

Cadet (reading a newspaper)—Maine took a census of her hens and found that it had 1,577,252.

Cadet Russek—What is a hen? Ain't it so!

Boeltcher (when in Austin)—I've seen street cars before, but I never saw one pushed along with a fishing pole.

Cousins says: 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.

They say they are going to use Babe for a switch engine.

Cadet Corp'l Nance has recently resigned from college on account of his eyes. His loss is lamented by the corps.

Smith A. has contracted sore eyes from looking in the parlor window at the lady musicians.

Oh! hasn't Mr. Clark such beautiful brown eyes(?).

Wonder why Thomas E. wanted to trade drums with that lady?

Bittle—Did it get on my S'g't stripes?

They say Adj't. Barnes is a sport; but the lower classmen fixed him the night of the entertainment.

Looks like Bittle would look at the sun once more.

We lady musicians would have had a very dull time had not Riley come to the rescue.

WANTED:—A looking glass and hair attendant. Consult Wren.

Ask Raphael if that letter was postmarked Austin.

Monroe parts his hair in the middle. Watch out, boys.

WANTED:—A car-load of cradles for Co's B. and C.

Saunders, the Indian cigar sign.