

Ignorance is the curse of man,  
Knowledge the gold wherewith we  
brick our Profs.

RUMORS.

I hate rumors.  
They disturb my peace of mind.

A rumor is a very queer bird. It hasn't any wings, but it can surely step around. About the only thing that travels faster than one rumor is two rumors. Bad news and the Bryan Interurban are supposed to be pretty swift girls, but old Gus Rumor can spot 'em eight balls and play 'em fifteen or no count.

The reason why truth can't hop around as fast as rumor is that rumor always beats the gun. While truth is mooching around looking for a good place to flatten-it-out, old Theopolis Rumor takes unto himself a wild hair and lights out. He clatters over the terrain in a manner similar to that of Tiny Keen in the hundred yard dash—touches only the master lines and the high spots. They are lighter than air and thus the law of diffusion of gases carries Mr. Rumor, Mrs.. Rumor, and all the little rumors into the nooks and cranies of the world. When truth comes along with a staple line of samples he discovers that he has been left holding the sack.

A rumor doesn't hang around much in one spot. Even as the frost would like to do, it matriculates and graduates in less than six seconds into a full-fledged, supposedly truthful fact, and its place is filled by another frost rumor. One of the latest buzzes on the Campus is that all "D" exams will be given after the 25th of May.

I hate rumors,  
They disturb my piece of mind.  
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THE BAT'S LOCAL PERSONAL COLUMN.  
—As It Ought To Be.—

Miss Sallie Prime, the simpering, infantile beauty with the golden hair and a brain like a last year's pecan nut, poured tea at the Campus Club yesterday. Her stupid inanities were received with the usual social camouflage.

C. W. Thomas, editor of our leading newspaper, president of a Sunday school class and member of the "Y" cabinet lost twenty-five dollars at a secret game of poker last Saturday. We are sorry the young hypocrite got off so easy.

Senator Hot Air is at College, and this is fair warning that he will make one of his fearful spread-eagle speeches at Chapel Sunday. He made us suffer once. Never again! I'll take my rams.

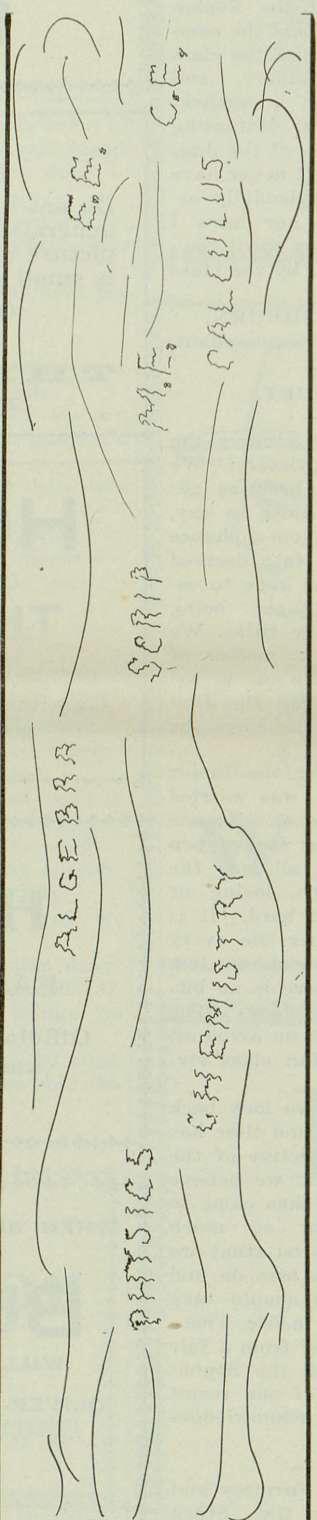
M. B. Gardner, who has been studying art under easel-Champion, Giest, has an exhibition of his water-colors in the lobby of the Main Building. Snooks, you may be a nice young thing, but your pictures are rotten. Have a heart.

President Bizzell in introducing the noted educator, Dr. Giddings, last Sunday at Chapel thanked the students deeply for their presence. Prexy, we like you, but, man don't rub it in.

Mr. Opportunity, representative of the X. Y. Z. Construction Co., made a short talk to the Senior Engineers last evening in regard to accepting employment with his firm. He offered to sign up as many as three men at an initial salary of \$50.00 per month.

We certainly saw a pair of good-looking Leggs at the R. V. The left Legg is still here. The other left Sunday.

COMPULSORY CHAPEL



I hang more men than all the laws;  
I am the dangling gerund clause.

THAT ROTTEN PLANK IN THE BAT'S  
"MACK" PLATFORM.

We are strictly for distinctive clothing for the Sons-of-Rest over in Milner. Not that their present apparel isn't distinctive enough "at it were", but there are several disadvantages to the prevailing mode of dress.

So we propose a new feature for A. and M. The advantages of overalls—Heaven bless 'em—over such delicate articles of apparel as corduroy pants and no pants at all must be obvious alike to the practical engineer, the dreaming architect, and the hardened agriculturist.

Overalls announce themselves. They are good for summer or winter. They never wear out. They are handy, economical, even handsome. And they need never be pressed.

Admit it, Casuals, the blue demin shows off that \$20.00 silk shirt, that \$18.00 pair of shoes, and that \$12.50 straw to a good advantage.

Are you ready for "Overalls' Day?"  
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CAVALRY RIDERS ?

I sing of a reckless cavalry ride  
Of a band of equiteers  
And the desperate way in which they tried  
To stem their galloping horses's stride,  
While their steeds were racing side by side  
Like a herd of frightened steers.

With a sense of freedom in his blood  
Each prancing, bucking steed  
Sped on in the midst of the rushing flood.  
While his rider fell with a muffled thud,  
Kerflop in the soft and cling mud;  
A pitiful sight indeed.

Full many a riderless horse, they say,  
Came dashing back to his stall;  
Full many a horseless rider lay  
In the deep, dark mud along the way.  
Who will never forget to his dying day  
That ingnomious fall.  
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Whatever life holds out to us,  
Or whatever life may be,  
It still remains that the highest aim,  
Is to get out of reveille.  
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Heard at R. V.

"Your dress almost fits you to soon."  
'22

Regulator.

1. For being non-reg at the breakfast table Sir-Up-Pitcher is hereby assessed the sum of 20 demerits and confined to the limits of the Mess Hall until death.
2. Sir-Up-Pitcher will report to Sgt. Karo at the molasses barrel at reveille and retreat daily.  
By order Col. Hot Cake, Commandant,  
O. Waiter, Adjutant.  
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Ten Demerits or Stewed.

1. For appearing on the Military Walk on the night of April 24, "lit up", Cadet E. Lectriect Lite is hereby donated 10 demerits and confined to the Lamp Post until released.
2. Cadet Lite will report to Col. Burns and Dyne A Moe at sunset daily.  
By order Gen. A. Rater, Bull.  
Corp Punishment—Bull Flunkie.