

PHONE  
**COX & WORLEY**  
 .. FOR ..  
**Service Cars**  
 DAY OR NIGHT.

You are also Invited to Spend a Pleasant Hour

**BOWLING**

Phone 666 - Phone 303

ODE TO ENTOMOLOGY.

We loved you, little sharp-eared wop,  
 We Fish of Twenty-Three;  
 And now, there in dog heaven  
 Our thoughts do rise to thee.

You owned the whole cadet corps,  
 And 'twas your lawful right  
 To choose your habitation,  
 Both morning, noon, and night.

Although you loved the seniors,  
 The juniors, and the sophs,  
 To "Twenty-Three" you trusted  
 The getting of your broths.

And never did we fail you,  
 Wee bit of dog flesh, you,  
 'Though often, in a "23"  
 We shaved the hair off, too.

You knew tho, why we did it,  
 And bore it patiently;  
 For a little fun you always had  
 When the sophs were on a spree.

All games played here you witnessed,  
 And witnessd as a fan;  
 You cheered our teams to vict'ry,  
 Then licked the conquered hand.

No game was played without you,  
 And none shall ever be,  
 For we know that in spirit  
 You're still with "Twenty-Three."

As our mascot, you traveled  
 To Austin, and returned;  
 And countless times, to Bryan,  
 The steel rails 'neath you burned.

Sad was the day when Prexy,  
 In mood so grim and stern,  
 Gave out the dreadful mandate  
 That all stray dogs should burn.

We thought that you, poor doggie,

Were free to come and go;  
 But later we learned different,—  
 And now we miss you so!

No longer does your chubby form  
 Bring peace to a heavy heart;  
 No longer does your cheery bark  
 Make the blues from us depart.

You had too many masters,  
 You pet of "Twenty-Three,"  
 And not a one of us was there  
 To see when they took thee.

We're told that you were murdered  
 In cold blood, by a "vet,"  
 But we haven't got the evidence  
 That will convict him, yet.

So please forgive us, doggie,  
 And forgive Prexy, too.  
 We know he didn't realize  
 That they would murder you.

Send down your spirit to us,  
 Since we can't come to you,  
 For in this place of learning  
 We need you; yes, we do.

We loved you, little sharp-eyed wop,  
 We Fish of "Twenty-Three,"  
 And wish you, in dog heaven,  
 The greatest joy that be.

'23

THE SPIRIT OF A. AND M.

An iron pledge of national worth,  
 A rock of strength and vim;  
 Her honor bright  
 The state's delight  
 Our dear old A. and M.

Her boys of other years can tell  
 What her glorious past has been  
 She crowned them all  
 within her halls  
 As kings, in the world of men.

A bugle summoned from her ranks  
 A manhood young and bright,  
 For a nation free  
 In their loyalty  
 They crossed the seas to fight.

They nobly lived, and nobly died  
 For God, for peace, and right.  
 Bless those who rest  
 On France's breast—  
 Dead comrades of the fight.

Some fifty sons are resting there,  
 Where skies with smoke were dim;  
 As we close their seal,  
 We love to feel  
 They died for A. and M.

For each golden star is set,  
 A star no years can dim;  
 Whose glow of love  
 Dims those above  
 In the halls of A. and M.

The war is passed; the victory won  
 Our hearts with joy are light  
 The peaceful years  
 Redeem our tears  
 For those lost in the fight.

We turn our thoughts to future years  
 Forgotten is the strife  
 We must prepare

Before we dare  
 To trust ourselves in life.

The same old pep, the same old fire  
 Inspire her now as then;  
 A loyalty fine  
 And love divine  
 Still throngs her halls with men.

The lusty yell, the proud hurrah  
 Tell us the team has won.  
 For who would hide  
 The manly pride  
 Or joy of work well done?

Traditions in our history wrought  
 An Alamo dark and grim;  
 In the smoke was born,  
 On an April morn  
 The spirit of A. and M.

This spirit is our heritage  
 In it we work to win.  
 A single star  
 Shines forth afar—  
 Our beck'ning light to men.

**DR. W. H. LAWRENCE**  
**DENTIST**

Residence Phone 558  
 Office Phone 521  
 4th Floor City Nat'l Bank Building  
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