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FROM C. I. A. TO COLLEGE AND RETURN.

"My Dear Boy: Knowing your inordinate fondness for music I take great pleasure in sending you this band—string band. (A small lavender band was enclosed). If you would know more of the sender, look under the stamp."

Reply.

"My Dear Girl: 'When I Met You Last Night' 'At the Old Maid's Ball,' I said 'Oh! What a Beautiful Dream' —'You Are the Cutest Little Devil I Ever Saw;' 'It Was There I Knew' 'I Didn't Want to Do It; didn't want to do it,' and 'The Green Grass Grew All Around.' 'You You made me what I am today and I hope you are satisfied.' 'All I Ask of You Is Love,' and 'When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin,' I'll cease my yearning 'All Night Long.'

"My home town is a small village, but, nevertheless, I kicked three slats out of my cradle when I first heard of that 'Stamp Act.' You kick it, I have on my tango pumps.

"I can hardly conceive of a place much smaller than my home town, but I have heard that they still pull off such stunts as that at Hicks' Corner, which is not many miles from College Station.

"I didn't know, however, that any of those people ever strayed so far from home."

For once at least, perhaps, we should be glad of the absence of the feminine element here at College Station—"thirty miles from Navasota, five miles from Bryan," etc.—for it is stated upon good authority that the new fad, "rainbow wigs," is hard on the eyes. It is hoped that the fad itself will be "on the blink" before it reaches this part of the country.

DO IT ELECTRICALLY.

If you want to go a-larking
And you want to fly high,
First vitalize your current,
Alternating—rock and rye.

If you fear that your resistance
Cannot stand the load at peak,
Drink a kilowatt of "juice"
Every minute for a week.

Then look well to insulations,
And get ready for the shock
If you chance to slip a trolley
In the middle of the block.

The good world is just a meter,
The familiar type "PREPAY;"
Take a good supply of quarters,
They will speed you on your way.

If your power station weakens,
And your batteries get dry,
Just connect another feeder—
You'll be hummin' bye and bye.

When you try to make a circuit,
Do a sixty-cycle play;
If you blow a fuse in trying,
It's exciting anyway.

Don't get rattled at the pressure,
Go ahead and loop the loop,
And your pals will resurrect you,
Though it may be with a scoop.

—O. P. F. in "Electrical Trade."

Don't worry,
Don't fuss,
Hurry, but
Don't cuss.

Be cheerful,
Don't fret,
Be ambitious,
Don't bet.

Marry young,
Praise your wife,
Keep your temper,
And enjoy life.

"PURPLE THREADS AMONG THE PINK."

Suggested by the rainbow wigs:
Darling, I am on the blink,
Purple threads among the pink
Shine upon my scarlet bean,
Orange and ultramarine.
—New York Tribune.

Prof. Bell: Mr. McIver, what do you think are the chief factors tending to keep the "Dutch Belted" cattle from becoming popular in this country?

Mr. McIver: Well, I think the chief one is that they can't speak the English language.

"There was a tango maiden,
And she had a tango smile,
She wore a tango bonnet,
And she danced a tango mile,
She met a tango teacher,
And became his tango wife,
And ever since they've lived, I hear,
A tangled tango life."

You can always find "money" in the dictionary. Yes, but what good does that do a poor cadet?

The man who tells you, "I have et".
Is sure to call it "cabaret,"
But he who says, "I have lunched today"
Will always call it "cabaret."

The thousand times that you were right
Won't gain you any song;
But they'll remember day and night
The one time you were wrong.

Just a little taffy when a fellow here
beats a lot of epitaffy after he has
pulled his freight.

OVERHEARD BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Capt. Elo: "Overstreet, put this squad in Goodwin Hall. When you sight the enemy send word to the major; also give the number you see."
Overstreet (with surprise): "Why, Elo, are they numbered?"

First Chicken Stealer (hearing disturbance in hen house): "There's Red Gillespie ahead of us."

Second Ditto: "Naw, that ain't him. I been with Red before, and whenever Red Gillespie snatches a chicken it never squawks but once."

"Bugs" Trueheart, proudly surveying the result of his efforts to arrange his tent—"Say, isn't this keen?"
"Red" Buchanan—"Sure! Let's send a 'fish' back for some pennants."

Dr. Bull, in Botany: "Mr. Wooten, do you ever take a tody?"

Wooten, just waking up: "Well, not so early in the morning, thank you, Doctor."

Fish: Say, Fireball, what kind of a drill do we have this evening?

Fireball: I don't know exactly. They go out to the drill field like they forgot the flags, and then send a company out after it.

"Give me some insect powder,"
Said the man, with sore remorse;
"I fear I'll have to use it,
For I have a buggy horse."

Snookums Roberts: Professor Bell, which one of those cows do you think has the most motherly appearance?