

A CASUAL'S DREAM.

The Casual fish of today are greatly imposed upon. They are required to sleep every morning while the cadet corps is out enjoying the benefits of an early reveille. Even during drill periods they must either stay in their rooms and sleep or else lounge around on the campus or at Casey's. This body of students never get a chance to parade and "show off" to the visitors on Saturday morning.

Even this year the casuals are grumbling. The following is the translation of a dream as it was told to me. We are not responsible for it, but the dream seems to impose many new hardships on this branch of society. I'll hand it to you as it was handed to me.

The Dream.

Early one morning the casual fish is roused by the sweet resounding notes of rev-u-lee. As usual he is not allowed to arise and go forth to start the day with HUN TOO HEE HEXERCISE. Naturally he goes back to sleep. But morning nap is interrupted by the porter's asking him which shoes should be shined for him that day. He sleepily replied and a few minutes is being carried back from his berth by the porter in charge. The valet soon has him attired in his newest and latest cut of smart New York styles of a salt and pepper worsted, which is furnished by the college. The butler, all the while, is busying himself with spreading a few of the morning publications before the eyes of the young aristocrat. It is now about time for breakfast and Mr. Casual not intending to have breakfast in his apartments repairs to the Sbisa House. He is taken from the steps of Milner to the cafe by one of the colleges fine cars and the footman receives him at the steps where Col. Sbisa himself presents him with a menu for the meal. Once inside, the young man is elbowed down the aisle between the rows of tables by one of the head waiters and is seated in a cool inviting corner under the spreading arms of a huge palm. Two or three waiters seeing him rush forward with pad and pencil ready to receive his wants, while others stand by to dispatch his orders. One comes forward with cigarets and another with a match. While our hero indulges in a 'Turkish Blend' the waiters busy themselves with making things comfortable for him. He is furnished with a foot rest and while he is waiting for his stewed butterfly wings he lounges back on the pillows which have been placed along the back of the Grandfather's chair, and puffs. Directly the butterfly wings arrive and he is assisted to a sitting posture whence he is fed the tiny morsels from the tiny gold spoon. All the while he is discussing the topics of the day with one of his neighbors who is beneath the adjacent palm. In due time the other courses arrive and soon he has breakfasted to the fullest extent. He then rises and picks his way along so as to avoid injuring the ferns and periwinkles. He winds his way to the side entrance where he is sure to find the taxi which takes him to the academic building. He lazies awhile in the lobby and then takes the elevator to the next floor where he consults the man at the information bureau's office. This official consults the book of individual schedules; "Yes, Mr. Casual has classes today; in fact, this is your heaviest day; yes, two classes both this morning." Our

hero attends the first class but soon becomes bored and sends a bell boy to the Dean asking that he be excused from classes that day. He then orders a taxi and motors to Bryan where he spends the time before lunch at the Metropolitan building conversing with several of the fair sex. Our friend then phones out that he is bringing several friends to lunch with him and to prepare for a little part. All preparations are made by the time he reaches College and the little party comes off without a mishap. Light Sherry is substituted for the conventional Port.

Lunch being over, the party then attends the matinee at the Miller Orpheum and afterwards occupy boxes at the championship mumble-peg encounter between Texas U. and Rice, held at A. and M. to be on neutral ground. Several other attractions furnish pastime during the afternoon and by dinner time the party breaks up.

Dinner is served at the Sbisa as usual, only chicken a la creme is added to the menu in the place of creamed frog legs. During the meal Mr. Casual receives a phone call to the effect that his regular Thursday nite date is broken so he decides to go to the club that evening.

At the club he enjoys his favorite Havana while lounging on the upholstered davenport and finishes several selections in "Snappy Stories." Later, finding that he has no luck at poker that nite, he indulges in a few games of billiards and after drinking a mint julep to the old A. and M. spirit he takes a taxi and arrives at his apartments.

Learning that he had a class the following day he studies the required five minutes and then dons his fatigue jacket, and while the valet prepares his bed, consults the calendar to ascertain the number of days before he can leave all this misery.

But dear readers bear with us, we hate to hand you this, but it's straight goods, our hero is roughly awakened by his room-mate and the bubble bursts. It's all a dream.

"You better get up, this is Sunday and you've got to march to chapel, you know, you slept thru breakfast."

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A BUG HUNTERS NIGHTMARE.

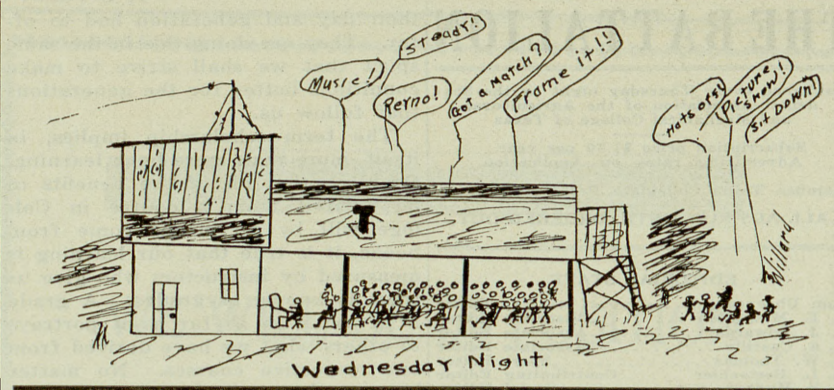
Freshman Livestock Judging.

A class of hardboiled A. H. Profs. numbered from left to right as follows: No. 1 animal, Mr. Stangel; No. 2, Mr. Williams; No. 3, Mr. Regenbrecht; No. 4, Mr. Miller.

Students are given five minutes to place this class.

Are you ready? Let's go.

Student—"I place this class of dairy type plow horses — I mean this class of hard shell Profs., 2. 1. 4. 3. I place Mr. Williams over Mr. Stangel, because she conforms more to the desired type. Altho Mr. Stangel has better feeding qualities, as indicated by a larger mouth and strong jaw bones, and he is also very swift in his movements which stands her in good stead among the food-wrastlers over at the bachelor profs'. fee lot; at the same time, in the case of Mr. Williams we have a more desirable dairy temperament as shown by the secretions in the ears and the expression on the face. Mr. Williams also has a better arched neck, a lighter dew-lap, carries down deeper in the twist, has a fuller leg of lamb, and does not cut away in the hind-quarters as does Mr. Stangel. Mr. Williams, however, should be criticized for faulty action. She wings



at the walk and is cow-hocked at the trot. While Mr. Stangel has better action than Mr. Williams, she is to be criticized for toppling over every fourth step at the walk, and for a complete percipitation at the trot. This comes from drinking some of that stuff that Prexy brought with him from Mexico.

The placing of Mr. Stangel over Mr. Miller is comparatively easy. In the case of Mr. Stangel, we have an animal that does not cut up as badly in the hind flanks as does Mr. Miller. Also, Mr. Miller has not developed the large ink wells which have made Mr. Stangel famous. In his ability to consume large amounts of Ruffage and convert it into hot air, Mr. Stangel is FAR above anyone in the class. In fact, if Mr. Stangel were

not high-up-off-the-ground, and had a nice pink nose like Mr. Reg., I would place him at the top of the class. One thing to be said in favor of Mr. Miller is that he has attained registry of merit in The Dairy Type Sea Cow Association.

Mr. Regenbrecht slides to the bottom of the class with all the ease and grace of a Cockroach (one belonging to "Catfish"). His hide is one of the thickest on the campus, while it has been breezed about by numerous scandalmongers that he is guilty of being unsound. This is a free country and anyone has a right to grow as large a hoof as he can get away with, but Mr. Rigenbrecht abuses this privilege shamefully.

Times up: Next time we will have a class of long wooled English Profs. Excused.

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