

NEW SPRING SUITS

For Young Men

Come in and let us show you through our large stock. You'll see the newest and smartest spring styles for young men in single and double breasted models with or without belts, made by such famous makers as

Hart Schaffner & Marx and Society Brand

and priced much lower than you would pay in the larger towns.

New Spring Suits at \$35, \$40, \$50

NEW SPRING SHIRTS.

In a wonderful collection of new spring and summer patterns in madras, pongee, silk stripes, fibers and pure silks.

\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5 up to \$15.00

NEW SPRING HATS.

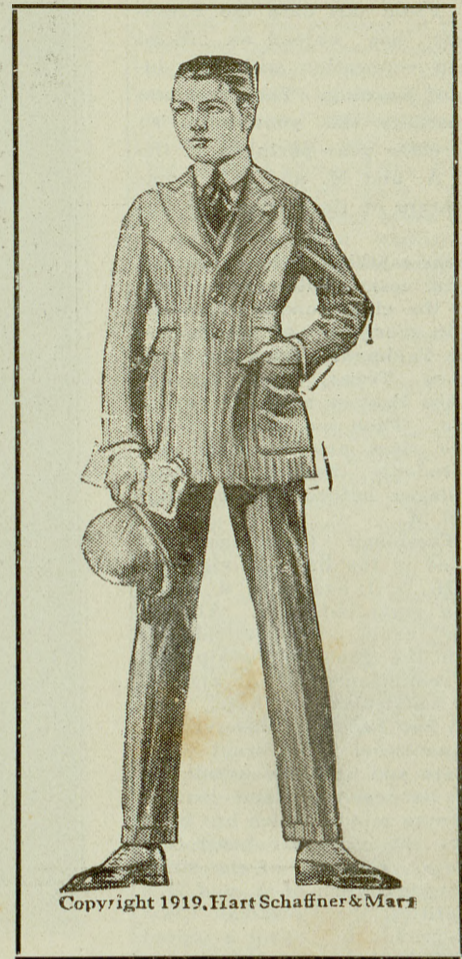
Felts or straws in the smartest spring and summer styles. All shapes and colors to choose from.

\$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50

New spring neckwear, silk and lisle half-hose, light weight underwear, caps, oxfords, etc.

A. M. Waldrop & Co.

THE STORE FOR YOUNG MEN



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THE EVOLUTION OF FISH TWENTY-THREE

When you was a "Sophie" and I
was a "Fish"
To do or die as bid,
And you tanned my hide with a
board so wide
For something I never did;
When I wandered with eery chills
and creeps
Thru many a dismal hall
My heart was sore at the Sopho-
more
I cursed them one and all.

I could not drink, I could not think
But what you butted in,
I longed for the day when I could
say
And do as other men.
The time wore on with night and
dawn,
I hung my flag to the breeze
Then dined on mush and lost my
"cush"
Till your stomach was ill at ease.

My heart beat quick as I dumped
your bed
And ran when I saw it fall,
To stand at ease with shaking knees
Till I heard your raucous call.
Stealing along when the lights were
out,
I wrote things on your door,
When I came to find what was on
your mind
I rued it ever more.

You lived a happy, a carefree life
I lived as best I might,
In a court-room dark with never a
spark
Except by a Mazda light.
The long weeks came, the long
weeks fled
The long weeks sped away,

Till I dared to dream of the coming
gleam
Of a two week's holiday.

But the space was short and quick-
ly sped
And I came back again
To come and go at "yes" or "no"
And wear the ball and chain.
Oh! what terrible weeks were these
When nothing your heart could
reach,
When never was thought to my
mem'ry brought
And never an uttered speech.

Thus day by day and night by night
I learned of the days of yore
When the Junior brained or liter-
ally rained
His clubs on the Sophomore.
I learned that the Fish reclined at
will
In the tall and uncut brush
And dared not smoke till the morn-
ing broke
On the mystic, moonless hush.

My legs grew strong and my body
light,
Great wings grew on my feet.
I mustered force and planned a
course
Where the grass and sunlight
meet.
I went by night and slept by day
Till the stars and moon turned
green.
Across the plains and returned
again
With a zest and a smile serene.

You went by night in a limousine
You fettered the roads and streets
The Junior's life was a living strife
To conquer your daring feats.
You shook the brush you seined the
creek

Tostmasters there were none
You got in wrong, I've heard the
song
"SACKHOLDERS EVERYONE."

I did not howl o'er the misty plain
When I saw you rend your hair
But I spread my sail like a beaver's
tail
And drank the morning air.
The Juniors whooped and rocked
with mirth
As you fought your losing fight,
But Mr. Nitch put never a stitch
In the sacks you held that night.

All this has passed in days gone by
And the Slimes of twenty-three
Now blend their feet with the ankles
neat
In the joys of the great R. V.
My soul was couched in a life of toil
My trail on the sand is wide
That future years may share my
fears,
Is a wish to the May day tide.

But as we linger, the flying days
That hold us to our task,
Lest we forget the trails we met
We'll brand them on our mask
That the slippery "scalies" of
twenty-four
May know how the dies were cast
When you were a "Sophie" and I
was a "Fish",
In the days that now have passed.

HOMSICK

Ship me south of Bryan, Texas,
And just a little east;
Where the boys all dress in khaki,
From the greatest to the least.
Let me drill among the kaydets,
At old A. and M. once more,
And I'll never ask to travel
Anyways from Boyett's store.

I am longing for my college,
Where all boys are just the same:
For its old-time pep and vigor
That has helped to make its name.
I can see the old Main building
That I knew so well of yore;
I can see the others also,
With the name upon each door.

Yes, a year or more at college,
With its trials and its woe,
Is the dream of my sad spirit,
And to college I shall go.
I have strayed away from home,
boys,
But I long now to return;
I'm an "Aggie" pure and simple
And for A. and M. I yearn.

I love that dear old college
With its corps of growing men;
I love the college campus
From the hog barn to the gym.
And, speaking metaphoric,
I'll grow fat on Sbisa's grub,
Even though, from indigestion,
All my joints begin to rub.

I like the college courses,
And the college atmosphere;
And I like the college spirit,
For it always spreads good cheer.
So I'm coming back for next year
And I'm coming good and strong,
With a pocket void of money,
But a head that's full of song.

I have been a Wandering Jew, boys,
And I've travelled 'most to Hell,
But my wanderings will be ended
When I hear that "Wildcat Yell"
So just tell old C. E. Friley
When you answer his next call
That I'm going to be a kaydet
At old A. and M. next fall.