

THE BULL.

Next there rose before our eyes
A man we know so well;
And there he stood in towering size
And began his story to tell.

"Now boys, I'll be as brief as brief
can be
And explain these things my best;
I'll tell you of the thing that others
see
And let you guess the rest.

"I'm a lady-killer from away on
back;
And shaking a leg is a peach of a
game.
Tho many's the time I've held the
sack,
More times than I care to name.

"One more thing and then I'm thru,
I ask you to call and hope you shall,
If e'er a thing that I can do,
Not as a friend but a true old
pal."

THE ARGUMENT.

In the year 1971 there assembled on the plains of Heaven a select group of angels—very select, in fact. Their numbers were few. They were old A. and M. men when their spirits lived in mortal bodies. The chairman of the meeting—once President of A. and M.—raised his stately height on an old stump and thus began his speech:

"Fellow angels, I have calley you together this evening because some things have come up that I think you ought to know about. In the first place I want to tell you about a little trip I made last week. I journeyed over to where I could see thre Heavens Gate down to the World. And I saw down there a small green spot, it appeared to be; but when I took out my glasses, I discovered that it was in reality about a mile square, as mortals measure distances, and was thickly studded with buildings. Somehow it had a familiar look to me, and I found, by consulting my 'Handbook of Celestial Engineering and Geography', that it was College Station, Texas, U. S. A., Te Earth. It made me sorta homesick to see the old place again. But, since we can't go down, I have thought out this plan. We shall invite our A. and M. brothers under Satan's dominion to meet us in mass meeting next Sunday afternoon. We shall talk over old times. How many of you are in favor of that?"

A score of hands shot up. The vote was unanimous. A permit blank was immediately filled out and dispatched to the Throne. It was granted and the invitation sent. An "experience meeting was proclaimed and hosts of A. and M. men came up and so from this meeting envolved

THIS

PREXY.

Pre'y before us now stands;
Shining afar is the part in his hair,
Nervously now he wrings his hands,
Thus far a moment; then linger
they there.

"Now come I to speak with all candor
In this little family talk of ours,
As you're not the goose nor I the
gander,
Then what's the use of roses and
flowers?"

"As I walked along in my rolling gait
With both my palms to the rear,
I thought I'd tell you and tell you
straight
The reason for this gathering here.

"This is the reason for calling the
corps,
To hear what I have to say,
'Tis simply this and nothing more,
Count me a friend to your lying
day."

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER COLLEGE

B. R. AVENT

Gentlemen, I have certainly been impressed with the reception you have accorded us up here today. You have no idea what a relief it is to escape from that tropical climate down there. Do you know, I have conducted experiments down under the direction of Dr. Douglas that have conclusively proven that the heat generated there in one hour would, if converted into mechanical work, furnish power enough to keep the earth turning at its present rate for ten years, eleven days and thirty-one seconds. Such a waste of power should not be allowed and I move that the Board of Directors be asked to assign Mr. Brown of the steam engineering department, the job of putting in Corliss engines in those regions.

Gentlemen, my intensely scientific spirit has been greatly gratified to find, in my journey up here, that my estimation of the distance of the sun from the earth, which I gave out in 1921 while a mortal, was only 27.3 per cent off. I have also observed that in the last twenty-five years, the earth has lost .0016 of a revolution. I never did think much of this leap year proposition and this proves that its theory is wrong. I washed my hands before I came up here, but I got them all sooty when I tried on my way up to catch a piece of lightning to examine. However if you will kindly lend me a piece of soap and pay attention, I'll try to give you some idea of how this soot is cut away by this soap whose chemical formula is Na_3C_7 —er— an—er—C_7 and—er—well, I'm not used to remembering chemical formulae: I had a section of chemical engineers down on earth who always told me the formulae. But this one is something like Na_3C_7 —er—I can't think of it right now— Na_3C_7 —and—wait a minute; I'll ask Dr. Silvey.

R. DEMOSTHENES BRACKETT

Ladies and gentlemen—er—I mean gentlemen! I do not know that I should have the nerve to speak today. I have been too lately passed from mortal life to have a celestial

view of matters. (Besides the Judge hasn't passed on me yet, and I don't know what crowd I belong with.) But I have been used to trying not to take life seriously. I used to teach Wordsworth and Ethics of the Dust to a bunch of Sophomores and it would have been suicide to take them seriously. I once had appreciation for poetry but they knocked it out of me.

While on earth, I made a close study of Hell, theoretically, according to Hoyle and Milton and particularly in the Dramatic Club. I don't care to say that I like it. But since coming here I have noted one thing that particularly interested me on earth—how winds are produced. I take no little pride in the fact that my method of wind production was as efficient as any I have seen in the celestial regions.

As I have said, I have lately been at A. and M. The chairman of this bull-pen, I noticed, remarked that he saw a particularly verdant green spot at College Station. Well, I gave her that. By nature, I am an agriculturalist and during my stay on earth I contributed my mite to the proper nourishment of the lawns and fields of Texas A. and M. I lived to see it grow into a great college without a taint of Bolshevism. By the way, my theory of Bolshevism was correct too—I called it a "hallucination of the stomach". I set my foot on its neck whenever I saw it rise. I yielded my life's breath in defense of civilization. I drank freely of the lamp of knowledge. To the world I gave—what's that! Gentlemen you may safely lower your feet to the floor: I am done! I did not come to Heaven to be insulted!

C. E. FRILEY

As Registrar of the College I feel it my duty to say a few words in behalf of our esteemed friend of the Horticultural Department. It was impossible for him to be present today as he is busily engaged in teaching Satan's followers how to raise a garden of Eden under adverse conditions and severe drouth. Therefore I shall tell you his story. "Doctor Cold Frame Blackie," we

call him "Doc" because it makes him smile; we call him "Cold Frame" partly because he thinks everyone in the world should have one whether he lives at the North Pole or the equator, and partly because that seems to be what his flesh is hung on; we call him "Blackie" for the same reason that we call big Keen "Tiny". His head is as lustrous as a piece of polished ivory, and it even rivals the sun in brilliance when he says, "Mr. Cull T. Vater, will you please rise and expound on the importance of planting onions and potatoes alternately in the same rows for self-irrigation purposes?"

"Cold Frame" came into the limelight when he successfully grafted a milkweed onto an egg plant and produced an egg custard plant. Ever since that date he has been widely in demand as a lecturer, but on account of his extensive researches and experiments in plant examination he has been unable to accept these invitations. Just now he is engaged in trying to cross a horse-radish with an elephant's-ear in order to get a hybrid flower which will resemble the roots of a leguminous plant, and at the same time carry the delicate scent of nascent garlic. He claims that such a flower when grown only in small numbers in a field will lure the elusive, trifling and invisible nitrogen from the Aurora Borealis into the terra firma no matter how great the distance so long as it is measured in millimeters by an old maid's tape measure. This, according to "Cold Frame" will decrease the cost of fertilizers, which would mean that in octillion generations of a flea beetle the H. C. L. would be reduced to the present price of a hair-cut at the Exchange Store.

"Doc" did condescend to make one lecture before the Pecan Sheller's Union. On this momentous occasion he ably treated a scientific subject which as yet remains unexplained by the Gass Blowers' Society of the Universe. The title of this thrilling lecture was, "If Easter Lily Will Forget-Me-Not Will Johnny-Jump-Up Snap-Dragon?" He has promised to honor us soon with another lecture in which he promises to make clear to all men who are inclined to go

to sleep in his classes, that there is a perceptible difference in the truncus artiosus and sinus venosus variety of onions. Everyone not troubled with insomnia is vitally interested in this question, because one of these varieties is very lucious and we can all eat just an immense amount of them.

M. A. MILLER, M. A.

You can talk to me about the glory of youth! That's all rot. I had charge of the Young Men's Christian Association one year at A. and M. and I know. Didn't I talk to them reasonably about the picture show and place ropes around the air-dome to show them where the doors were? And they went under them, over them and through them! Do you think they didn't see them? I admit that certain pictures we had were in spots, wild enough to make men forget themselves and spit tobacco juice all over the floor—another violation of my regulations—and it grieved my heart every time I heard a wild outburst of yelling for I knew that some poor girl was doing things on the screen that her mother would not have allowed in the front parlor and of which I myself do not approve. Men are worse than women. And did I not place signs to remind the students not to smoke or wear hats in the "Y"? And one day a man came in singing something about "You Can't Get Any Loving Where There 'Aint any Love." I had an English class. Yes, with M. A. in front of my name and after it as well, I taught Sophomore composition. I ground my teeth in disgust every time I entered that room. And when some young block-head would deliberately misuse the comma nineteen times in a two page theme, I swore that, for such malignancy of spirit, he should never pass that course. I am proud to say that I kept my oath. Talk to me of youth! Did they not scream and howl at my lyceum concerts? I admit it pleased the musicians but that is not the way for a group of college men to conduct themselves. You never saw me laugh out loud! Don't tell me of the glory of youth—I know!