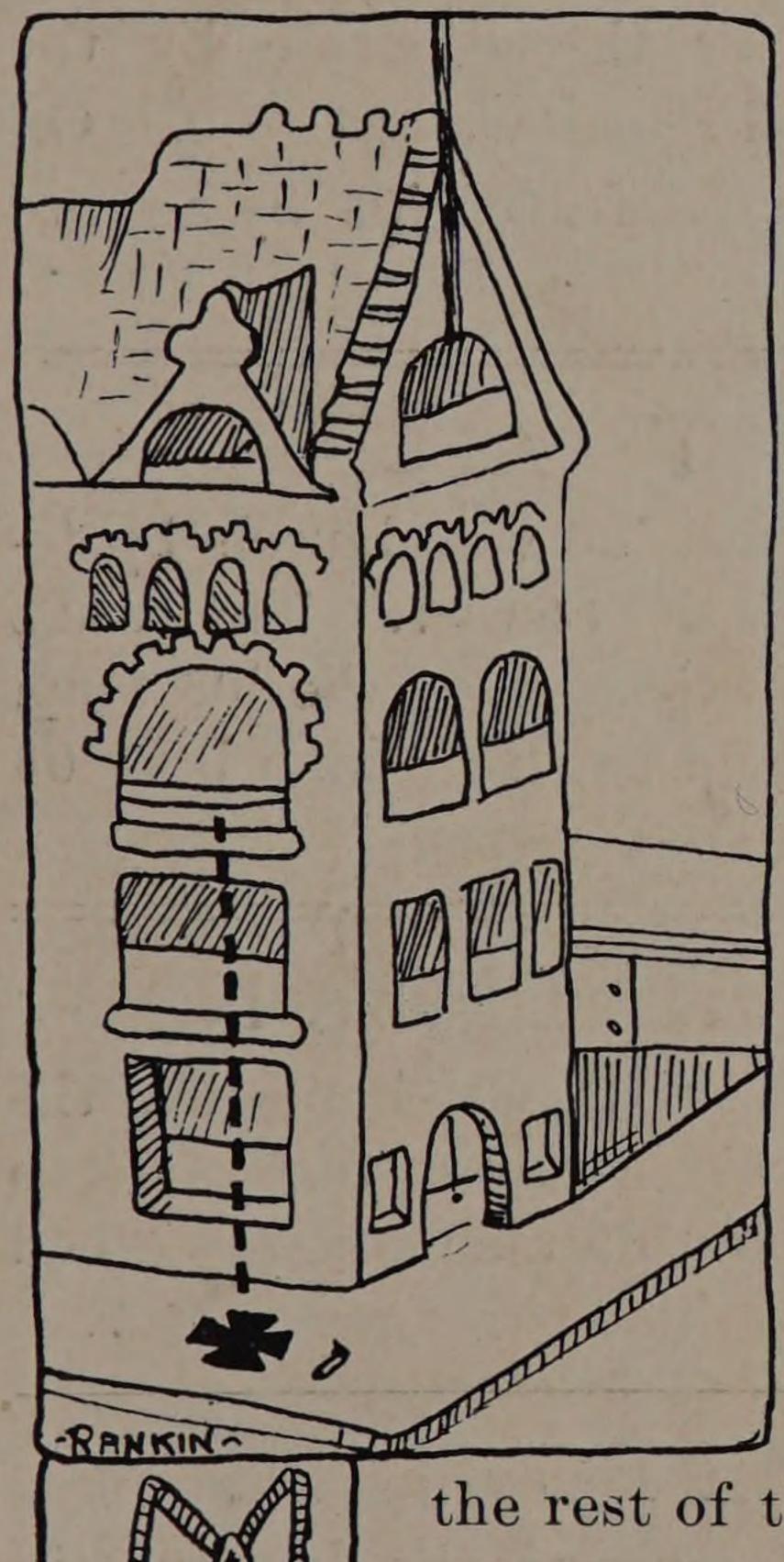
I GENT CHICAGO ARMOURICAN EXTRA

VOL. MDCCCCVI. NO. 23.

CHICAGO, JUNE, 1906.

PRICE ONE CENT



A frightful out= rage at A. I. T. was narrowly averted this afternoon in a manner little short of the miraculous.

Some miscreant hurled an iron missile from the third floor of the main building at a group of students who were innocently at play on their campus. The students, little suspecting danger, would have been crushed to a certain death had the ruffian hurled

the rest of the boiler plant.

In the excitement which followed, the perpetrator of the dastardly deed escaped. He had not, up to a late

hour this afternoon, been found, though the police are expecting his early apprehension, as they hold several valuable clues on the case. These clues consist of a safety pin and a pair of suspenders which the villain left behind him in his flight. The initials "C.O. J." on the suspenders lead the police to believe that the ruffian's name was Jackson, though in this they may be wrong.

At last a new era has come into the history of A. I. T. There a mighty class of stalwarts has arisen under the numerals of "1906." Their doings have electrified the world, aye they have gone farther—they have revolutionized science—of warfare.

On that chill September morning when the standards of 1905 were advanced against them, the hearts of the "Rixey, Ray, Rah" boys thrilled with eagerness of battle. On came the 1905 tyrants, drawn up in goodly array, the dummy in their midst. With a stifling cry they met, and there, backward and forward for an hour that seemed an age, that dark, seething mass of struggling humanity fought bitterly for supremacy.

Then when victory was still in the balance, 1906 relaxed a moment, and gathered itself for one supreme trial. A moment later a solid mass struck the 1905 men to their defeat, and on over their fallen opponent 1906 marched to victory. Long will the day of that gallant charge live, for that was the beginning of '06's triumphant career.

Continued on Page 16.