

THE HUMOROUS NUMBER OF LIFE

Out Next Tuesday. Don't Fail to Get One

REMEMBER: The Texas League opened up yesterday. Don't forget and fail to subscribe for that Houston Post from now until the end of school.

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COLLEGE NEWS DEALERS

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BUGLE CALLS.

Reveille.

A stillness as of death the air pervades,
Well nigh unnatural is this hush of dawn,
When quickly dart the sunbeams from the rising orb,
And all the world awakens to another morn.
As if to hail the sunbeams there rings clear
Upon the morning air the bugle's silver blast,
Quickly the cry is taken up, now far, now near,
Each bugler eager not to be the last
To rouse the sluggard from his pleasant couch,
And tell them all another day is born—
Another day with all its cares,
Its inspirations and its duties to perform.

Retreat.

Our work and play are done,
And as the sun goes down,
"Retreat" sounds shrilly to our ears.
And now to jolly supper
When the 'lectric lights are lit,
And each one to his sorrow hears his "rams" read out.
Before we are called to quarters,
When our lessons are begun,
Just right after supper's when we have our little fun:
We visit with our fellows,
And recount the day's events,
And learn the fun that's happened to each one—
Who the "Bull" teased in "Bull ticks,"
And the jokes "Doc" cracked in "Vet,"
Was there only time to listen
We'd be there laughing yet—

There goes "Call-to-Quarters,"
And we scuttle to our rooms,
To study up our lessons or the morrow.

Taps.

After all our studyin's done,
And all the weary sentinels
From their posts have come,
We crawl into our beds,
And lay down our weary heads,
Thankful for another day's race run.
Then they slowly blow the call,
The saddest of them all,
"Sweet dreams" "Taps" calls to every one.

—Metcalf.

"It's a wild night at sea," said the rummy,
As he dodged the autos and cars,
"And it makes me feel queer in my tummy
When the schooners are crossing the bars."

During the heavy rain which fell just before dinner call on the second day of the hike Count Runge, as usual, equal to all emergencies, appeared attired in a blue bathing suit. "Hey! fellows, come on to dinner; don't mind the rain." The Count shows good form, to say the least.

Preacher: "I am sorry to keep you so long, but I am talking for the benefit of posterity."

Cadet (suffering from insomnia): "If you keep on much longer they will be here to hear you."

Dan Russell and his Matinee Girls at the Colonial Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Popular prices; night, 25c, 35c and 50c; matinee, 25c.

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