

**UNI NOTICES**

**Union Business Meeting**

There will be an important business meeting of all Union members Monday evening at 5 o'clock. The girls will meet in Union hall and the boys will meet in Mechanical Arts hall, room 105.

**Aftermath of S. A. T. C.**

"Well," said the Phil, twining his leg around a stool in Pete's Chile Con Carne Emporium, "Speaking of the S. A. T. C.—"

The five Chile Con Carnivors at the counter cried "Ouch!" as if the red pepper had bitten them while they were lookin the other way, and the Tech added peevishly: "Chuck it! Don't drag up a corpse. Besides, I wasn't speaking of the S. A. T. C. I was calling the attention of Pete's Bolta Pieca Pie frat to the dynamite concealed in the innocent jacket of a hot tamale."

"Allow me to establish a connection," persisted the Phil politely. "Your hot tamale with the vitriolic innards is only a manifestation in edible form of Crowhard, the cocky second lieutenant whom they set on our necks in the old drill days. A neutral enough specimen to look at, but oh! the pepper and paprika he was crammed with. They say when Tommy Jillson fell out of the barracks window and sprained his wrist, Crowhard wanted him court-martialed for failing to wait for the command: 'Fall out!'"

"Here's the sequel," broke in the Tech. "After we were mustered out, Tommy met Crowhard with his O. D.'s off and gave him such a gleeful and friendly slap on the back that the lieut's serge coat demobilized two buttons and split wide open from the aurora borealis to the vicinity of the south pole."

"Would you," queried the Phil waggishly, "call that a rift in the lieut?"

"Seriously," said the Tech, "Tommy's whack symbolized our corporate state of mind. It was a 'God bless you and don't come again' caress for the whole S. A. T. C. system. Even the profs can forgive Tommy. Prof. Wrangle told me today that the fellows in khaki used to shamble into his geometry class, worn out from morning drill, and snore through the whole session. Said it sounded like the dying gurgle in a bathtub when you pull up the plug. Wrangle was quite fascinated. The only way he could arouse them was by whistling reveille. And then—"

"Enough!" cried the Phil. "The S. A. T. C. has gone, to come no more. You cant mix trenches with trig, or corporals with chemistry without making a mess of it."

"Mess," sighed the Tech, gazing into his empty chile bowl. "That was the one word of gold in the whole S. A. T. C. gun-mental vocabulary."—Exchange.

**HAND GRENADES**

She was a suffragette. She believed in votes for women. Yea verily, she believed in them! She also believed in equal rights, equal wages, and all that sort of stuff. She marched in all of the political parades, and carried banners bearing slogans to that effect. She admired the women who picketed the White House, eulogized the women who went on hunger strikes, and nothing less than defied one Emmeline Pankhurst! What's more she talked it on all possible occasions.

Yes, she surely was keen on this equality stuff, and yet she is simply consumed with rage when she gets on a trolley, and no man rises to give her a seat. That all of the men thereon have worked hard all day, and are heavily laden with bundles, whereas she has spent the afternoon at the matinee, does not alter the situation in the least. Strange, isn't it?

And then she gets in her car, and drives madly through the country for the purpose of distributing suffrage literature to bring light to those benighted. And if a tire goes bing! does she fix it? No, she does not! She powders her nose, assumes a distressedly charming expression, and walks pathetically about the car until some man appears and offers his assistance. Funny, isn't it?

"Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

If a man knows what he knows he must know it, but the question is, does he?

# Styleplus Headquarters

Where Society Brand Clothes are Sold

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## Dress Up This Spring

### The Boys Are Coming Home



Society Brand Clothes

War time is over. Clothing sacrifices are no longer necessary. The reaction of victorious peace is conducive to the Dress Up spirit.

This store has always been relied upon by the best dressed men in this city to take care of their needs in smart wearing apparel. We can truthfully say that we have done our utmost to supply a stock of spring top coats, suits, furnishings and hats that will increase this reputation.

The Clothes we are offering this spring display an unusually fine selection of models and fabrics tailored in their usual painstaking way with additional features which we should like to show you.

**Society Brand Top Coats**  
 16.50, 18.50, 20.00  
 25.00 and Up

**Style-Plus Suits \$20, \$22.50**  
 25.00, 30.00, 35.00, 40.00  
 and Up

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## Other Things That You Are Positively In Need of For EASTER!

Spring hats in new grays, browns, greens and mixed shades are ready for your approval, \$3.50 and up. Also stiff hats for those who desire them, \$4.00 up; and caps for the young fellow, \$1.00 up.

New silk and madras shirts in pleasing colors and stripe effects. Harmonious and contrasting neckwear, Sox, etc., to complete your Spring wardrobe. We give the same careful attention to our excellent furnishing goods department as we do to our clothing. You will be pleased with every item offered.

The St. John

Illustrated here, one of the many new Waist Seam Models shown in both Suits and O'Coats.

# MAYER BROS. CO.

**GATES HALF-SOLE TIRES**

REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFF. COST HALF AS MUCH GATES TIRE SERVICE STATION, 1630 O ST.

The way of the sinner worries the saint more than the results of his sinfulness.

Socialism has made some progress; it is about to abandon dynamite as an abstract argument.

Japan is on tip-toes at the conference. People who usually look for something find trouble.

The Greenville Piedmont says John Barleycorn has lost his place in the sun but he has his moonshine still.

The Germans are said to be planning a flight across the Atlantic. We wonder where they intend to land.

A man that will look longingly after every quarter that his wife spends hasn't got a wife that is a suffragette.

Japan is reported not in love with the allies. Who ever thought that she was?

People are apt to look out for themselves. You must learn to do the same.

The war department has developed its plan to retain many of the training camps and cantonments. We believe this is a wise step, as we may need them again.