The "powers that be" at Tech are trying to change the name "workshops" to the more elegant Latin one, "laboratories." This is a queer and un-Rooseveltic dodge, if The Lounger may be permitted to coin a word and use a bit of slang in the same sentence. A fellow used to walk through the mud of the alley into the shops, then jump into his overalls, and start to work like a man. Now he must promenade through the avenue into the "laboratories," clothe himself in protective raiment, and practise the mechanic arts. The proper dress for such an occasion is a black frock of either thibet or worsted, patent or enamel shoes, white or black bow tie, opera hat, and a John Drew hair-part. It is not considered in good taste to wear a turn-down collar. On leaving the "laboratories" cards should be left with the janitor, one for each member of the instructing staff. Cards sent by mail, however, will not take the place of a call. But whether it is possible to change the name thus depends upon the students who use the shops and the name the most. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. The people who will be quickly willing to assume the new name in place of the good old Anglo-Saxon one, without a good reason, are perhaps those who, as George Ade said, "take a bath in a bathtub."

Every year at Tech certain things turn up at certain times. The very first things that turn up are the Freshmen, and some of these are turned down before long. For various reasons these embryo engineers selected Tech as the iron Will post on which to hitch their tether-rope. Take a Has Johnnie at some time in the past put Turn up an electric bell? Then Johnnie must be an electrical engineer, even though the bell refused to work. Did Tommy like to see wheels go round? Then Tech must be his Alma Martyr.

"I have come to the city with my son, who is about to enter the law school," said a doting father. "The first thing to find is a boarding-place. Do you know any place you can recommend?"

"Well, no; not near the law school. But I know a good place near Tech."

"Indeed," says the father. "Then I'll have him study engineering." And so the destiny of a nation is turned, and before Willie turns in many nights he is turned out. He returns to his father to plant turnips.

If you are inclined to feel big because you are going to Tech, wait awhile.

If you go into Mac's and take a lungful of air, ask for a discount.

Freshmen If you are subject to fits, and want to Talk to ward one off, buy a second-hand drill suit.

If you see a Co-ed, cheer up; if you don't see one, stay where you are.

If you want to keep all the thumb-tacks you buy, don't buy any.

Be sure it's a vocation and not a vacation you want when you come to Tech.

Be sure to get a big Tech pin.

A Swarm Be with the crowd — you may pass.

Behold! Even Solomon in all his glory of Bees was not arrayed like one of these!

for Co-eds. Be manly.

Be sure to close the door — from the other side.

Be willing to face the music when coming to Tech.

Poor music!

Ratsy on Professors.

BY OLEOMARGARET W. GLEASON.

It makes me sick ter see dem guys Down ter the Institute.

Ter see de way dey puts on airs, Upon me woid, it's fruit!

I'm talkin' now of dem big blokes Wot does de teachin' dere;

It's Doctor dis, Perfessor dat, (I'm givin' yer this square.)

Dey shouldn't call 'em doctors W'en dey couldn't cure a cat, Or stop yer nose fr'm bleedin', Or anyting like dat.

An' some dey calls Perfessors, (Honest, Chimmie, dis is straight,) An' de sons of guns can't hypnotize, Black boots, or tell yer fate.

I'd like to show dem up, p'chee, An' I could do it beaut; I'd like to show dem up, p'chee, An' I could do it beaut;

I'd ask dem can dey eat a sword, Or jump a parachute!

"Wot t'ell ye givin' us," I'd say, "Wen a pack of guys like ye Can't do dese tings an' call yerselves Perfessors!" Hully Chee!