

HAWKSHAW INSPECTS

Leaning serenely in a big rocker, feet resting on high, body relaxed, a Travis Club in the corner of his mouth, with that contented, self-assured, saintly expression, closely akin to that facial contortion assumed by one who is about to effect the deliverance of sinners, on his face, reposed our worthy individual of perfect unquestionable character. The sluth of sluths, the hound of hounds, the one man who has filled the hearts of evildoers with fear and timidity, the backbone of merciless justice in and about the seat of the county of Brazos. A close inspection of his noble features portrayed nothing of the nature of the mysteries which were, at this very moment, being solved behind that stocial mask.

And then suddenly, as a bolt from a clear sky, his meditations and deductions were interrupted by a thought. What could it mean? Had not his pregnant mind already given birth to one thought today? His feet descended sharply to the floor, his whole being grew tense and trembled even as the champion shimmiers of Jazz Land are wont to do. So great was the effect of this idea that it is doubtful whether the average man could have borne up under its tremendous weight, but this man of men, with his supermind, easily overcame this unexpected and inopportune appearance of a thought. Through a series of deductions he at last came to the cause and origin of this phenomena, a sense of duty. Duty was calling and far be it from him to shirk the responsibilities thus thrust upon him. Why possibly—and, yes, probably—there could be no doubt of it, there was now being perpetuated the most heinous of crimes out at this lair of thugs, cut-throats, and blood thirsty criminals. He must hurry. There was no time to lose. Perhaps some one's life depended upon the speed and velocity with which he should hurl himself at the throat of these monsters.

Arising swiftly and quietly he glided—after having produced a package of gum and a stick of licorice—out to where his powerful motor car awaited him. The magnificent lines of his racer were silhouetted against a background of wondrous beauty. The sun had disappeared behind the spires of the Mexican Chili Parlor across the street perhaps an hour ago, a beautiful crescent moon was beaming down upon the fair city, and the heavens were studded with twinkling diamonds. No doubt these twinkling eyes were carrying on a flirtation with the many fireflies as they flitted to and from the piles of refuse which littered the environments of the locality. Ah, it was an ideal night for work such as his.

His mechanical grey hound, in its long graceful sleekness, was in readiness to fulfill his most minute whim and desire. In order that this thing of unlimited potential strength might become invested with life, he stepped to its head and with his hand described a few revolutions in the air. Fluctuatingly at first and then steady, a mighty staccato reverberated and resounded through the still night air. It was even as the guns of many armies, yes, even as the bellowing of a thousand bulls, this challenge that issued from this thing of glistening metal. Snakelike he eeled behind its controls and into the velvety softness of its unholstery. Finally, after divers motions of our worthy's pedal appendages the car shot forward, down the elegant

thoroughfare, and out onto the glassy pike, headed south.

This daredevil, on whose countenance there was expressed deep determination and power of will, drove his thundering car at break neck speed without thought of personal safety, regardless of all laws and regulations, resolved to gain his objective at all hazards. Suddenly, while careening along at this mad rate, our sleuth detected, above the roar of the engine, an unusual sound seemingly issuing from the rear of his machine. Surely there could be nothing wrong with the mechanism. What could it be? His great deductive mind at once began an analysis of this mystery. It was growing more distinct, this creaking, rattling noise, mixed with a steady thud-thud-thud. Was it possible that there could be another contrivance capable of attaining the great speed at which he was vehiculating. Removing his eyes from the roadway, where they had been glued, for the fraction of a second and glancing over his shoulder, he beheld a dark object whose outline he was barely able to discern in the pale light of the moon. Indeed, it was some one attempting to outdistance him. "He shall not pass." With this phrase stamped indelibly on his very soul, our master deducer grasped both speed control levers and pulled them back the limit, so far, in fact, that they met just back of the steering post. With a sputter and increased

portals, hesitated a moment, and entered. Once inside he hesitated again and then ventured on. Here was the rendezvous of the culprits. The corridor was quite dark and the rooms seemed to be deserted. His trusty incandescent lighting the way, he tiptoed noiselessly down the hall. He had progressed but a few steps when a low indescribable sound, bourne on an atmosphere of nervous apprehension, penetrated his sensitive drums. It issued seemingly from a point ahead and to the left of his present position. Cautiously, on hands and knees, ears thrown forward, nostrils wide, and with his delicate senses aroused to the highest point of efficiency, he advanced. His mind began to run an analysis of this unknown vibration in the ether. Listening intently he noticed that the sound came in intervals, each one of which consisted of a low rattling, rolling, sound, fast at first but gradually slowing down to a standstill, and mixed with a shary snap and smothered exclamation. Now he was just outside the door, when, suddenly, all was quiet as the tomb. Gently grasping the knob he rose to his feet, waited a moment, and slipped into the room.

"Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out," so read the one around whom the rest were gathered. Looking up from his Bible the reader scrutinized the intruder from head to foot, nodded



roar the pride of Detroit did not fail him, but gradually left its adversary, and tore through the night air at meteoric rapidity. Forsooth it might have been a closer race had not one of the outdistanced competitor's wheels collapsed. This accident awoke the mossy "gent" of color in his rickety vehicle; and induced the aw-boned, knock-kneed, cause of the forward movement to cease his efforts, and to take advantage of this to him, fortunate misfortune, and rest his angular physique by nibbling at the honey suckle alongside the road.

By this time our flying disciple of righteousness had turned in the front entrance of his destination and was seeking a place to seclude his machine, while he should investigate and confront these bloody criminals with the strong arm of the law. Having discovered a favorable spot, he alighted and making sure that he had with him all devices and accouterments necessary for the successful apprehension of these nefarious, flagitious, and unlawful men whom he should chance to meet, he set off on his tour of inspection, nostrils alert for the slightest scent. On the black bristles of his upper lip were numerous little struggling moonbeams caught there now and again by no will of their own, and in one of his hip pockets there rested, snugly his plug of licorice. Discarding his cud cud of wax, he inserted in its stead a mighty chunk of the black stuff and was prepared to encounter the foe.

Stealthily, subtly, clandestinely, he approached the place of hibernation of his suspects. He reached the

gravely, asked this sudden apparition to have a seat, and continued the perusal of God's book. The newcomer, glancing around at the circle of serious faces a moment, turned and relieved the room of his presence. If our master detective's brain had not been so befuddled, perhaps he would have wondered whether the word "sack holder," which came floating out after him, was in the Bible. But his present state of mind that of acute disappointment and bewildered astonishment, he was barely able to navigate much less able to concentrate.

But they should not all foil him. He must find some one to arrest. On he strode, somewhat taken aback, but still game. A casual ray from his light disclosed a queer formation just in front of him on the floor. Stooping to examine it more closely, he uttered a cry of exclamation. Could it be possible? Pulling out his magnifier, he proceeded to investigate with the aid of his super-smeller and anti-cross eye glasses. Yes, there was the characteristic grease and odor. There could be no question as to the correctness of his deduction. It was the track of a meal-hound. By all means he must capture it as one of these beasts roaming at large is a danger and menace to mankind. The greasy imprints led him down the corridor, up the steps to the second floor, and ended before a door closely resembling all the other doors in appearance. The odor thereabouts reminded our Hawk's olfactory nerves of the kitchen. Trying the knob, on which was smeared morsels of food, he found it locked. What was to be done? Cer-

tainly there was no use in tracing the tracks backward as it is not customary, in fact, it is almost unheard of for a meal-hound to walk backward. So another good prospect had to be abandoned.

Greatly discouraged, our Hawkshaw made his way into the night air. Perhaps the refreshing air was the cause, perhaps not, maybe it was just a mental accident, but, nevertheless, he had another thought. The stolen gold-bricks. He had not yet scoured the place in an effort to locate the thieves. He would do so immediately. This time he entered another habitat, a building at the extreme norther end of the locality. Using all his divers paraphernalia, he searched the place, its inmates, and their possessions; but to no avail. The gold-bricks were not to be found, high or low. Finally despairing of finding the stolen metal, he gave up. Indeed the disposition is a good place to conceal this precious power. Our famous Hawkshaw, hurt and griped to his very soul, wended his weary way back to his waiting steed, mounted, and headed back in the direction from whence he came.

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DREAMING

Last night as I lay a dreaming
I had a dream so fair.
I dreamed I saw a Sophomore
A sitting in my chair.
His hands were bound behind him;
His feet were tied before,
And Fish, in countless numbers,
Stood just outside the door.
They weryly stood and waited,
Each with a club or belt,
Until the lonely Sophomore
Could almot feel each welt.
Then they calmly took their places
Along both sides the hall
While turned loose the Sophomore,
To run that gauntlet tall.
And as he passed each Freshman,
A blow he did receive,
Dealt in a heartfelt manner;
And none for him did grieve.
When thrice around that hall-way
The Sophomore had run,
The Fish turned on the shower,
And his day's work was done.
They watched him as he vanished,
In fierce, unholy glee,
A sadder, wiser Sophomore
Than he was wont to be.
Just as the Soph'more vanished,
The Fish, with one loud yell,
Gave vent to all their feelings
And doomed the Sophs to Hell!
But as the echoes died away,
The Fish all vanished, too;
And rudly was awakened by:
"Say, Freshman, I need you."
So thus my bright dream ended,
As have all my dreams before;
And everyone was ruined by
That same D— Sophomore.

M. H. JAMES

The Rexall Drug Store

Toilet
Articles

DRUGS AND PERFUMES

Cadets and Campus residents
are invited to call on us when
in the city.