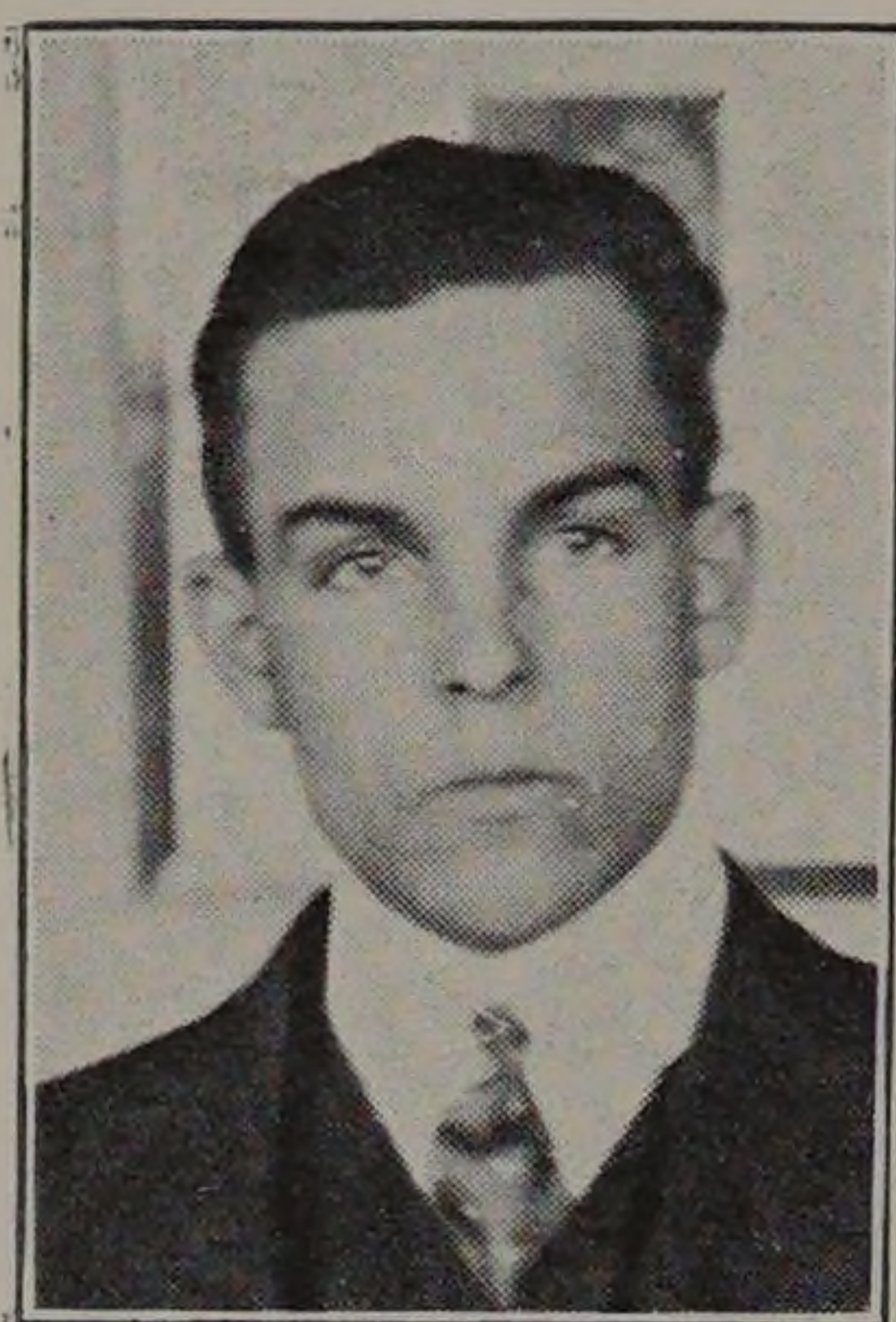


EXAMINHIM MAGAZINE SECTION



By BEETRIS EAREWAX

IN THIS COLUM I SHALL
ANSER THE CRY SENT TO
ME BY LOVING HARTS
AND ENDEVER TO MEND
BROKEN AND CRACT
JOINTS.

Dear Bee:—

I am a young and beautiful girl of eighteen and believe that one of a number of young engineers is in love with me. He continually refers to A. I. T. What does he mean and how may I know if he really loves me? Yours, Dollie Dilpikle.

ANS.—(1) A. I. T. stands for an interesting time and nothing else. Anybody who has any connection with A. I. T. is supposed to have too much brains to have any heart, so be careful. (2) In the words of Shakespeare:—"Love is measured by the expense account of the lover." If he's a tightwad and didn't take you to the Freshman dance, drop him cold.

Dear Miss Earewax:—

I am engaged to the Armour Institute elevator boy. Though his life is sad, do you think we will be happy?

Yours, Lulu Krum.

ANS.—By no means marry him. You are a girl of too happy a disposition to marry a man who has so many ups and downs in life.

Roland writes:—I dearly love a beautiful girl, but she claims that I talk too much. OH! what shall I do?

ANS.—Very simple, too simple even to ask a child. Become a student at the Institute and spend your time in the Library. Our expert, Mrs. Beveridge, will do the rest.

LOST—ONE INDOOR BASEBALL game on Tuesday, March 4, 1913. Reward for any information. The Junior Class.

PANTS POCKET ESSAYS

By Poetta Pants.

THE FRESHMAN CHEMICAL COURSE

The Freshman Chemical Course at the Armour Institute of Technicalities was installed in A. D. the Mayflower for the benefit of the clothing stores and the chemical glassware people.

The object of the course, according to the Institute catalog is to familiarize the student with analytical chemistry of the qualitative and quantitative variety. The real object, however, is to slowly kill off most of the prospective members of the Chemical Course. Thus those that stick it out have a better chance of getting a job after they have performed their last explosion.

Rumors have it, that on account of the thorough experience received, his Satanic majesty employs none but Armour graduates in his fume factory.

The profs., having interests in the clothing business, base their marks on the number of suits, trousers, vests, etc., that are consumed per semester.

To join the class it is necessary to procure a slip of cardboard, called a breakage card, which closely resembles a meal ticket. The only difference is that it costs \$10 and is not worth a ham sandwich when presented at Armour Square. There is a mythical story that once upon a time a fellow got some money refunded at the end of the term. This myth has all other mythical myths backed off the boards.

The object of the laboratory course is to see how fast you can make the glassware companies declare 7% dividends and how fast you can transform a simple piece of cardboard into a neat sieve.

FOUND—ONE DEAD FISH SMELL ON the 4th floor, main building. If not removed at once, there is likely to be flowers and soft music for one member of the Rothwell family. Signed:—The Profs and students who are forced to use the 4th floor.