining Construction
|      | Graphic Statics
| Hydrodynamics | Fused Structures
|      | Sawmills
|      | Cisitivity, P. and Bals.
|      | Highways and Structures
|      | Bridge and Girders
|      | Steel Structures
|      | Highway Design and Construction
|      | Experimental Laboratory
|      | Structural Laboratory
|      | Civil Laboratory
|      | Gas Engineering
|      | Oil Analysis
|      | Plant and N. C. Lab.
|      | Diesel Engineering
|      | Sanitary Laboratory
|      | Petroleum Laboratory
|      | Textile Laboratory

<table>
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<tr>
<th>CIVIL ENGINEERING</th>
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<th>Grade</th>
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| Surveying | No. | Plan Surveying
|      | Topographical Surveying
|      | Railroad Surveying
|      | Internal Economics
|      | Railroad Design
|      | Mining Construction
|      | Graphic Statics
| Hydrodynamics | Fused Structures
|      | Sawmills
|      | Cisitivity, P. and Bals.
|      | Highways and Structures
|      | Bridge and Girders
|      | Steel Structures
|      | Highway Design and Construction
|      | Experimental Laboratory
|      | Structural Laboratory
|      | Civil Laboratory
|      | Gas Engineering
|      | Oil Analysis
|      | Plant and N. C. Lab.
|      | Diesel Engineering
|      | Sanitary Laboratory
|      | Petroleum Laboratory
|      | Textile Laboratory

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<tr>
<th>GEOLOGY</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Grade</th>
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| No. | Metallurgy, Forens.
|      | Metallurgy, Non-Forens.
|      | Petrography
|      | Geology
|      | Analyzing

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING</th>
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| No. | Dynamics & Motion
|      | Electrical Laboratory

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<tr>
<th>PHYSICS</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Grade</th>
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| No. | Statics
|      | Mechanics
|      | Stress and Strain
|      | Machine Design
|      | Machine Design
|      | Mechanics
|      | Stress and Strain

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<tr>
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</table>
| No. | Dynamics & Motion
|      | Electrical Laboratory

<table>
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<tr>
<th>TUBES</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Grade</th>
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</table>
| No. | Statics
|      | Mechanics
|      | Stress and Strain

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEXTILE ENGINEERING</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Grade</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| No. | Carding Room
|      | Spinning
|      | Dyeing
|      | Dyeing
|      | Printing
|      | Printing
|      | Jacquard Design
|      | Weaving Room
|      | Weaving Mill

The Grades are on a basis of 100. Loss of 50 per cent. on Grade of 50 per cent. on examination makes the student Deficient.

Definitions of any deficient subject

The omission of any required subject from this report does not relieve the student of this deficiency.

Students who repeat a subject and fail will not be allowed to take any work for which such subject is a prerequisite, and an
student will be allowed to enter school at the opening of the fall term who is deficient at that time in more than one
required subject.

The undersigned.

Registrar.
Just Jokes

CLASS STONES.
Freshman—Emerald.
Sophomore—Blarney-Stone.
Junior—Grindstone.
Senior—Tombstone.

Young Willie Wurst was much in love;
His very soul was awhirl;
He took Miss Weiner in his arms,
For he never sausage a girl.

EXPERT OPINION.
"Big" Alcach (at the Atlanta)—
This show will have a long run.
"Dutch" Goldman—How's that?
Alcach—It has good legs.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.
A school paper is a great invention;
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

Dentist (easing the pain of the tooth)—"Did you feel that air?"
Doc Witherington—"That's exactly what I am doing now."

HEARD IN THE ARCHITECTURAL HALL.
Spann learns that there has been an "academic" of rats in New Orleans during the past summer, and "Mose" Ferguson amazes him with accounts of the fatilities.

Drummond, who has never taken any French did not understand Prof. Smith when he spoke in History of Architecture of the French King, "Louey Dooze," and asked that the word daw or duse be spelled out for him.

"X-I-J," says honorable prof.

"Baldy" Jordan insisted on setting aside a portion of his Faculty Club House plan in Senior design, to be used as apartments of "keeper."
Prof. Smith informed him that he was not designing a zoo.

BONES.
Sneed—How are you getting along at college?
Chapman—Oh! all right. I'm trying very hard to get ahead, you know.
Sneed—Well, heaven knows you need one!

QUICK SKETCH.
Time—Last registration day.
Place—Tommy's office.
Scene I—(Enter Traubs)
T. P. Br.—Are you two brothers? Traubs (in concert)—No sir, we are twins! Curtain.

Our joke department is sadly depleted because of the fact that so many of the jokes turned in were on Ford cars. Having a slight leaning for these intricate pieces of locomotion, also a rather mercenary turn of mind we forwarded all the jokes to Henry Ford with the thought that maybe they could be put to better use by him in advertising. Up to the time of going to press we have heard nothing but are still in hopes of receiving one of his cars for not publishing them.

Brim in Physics Class—Dr. Nelms, how many grams in a centimeter?
She—"I'm sure I could fall in love with Ben—he's so unselfish."
Fifth Victim—"How's that?"
She—"Why he gives nearly all my dances to other fellows."
Fifth Victim—"Yes, I've noticed that."

T. Pettus Branch, in Senior Geodesy—"Mr. Troy, what is standard time?"
Troy (after looking at watch)—"Eighteen minutes of eleven."

"I say, who was there to see you last night?"
"Only Mary Dean, father."
"Well, tell Mary Dean that she left her pipe on the piano."

Kind advisor to Editor of Blue Print—"Gris, do you know on whom you can lean when you get tired of the Blue Print?"
Editor—"No, pray tell me."
She—"The staff."
CONTRACT TO BE LET.
(Matrimonial)

Sealed proposals will be received by a Tech graduate, class of 1915, hereinafter called the Engineer, for a wife, hereinafter called the Suffragette, under the agreement, plans and specifications herein outlined.

All proposals must be in the office of the Engineer by 8 o'clock p. m., July 1st, 1920, it being hoped that by this date the money invested in five years at the Georgia Tech will pay sufficient dividends for a matrimonial venture.

All proposals will be read in private and all rejected ones will be returned, provided the Engineer be furnished with sufficient postage.

All proposals must be accompanied by a guarantee that the Suffragette will enter into the contract for the full performance of the duties upon which the proposal is submitted if the proposal is accepted.

The Engineer reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

Plans.
Plans to accompany each proposal as follows: One full front view, Suffragette to be wearing a 1915 walking suit. One three-quarter bust photo, Suffragette to be wearing an evening gown would not pass the National Board of censorship. At least five kodak details of Suffragette taken at the seashore, on camping trips, at football games, etc., and indicating her general bearing. No photos are to be hand colored or crayon enlargements accepted.

Agreement.
Trouble:—In case of disagreement after contract the subject will be arbitrated by the two parties, the Hague Code being used. Suit for divorce may be entered only after sixty days notification of either party by the other. No divorce shall be granted unless it be absolute for both parties, with privilege to re-marry and no alimony to either party.

Financial.
1. All income derived by the Engineer to be expended as agreed upon by both parties each having equal voice. At the beginning of each month a financial sheet to be drawn up and the income for that month to be divided between the individuals and mutual needs of the two parties as agreed by them, a sinking fund of not less than 20 per cent. being first deducted.

2. All income derived by the Suffragette to be expended as she deems fit, the Engineer under no conditions to hold any of same in trust or to be responsible for its safety. His advice as to the appropriation of same to be furnished only on the request of Suffragette.

Two bank accounts to be opened, one each for the sinking fund and checking account for running expenses. All checks to be signed by Engineer and countersigned by Suffragette. None other than National banks to be used.

3. All financial contracts with outside parties entered into by either Engineer or Suffragette must be signed by both.

1. The Suffragette to provide as good a servant as the means and local talent will afford.
2. The Suffragette never to allow anything in the guise of food to come on the table which can not be eaten, such as bones, chicken necks, potato peelings, ancient or foreign cheese.
3. Meals must be served at regular hours, the Suffragette to proceed with the meal at the appointed hour whether or not the Engineer is in attendance. If he arrives after said meal is finished, he will personally get his handout from the warmer and eat same on the kitchen table, without any side remarks. The servants routine is not to be interfered with.
4. The Engineer to be allowed to bring any reasonable number of eligible friends for meals without any side remarks or looks from either Engineer or Suffragette, provided he gives her three hours' notice.
5. The Suffragette to see to it that the Engineer's bed room slippers are never pushed so far under his bed as to necessitate his crawling under the bed to procure same.
6. The Engineer's bed to be made up by tucking the bottom sheet at the head and the top sheet at the foot of same bed. Very few servants can comprehend all this, and so the Suffragette's daily inspection will be necessary.
7. The furniture, books, etc., in the Engineer's bed room and study are not to be moved around to please the Suffragette's changing ideas of position.
8. The Engineer to be allowed to smoke whenever, wherever and whatever he pleases except cigarettes. He must never chew.

In general, the house to be kept in a tidy and neat condition at all times so that no barbaric spring and fall upheavals will be necessary.

Specifications—Physical.

1. The Suffragette may be either blonde, brunette or mixed, but she must not have red hair.
2. She shall weigh between 125 and 160 pounds and be between 5 feet 2 inches and 5 feet 8 inches.
3. She must not wear heels more than one inch high. She must never paint or pencil and not use white powder excessively.

In general—She must be fairly easy to look at.

Intellectual.

1. The Suffragette must be a graduate of a class B or class C college which has a good Carnegie rating. Graduates of the Class A colleges are generally broken in health.
2. The Suffragette must have a decided taste for good music in addition to being a good musician. She shall be able to play the more tuneful airs from II. Trouvatore. Rigoletto, Madame Butterfly, Faust, Lohengrin, Tannhauser and the Chocolate Soldier. She must be familiar with the works of Grieg, Chopin, Massanet, Nevin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Wagner.
3. She must have a taste for such writings as those of Stanton, Riley, Lamb, Moore, Milton, Dickens, Kipling and Robert W. Service. She must have a positive distaste for Robt. W. Chambers and all like breed.

In general—She is not to be a rank highbrow, but her tastes must be sound with a tendency to soar occasionally above the commonplaces of life.

Social.

1. The Suffragette must not be a bridge fiend and must not dance at all.
2. The Suffragette must be a member of and an active worker in some church which has a sound doctrine. She must not be inclined to religious dissipation, but her religion is to be a practical one which will work seven days per week. She must not monkey with foreign missions.

In general—She must be so absolutely good that her example will tend to make a really good man out of the Engineer. And she shall have to go some too considering his five years of studying the most cussable of all subjects taught at Georgia Tech.
Is the war confined to Europe?

Great guns from the Tech Artillery
A Final Word of Appreciation

ND to think, this little volume over which we have labored so constantly and earnestly is nearly finished—it has been great fun and no little work, but of course no one thinks of the latter. We have no apology to make, but offer the book as it is, which we pray will meet with your approval.

Before discarding the editorial robe and assuming the more commonplace garb of everyday life, it is our pleasure to accord a word of thanks to some of the men outside of the Board of Editors who have been of no little assistance in our work. I. F. Witherington has been of great assistance to the Editor-in-Chief, both for his timely suggestions and benefit of experience. To Phinehas V. Stephens, '05, we give thanks for the very complete article on the Greater Tech. E. M. Jackson deserves special thanks for his untiring efforts in the art department. For help on the managerial side we appreciate the work of R. M. Miller, S. H. McDaniel and others. K. A. Merrill has been the busy man with the camera.

In closing we would state that we only regret that space will not permit of our mentioning all who have assisted in making our task a pleasant one. There are indeed many and we owe our sincerest thanks to all.