

A COLLEGE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

A musty smell
And thin grey smoke
With a biting odor that makes one choke.
Along the wall
In gleaming array
Reagent bottles their colors display.

An electric furnace—how red it glows!
And a greedy hood that sucks and blows.
There are jars and bottles standing on tables—
What funny symbols are on their labels!

The glassware sparkles
With colors bright,
And the dancing flames shed a weird blue light.
The slim burettes
Look down on all.
How erect they are—so graceful and tall.

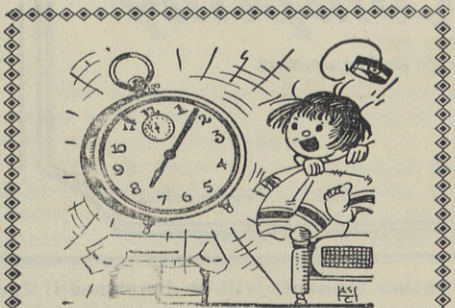
The students are busy at various things—
They weigh and evaporate,
Filter and titrate,
Dissolve and precipitate,
Ponder and meditate,
Puzzle and calculate
In the thin grey smoke
With the biting odor that makes one choke.

Some of them see beyond the walls,
Out in the world where industry calls—
Calls to men with an education,
Men of vision and imagination.

The future seems
In golden dreams
Full of achievement and content.
Be patient, O youth!
Fulfillment and truth
Come only with age.

—Edward Capers.

Judge—"Who brought you here?"
"Hog Law" Woods—"Two policemen."
Judge—"Drunk, I suppose."
"Hog Law"—"Yes shir, both of them."



HANDY ANDY SAYS:

It's an awful thing to get up in the morning if you have to, but it is a pleasant sound to hear the alarm bell call if you know that it is ringing at the right time and that you have gotten every bit of sleep to be had. Best way is to get the best clock that not only keeps the best time but is so well made that the alarm actually goes off at the time you set it and not fifteen or twenty minutes before or after. You can get an alarm clock that rings to the minute at

PARKER-ASTIN
HARDWARE CO.

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION IN 1940

The Dean pounded his huge catcher's mit preparatory to receiving a hot one from the Professor of Applied Ins and Outs. But, before the ball could be shot across the plate the Registrar came hurrying across the diamond. He was motioning frantically.

"Calorated canine!" scolded the Dean, angry at the interruption.

"Dean," apologized the Registrar, "I know it aint strictly according to Hoyle for me to butt in like this but there's a guy wants to be admitted to this college and he seems kind of phony to me."

"Did you put him thru the regular entrance examinations?"

"Uh, huh."

"How did he do in his plain and fancy sprinting?"

"He flunked in both."

"In batting high one and low ones?"

"Couldn't hit a barn with a pebble."

"In throwing for the basket and in punting the pigskin?"

"Dean, it made my heart bleed to see how that guy's education has been neglected."

"How about the water tests? The breast and overhand strokes? Spring-board diving? Under-water floating?"

"The poor fish couldn't get a passing mark in any of them."

"Perhaps his specialty is apparatus work. Did you try him on the buck, horse and parallel bars?"

"Willing but dumb."

"Nothing worth while. He said sumpin' about honors in latin, math, ancient history and english in his hi school."

"Please tell the applicant that this college is a modern institution. The subjects he mentions are taught to healthy young men in backward rural hi schools. He'll have to pass in the major requirements before we can consider him."

"I'm hep, Dean. We don't want boobs like him crowdin' out the fellers who can really benefit by four years in the college."

As the Registrar sprinted away the Dean continued his experiments with the aid of his colleague, the brilliant Professor whose course in Pitching III was the talk of the campus.—Contributed by a Fish.—The Kangaroo.

JUNIOR BAT OFFICERS FOR CURRENT SESSION HAVE BEEN SELECTED

At a meeting held Tuesday, January 20, 1925, for the "Junior Battalion" staff were elected, and it was decided that the first of the class editions of the "Battalion" would be issued in March. It is an annual custom to have each class—Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman—edit an issue of the "Battalion." It is a contest with each class striving to put forth the best edition.

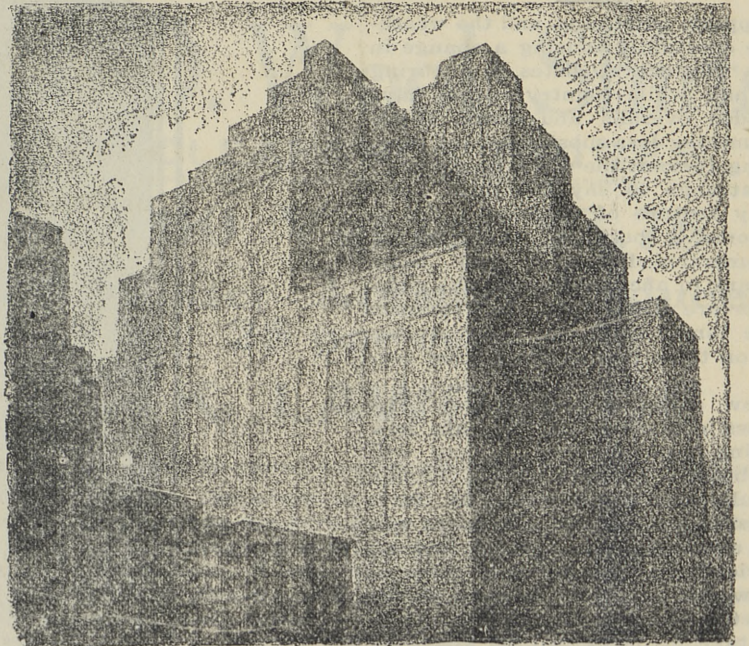
Jack Williams, who was himself manager of the "Sophomore Battalion." for the class of 1926, was elected editor of the "Junior Battalion" for this year. R. M. Priesmeyer was elected business manager. Each man has already selected his staff of assistants, and work on the forthcoming "Junior Battalion" has started.

Prof.—I expect you to know your assignment tomorrow, Norwood.

Chuck—Yes sir.

Prof.—You understand?

Chuck.—I understand what you expect, sir.



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The Garment Center Buildings
New York City

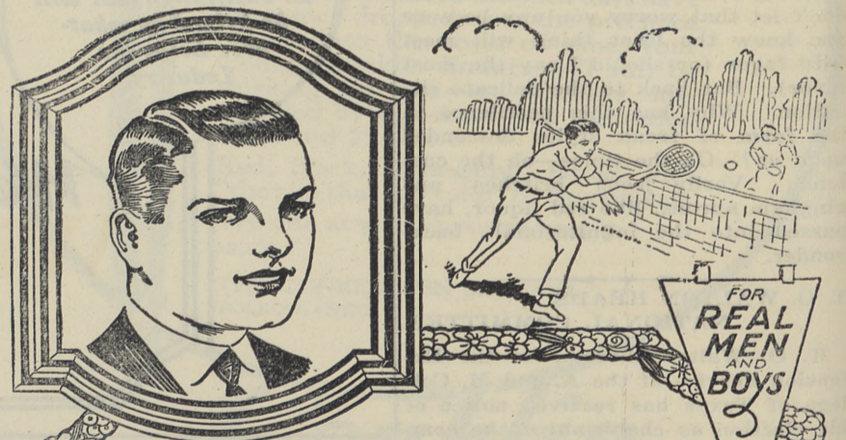
WALTER M. MASON, Architect
Drawn by Hugh Ferriss

"Towering Masses"

HERE the new architecture expresses itself in great vigorous masses which climb upward into the sky with a pyramidal profile—gigantic, irregular, arresting. An earlier, conventional building on the near corner is overshadowed, engulfed in towering masses of the newer building which are prophetic of an architecture of the future which is vividly stimulating to the imagination.

Certainly modern invention—modern engineering skill and organization, will prove more than equal to the demands of the architecture of the future.

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