

SONGS OF THE GRIPE

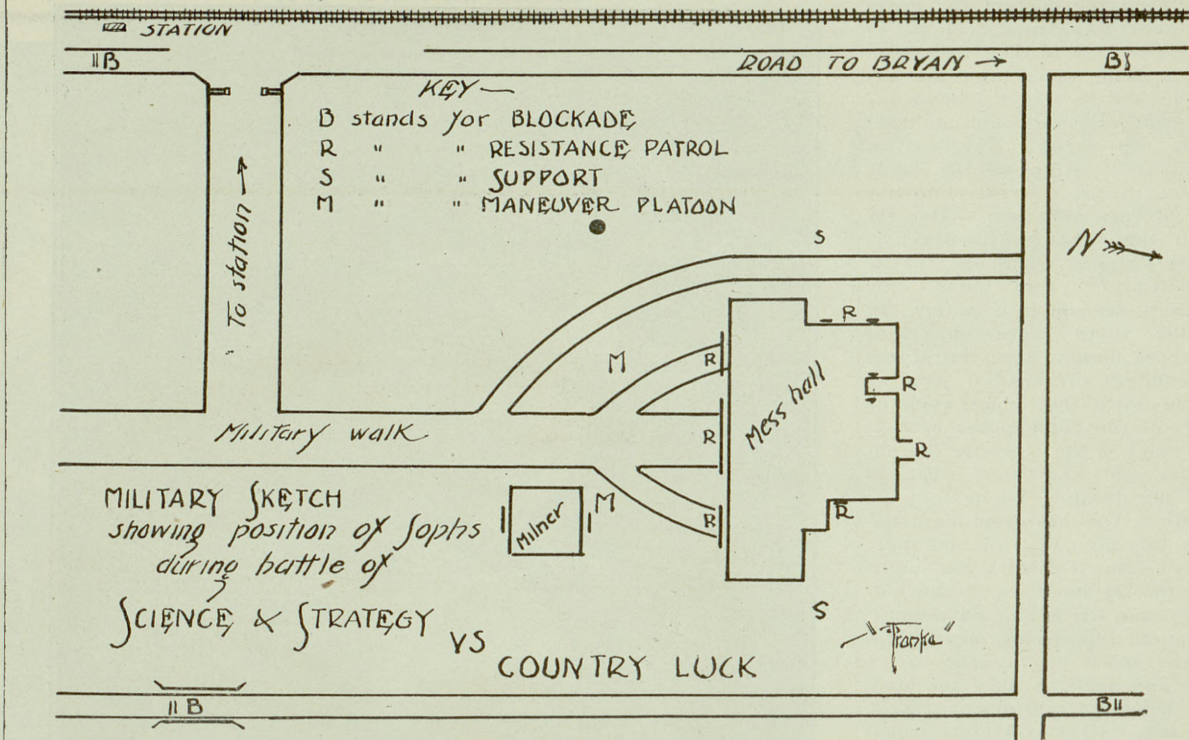
The Gripe

Condemn ye the Gripe? Wherefore? He is but expressing the desire of his soul. Wot ye but that within him wells a lofty spirit that but seeks pleasure and contentment in realms beyond your conception, and finding it not, bursts forth in iridescent beauty that needs must find expression in intelligible sounds—and ye call it "gripping!" Think ye that Epicurus would be silent with "hot-dogs" hurtling down his thorax? Or would dumb be that spirit that inspired whoever it was that said, "Give me liberty, or give me death," when confined to the campus till the end of school? Where is fostered that freedom of will that has made men shed their blood against the tyrants' oppression? In your "gripe!" Would ye lapse into somnambulistic endurance of the imperfections of this world, accepting them as fixed as the laws of gravitation, and the rules of the professor and voicing your acceptance by silence? Where is the birth place of all progress, but in discontent? What would Russia be today had it not the "gripes" taken charge—certainly not as now, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, whose colors are even now beginning to dance inticingly before the eyes of these C. E.s and Ch. E.s, luring them on to that far off day of graduation and shep-skins. And yet, condemn ye the gripe? He is but expressing the desires of his soul.

GOLD-BRICKER

Man is a gold-bricker by nature. Since Eve first conceived the idea of sewing the fig-leaves together into a garment so that she wouldn't have to go to the trouble of pinning them anew each morning, man's best brains and talent have been turned to the saving of labor by human exertion. And understand that "man" includes "woman". Eve's fig-leaf dress was the original gold-bricking job, though radical suffragettes, as Mrs. Parkhurst and Miss Pryor, insist that only the mind of a man could have devised such an ineffective covering. By which contention, we assume that the dressmakers of Paris are all men.

Those of you who have passed Prof. Brackett's course in Plain Sailing under Varying Wind Velocities know that Huxley makes nature a gold-bricker. Instead of beginning anew on an animal, in which man is included, nature took the antiquated stock then on hand, dislocated a few noses and ears, cut off several tails here and there, inserted an articulating instrument, enlarged skull, creating thereby the first known case of



a partial vacuum—and, lo, before us stands that most glorious of all animals—MAN. Or, if you condemn Huxley, go read in the Bible where a rib was swiped, accessories and miscellaneous additions stuck on—and up rose, in all the majestic glory of her creation, the first woman. Why wasn't mankind created from nothing unless someone wanted to gold-brick and patch up some sort of combination?

Bolsheviks and Republicans declare there is no such a thing as a "divine right" that kings were commonly supposed to possess before we got actual photographs of Bill chopping wood in Holland. But Bill and all those birds that have roosted in royal nests, have more to their case than you think. "Divine Right" is a right from the Creator of the Universe. A. H. tells us that herewity traits run true. The creator of the universe gold-bricked on Eve and if Bill's "Divine Right" wasn't a gold-bricking job and hence of "divine" origin—then we lay no claim to being able to prove a proposition.

And George Washington gold-bricked on that cherry tree proposition. Its a whole of a lot easier to state a fact than to think out a lie. We'll match you a quarter to see if the first stone of the Pyramids wasn't a gold-brick. The leaning tower of Pisa wouldn't be famous if someone had not gold bricked and made one side of the foundation weaker than the other. Why even God had to gold-brick a little when He created the world—so He made Georgia and College Station. And

still they tell us not to gold-brick! Brother, that's what we are by heredity and environment. The unwritten law says to the Sophomore "Take unto thyself this day this Fish, curb him, train him, spare not thy bayonet, that he may serve thee and take from thy hands the burdens that thou hast carried these many months." The very essence and fundamental foundation of the ancient art!

Wherefore should it be expected of our weak persons to break loose from ush shackles! Gold-brickers we were born, gold-brickers let us die.

Prof. Cofer: "All right Mr. Kerr, sit down. That's a 10 recitation. You get a 5 today."

"Sir!"
"Yes, a 5!"
"But, sir, you said it was a 10 recitation."

"So it was. But I saw you laughing at me pushing a baby carriage last Sunday. SIT DOWN!"

She: "What beautiful flowers! Why, isn't there still a little dew on them?"

He (blushing furiously): "Yes, but I'll pay it before long."

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