All the News That Isn't Fit to Print

The Tech Terror and Tattler

SCANDAL EDITION

Vol.—Well, Very Little Volume
No.—No, We Know it Isn't

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Generally considered third-class matter.

Price: Some new scandal.
Motto: "Do others before they do you."

REVELATIONS

Of the Seven Seminary Girls

And there appeared a great wonder on North Avenue; seven girls sitting on a porch.

2. And they were clothed without finery, but had on calicos and their breath smelled of onions.

3. And there was neither paint nor powder on their flesh; their noses shone like a drunkard's.

4. Their lips were not inviting for the lack of paint had left them pale and parched.

5. And their hair was screwed in a knot which made them all the more frightful.

6. And these women whom I saw spoke sweet nothings from their mouths; they called all the Tech boys that passed cute names and offered them candy and kisses.

7. And I was afraid to pass that way, for fear that I would be caught in the sirenes' trap.

8. And as I hesitated, the great dragon spoke unto me, saying:

9. If you are a charmer of women and can compel them to worship at your feet, why fear these?

10. And I was ashamed, so I continued my journey. And I heard loud voices from these devils. They cried, He is mine!

11. And my heart sank within me for a second time.

12. And these six and one she-devils made love at me, and threw kisses at me; but I was tempted not. I was strong.

13. They looked so much like Satan that I cared not for their love.

14. And when I had passed to James Pharmacy, I turned to the Great Dragon and said:

15. What manner of women are these? Are they devils?

16. And the Great Dragon seemed astonished at my ignorance; but he answered, saying unto me:

17. Go, tell your friends that you have seen seven Atlanta girls as they really are. They are without paint and powder.

18. They are being initiated into the Bull Dog Club of Washington Seminary.

19. They shall dress like this no more. Neither will they offer you candy or kisses. And I was sorely vexed.

20. And I said unto him, Sir, Thou knowest. And he said unto me, these are they whom thou hast danced with and loved. Now thou seeest what thou loved.

21. And I said unto him, Who are these girls who have tempted me? And he answered:

22. Margaret Whitman, Corinne Johnson, Catherine Hook, Virginia Collier, Emily West, Martha Smith, Nora Stirling, and Miss Mulhern.

23. And I beheld. And lo! as my dream vanished, I marveled that I still cared for these. And my thoughts ran to my old friend Goldberg. It's all wrong, Aphrodite.

OUR MANAGER

A broken vow,
A lifeless form,
A flash of steel,
A blinding storm.
Strange shadows flit across the lake,
How much did Manager Scotty make?

Scandal: William Sims seen flirting with a 200-pound married woman in the nut of the Atlanta last Saturday afternoon.
Characteristic Poses of Georgia's Goat.
EXCHANGES

"I Like It"

It's wrong for men to watch me, still I like it.
They follow me against my will, I like it.
They say such pretty things to me, I know it's wrong as wrong can be, I should not listen, but you see I like it.
Sometimes to hold my hand they try, I like it.
I do not understand just why I like it.
They say I am pretty, too; I know I should not think that's true, But what's a little girl to do? I like it.

They call me 'little Quaker maid.' I like it.
They softly whisper 'art thou afraid?' I like it.
They whisper sweetly in my ear A lot of things I should not hear, I'm a naughty little girl—O, dear, I like it.

—Orange and Blue.

OH, THOSE DAUGHTERS!

Dad: "Did you tell that young man of yours that I'm going to switch off the lights at ten?"
Frances: "Yes, dad."
Dad: "Well, then!"
Frances: "He said to thank you, dad."

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"Yes, dad."
"Well, then!"
"He said to thank you, dad."

ADVICE TO INCOMING FRESHMEN

A school's most valuable asset is its freshmen. Even freshmen are not too modest to admit this. Therefore, we take great pleasure in extending a glad welcome and advice to these gentlemen, before our esteemed college paper, The Technique, reprint its stereotyped welcome next fall. Not that we think we can tell you anything new, most learned ones—we realize the firm courtesy with which we think we can tell you anything we do know some of the conditions, also.

Before leaving home send a telegram to the president, telling him when you will arrive. He will then be at the station to meet you in person. It is nothing but courtesy that you do this and you can't afford to neglect it. Offer the president a cigar for you will not lose anything in the transaction, since he will offer you one when you call at his private office. For conversation, he might tell him who you are and how good a boy you are.

The president will carry you to Cockie Wallace, who will assist you in every way possible.

After smoking one of Cockie's cigars, inquire of him casually as to who is the best all-round fellow on the campus. Of course we could tell you that ourselves, but modesty forbids—we will leave that to the superintendent of the dormitories. Having learned the fellow's name, write him a personal note, informing him of your arrival, and proposing to room with him, provided, of course, he neither chews nor smokes, nor goes to the Bijou.

Stick to your rule book as closely as your Sunday-school teacher told you to stick to your Bible, and your father to stick to your pocket-book. It is the schedule by which college affairs are regulated, and you can rely upon the absolute authenticity of all its statements. Don't have anything to do for the first few days with the Y. M. C. A. secretaries. These men are freshmen's worst enemies.

Don't go to chapel. It's a nuisance. The faculty may bully you about the good you get, but have a suitable vocabulary and tell them to step to and stay put. The foundry is all a fake. If they assign you there, don't go.

Ask Vernon Skiles for a list of Crip Courses. He will be glad to oblige you—everybody will, for that matter. Avoid crip courses carefully. It is undignified for a man who led his class in scholarship at the Frog River School to hop on a crip.

Follow this advice and you will make a successful student.

WHERE THE MATH. PROFS.

GO AFTER DEATH

It was a cold, bleak January night. Wearing with the stremium work of exams, which had occupied my attention for the past two weeks, and maddened by the failure on my past exams, in spite of all my boning, I cursed every living creature. The execution caused me to notice my numbness. The room was chilled. A few embers still glowed in the grate. I built up my fire and settled down in the Morris chair to get warm. The thawing of my chilled body soon made me yawn. I yawned again and again until my eyelids felt like lead.

Soon a new world waked me up. I found myself beside the gates of a walled city, the very air of which seemed to betoken a veritable hell.

The inscription over the gates halted me:

"Enter ye who, by the teaching of mathematics, have sent many a soul to hell."

Two knights in full armor, visor raised, guarded the entrance. Their shield bore a calculus for its coat-of-arms. I looked into the face of the guards. Something about their manner seemed very familiar to me. I studied a moment, then all at once my mind cleared.

"Bless my soul, if you two aren't old Tech students," I cried, delighted to meet a familiar face in the midst of my wandering. "What's all this loneliness you're guarding?"

"O, that," they cried, with equal joy at seeing me, "is where Tech Math. department stays."

"Let me in," I whispered. With the same old Tech spirit they stood by me, and let me pass.

"You see it is like this," the one on the right added. "The Devil could not pollute hell by admitting such men as these, so he built this place, which is worse than any hell. The angels of hell were too busy to keep guard, so Math. flunkouts were the only ones to be trusted to keep these onerous varmints in their cells."

I saw at a glance that the cell was well built; indeed a blackboard on every side. Anxious as I was to see the place, my curiosity bested me at the first corner, for in unmistakable plainness I read over the door of a handsome stone edifice these words—W. Vernon Skiles.

"Gee, but it's great to see a friend from your home town," I said. I hummed to myself as I peeped in. In spite of the fact the gate ward had informed me that Vernon was dangerous, I stepped in.

"Hello, Vernie," I said.
He smiled and said: "Differentiate Sin x."

"Nothing stirring," I replied.
The door opened. A tall, sacrilegious bearded guy entered.

"Floyd Field," I exclaimed, quite forgetting that I once had analyt. under this man, "why all this purgatory I see about me?"

"O, merely a reward for our earthly labors. You see we thought we were right in dealing so severely. Now we see our errors," With that he threw a fit and started running away.

"Who's that fellow coming running yonder?" I asked Vernie.

"That? That's Smith."

"My Newtons, my Newtons, six cosines for my Newtons," cried Smith, as he came hobbling home. He abruptly stopped and looked me
in the eye. "I'll give ten tangents for a Newton," Smith said.
"'Why, D. M., don't you know me?"
"'Well, I'll be—" he said.
"'How much is a tangent?" I asked.

Vernie explained. "We use trigonometric functions here for money."
Our mercenary seance was broken into by a whiney voice:
"'Well, friends, what's your trouble?"
I couldn't mistake my old friend. It was Chicken Stamy.
"Mine is: give me a cigarette," said Froggy Morton, joining the crowd. I haven't smoked but the

"Pray tell me," I queried, "what all that racket is I hear."
"'O, that," drawled Froggy, "is Alex's track team. He teaches in the morning and coaches track in the afternoon.
"'Still at his old tricks," I said.
"'What's that?" I asked, on hearing a low mumbling sound.
"'That's Hempke," they told me.
We passed on in silence from the room out into the scorched gardens. I saw a pitiful sight. Hanging upon a tree was the decayed carcass of a man unknown to me. I sickened at the sight. I almost fainted.
"'Why—er—" I could not say what I wanted to. The kind-hearted profs answered my unfinished questions.

"One night, a mob of flunks broke the gates and wrecked our city. That was our king. He was the omega of our profession. His teachings were pure and simple and easy for us to understand. But somehow this mob was angered at his teaching and the heathens mobbed our city and hung good Sir Isaac Newton. They say that if we ever move his body, ours shall pay for it."

"Who's king now?" I asked.
"'I am," said Floyd.
"'I am," said Staney.
"'Gentlemen," I said, "Society of Hell prevents my addressing you correctly. Stop the squabble. I am your guest."

"In silence the profs followed me to the gate. I was let out, and after seeing the gates were securely locked, I stepped upon a stump and began thus:

"You flat-face Vernon Skiles; you gray-bearded Floyd Field; you dirty scoundrels, every one of you. I have wished you in hell, and it's too good for you. You flunked me, cursed me, shipped me and ruined my studious life. I left high school, the valedictorian of my class. But you, to show your knowledge, flunked me. Ha, ha, ha—"

The gates broke ajar. The mad-dened profs pursued me. I began to fall, deeper and deeper.

I awoke with a start. I was scared. I felt my forehead. My fever had risen. I knew then it was all a dream, but then I wish the profs were there, anyway.

Mrs. McCarty: "Don't you stay in the room when your daughter has company any more?"
Mrs. Murphy: "No. I'm trying the home system."

Prof. Kirk (in English Class): "If your subject for a composition is too broad it is liable to be very incoherent and rambling, is it not, Jones?"

Freshman Jones (quickly): "Yes, sir; it is liable to be 'Rambling Wreck.'"

Freshman (seeing the flag being lowered on account of rain): "They ought not to surrender the flag to the elements."

Textile Senior: "If they didn't the colors, which didn't dye fast enough would run."
Collegians Show They Are Immune by Furnishing Their Musical Interpretation of Screen Offerings of the Movie Contestants’ Efforts

BY BRITT CRAIG

The Georgia Tech band is composed, to all appearances, of a lot of rank heretics in so far as the principles of “Theda-logy” are concerned. Last night, with saxophonic scorn, and cornet cynicism, they showed themselves immune to the wiles of vampires.

The scene was the Southeastern Land Show, the occasion the gathering of the contestants in the big movie contest of last Monday night and of their friends to see on the screen the reproduction of their efforts, which were photographed by the Carl Rountree Scenic Film cameras, and to learn the lucky winners of the race for filmic honors.

It was not intended that there should be an accompaniment to the pictures, but the members of the Tech band, who were furnishing the music for the land show, decided that music was needed, and proceeded to supply it.

Piccolo Proves Star

The piccolo was the star interpretor of the evening. When an ambitious young vampire from Demopolis, Ala., appeared upon the screen the incorrigible player stirred the great audience with gleeful pippings of a strain from the topical song:

“Whaddaya want to make those eyes at me for.
When they don’t mean what they say?”

It was triumphant expression of the piccoloist’s immunity from the wiles of vampires amateur and professional, and as an interpretative medium, the piccolo proved the hit of the show.

Of the twenty-two contestants in the movie affair a large majority undertook the role of vampire. Some portrayed vampire moods in dance; others lured their victims over the telephone, and some tore up love letters in a glaumy fury. It seemed that no contestant was a la mode without having a little bit of vampire in her.

The auditorium was darkened, the curtain rolled up and a spotlight revealed the group of contestants in person arranged upon the stage before the screen. The spotlight left them in merciful darkness, and their Monday night performance began to unfold upon the screen. Miss Olive Hobbs, a pretty blonde, appeared upon the screen in the role of a vampire scorned.

And Then the Piccolo

The audience, awed and hushed, was suddenly startled by shrill flutings from the bandstand—the piccolo offering the opening bars of “You made me what I am today, I hope you’re satisfied—”

Miss Maxine Dobbs, of Gainesville, appeared upon the screen and rendered her own original version of a vampire’s renunciation of a victim who has perhaps committed the crime of failing to send flowers, or something. She scorned him (whoever he was) and haughtily turned her shoulders when he begged forgiveness, thus registering heartlessness.

This time the cornet and bass drum took up the interpretation with tuneful excerpts from

“There’s a little bit of bad in ev’ry good little girl—
(bum, bum) they’re all the same.”

The ‘‘bum bum’s’’ were the bass drum’s contributions.

Appeared Miss Clementine Marvin, of Dawson, attired in a filmy something and silken bloomers, who won first prize with her ‘‘butterfly dance,’’ the dance being interpreted musically by the cornet and piccolo of Tech band in a lilting dash so often heard at a “Garden of Allah” performance.

This Shavian cynicism of mild and musical young Indians in the bandstand brought tears to the eyes of the amateur vampires, who were now seeing themselves as others saw them.

“Close-Up” Scene

Miss Eugenia Bamberger presented a ‘‘close-up’’ scene, in which she smiled captivatingly, then threw a handful of kisses into the camera, and the entire band responded with an outpouring of that once topical melody:

“I got you, Mrs. Steve,
I hope you understand—”

Rag arias, revered melodies, even a familiar old lullaby or so, patriotic anthems, tearful ballads were employed by the saxophone, piccolo, bass drum, cornet and trombone of the Tech rebels to interpret the varying moods of the vampires as shown upon the screen.

It was amusing enough for everybody but the grief-stricken contestants. Now they will have to watch their efforts again—this time in the Criterion, perhaps, where the pictures will be shown today and tomorrow to the accompaniment of such fitting music as that of Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, and—well, maybe, Chopin.—Atlanta Constitution.
NEWS ITEMS

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

Girls wear but little here below,  
And wear that little short.

Woolley  
Hammond  
Yap

Golding  
Ivens  
Raine  
Lewis  
Sams

Lamp  
Erwin  
Aubrey  
Von Phol  
Estes

Humphreys  
Owasi  
Maupin  
Ellis

SUCH IS LIFE!

O, happy man, who has an hour  
To call his own;  
When e’en this thought has lost its  
power,

"I have to bone."

When he can take his only chair,  
And raise his feet into the air,  
Rejoicing while he’s sitting there,  
That he’s alone.

O, happy man, who does but dare  
To take a smoke.  
Who looks at danger everywhere  
As just a joke;

Who sees the smoke above him rise,  
Form wonders there before his eyes,  
A sight no smoker can despise—  
Beloved smoke!

In smoke he sees his happy home  
So far away;  
He sees the fields he used to roam  
In childish play;

He sees the smoke now form a frame,  
A face appears without a name,  
But then, to him it’s all the same.  
O, pretty smoke!

Forgetting all, he leaps to seize  
That face so fair.  
His arms have closed with greatest  
ease

The picture quickly fades from sight,  
He smashes in his upward flight,  
The globe of his electric light—  
O, cursed smoke.

Twelve reasons for downfall of man:  
One woman and eleven bottles of beer.

THE FOOTLIGHT QUEEN

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are;  
‘Neath the powder and the paint.  
What is “is” and what is “ain’t”?

You look better from afar;  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
A LITTLE DISCOURSE ON THE ART OF CARESSING

People will kiss; yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract real bliss from the lips, any more than he knows how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy—at least the "rat" says so. His advice is first to know whom you kiss—don't make a mistake, although mistakes may be very good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, the ear, the forehead, the end of her nose, or any other similarly-miscellaneous place. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing frogs. Don't muss her hair, or squeeze her new ribbons, leaving her marred, rumpled, and kerfumixed. For heaven's sake, don't grab the young lady as if she was a struggling colt. Don't flavor your kisses with onion, tobacco, gin, cocktail, blue-ribbon, etc.; for a muddling kiss is worse than the whooping-cough to a delicate, loving, sensible woman.

The gentleman should be a little taller. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression instead of tobacco. Don't sit down to it; stand up. Don't be anxious to get in a crowd. Two persons are enough. More than two spoil the sport. Stand firm—it won't hurt any after you are used to it. Take the left hand of the young lady in your right hand. Let her hat go to—any place out of the way. Throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the right hand fall down upon the right side, towards the waist. Don't be in a hurry. Draw her face to the wall.

Her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder. What soldier ever wore a more precious shoulder strap? Don't rush matters. Her left hand is in your right hand. Let there be expression to that—not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp; full of electricity, thought, and respect. Please don't rush matters; her head lies carelessly to your bosom. Stand firm, and Providence will give you strength for the ordeal. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry.

Her lips almost open! Lean gently forward your head, not your body. Take good aim. The lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storm, trouble, and sorrow of life (don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before—the world shoots from under your feet like a meteor flash across the evening sky (don't be afraid)—the nerves dance before the just-created altar of love as zephyrs dance with the dew-decked flowers—the heart forgets its bitterness—and the art of kissing is learned.

No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming like a hook-impaled worm. Kissing doesn't hurt; and it doesn't require brass to make it legal.

Bob: "What's the best part of a letter from home?"
Frank: "The little slip between the sheets."

Fincher, a junior, after reading in "Eng. Book" that a man's mind waxed and waned, informed Dr. Wallace that he waxed insane.

AT THE GAME

Announcement: "Winn, of Auburn, breaks his leg in the second quarter."

Sweat Young Thing (from Peachtree Circle): "What part of his leg is the second quarter?"

Cupid Cutter (announcing the scores): Army 30, Not a dam (Notre Dame), 0.

A freshman went to the drug store to get an empty bottle. Finding one that answered his purpose, he asked, "How much?"

"Well," said the clerk, "if you want the empty bottle, it'll be one cent, but if you have something put in it, we won't charge for the bottle."

Freshman: "Fair enough; put a cork in it."

Preston Stevens (in Physics): "Dr. Elliot, a rectangle doesn't necessarily have to have right angles, does it?"

While the freshmen are plotting variables they might try plotting their grades.

Who said "Uncle Heine" looks like Chas. Evans Hughes?

Isn't Muck Werner an ideal character for an "Imaginary Invalid"?

Cutting freshman's hair is the freshman's idea of sheer nonsense. He who sees and runs away gets it clipped another day.—Ex.

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Mother: "Johnny, stop using such dreadful language."
Johnny: "Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it."
Mother: "Then, don't play with him any more. He's no fit companion for you."—Exchange.

How to Study

1. Turn the picture of your girl face to the wall.
2. Hang your coat over all "works of art."
3. Go to the movies first. You feel relaxed and can sleep much better then.
4. Practice concentration by thinking what you would do with a million.
5. Keep a calendar above your desk. One with the holidays in red letters.
6. Start out studying the easiest ones first. You won't quit as quick.
7. When writing up notes condense them as much as possible, so that the meaning is utterly intangible.
8. Never do at night what you can do in the day time.
9. Postpone Physics and E. E. experiments until Sunday afternoon. This will relieve much of the tediousness.
10. Keep in condition by smoking between rounds.
11. Be sure and turn out the light before going to bed.

---Penn. State Froth.

Misher Shmith: 'Don't your wife wish you when you get drunk?'
Misher Shmithshon: 'Not very—hic—often. She's an exceptionally good shot.'—Ex.

There are meters iambic, And meters trochaic, There are meters in musical tone; But the meter That's sweeter And neater— Completer, Is to meet'er In the moonlight alone.—Exchange.

SUGGESTIONS ON A LOST ART

Said a careless young lady named Anna, When she stepped on an empty ba-
nana: "Now, what do you see That you stare so at me?"
And the bystanders cried: "Ho-
sanna!"—Ex.

Niff: 'She wears too thin skirts, don't you think?'
Biff: 'No, only one.'—Chaparral.

Preacher: 'For shame, my lad! What have those poor little fish done to be imprisoned upon a day of rest?'
Lad: 'That—that's what they get for—for chasing worms on Sunday, sir.'—John Bull.
HOW TO BEHAVE AT THE MOVIES

On approaching the millionaire who presides behind the plate-glass window with the little holes in it, push out an iron man with two fingers; in return he will give you slips of yellow paper marked 10c. and sixty-five cents in change. As you have one of the fair sex with you, you will not count your change. The man behind the window knows this. Then you proceed through a swinging door into a hot, dark cavern. If you are a man of determination, you will seize the girl firmly by one wrist, and with the other hand stuck out at an angle of forty-five degrees to the south, grope your way down the aisle in search of a vacant seat. If the extended hand slaps a bald head with an audible smack, that seat is occupied. In this case, try again until you find one that is not taken. You push the lady in ahead of you, and sit down hard. In doing this you may possibly break the toes of the person sitting behind who had his feet sticking through the seat. After several signs advertising the latest models of Fords and corsets, the film flickers on the screen, and the fifty-third episode of the "Tortures of the Neck, hurls her into the car, and dashes off at a rate of several miles an hour.

When the picture is ended, restrain any desire to clap your hands or groan. If you are a man of determination, you will seize the girl firmly by the nape of the neck, hurls her into the car, and gently, but firmly, crowd out past a couple of fat ladies and a cripple. Take as much time as possible to do this, in order to obscure the view of the rest of the patrons as much as possible. In going out let fall a few remarks, such as "punk show" for the benefit of the ushers.

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."—Houston Post.

Those who cursed the day they were born must have been infant prodigies.

AN IRISH BULL

Dr. Coon: "Mr. Casey, are you Scotch-Irish, or just Irish?"
Mr. Casey: "I am Irish."
Dr. Coon: "Well, Mr. Casey, if you want to get rid of gravity you will have to take on a little Scotch."
A whisper in the back of the room: "I prefer rye."

STILL ANOTHER

Dr. Coon: "Mr. Harris, have you ever seen an iceberg?"
Mr. Harris: "Doctor, I have been in an ice-plant."

SAVINGS OF GREAT MEN

Uncle Si: "Flub-dub! Flub-dub!"
Prof. Edwards: "The square root of 49 is approximately 6.9."
Dr. Smith: "Work it by the law of the Means."
Prof. Halsey: "On the job."

"DUD" AND SHE

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said, and she smiled and blushed and dropped her head; "I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night; your sending the flowers proved you were right—Forgive me."
"Dud" forgave her. And as they walked and talked beneath the bowers, he wondered who in the devil sent those flowers.

A LASTING REMEMBRANCE

The fountain pen that she gave him Of presents he liked the best; And it ruined his fancy vest.

A certain young prof. on starting a mustache, sent his girl a picture of the cute little thing. In her reply he found the following poem:
"Twinkle, twinkle, little hair,
How I wonder where you 'air,
Up above that lip so brave,
Why in the devil don't you shave?"

AT THE DRAMATIC CLUB TRY-OUT

Miss Cobb to young aspirant at his first try-out: "Mr. Pollard, please register fear."
"Skinny," as if looking around for something: "Where is the registrar, Miss Cobb?"

ANOTHER

After listening for some time to a long line of "bull," otherwise known as hot air, from "Bullhead" Summers, Dr. Coon impatiently asked, "Mr. Slaton, what kind of stuff is that?"
Mr. Slaton (hesitatingly): "Do you mean what kind of material it is made of, doctor?"

Georgia: "So you danced with Murray at the party last night."
Rebie: "Yes. But how did you guess?"
Georgia: "I notice that you are limping today."

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR XMAS TREE

The mistletoe is lucky. As sure as you are born—The reason it is lucky It hasn't any corn.

Kenneth Merry offers to bet a dope that he has collected more Forsyth coupons than anyone else on the campus. The coupons are in pairs for every Monday afternoon.

"Oh, this is the song of the Burro!" Ask Chigger.

One very small girl always takes a 15-cent drink at Nunnally's—this is three times her size.
THE EIGHT O'CLOCK WHISTLE

Here's to you, old whistle, with a tone so shrill and clear,
Your voice is very disturbing, and one we hate to hear.
You care not for the danger that lies in wait for us,
But call us on to slaughter, with your everlasting fuss.
You are the downfall of the freshmen and a joy to none of us,
The All-Southern gloom spreader, you often make us cuss.
We hope that in the future, when we finish here at last,
We will never again be bothered with your mournful blast.

THE FRESHMAN

He comes from the country so fresh and so green,
So tall, so short, so fat and so lean,
With a look of what is it upon his brow,
And a picture in his pocket of the family cow.
He gasps for breath, at the sights of such things
As Caruso, the wop, who so violently sings,
And he runs around with a frightened look,
Due to things that he has seen in his book.
But at home after a year he certainly shines.
By saying bright things and reading bright lines,
And he lives in hopes of being a freshman no more,
And passing into the class of sophomore.

A TOAST

Here's to the girl with the brush and the paint,
Who puts enough on to make her faint;
Who in wet weather has need of no chains,
But heaven protect her when it rains.
Athens is so slow that Confederate money is still accepted there as currency.
Why did the lobster blush? He saw the salad dressing.
In days of old
When knights were bold
And sheet iron trousers worn,
They lived in peace,
For then one crease
Would last ten years or more.

ELECTRICITY AS SHE IS SPOKE

"Tobe": "What is the electrical unit of power?"
Bullhead: "The what, sir?"
"Tobe": "That's it, the watt.
Now what is platinum used for?"
Bullhead: "Why, sir?"
"Tobe": "That's right, wire. Very good, Mr. Summers."

A sign in an American barroom reads:
"Gentlemen shooting at the barkeeper will please try to avoid hitting the mirrors, which are the largest in the state and a credit to the town."—Tit-Bits.

An Athens negro was overheard to say:
"Dem white folks sho' has got de right name. Dey look more like de yellow jacket den de yellow jacket does himself."

Life's Mysteries No. 74683. How do damages accumulate against you at Georgia Tech?
Freshman Short (pointing at "Chigger"): "Who is that fellow over there?"
Sims: "Chigger Price."
Fresh Short: "Wasn't he one of those boys who tried out for the Koseme on the field last Saturday?"
Sims (bewildered): "Yeh. Why?"
Fresh Short: "I was just wondering whether he made it or not."

OVERHEARD AT THE A. T. O. DANCE

"Who is that cute little couple dancing over there?"
Business of turning around and asking where.
"Oh, over there? Frances Tuller and Sam DuBose."

IN ORDER TO BE UP-TO-DATE WE HAD TO HAVE SOMETHING HAWAIIAN, SO HERE YOU ARE

"O Honolulu, we've got to hand it to you"
OWNED TO MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

A sense of manhood's mighty joys;
A pair of dirty corduroys;
A senior cane; a senior ring;
A freshman girl swung on my wing;
A lordly walk; a lordly air;
A hatful of conceit to spare;
A timid underclassman's goat;
A right to buy and sell a vote;
A void to put some knowledge in;
A scraggly mustache—d—n thin.

SEEN AT THE MOVIES

Scene I: A villain, girl, dog and a river. Dog jumps in and drinks it up. Saves girl's life.
Scene 55: Villain sees girl is saved. Tries to kill dog. Dog jumps in and drinks it up. Saves girl's life.

RARE FRANKNESS

Tom: "When you proposed to her, I suppose she said, 'This is so sudden!'"
Dick: "No; she was honest and said: 'This suspense has been terrible.'"

It happened in English Class:
Prof. Kirk: 'Mr. King, will you read?'
King: "O Hell!" (See Paradise Lost, line 358.)
Electrical Engineer's Motto: Ohm! Sweet Ohm!

If Uncle Heinie's speeches are castor oil, what are Mr. Lowndes' afternoon addresses?

HEARD AT THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

Registrar: "Where do you live?"
Freshman: "With my brother."
Registrar: "And your brother?"
Fresh: "With me."
Registrar: "And you both live—"
Fresh: "Together."

Mary had a little lamb,
She fed it gasoline;
It got too near the fire one day—
Since then it's not benzine.—Ex.

St. Peter: "Have you ever kissed a girl?"
Shade: "No, sir."
St. Peter: "Has a girl ever kissed you?"
Shade: "No, sir."
St. Peter: "What are you doing here?"
Shade: "Well, I'm dead."
St. Peter: "Dead? You haven't even lived."—Michigan Gargoyle.

KIPLING WAS AN ENGINEER

My son, if a maiden deny thee,
And scufflingly bid thee give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the last—
Get out! She has been there before.

Prof. Perry, to a freshman in English: 'Have you a dictionary?'
Freshman: 'No, sir, but my uncle's brother's cousin has one.'
(Garrison says this actually happened.)

AN EPITAPH

Here lie the cold and mouldering bones,
Of Loony Arthur Mart.
He looked into the cannon's mouth
To see the bullet start.

Blue Wallace's latest note to his sweetheart for a Sunday's engagement. (Note—Blue's father is an English prof.):
"May I have the exquisite beatitude of escorting your corporeal system across the alluvial space which intervenes between your architectural domicile and the holy edifice erected for the worship of the divine Deity?"

Mr. Comer, the most unmarried man at Tech, for a chaperone! What next?

Cartersville Lady: 'Who is that happy looking fat man over there?'
Ike: "He's Empty!"

"Isn't it strange that the length of a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?"
Wallner: "Let's get a string and see."

He (as the team goes by): "Look! There goes Ruggles, the halfback. He'll soon be our best man."
She: "Oh, Jack! This is so sudden."

Discouraged Fresh (telling misfortunes to lady friend): "I wasn't cut out for an engineer. I think I'll go and fight with the Allies."
She: "Oh, I think that'll be so cute!"

A junior's idea of Hades: Six lab reports to write up and all overdue.

"Yassah! Brudder Tump sho' flogged me, and flogged me plenty! He knocked me down and drug me around and beat and manled me till my tongue hung out."
"What yer gwine do 'bout it, suh?"
"Do? What kin I do? De gen'leman done disavow de hull incident!"
"May I come nearer to you?"
"No, honestly, I won't."
"What's the use, then?"

Athens cop to bunch of Tech Freshmen: "You fellows will have to move on. If everybody stood in the same place, how would the others get past?"
Can you figure it out?

Gadberry: "The chorus in 'Dancing Around' was fine."
Leitch: "What did they pull off?"
Gadberry: "Nearly everything."

People who have never been tempted are just as good as cold storage eggs.

**THE CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT**

Half a Trig, half a Trig,
Half a Trig onward,
All in the valley of Math
Strode the "green" hundred.
"Forward the Bright Trig-ade!
Charge for the boards!" he said.
Into the valley of Math
Strode the "green" hundred.

"Forward the Bright 'Trig-ade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
E'en tho' the "Freshie" knew
That he had blunder'd.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to "bust and lie.
Into the valley of Math
Strode the "green" hundred.

"'Profs.' to right of them,
'Profs.' to left of them,
'Profs.' in front of them
Holler'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with (s)hot and (s)hell,
Boldly they strode and well,
Into the jaws of Math.
Into the mouth of HELL
Strode the 'green' hundred.

**AUBURN GAME**

For diversion the Tech. boys started a crap game. Auburn made a natural (7).

Speaking of naturals, how's Tally's position?
"TURNED UP"

Attempt to Blow Up the Power Plant Frustrated.

Yes, sir! An eight-inch bomb was found under the smokestack of the new power plant last week, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th, to be exact, and so our power plant and possibly ourselves were saved from destruction.

For several days preceding the watchman and students had seen and run away several suspicious prowlers from around the plant and so the school authorities thought it high time for them to be doing something to protect this building from any attempt of the Germans to blow it up. This magnificent plant could be turned into a large shell manufacturing plant in a short time; and so the Germans would naturally wish to blow it up if they could.

Therefore, the Electrical Department was instructed to send some men over to put some electric lights around the outside of the building in order to make it more easily watched at night and also to search the building for any hidden explosive or other implement of destruction that might have been put there. And so Younger, Jansen, and Andrews were delegated to do the job.

These young men went down to the plant and installed the lights and then commenced the search. Joe was a bit shakey at the knees, but didn't say so; Jansen had too big a lump in his throat to say that he was scared; and Younger wasn't any too keen for the hunt himself. But they keyed themselves up and went about their perilous search like true-hearted Tech men. It must be said that Joe Andrews felt like the hero of "Treasure Island." But laying all joking aside, these men went diligently about this search, looking into every part of the building, even down in and under the coal bins (so they say) and found nothing—except a small cast-iron weight that looked like a cannon ball.

But having somewhat of the love of being heroes in them and not wishing to let this opportunity to pull a good "practical joke" on Professor H. P. Wood, head of the Electrical Department, and prize "practical joker" of the faculty, slip by, they made a desperate plan. They took this same innocent weight that they had found, filled and daubed it with mud, and attached to it a fuse made of insulating tape (a thing quite harmless) and so made a very dangerous looking bomb. This they promptly set out with to the Electrical Building and to the office of Prof. Wood.

"H. P.", "Molly" and "Ben" were all there awaiting the outcome of the search. In walked the gallant three, Younger with bomb in hand—faculty members take one look and step back. Younger walked up to Prof. Wood and held out the bomb to hand to him. The professor went to take said instrument, but his nerves were not equal to the stress of the occasion and so when he went to take the bomb his nervous hands let it slip and drop on the floor. Did they run? Well, they did a bit shakey at the knees, but didn't realize what the thing was. Younger, 'Molly,' and 'Ben' ran in spite of himself; 'Ben' was later found hid in one of the rotary converters in the Lab.; and no one knows where "H. P." went to.

But the thing didn't go off and so finally the faculty three returned to inspect the infernal thing and see by what manner the thing had failed to explode—for they didn't think the Germans would make a thing that wouldn't work. After a careful examination the truth of the thing dawned on them and then the laughing commenced. It is not expected that Younger, Jansen, or Andrews will graduate this year.

But Prof. Wood could not allow this opportunity of pulling a good joke on the school go by, so he caromed the thing over to the main office and left it on one of the desks to await further investigation. But it was then late in the afternoon and so none of the office force were bothered by it till the next morning. The six who had been concerned in the affair were the only ones who knew about it and so decided not to say anything about it until after it was found the next morning.

But things do get out somehow—and they got out over in Swann Dormitory about ten o'clock that night. One of the Freshmen became so worried about it, not feeling so sure that it wouldn't go off after all, that he went to see his guardian inspector, Mr. Funkhouser, about it and see if some precautions couldn't be taken. Funkhouser thereupon got worried, too, and went up on the third floor to see from Younger if all this was true. Younger informed the worried inspector that indeed all of the report was true, but that there was no longer any danger of the thing going off. Thereupon Funkhouser thanked him for saving his life and went back down stairs to tell the boys that there was no danger. But nevertheless there were a large number who spent a sleepless night. Bob Smith was especially uneasy and said that he expected Swann to go up any minute.

But we will let you imagine the rest of the joke. The whole school was taken in by it and it was two or three days before all were made to realize that it was really a joke.

But laying all joking aside, the possibility of the power plant being blown up is not at all a far-fetched idea for, in addition to it being an ideal place to manufacture war munitions, it has suspended from its two hundred and eighty foot smoke stack the best wireless aerial in the South-east, a thing that will be of enormous aid to the nation.

But the plant is being well watched night and day now, and we trust that no such catastrophe will result.

SAYINGS OF TECH BELLES

Can You Place These?

"My dear, never better—bye, bye."
"Oh! Baby!"
"Isn't that trick—y!"
"I'll swear it's hot!"
"Been to the Forsyth?"
"Let's get some punch."
"I've had the most wonderful time of my life."
"That's fine."
"Isn't that music grand!"
"Have you met my visitors?"
"I went to town to-day in my electric, and my cat's got six kittens."
"Hello! I'm so glad to see you."

Who gave that pair of dice for the All-Southern Christmas tree?
WE'LL FEEL AT HOME IN THE TRENCHES.
FIRST DAY'S EXPERIENCE
OF A SENIOR ROOKIE
(Sherman Was Right)

The Senior rookie was awakened from his peaceful nap by the shrill blast of reveille. He was startled for a moment, but thinking he was at home in his trundle bed, and remembering that he didn't have an eight o'clock class, he rolled over again to resume his much neglected sleep.

But oh! How different was this particular morning, for he had hardly dozed again when he was aroused by a kick from one of the all-powerful officers. He immediately jumped into his clothes, tainting all the while by rookies of a month ago. After eating a breakfast of whistle-berries, "spuds," hard tack, and "lasses," he was handed a rifle of very large dimensions of warfare by a gruff person, commands, and he succeeded very well first, and here his troubles began.

Asbury said, "Oof" Howard entered school his greatest ambition was to be like Brother Colquitt. "Oof" followed pretty close in Colquitt's tracks both as a Freshman and Sophomore. Last year's annual told "Oof" what he must do from now on. But "Oof" says he can't follow his brother when he gets out. So look out, little girl, that vampire is only fooling you.

He: "Darling, do you love me just a wee little bit?"
She: "Oh, George!"
He: "Come on, just a teeny-weeny bit!"
She: "Well, ye—a."
He: "And if you married me would your father give us a home all our own?"
She: "Certainly, George."
He: "And your mother would never visit us except when invited?"
She: "Of course not, George."
He: "And neither would your brothers and sisters?"
She: "Certainly not, George."
He: "And the old man would settle all the debts?"
She: "You know he would, George."
He: "Sweetheart, will you be mine?"
She: "No, George."

DRESSING ROOM GOSSIP
Inside Doings of the Musical and Dramatic Artists of Tech

To read about the Tech boys one would think that they had left off overalls and donned dress-suits altogether. There is that cute little Chigger Price, who is now as much in the limelight as one of the filibusters. He is as much talked of as the president. And Chigger hasn't done a thing. He is not that kind of a boy. He innocently plays a uke in the mandolin club, and that started everything. The girls just went crazy. One girl has gone "nuts" over the boy. She calls every day at the Y and asks for Mr. Price. It happens that Chigger is never there when Zerfoss or Comer say leave your number, she says, "'It's not convenient.'"

Henry Ford says that a Ford will take you anywhere but in society. Morgan McNeel says it will take you anywhere in society for his carries him to East Lake every fifteen minutes. Morgan is a bear-cat with the ladies. But Tommie Adkins seems to think that he can beat McNeel's time. He is not going to do it with a Ford, either.

Some of the fellows who can't dance are learning to shake the light fantastic toe for commencement. There are a lot of good catches around Tech that the girls haven't seen just because they can't dance. Cloud said that he realized this and so he takes his regular dancing lesson. And he is learning fast, so his teacher says.

Here's a good one on the Marionette's coach. It seems that Miss Cobb and Miss DuPree, who takes the part of Toinette in the "Imaginary Sick Man," went into a drug store for Miss Cobb to get a cup of hot chocolate and some wafers. They spent more than an hour over this one cup of chocolate, gossiping as women will. Finally they arose to go and Miss Cobb unconsciously started out without the check. Now Miss DuPree knew that she was financially embarrassed, so she said: "There's the cashier over there." Miss Cobb gave the cashier the check and reached for her money. One penny was all she had. Miss DuPree offered her last nickel but what was a nickel in that predicament? "What are we going to do?" they asked themselves. Necessity will always work a way. Miss DuPree went out and found a friend from whom she could borrow a dime while Miss Cobb stayed as a security.

The E. E.'s are going to brush down the walls of Crystal Palace and pull a big dance. Dr. Elliott will be there. The doctor has been staying so close in the physics lab that the girls haven't had a chance. Like I tell you, there are good ones around here.

Things we can't imagine

Gooch talking too loud in class.
Joe Estes wearing a Freshman cap.
"Dizzy" Giddens in dirty clothes.
"Mack" Barnes acting like a Freshman.
"Shorty" Plough leaving the mess hall without a toothpick.
Prof. Kirk giving an easy exam.
Dormitory Freshman going to the Forsyth Wednesday night.

An Auburn man said the reason for their losing was that their players got kerosene in their mouths and it made them sick. Yes, we know there was kerosene on the field, but how did they get it in their mouths.
FROM A FRESHMAN

"Dear Mr. Trio: Please don't wash the buttons off my shirt or put shortening in my shirt sleeves."

The itinerant wop with the dancing Bruin is only trying to make a bear living.

The committee on bathing and beaches might also be called the wash board.

She: "Oh, you know I think Mr. Lovell is simply adorable! He can put so many villainous expressions on his face."

Freshman Dawson: "Did your watch stop when it hit the floor?"
Freshman Howdin: "Sure; did you think it went on through?"

Mr. Hicks: "My! What a terrible day for the race."
Fresh: "What race are you talking about?"
Mr. Hicks: "Why, the human race."
And Mr. Hicks is English, too. You might think he was Irish—or—but don't let him know it.

Dr. Coon: "Mr. Palen, which side of the moon do we see?"
Bill: "The side with the man on it."

Prof. Perry: "What three words are used most among college students?"
Weary Freshman: "I don't know."
Prof. Perry: "Correct."

Freshman: "What does 'Ex' mean after a joke?"
Senior: "It means 'Exchange,' of course."
Freshman: "Oh, does it? I thought it meant 'extinct.'"

"Pray, let me kiss your hand," said he, with looks of burning love. "I can remove my veil, said she, 'much easier than my glove.'"—Ex."

Prof. Lowndes: "State a condition where the shadow cast by an object is smaller than the object?"
Tommie Roberts: "A mosquito's hip on an electric light bulb."
He: "I'll take you to the theater if you don't mind sitting in the balcony."
She: "Sir, I'll have you know I'm used to something higher than that."
—Reserve Weekly.

WANT ADS

WANTED—One afternoon off; anyone having an extra one apply to the Junior Architects.

WANTED—To get in on any kind of graft; highest prices paid for same. Apply to Thomas Tonrad.

WANTED—Ninety wrist-watches to go with the seniors' canes.

WANTED—A chance to sit on the senior bench. A Freshman.

WANTED—Two season tickets on the first row at the Atlanta by Louis Samms and Russ Bobitt.

WANTED—To know why Bob Glover has taken such a fancy to a "Poole."

WANTED—To know how Chiger Price got in the Glee Club.

WANTED—To trade a seat in the mess-hall for a ham sandwich.

THE LOCO PLAYHOUSE

1. We need the money more than you do. Our program consists of such popular films as "Mary, the Washwoman," Little Sally Pickwick in "Seven Days in Scoville," and Marguerite Bushman in "The Stewed-Stude."

2. Our new Gold Fibre Screen is absolutely guaranteed to produce any variety of eye trouble necessitating absence from class.

3. Our pictures are interpreted in the attractive manner by dancing. There are one hundred girls with ten costumes.

4. Hotel address and autograph picture of any of the ballet given free at the box office.

Pud: "Some seoundrel stole the horn off my automobile last week. Now that was a good horn, too. Why couldn't he have taken the auto and left me the horn?"

Prof. Kirk: "What sort of a character has a man who is described as resembling an owl?"
S. S. Hunt: "A man who hangs around all night."

'Yes, Jones is a prominent member of our fraternity.'
"What's his official capacity?"
"Oh, several gallons."—Siren.