

MR. SOLOMON SAYS

Bring forth the confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

My daughter, I say unto the consider not that time wasted which a Sophomore spendeth in Love Dream.

For a spring romance is the Spring Tonic of the Soul.

Then be merciful when thou observeth a Sophomore with the Spring Love fever, for his feet stumble and his eyes see not and his ways are strange and wonderful.

He walketh as one in a trance and stareth out of the class-room seeing visions.

He addresseth his Profs. as Dearest and knoweth it not. He granteth his Fish favors. He signeth the business letter "Yours Devotedly." He calleth the First Sergeant "Dear Heart."

He haunteth Nitch's and lingereth before shop windows.

He bringeth home much fine raiment and adorneth himself in fearful and wonderful combinations. Seven stocks doeth he try each evening before he is satisfied. Seven times doeth he shine his shoes; yet is not content.

He studyeth his profile in the mirror and wondereth how long his hair will last. He shaveth his chin until it is sore, but his upper lip, he groometh CAREFULLY.

His egotism falleth from him as a veil. He ceaseth to believe himself "Irresistable," and beginneth to wonder if he is passable.

He brusheth up on his poets. He putteth aside his pipe, and buyeth a fancy cigarette-holder. He resisteth the onion salad of Sbisas, and cannot be persuaded.

He forgetteth to eat his luncheon, and his breakfast goeth untasted. Yet at dinner he hath no appetite.

He donneth odd shoes and is covered with shame before his classmates. He entereth the Bryan Dinkey and rideth six blocks beyond his destination before he awaketh from his coma.

He deserteth his friends and Casey at the "Y" knoweth him no more. The flirtatious flapper smileth upon him in vain. He gazeth thru her seeing only the damsel of his dreams.

All these things, in which he once delighted, have become as satisfying as cold hisses and Sbisas' hash.

He cannot wait until the appointed hour to see his Beloved, but is arrayed and pacing the floor at half-past six. When he departeth from her he hasteneth straightway to the telephone to say "Good-night" once more.

Yet, when the summer cometh and he starteth home, he then can't safely smile at his folly for he hath forgotten the object of his affections.

And he will laugh with thee, right merrily, saying, "Verily, verily, I was an ass yes, an unmitigated Simp."

And I say unto thee "Yea, Verily."

For not man, NOT EVEN A SOPHOMORE, is wise until he hath made himself a fool over a woman and not a man is sane until he hath passed thru Love's Delirium.

No Sophomore findeth his own soul until he hath lost his heart and his head, at least ONCE.

'23

LOOKING BACKWARD

As we look back over the year, we are surprised to note the great number of personages and events which are novelties not only to the Fresh-

men, but to the oldest inhabitants of the College as well.

As a Freshman, we feel a certain amount of pride in a realization of the fact that along with us came other forces and events to A. and M. which are destined to exert a profound influence upon her future.

The Freshmen make the school, and so with pardonable pride we take up ourselves first. On the 17th of September came to A. and M. a class of Freshmen 500 strong, which, according to the upper classmen was like unto no other motley gathering ever witnessed by the eyes of man. Like Caesar we came, we saw, and—er—we'll put off the conquering until next year at which time, among other things a toastmaster will turn up missing. We came, some of us fresh from our mother's arms, while others not quite so fresh, were veterans of the great war.

We had not been here long, before we learned of something new, which had made its appearance on the campus. This was a position filled by Ike Ashburn as Civilian Commandant. The first time I saw Ike, I concluded that he had gotten his job on his ability to deal out corporal punishment when needed. It was a perplexing problem to me as to whether we were supposed to salute this commandant. One day, however, I was going along, feeling unnecessary and thinking about home 'n everything, when a hand fell on my shoulder and there was Ike asking me how everything was—well, I had thirty cents and Ike could have had it all, and that's the way we feel today.

The days rolled by, and before we realized it our self appointed educators, the Sophs, were bidding us an affectionate farewell—love taps—and we were at home with the 'only girl' looking up in rapt admiration at our manly figures clothed in Profiteer Cheatum's uniforms. If she could only see that same manly figure bent over double while a rude Soph applied some of the afore said "love taps."

A Real test of True Love

The last night came and how sweet she was at parting. I can't see why the h— girls want to ruin a guy's clothes with that powder. I've brushed all the fuzz off my coat trying to get it off.

Time wore on and one morning The Bulletin gave us a shock by commenting on the extreme unselfishness of the cadets in volunteering to give up their beds to the visiting farmers and bankers.

It's funny how that morning advertisement sheet, arrives at conclusions, but who were going to be the unlucky devils? The visitors came and were escorted to our rooms where they spent most of their spare time in an appreciative study of the works of art, a la Mack Sennett, which adorn the walls. I prayed that our unfortunate bed springs would acquire strength to withstand the onslaughts of some of these "Herculean diamonds in the rough." All joking to one side, however, this Banker-Farmer is an epoch in the advancement of not only A. and M., but our State of Texas as well, and we were indeed glad to give up our beds and walk for such a cause.

The school year is drawing to a close and in conclusion we want to thank the Sophs for their untiring efforts in our behalf, and the Juniors for the model example, which they have set and to the Seniors it's good-bye and the best wishes of every Fish in the Class of '23.

AS IT MIGHT BE SUNG.

(I Gave Her That).

Say, boy, I want to ask you something Did you see my drag? She's a girl you'd like to run from, Such an awful hag, You may think you draw some bad ones, Think you never miss, But before you tell me about 'em, Let me ask you this.

Did you see that awful face? Say, I was dragging that! And that elephantine grace? Say, I was dragging that! You ought to see her prance When you get her out and danced! You'll allow, she's a cow! and

I was dragging that! And did you Hear that awful line she slung, say, I was dragging that.

I guess I surely win the pun- Ctured-proof silk hat! She was sure an awful fright, But she's gone for good tonight, And no more blind drags. ain't you right!

You may lay to that!!

Page "Hoots" Williams.

WM. B. CLINE, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Specialist

4th Floor City National Bank Building, Bryan, Texas

YOU

Do not have your picture made but several times during a generation. The folks at home and "others" are due a picture of yourself while you are in College. The expense is small and the appreciation large.

ORDER FROM YOUR LONGHORN NEG- ATIVE TODAY AT

THE COLLEGE STUDIO Photographs of Distinction

HOLMES BROS.

THE HOME OF

THE BEST MALTED MILK

ON EARTH

Candies, Cigars, Fountain Drinks. We invite Cadets to make our place headquarters while in Bryan

Haswell's Book Store

EASTMAN KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

Official Distributors Stall & Dean's Athletic Goods and Victor Talking Machines and Records.

JEWELRY

We carry a splendid line of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Fobs, Pins and Gold and Silver Novelties. See us for watch repairing.

A. M'KENZIE

N. A. STEWART

DRUGGIST

EASTMAN KODAKS AND FILMS

We Do First Class Developing Bring Us Your Films

WHEN BETTER CARS ARE BUILT

BUICK

WILL BUILD THEM

OLIVER-BUICK COMPANY

W. C. CANNON, Mgr. Bryan

The Smith Drug Co.

J. A. McQUEEN, Manager

Prescription Druggists

Bryan, Texas

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS