THE TECH

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1910.

The Union is one of our finest and handsomest buildings, and each one of us should be proud of his part in keeping it neat. As it is, some people seem to consider it the one place at the Institute where they are entitled to relax entirely and disregard all thought of responsibility. Consequently they leave newspapers around wherever they happen to fall, and the Union is beginning to become an eyesore. The Union is like a living room and should be kept as neat and home-like as possible.

This lack of responsibility is nowhere more apparent than in the marking up of certain of the walls. Some men apparently deem it an act of class patriotism to inscribe their initials in pencils or ink in the most inconspicuous places they can think of. Furthermore, the inscriptions are not limited to indecent reading matter, but are often obviously objectionable. At an Institute of serious purpose like this, where all men are supposed to be past the high school age, where a large percentage of men are college graduates, it would seem that such a sense of decency would have been developed to make each a child's display of would-be wit impossible. Let us take some pride in the Union, and above all, keep it neat, and, in every sense, clean.

W. R. Glidden

THE HORNETS NEST

"What are you doing, Dick?" asked Cad as he walked into the latter's room, last evening, to borrow some paper.

"I'm only writing home about that speech of Professor Dean's at our class dinner," responded the Junior.

"Yes," put in the Billiken, "his reverence for his parents has forced him to honestly confess that it was love—but not books—that has caused his father to inquire whether or not his son was endowing a library."

"Well, I must reply that at least my father's son didn't have to make a girl's ring in order to buy tickets for Tech night at the Colonnial," retorted Dick.

"This conversation is getting too warm for little Willie," remarked the Sophomore. "Say, I want to ask a question."

"Your usual stunt," retorted Dick. "Let's hear it."

"What I want to know is in which had you rather be, a Tech janitor, or a Tech student?"

"That's easy," replied the Billiken. "I've watched those janitors ride up in the elevator to Remembering A too many times when I had to climb about fifty flights of steps. Why, my dear boy, if it wasn't for these very janitors and our friends, the Frots, there wouldn't be any Institute of Technology. That's why they use the elevator. We students don't amount to one of Professor Shoren's yawns compared with them."

"What's all this talk about?" asked the Freshman, who had been drawn into the room by the noise. "Whv, are you folks going to the Convocation tomorrow?"

"You can bet your sweet life we are. Capul," responded Dick. "Why, I was wondering when I was going to get a chance to yell at Blockie and Warm for little Willie," remarked the Sophomore. "I saw the notice. I'll be there with bells."

"Same here," said Cad and the Billiken. "Guess I'll go, too, then," added the Freshman.

"Yes, get with your class and yell 'Fourth!' to beat the band," replied the Sophomore. "Why, when I was a Freshman."

"Beat it, fellows. Let me choke him privately," replied Dick, and the underclassmen went to their rooms.

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