

LOCALS



Price, the pugilist.

Mulray, the veteran.

Kinsloe, the ladies man.

Does McKay like cakes?

Fish, more fish, mostly fish!

Nurse McCall has lost his job.

Crookneck Bowyer, the cowboy.

Walden-Parks & Waldrop's flunk.

Yocoum-Exterminator of navy plug.

Did Simpson come back? Well, I guess.

Where did Beaton's cap land the other day.

Wanted—A bird in chemistry, second class.

Hope (looking at glass):—"Gee! Ain't I a peach."

Puckett, at C. E. practice:—"This sure is a poor country, I can't get two points in a straight line."

Tilson Telephone operator at central for First class.

Johnson D. has changed his name to little Willie.

McKay skins everybody at coming to right shoulder.

Ask Flint McGregor why he doesn't hear from his girl now.

Ask Beckham if he can keep up with buggies from Bryan.

Ask Walker what was the matter with him at football practice.

Roy Mathews says he likes the braided coats better than the plain ones.

Gooch (referring to the adjutant):—
"Who is that fellow who does the cake
walk at Retreat?"

Houchins W., the poet-laureate of Austin Hall, is making rapid strides to fame in the rythmical world.

Sergeant Jay Vocoum is now in charge of "Batright" and will be glad to have his many friends call.