

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK

1911

Casual Comment

Going to give Her a copy of the Year Book?

So are we.

No, Fleurette, American Music Hall, which you hear mentioned so often, is not the College of Music of Armour Institute. If it were, it would not be so well attended as it is. However, we will not deny that a course in "The American" is quite as desirable as one in Chapin Club Billiards under Dean Oehne or Professor Kelly in giving an Armour man a well-rounded training. Oh, we think a great deal of our American Music Hall.

We may be ignorant, but we confess that some of the Architeeks' terms are beyond us,—how DO you pronounce Atelier and Massier, and what in the name of the King's English does the latter mean? We are frantic to be informed (and play it twice).

What did it hurt you most to give up money for? Dobbie says, being docked \$8 apiece for two Beckmann thermometers which he had the misfortune to break. Someone else cannot forget the fifteen cents he was mulcted for a syllabus on business law. From another quarter we hear a voice call, "Taxi-fare (\$10.98) for a girl who was perfectly willing to ride home on a car after a dance." And what a shower of names of text-books! Don't crowd, gentlemen, one at a time.

It was after a series of balls and other social functions that H. S. Johnson appeared in Chem Lab one morning looking just a little sleepy. Chief McCormack saw him and said, "Johnson, if you would see a little more of the daytime and a little less of night you would not look like the last whisker of a mis-spent youth."

This spring Bornstein acquired the golf habit. He started out with the intention of making the course under bogey the very first attempt, but imagine his surprise when the best that he could do was to drive the ball some fifteen yards!