

Be a Wildcat Booster!

MANY TEXANS IN NATIONAL AGRONOMY SOCIETY

(Continued From Page 1)

is not subject to the ailments we so industriously study to control and combat in the subjects related to agronomy, which are not taught because they are parallel to that subject but because so little attention is paid to that subject, that we are forced to resort to the study of those things as a means of assisting in the growing of crops.

The Society of Agronomy is making a vigorous fight to put practical and working knowledge of that phase of permanent agriculture in the hands of everyone who chooses that as his vocation.

And it would be well for the future agriculturalists of the country to get to rock bottom of these principles and appreciate them for what common sense dictates their worth.

Agronomy students have not entered the competitive field in this state as has the students in the other departments and some reason might be given for that, that men of ability are needed so badly that they are taken in and given a place that calls for a further contribution towards the furthering of agronomic work. But with the challenge that lands of this state make and with the total number of 42 men actually engaged in administering to that need, the field takes such vast proportions that one is at a loss where to begin.

The Texas Branch which was formed at College last September, furnished the 18 new members mentioned in the article and at present no other such organization is to be found in the state, and it is understood that while no definite action has been taken by the local section as to its future policy the keynote seems to be a source of available men for the positions that stand open. The breach in the chain will be closed through organization, which has so noticeably marked the work in this state. Fullest cooperation is assured by the National Headquarters and it only remains for the section here to let its wishes and desires be known.

DR. AND MRS. MARSTELLAR ENTERTAIN VET. STUDENTS. Wednesday evening the members of the Senior and Junior classes in Veterinary Science were the dinner guests of Dr. and Mrs. R. P. Marstellar at their campus home. The dining room was most appropriately decorated for a gathering of young veterinarians, the center piece being a corral in which a miniature cowboy with a bandaged leg grazed green clover. The place cards were in the form of some animal. The first to complete his picture received the donkey as a prize. Walter Johnson was the lucky man. After the contest a delightful dinner was served. The menu was as follows:

- Roast Turkey
Oysters
Dressing Green Peas
Hot Rolls Pickles Olives
Ice Cream and Cake with Candied Orange Peel was the Desert.
Coffee and Cigars.

After the dinner, cards and music furnished entertainment until the students made their departure. The Senior and Junior Veterinary students wish to express their hearty appreciation of the hospitality extended by Dr. and Mrs. Marstellar.

STUDENTS OF HORTICULTURE ENTERTAINER AT HOME OF DEAN AND MRS. KYLE. Last night the faculty of the Department of Horticulture and all Senior, and Graduate students were entertained with a delightful oyster supper at the home of Dean and Mrs. E. J. Kyle. That a most enjoyable evening was spent goes without saying for the reputation of the Kyle home as a social center and of the Dean and Mrs. Kyle as hosts is well known on the campus. A more detailed account will be given in a later edition.

FEBRUARY 8TH IS DATE OF SECOND NOVICE MEET

The preliminaries for the Second Novice Meet will be held in the Air-dome Tuesday night, February 8th. The finals will be decided on the 10. All men who wish are invited to participate. The winner of two out of three contests wins the college title to his weight and receives a medal. Entries should be made by Sunday night so contestants can weigh in before breakfast Monday. Names should be handed to Maxwell, Snell, Masuda, Gardner, Capt. King or Coach Jones sometime this week. The mats have been cleaned and sunned and are in good shape for this week. Special care will be taken for the rest of this month to care for any mat burns to prevent possible infection. The season closes in a month with the Texas, Oklahoma meet.

DEATH WHERE IS THY STING? Many economists assert that Terence McSwinnery was a profiteer, because he did not want food to go down. As a result he was measured for a wooden Kimona, thus disproving the theory that he was a profit here. Some advanced the theory that Terence was a dyspeptic, while others maintained that he was dying to get his name in the Bryan Eagle. It may be the height of imagination but we take it for granted that this wild Irish rose. Therefore, shortly after throwing up the sponge and other articles he had in soak, he was issued a pair of wings and a harp. Mc never used the harp though, because he liked to harp on having made such an Irish stew. Terence imbibed ambrosia and nectar to his hearts content, as soon as he discovered and uncovered the celestial punch-bowl; because he felt pretty certain that he wouldn't be bothered by doctors any longer. It wasn't long, however, before he tired of high celestial mirth; because he had once lived in Ireland. He began pondering over his situation; now he was only a minor angel, while on Earth he was a Lord Mayor. Ambrosia and nectar soon lost their "kick", and he began hungering for Cork. He was humored with this light diet for a while, and his ability to float around in tenuous ether was simply corking. Nevertheless, he made the statement that he would like to go back to Killarney. This frightened many of the lesser Deities and he was promptly reported to the Heavenly Discipline Committee (no contrast implied) before such rash ideas would start to Dublin. It was a very serious offense to delude the inhabitants of Earth into thinking that he was an Irish martyr when, in reality, he was Welsh-Irish with a little Scotch in him—at times. It was decided that punishment should be meted out to him proportional to the magnitude of the crime. He must be made to realize that he was not such a martyr after all—but how? Some expressed the idea of sending him where "Keep the Home Fires Burning" is the national anthem, but they were told to keep cool. That he must be made to realize that he was not such a martyr was the consensus of opinion but, by what means? The chairman scratched his head

and thought. He scratched them again but not for a gain. He was at a loss just what to do. Finally a lesser deity made his way before the discipline committee and, in tones that bespoke his rank, made known his plan for making the pampered Terence realize his insignificance as a martyr. A mighty shout arose that made all the rocks on high Olympus rock. At last the problem was solved! But by whom and how? By an ex-A. and M. man, of course! His plan was that McSwinnery be transformed from an angel to a cadet, and be forced to eat in the Mess Hall for a week. Cheer up, McSwinnery, this isn't a true story.

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EXCHANGE

Jack—"Papa what is the board of education?" Father—"Why, when I was in school it was a shingle."—Ex.

A funny little thing A frog are. Ain't got no tail Almost hardly; When he hop, he yump; When he yump, he sit On he little tail Wot he ain't got Almost hardly.

Latin's a dead language, As dead as dead can be, It's killed out all the Romans, And now it's killing me. —Aegis.

Little Vernon. Litte Vernon found his dad's home brew, Thought he'd see what the stuff would do— He took two drinks and climbed a tree And never came back to normalcy. —Iowa Frivol.

'Twas Hard to Get. He sits alone before the fire, And smiles, self-satisfied. He's thinking now of how she looked And of the many times he tried And tried to get his courage up Before he finally did it. He's gloating o'er that first kiss yet Because that kiss was hard to get.

She sits before the looking glass, Still happy and content, Her cup of joy is full because He did just what she meant To make the fond man do. Thru all those weeks of planning. She's gloating o'er that last kiss yet Because that kiss was hard to get. —Johnnie Louise Folse.

Why Adam Mars Enjoyed His Christmas Holidays: Christmas holidays. When Adam in bliss, Asked his girl for a kiss, She puckered her lips with a coo; Gave looks so ecstatic, And answered emphatic "I don't care Adam if I do."

When Co-Eds Take Sunday Dinner Az Lyrly being deaf in one ear is now sleeping on his good one, so he can't hear himself snore. She—"Do you like bananas?" Az (rather deaf)—"No mam, I prefer the old fashioned night shirt." —Ex.

To a C. I. A. Mouse (With apologies to Burns) Ye wee, bold, nervy thieving beastie, O, what a panic's in my breastie Thou make'st me start awa' as hasty Wi' ye bickering brattle! I wad be laith to have ye rin an' chase me Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry thy dominion Has broken up my closet's union An' justifies that ill opinion Which makes me startle At thee, thou, poor, low-down companion But ever-present mortal.

Doubt ye na, whiles thou from me thave, That I, poor creature, twa maun live?

Then they made them the strangest creature— Ah! the high gods they were wise!— With heart of brass and hair of gold, And two twin stars for eyes.

They filled all her years with beauty, They filled all her hours with fun, But her head they left as empty As the sounding kettle-drum Oh! they made them the strangest creature, And man to her yoke has been bent; Smiles are her cruellest weapons, Her weakness in her strength.

She charms by display of slim ankle, She concealth her ears and her toes; And they gave her red paste for her features,

Just a cracker one to lave 'S a sma' request; If e'er a lonesome crumb I save Ye never miss 't!

I see my clothes laid bare an' waste; All my civies goin' fast, An' cozie here beneath my hat Ye thought to dwell— Till crash! My trap at last Upon thee fell!

These wee bit heap o' cloth an' stible Has cost thee mony a weary nibble! An' now has turned thee out for all thy trouble, O' house or hold; I cast thee now, with mony a gibble Into the cauld!

Thou art at rest; but what of me! The present only toucheth thee, But Och! I backward cast my e'e On these scraps here! An' forward tho' I canna see I guess an' fear!

Ah, mousie, no more am I vain Thou'st tau't me to see too plain The best-made things o' mice an' men Gang aft agley An' lea'e us nought but rags an' ruin To strew our way! —Lass-O.

The Delusion.

I walked to town this evening with a girl, A pretty girl whose teeth were white as pearl. Her wondrous eyes were of a glorious hue An azure ne'er to be forgotten blue. Her lips were crimson as a full blown rose And just above them was a perfect nose. Her cheeks were soft as softest eider-down Her smiling face was crossed by not a frown. Her golden hair was fit for God to see, Such hair as mortals never hoped might be. Yes truly, it was purest joy serene With such a pretty damself to be seen.

The Reality. The sun unhid itself from behind the mist And then my love appeared much less with beauty kissed. Her teeth were bleached with purest lemon juice, Her eyes were ugly as the very deuce. And too much rouge appeared upon her lips. While cream upon the end of finger tips Had wrought pure havoc with her cheeks and more. Her hair was false. My cherished dream was o'er. —Exchange.

Experimental Chemistry. Bill, in search of something new Poured a pint of hydroflu In his father's oxford shoe; Just to see what it would do As research work it isn't bad But t'was rather rough on dad. Johnnie, in his careless glee Mixed up I and NH3 When the stuff was dry and thick Johnnie hit it with a brick, Johnnie's now in heaven they say— At least he surely went that way.

Little Jane was happy when She found a lump of KCN "Pa likes lot of sweets" said she So she put it in his tea (Strange how died and suicide Rhyme so well with cyanide).

WOMAN (Lost chorus of "Atlanta in Calydon") When the years were but infants tossing In the ancient cradle of time, Man wandered the earth like a lost thing, Groping and blind in the slime. And the high gods saw his sorrow, They had only fashioned a slave; So they said: "We must give him a tyrant, If his soul we are to save."

Then they made them the strangest creature— Ah! the high gods they were wise!— With heart of brass and hair of gold, And two twin stars for eyes. They filled all her years with beauty, They filled all her hours with fun, But her head they left as empty As the sounding kettle-drum Oh! they made them the strangest creature, And man to her yoke has been bent; Smiles are her cruellest weapons, Her weakness in her strength.

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And dust to put on her nose. Her talk is an outlander's jargon, Given with pouts and with sighs; Her talk is of love and of lovers, Of stars and of moons and of skies. Yes! they made them the strangest creature, And she conquers man with a glance, Yet her day is a yawn or a simper Between a dance and a dance. —Pelican

A Tragic Comedy. Act I. Soph: "Hello, Ignorance!" Xmas Fish: "Hi, Bliss!" (Curtain) Act II. Xmas Fish: "But I didn't know you were a Soph." Soph: "Oh! '%&'()*'" And the war was on!

Hard Luck. Failed in Latin, flunked in Math, I heard him savagely hiss; I'd like to find the guy who said That ignorance is bliss. —Ex. Ain't it the Truth? If a man could make love to the girl he loves with the ease and fluency with which he makes love to the girl he doesn't love, all wooing would be successful.—Nashville Tennesseean.

YOU LIAR.. Jack: "Girls are prettier than men." Jean: "Why, naturally." Jack: "No, artificially."—Cornell Widow.

NO CUTS IN HAIRCUTS. According to Bradstreet "there has been a decline of 25 percent in the general average of commodity prices from February 1, 1920 to December 1, 1920", and things have gone down steadily since then. We are looking forward with keen anticipation to that 35 cent haircut and 15 cent shave!

Wm. H. Boothe, Jr. '17 of Gonzales was married to Miss Maurine Ingraham formerly a teacher in the high school at Gonzales in San Antonio last week. Booth who was born and reared in Gonzales joined the aviation service while a student here and won a commission as lieutenant serving as an aviator overseas for some months previous to the signing of the armistice. Rub-My-Tism relieves Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains.

ALL WILDCAT! Think Wildcat!

S. M. U. LADIES' CHORAL CLUB GUION HALL WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9, 1921 8 P. M. ADMISSION 50C. STUDENTS 35C. CHILDREN 25C. ALL SEATS RESERVED AT BRANDON & LAWRENCE AND AT THE Y. M. C. A.