



## OVERALLS

From all accounts it seems that as far as taking a swipe at the profiteer goes, down here at A. and M., we are not coming up to our old "rep" Over at State and down at Rice everybody is donning the overall. Can you imagine Capt. Muller stepping jauntily down the avenue clad in blue denims and wearing a "hard-boiled" grin to match them. Sgt. Tyler might mistake him for one of his gold-bricking student labor Fish and want to know why the dickens he wasn't busy picking up cigarette butts.

That would be embarrassing to say the least, but supposing Ike Ashburn would appear in an undersized pair of these anti-Cheatum suits, and somebody would want to know who the big plumber was And just suppose Mr. Ashburn hadn't used a good ripe judgment in purchasing his suit of blue and that it was not only an inferior garment, but a garment that fitted him too soon, well now, if he should get out here on the Military Walk some noon hour and forget himself so far as to bend over and these overalls would give up the ghost and fly madly off of Mr. Ashburn's person in all directions. There would be a panic on our boulevard to which the Soph-Junior scrap would look like a cent's worth of change in comparison.

In the first place old Nitro-Cellulose Slovacek would blow fire call; then, the chemical wagon headed by Rasburymussen would rush to our commandant's aid while a cordon of huskies would be strung around him to keep out all inquiring campus suffragettes who can never understand why they are not allowed to go where they please.

In the meantime, Capt. Muller would have run home, changed from overalls to working clothes, and issued an order for the Bolshevik Sons of Rest to go out of the way while the infantry scouted around for a barrel of sufficient length and heart girth to take the place of Mr. Ashburn's deceased blue denims. Such an event as this would almost force Prexy to declare this day a legal holiday forever afterwards and Mr. Ashburn and his overalls would be immortalized by embryo Fish who have not yet seen the light of day.

'23

If things that are plentiful are cheap, then lead is awfully cheap at College Station.

## "A SOLDIER."

The bars upon your shoulder  
Or the uniform you wear  
Don't mean that you're a "Soldier"  
In this wide world of affair.  
'Cause a man's a man in battle  
And your uniform so bright  
Isn't worth an empty cartridge  
If you don't stand up and fight.  
It's the stuff inside the buttons  
That counts while you're up there  
And you don't rate the title "Soldier"  
If you don't fight on the square.

The title "Soldier" should be sacred  
And not called to everyone  
That sports a classy uniform  
Or just totes around a gun.  
And a mud-soaked blood stained  
doughboy  
Fighting in the jaws of hell  
Is the cleanest type of "Soldier"  
And a fighting man as well.

Once I saw a "Soldier" dying,  
(Yes, he's worthy of the name),  
Just an ordinary private,  
But O! he sure was game.  
And before the big call sounded  
For to pass his last review,  
He took me by the hand and said  
Goodbye old Pal to you.  
Tell my sweetheart that I love her,  
God bless my little Jane  
Tell mother I died smiling  
And I didn't feel the pain.  
Gee! I envied him his rating,  
'Cause he died and did not flinch  
Tho his heart inside was bleeding  
There's a "Soldier" every inch.

And I know another "Soldier"  
Tho' she never shot a gun  
And she never sees the trenches  
Or she never killed a Hun.  
She's the mother of that "Soldier"  
I watched dying over there  
She's a super kind of "Soldier"  
For she gave more than her share.  
She gave her country all she had,  
Her pride, her love, her joy,  
She's a splendid type of "Soldier",  
For she gave her only boy.

'23

Fish: I hear you went over to the lunatic asylum today and they wouldn't let you in.

Soph: No.

Fish: Well they can't tell one lunatic from another over there.

'23

Soph (on morning after the Junior banquet): Freshman, didn't I hear you slipping upstairs at 4:00 a. m.?

Fish: No, that was when I slipped down after crawling half-way up!

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Soph: Look here Fish, let me give you a piece of my mind.

Fish: Won't it be robbing you?

'23

Prof. Brayton: What's the formula for milk.

Bug Hunter: C-O-W, sir.