

THE BATTALION

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BIG DANCES START TONIGHT.

Everything is set for the big dance tonight which opens the festivity season at this institution. Three days of enjoyment and entertainment are on the program. Many of the foremost young ladies of the State will be here representing every county, town, village, township and institution of learning and it is to be hoped that they enjoy themselves just one-half as much as the people here enjoy having them. These dances culminate a week which has been characterized by Texas Independence Day and the Farmers-Bankers Convention.

The Mess Hall is to be the center of all of these dances and the Cadet Corps and civilian students will be fed in the Mess Hall Annex beginning Thursday night at supper until Sunday morning breakfast. We welcome every visitor wholeheartedly to our midst and will attempt to show all of our knowledge of hospitality. Don't forget the dances start at 9:00 p. m. promptly intermission at 12 p. m. and finish at 3 a. m. Be there soul and shoes and fire that wickedest foot.

It has always been one of the ideals of The Battalion to keep up the good reputation of the school. This reputation can be spoiled by one, due to the fact that the narrow minded spirited public judges the community from actions of the individual. Indeed it is a wrong attitude, and so it is of the utmost importance that YOU not be that individual who is going to ruin the good reputation of a mass. The dances come this week. They are two of the prettiest and most pleasant affairs in the entire South. Everyone is invited, and not few are the girls who have the privilege to attend. Your sister might come and see. Shall she carry home with her a misleading idea of the student body? Well it's up to us, we have to choose. There are certain anti-aesthetic dances which must be excluded from being performed by a couple on a floor chaperoned by some of the finest, most charming ladies. It is the duty of one and everyone to call the attention to one of the dancing parties of the fact that he is breaking the rules of the hour. If it continues, make him get out. Now, fellows, it is up to us. Let us keep up the good spirited reputation which we have not soiled so far, be happy and on with the dance.

EXCHANGES

Georgetown, Texas, April 17.—
 With a weakened pitching staff, the Longhorns fell victims to the slugfest of the Southwestern Pirates here today by a score of 13 to 8. Despite desperate efforts on the part of the Texas hurlers, they were unable to hold the batters of the opposing squad, and a total of sixteen hits were procured from the three pitchers, Barry, English, and McNamara. The offerings of the Longhorn heavers turned out to be excellent bait for runs and hits.—The Texan.

Daughter—"Yes, mother; Albert did kiss me last night. But I sure sat on him for it."—Chapparral.

Wanted—One Kiss.

Another prom has come and gone;
 Another chance slipped by;
 Another moonlit night has passed;
 And left alone am I.

Alone, among so many men,
 The single one of all
 Who has not won a woman's kiss.
 'Tis bitterer than gall!

Of course, 'tis true that love is false
 And passing is the bliss;
 That every girl is insincere.
 But, OH! for just one kiss!

Yes, rather even blighted hopes
 And life of cynic's sneer
 Than never to have kissed a girl
 And heard her lying "dear."

I would not care if she were false
 When I was in her spell;
 If I could only get my kiss—
 They all could go to Hell!
 —Tiger.

"Shall I brain the young fool?" the first hazer said.
 And quickly the victim's courage, it fled.
 "You can't be a Freshman," the other said,
 "You'd better just hit him real hard on the head."—Yale Record.

Honored System.

Finals, finals, everywhere
 With drops and drops of ink,
 And never a Prof. who'll leave the room
 And allow a man to think!
 —Cornell Widow.

Instructor—"Please give me your definition of an optimist."
 Student (rather decidedly)— "A fellow that puts on the wrong cuff and then expects to get by on a calculus exam."—Panther.

Willy—"Rather a risque dress that girl is wearin."
 Nilly—"Well, she never could keep anything to herself."
 —Cornell Widow.

First Frosh—"Which end of a street car are you supposed to get off?"

Second Frosh—"It really makes no difference, both ends stop."

A farmer to the Chem lab, strayed,
 (Oh, sad it is to tell)
 Mixed glycerine with NO2
 Which blew the J2J.—Siren.

Mary had a litte skirt,
 And it was very tight.

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Who gives a damn
 For Mary's lamb,
 With Mary's calves in sight.
 —Widow.

'21—"Well, old man, what did you make on that exam?"

'22—"Oh, I think about minus 273 degrees."

'21—"Hannibal, how could you make such a mark?"

'22—"Well, that's the absolute zero, isn't it?"—Lehigh Burr.

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