

LOCALS

Call at the "Nat" and get a "polar" bath.

It takes a "Swift" boy to eat eleven biscuits for supper.

Weller says the commandant inspected with a buck-eye lantern.

Scott says he made a mash on a girl in Bryan. Wonder if he wore his frock.

Professor: Mr. Reardon, what organs are most affected by the light? Reardon: Hand organs.

Robert Reardon said the girls in Bryan are like Professor Burgoon's steel—they break off easy.

Harry Kirkpatrick would like to know if Garbade don't get tired walking sentinel all night.

Since the election, why is it that some boys get two pieces of cush for dessert and others don't get any?

"Water combines" seem to be the order of the day. Ross Hall boasts of one, with a goodly number of stockholders.

Scott (talking to young lady in Bryan): Why, yes, I have read Shakespeare and several other modern orators.

Life in the Backwoods—Mother: Mary Ann, take your bare foot off that hot coal. Mary Ann: Which foot is it under, Ma?

Professor Ness: I have seven men in this section and six in the other. Mr. Harrington, you go in the other section and make it even.

Professor of Chemistry: Mr. Schultze, what kind of a tombstone do you intend to have on your grave (wishing him to say granite. Schultze: A pine board.

Keep constantly in mind the fact that Neff represents the best laundry in Texas—"The Model," of Houston. Have your bundles ready and Neff will call for them.

Professor (to new student): How did you get here? New Student: I came by freight; I stutter so much that the folks were afraid that I could not express myself.

Messrs. Parks and Waldrop have a very superior grade of U. S. regulation campaign hats. They are equal to any "Stetson," and are only \$3.00. Call at once, as only a few are left.

Mr. Wyse (entering a jewelry store): I would like to see a clock, please. Clerk: Here is one that will run eight days without winding. Mr. Wyse: How long would it run if you were to wind it?

Several days ago, while the corps was eating dinner, a carver of one of the tables was called upon to send in the chili plate to be refilled several times, whereupon the wit of the table said: "That waiter will begin to think we are 'hot stuff' after awhile."

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MYSTERY OF THE BIRD.

It was a few minutes past the noon hour as our crowd, numbering ten, hurriedly wended its way toward the section room. The day was dark and gloomy, for Old Sol had failed to put in his appearance.

As we neared our destination silence came over the crowd, and softly tiptoeing, that we might not disturb our professor, we filed into the room.

Great was the surprise when on enter-