

THE BATTALION

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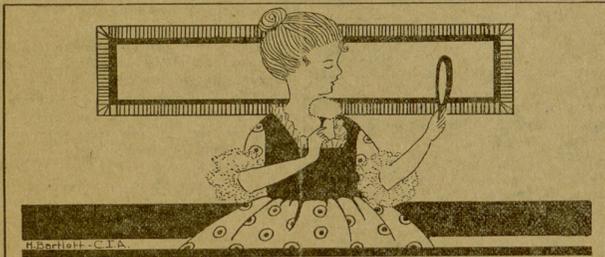
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POWDER PUFF STAFF

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| MISS FRANCES FOOTE. | MISS LOIS PIPKIN. |
| MISS NOVA LOVELL. | |

THE GIRLS FROM EVERYWHERE.



TO THE POWDER PUFF CONTRIBUTORS.

There was a great deal of material sent in for the Powder Puff that was good, even better than some of this, probably, but everything could not be used and the Editorial Censoring Committee, composed of three girls who are intimately concerned with A. and M. and the things connected with it, have tried to pick from the mass of material that which was the most relevant to the daily life of the Aggies. Girls, over the state and in other states, if your contributions do not appear in this edition do not think we do not appreciate it. It may have come too late, it may have expressed the same sentiments as some other already received—or we may have just not had room in this issue. A great deal of your material we intend using in later Battalion editions, and now we thank you one and all for helping us, the feminine friends of the Aggies, get out this Powder Puff.

Signed,
EDITORIAL CENSORING STAFF.

AN ESSAY ON THE AVERAGE A. AND M. MAN.

Once upon a time I thought I understood man, and I thought I could marry an A. and M. man with one hand and my eyes closed. But alas! I have discovered that if you flatter an A. and M. man it frightens him to death, and if you don't flatter him he is bored to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired after a while and if you don't he thinks you are a cinic. If you agree with him in everything he says you soon cease to charm him. If you wear gay colors, rough and startling hats he hesitates to take you out, and if you wear a little brown toque he takes you out and gazes all evening at some other woman in gay colors, rouge, 'n everything. If you are jealous he can't endure it, and if you are not he can't understand you. If you join in his gaudies and approve of his smoking he vows you are leading him to the devil. If you disapprove of his gaudies and urge him to give up smoking he vows you are leading him to the divine. If you are affectionate he tires of your kisses. If you are cold he seeks consolation in some other woman's kisses. If you are a sweet old fashioned clinging vine, he doubts that you have any brain, and if you are modern, advanced and independent he doubts that you have a heart sample. If you are cute and boyish he longs for a soul mate. If you are brilliant and intalitent he longs for a play-mate. If you are temperamental andpathetic he longs for a help mate and all the time he is falling in love with you for what you are, he is spending his days trying to remodel you into what you are not and can never be.

Now please don't ask me how I discovered all these things about the A. and M. man.

FOUR GENERATIONS.

"When I was a girl," said great grand-ma,
With a shake of her white head,
"A girl who used cosmetics
Was much worse off than dead.
The commonest of chorus girls
Were all that ever dared
Put powder on their noses,
And even they were scared."

"Well, things were not as good as that
When I was young, I know,"
Said grandma to her mother.
"And I am glad it wasn't so.
When our noses they got shiny
As all folks noses do,
We'd rub them with Old Quaker Oats
And that was plenty too."

Then mother with a little sigh
Spoke up and said her say,
"Well, things were not as tame as
that
When my crowd had our day.
I used to have real powder
To dust upon my nose,
And I'd pat and pinch my cheeks
As bright as any rose."
Then daughter fair came prancing in,
And wildly looked about.
"Where is my eyebrow pencil?
Mother, I'm going out.
Grandma, find my lipstick,
Great-grandma, where's my paint?
If I don't get some color on
They'll think I'm going to faint."

YE OLDEN TIMES.

He used to hold her little hand
And squeeze it now and then,
But since she's been to C. I. A.,
She wants lots wilder men.

He used to kiss her little cheek
And often times her brow;
But since she studied germs and such,
She wants no kissing now.

He used to put his strong right arm
Around her little waist;
But when he tries such rough stuff
now,
She says it is misplaced.
She used to sit upon his lap
As happy as could be;
But now it makes her seasick,
For he's water on the knee.

Oh, times have changed for the poor
boys,
And girls are far too queer,
Some rave if you don't love 'em lots,
When everyone is near.

While other lassies just as sweet
Won't let you touch 'em ever;
I think I'll let them all alone,
I'll understand them—never!

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Interrupting my sweet repose;
"He"—was a big mosquito,
And he stood on the bridge of my
nose.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

(Apologies to Shakespeare).
To be or not to be, that is the question,
We meet in every day of our poor lives.
To be or not to be sure, is the question
That can be answered only by your wives.

To be or not to be, quoth our dear old Commandant,
As fondly he gazed into Beulah's blue eyes,
To be or not to be, is not the question;
But will she have me and will she be surprised?
Surprised if I ask her the simple question.
That can be answered by her "yes" or "no".
To be or not to be, sure is the question;
But I think that Beulah knows that I'm too slow.

To be or not to be sighed Cape, Lt. Col.,
How would it be to have a little wife?
O, fudge, quoth C. B. Warden, I tried to rent a house and take one,
So I would be satisfied for life.
I'll tell you what, spake Gaddis from his corner,
Let Horn tell of his black haired Varsity girl,
The one he stole from an innocent Freshman
And who is keeping his head in a whirl.

When Pierce would have spoken he was silenced
By Mowery, who really knows it all.
He cried aloud, "All hear me, let me answer,
For I have suffered thwarted love's most bitter gall!
I am a Senior and right well you know it,
Brinkman stole my girl and cruelly let me fall.
If Pierce has suffered as I have, don't make him tell it,
For cruel fate said 'not to be' that's all!"

And then I think of Robinson, Barnes and Willis,
King, Blumenthal, Legg, Vinther and Edwards, too,
Bowie, Cox, Bloodworth, Evans and Mahan,
I sometimes wonder what they all will do.
For each of them must come to the eternal question
To be or not to be, it is not new.
But the same that has been asked through all the ages,
Really, what will this bunch of wise old Seniors do?

Will Robinson be a statesman good and true?
Will Barnes be a Second Lieut. in the U. S. Army?
Will Willis sail upon the ocean blue?
Will King drum with the Aggieband Six for a living?
Will Blumenthal black the other fellow's shoe?
Will TIMID Aubrey Legg a wise professor be
And teach the "young ideas" how to spoon?
Will Vinther head a corps of engineers
And build a railroad to the moon?

Will Clyde Edwards be a scientific farmer?
Will Cox of Smithville ever get a wife?
Will Bloodworth always be a president?
Will Sterling Evans settle down in life?
Will Bowie preach the glad good tidings—
That have brought happiness to many a mind?
Will Mahan coach football or be a ranchman
And grace the home as some woman's lucky find.

To be or not to be, they all must meet it,
As on commencement shores they stand,
Ready to step upon life's ocean
To explore, to them, a strange and unknown land.
To be or not to be, oft will they think it,
Oft will they ask the question of themselves,
To be or not to be, to do or not to do,
May they all choose wisely and choose well.

D.M. & E.H.

Said one powder puff to the other one day,
"I belong to some keen dame."
She doesn't have to use powder or paint,
But the boys love her just the same.
She knows just where lots of rabbits live,
And now that it's near Easter season,
She goes out hunting neath the pale moonlight—
Killing rabbits—there's a reason.
—"PETE."

WHAT ONE GIRLIE THINKS OF HER A. AND M. KAYDET.

"On the Shores of Tripoli",
"In the Gloaming".

"Dear Little Boy of Mine":
"Last Night" I went to "Simple Simon's Party" with "Jerry", dressed as "Pretty Little Cinderella." I looked so "Sweet and Pretty," "They Went Wild, Simply Wild Over Me!" and "Jerry" was some "Jazz Baby." "At That Jazz Band Ball" we saw "Margie" dressed as "The Bohemian Girl" with "Monte Cristo Jr.", also "Peggy" who had borrowed "My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown" for the occasion. She was with "Chong" and they surely were "Tackin' 'Ew Down."

"O, Johnny O" mistook me for "A Vamp" and said, "Oh You Beautiful Doll", "I'll Get You Yet." I said, "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?" he said, "Follow Me" and we went out to the "Old Fashioned Garden an sat "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" underneath "The Venetian Moon," then he told me "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," and he said, "All That I Want Is You" "To Have, to Hold, to Love." I kinda think he had "The Homesickness Blues" from the way he acted, and you know "Every Laddie Loves a Lassie." He asked me for "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss" and you know "There's a Little Bad in Every Good Little Girl" and he had me "Almost Persuaded" when I remembered about "A Young Man's Fancy" "N Everything" and then I started "Wond'ring" about my "Chocolate Soldier" in "AggieLand," "The Land Where the Sweet Daddies Grow" and I remembered that "He's Had no Lovin' for a Long, Long Time" and I started "Yearning" and "Just A Wearin' for You," "My Sweetie" and I knew I had been acting "Naughty, Naughty Naughty." Just then he said, "Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me," "But I Was Blue, "Just Blue", so I said: "Oh, How I Wish I Could Sleep 'Til My Daddy Comes Home."

"Whispering" he said, "Tell Me," "Whose Pretty Baby Are You?" I said, "You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet!" "Cause I'm in Love With a Wonderful Man." He said, "Oh" and "I Hate to Lose You" and "I'm Always Falling in Love With Some Other Fellow's Girl," so I'm going back to "Dixie Land" to the "Girl I Left Behind me", "So Long O Long." We went back to "That Land of Jazz" and ate "Chili Beans" and "Razzberries" and the combination made us say, "O By Jingo." Then "Rose of Washington Square" yelled "For de Lawd's Sake Play a Waltz" and "Alexander's Rag time Band" played "That Naughty Waltz." Pretty soon "The Japanese Sand Man Came Creeping Along"; so they played "Home, Sweet Home" and that was "The End of a Perfect Day."

Now "Dearie", "Don't Turn My Picture to the Wall" and please don't get those "Dallas Blues" 'cause "I Love You Truly" and "Dear Heart" "I'm Tired of Livin' Alone" and I want to sail down the "Beautiful Ohio" and stop off at "My Isle of Golden Dreams" and go to "That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone" and "Let the Rest of the World Go by", 'cause when I'm in "My Baby's Arms" it's "Just a Bit of Heaven"; so I'll be "Waiting" for "Nobody But You" 'til you come "Walkin the Dog" "Down the Road to Home Sweet Home."

Yours "Til the Sands of the Desert Grow cold."
"Irene."
"Dimp."

WHEN?

When blue serge becomes not uniform and skirts are above nine inches,
When square tops are no longer square and nifty hats replace them.
When H.S.O. has furnished our chow-bags and HCL becomes cologne,
When Seniors have no privileges and Fish do all the ruling.
When Juniors are not stuck up and Sophs forget their importance,
When classes are a pleasure and chemistry has departed,
When "exams" are but an antique dream and students do the teaching,
When one gets a flunk slip and everyone makes "A"s,
When meal attendance is not required and sleeping late is the vogue,
When rumors on the campus have ceased and all is true you hear,
When mail comes forty times a day and everyone gets plenty,
When men upon this C.I.A. camps lose their charm and girls quit wanting dates,
Then we wonder if A. and M. will be our brother college?

P. S.—Boys, what do you think about it? C. I. A. expects to be your co-ed then.
—Susie Thompson, C.I.A.
First Young Man—"Most girls I have found, don't seem to appreciate real music."
Second Young Man—"Why do you say that?"
First Young Man—"Well, you may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin for an hour and she won't even look out of the window; but one honk of a horn, and—out she comes."
—Exchange.

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