

NEW SPRING SUITS

For Young Men

Come in and let us show you through our large stock. You'll see the newest and smartest spring styles for young men in single and double breasted models with or without belts, made by such famous makers as

Hart Schaffner & Marx and Society Brand

and priced much lower than you would pay in the larger towns.

New Spring Suits at \$35, \$40, \$50

NEW SPRING SHIRTS.

In a wonderful collection of new spring and summer patterns in madras, pongee, silk stripes, fibers and pure silks.

\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5 up to \$15.00

NEW SPRING HATS.

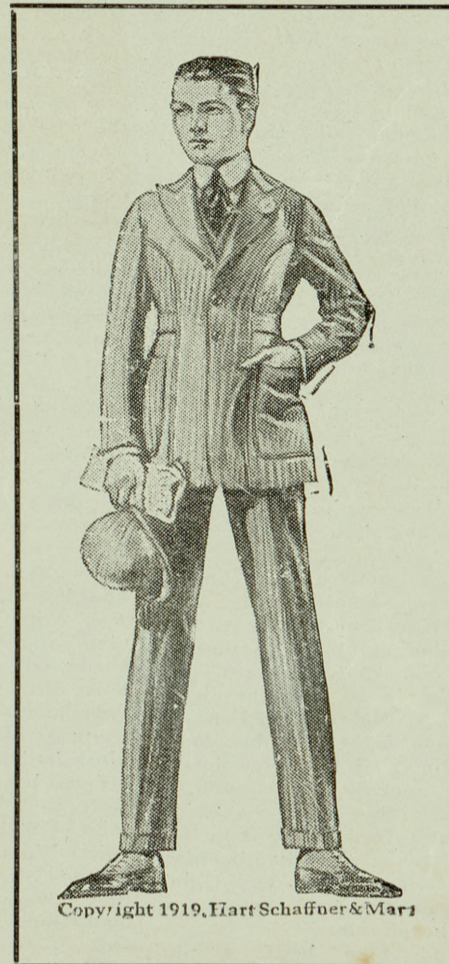
Felts or straws in the smartest spring and summer styles. All shapes and colors to choose from.

\$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50

New spring neckwear, silk and lisle half-hose, light weight underwear, caps, oxfords, etc.

A. M. Waldrop & Co.

THE STORE FOR YOUNG MEN



OWED TO COMPANY "B" FROM C. I. A.

(C. I. A. seems to raise poets as well as cooks. We are not responsible for the source of what follows below. It may have come from C. I. A. and it may have come from Mitchell Hall. But the letter was postmarked "Denton.")

Here goes to write a letter
In a funny sort of style
The form and what we have to say
Will doubtless make you smile.
Please note the newsy items
And the things I wish to tell,
And string it out in measures
In form of doggerel.

There's a company at A. and M.
Where pure manhood blooms,
Whose students drink spiked Bevo,
With a goodly dish of prunes.
Whose characters are varied,
Some eccentric and some queer,
Some are from the nearby hamlets,
Some are there from far and near.

There is one who merits mention
In these line of doggerel
The great and noble Fason
And how the poor gink fell
For those wonderful clad maidens
One, "A diamond in the rough,"
Who are dubbed in Company "B"
As keen women, but some tough.

With mighty chest thrown outward
And chin drawn slightly in,
He looks proudly from his picture
With a grave judicious grin.
A society bug he seems to be,
And him you must not snub,
Because he is a Corporal
And IS the Waco Club.

Here's Trotti from Italy
As pure as the day he was born
But while in New York, the dear little lamb
By a beautiful woman was shorn.
Around this lovely seductress
His 'battle scarred arms he did twine'
But Fate alone we can blame
For his 'blood was boiling with wine.'

But now we must forgive him
In view of his advice
To all the girls in this wicked world
Who are tempted to "entice."
Mae Williams says she likes him
But all know her reasons are
She knows full well, but hates to tell
This young man's been afar.

And here's a drop to Fish Keeton
The eldest of them all,
Here's hoping that his roomy
Sling him out of Mitchell Hall.
So he's someone else's
Loving Fish '23
Well, I believe what you say, kid
But she puzzles me.

And now for Connie Topsy:
His wig goes upside down
He seems to think he knows a lot
With learning most profound.
Miss Joyce says that Tips is sweet
And this she 'oft repeats,
Yet says she means the opposit
From what she always speaks.

Jerry says that she hates Trent
By all the Saints above,
And yet she says she knows that hate
Is the nearest mood to love.
Says Ego is his middle name
With sense of self so full,
Sometimes she calls his "reprobate"
And sometimes "Sitting Bull."

This letter would not be complete
Without a word to Baumer (Bummer)
The substance of his catalogue
Sure put us on the hummer.
He says he is an old rounder
But we have come to think
That a Mary-go-rounder was the
founder
And not the Curse of Drink.

Last week while down in Bryan
To catch the northbound train
I lamped old Willis Fiser,
A gallant looking swain.
I cannot fit the meter and
Make the verses rhyme
So we'll finish up with Fiser
And sing the sert another time.

Well Company "B" we've said
About all we can think to tell
This thing of writing verses
Is simply hard as—well,
We know that we'd do better
With Trotti at our side.
And, Oh, that he could come, ere long
And with us all abide.

We started out just splendidly,
But my mind now seems to be
All muddled up and drifting
Like a derelict at sea.

Joyce, Mae and Jerry.

ENEMY TO OUR FRONT!

Tuesday was spent in showing the government inspectors how well we could drill on the drill field and on Sbisa's hash, but it required a second day to convince them that we were real military geniuses in the field.

Tuesday was filled with squads east, squads west, and squads right front

into line, with bayonet practice, calisthenics, tactical walks, extended order, and tent pitching as resserts, but what did that hot Wednesday sun bring with it?

The first notes of reveille were not much like music, for we were tired from the previous day's exertion. Reveille exercises in double time finally awakened us, and then the thrilling words were passed along that A. and M. was threatened by the Reds from the south! We had never had a real enemy over here, but nevertheless, the safety of the college with its millions invested and Bryan with girls that can't be bested rested upon the shoulders of every A. and M. cadet. We quickly threw away the idea that our enemy was only imaginary and replaced that idea with one of reality, and immediately concentrated our forces on the military walk and moved out in strict military formations to meet the enemy half way, expecting to come out victorious with our four arms—infantry, signal corps, artillery, and cavalry.

We moved out just 'steen miles south of college towards cool Galveston against a hot, heavy south wind concentrated with sand. Finally we halted and lay in wait for the enemy until we began to feel slightly lighter in our abdominal region; but that mental stress was finally relieved by the glad tidings that the Reds had given up their plan, had been smitten by the right hand of God, or that they feared the A. and M. physique behind the guns—anyway it meant that we were not going to miss soupee.