



## The Worst Ever

'Tis said that a certain professor, who holds the largest title at Armour Tech, certainly holds the palm when it comes to being absent-minded. Waking up one cold morning rather later than usual, our worthy professor hurriedly donned his raiment, glanced quickly through his morning Tribune, nibbled idly at his Grape-Nuts, forgot to kiss his wife good-bye, and ran to catch the African Central Express. After having ran for a block or two, to his consternation he



found that he had forgotten that treasure of treasures, his green Tyrol hat.

By the time he had returned and obtained his headpiece the clock had advanced to nearly eight-fifteen, and realizing that he had not a moment to spare, the general manager of athletics buttoned up his overcoat and hurried on. Soon he became deeply involved in epicyclic trains of mechanism, and so engrossed in his thoughts was he that he failed to note that he was walking in the gutter instead of the sidewalk. He continued thus until stopped by the rear portion of a hack, which was drawn up before a store. Looking up he encountered the black surface, and thinking that it was a blackboard, took a piece of chalk from his pocket and commenced to write. Soon he had the space filled with epicycloidal gears, instant centers, and velocity diagrams, when suddenly the hack started to move. The professor continued to write, and kept pace with the vehicle until he had to break into a run. Then, for the first time, he realized his position. Looking around sheepishly, he continued to wend his way toward Armour Institute.