



HEARTICULTURE.*

Of all the branches of Science—there is none that offers more varied delights than Hearticulture.

Knowing how successful the students of A. and M. College are in this science—perhaps a few of the latest improvements in that Science might be given.

1. The Puff Blossom. (Powder-
minosis Delicataea).

This dainty flower bears a wintery-looking blossom of snowy white, with rare fragrance. It is an exquisitely feminine flower. Flourishes in ornamental pots on boudoirs or on dressing tables. Eagerly sought after by ladies at balls or other gay functions.

2. The Proposal Plant. (Heartis
Throbolae) Loveyoulia Family.

This must not be confused with the Wild Popper weed (Paterfamilias Furiosus), which if not kept in its bed, often chokes off the Proposal Plant, and prevents its blooming.

3. The Blush Rose. (Delicatia
Varia) Mostany Family.

This is the most delicate and sensitive of all the flowers in Loves Garden and has the astonishing power of changing color. Care should be taken in the selection of this variety of roses, as unscrupulous nurserymen often palm off on inexperienced customers a rank imitation, little better than a weed known as the Common Roub or Make-up Plant. (Pigmentia Artificialis) a variety of Puff Blossom. This imposture can easily be detected by application of the water test, a spray of water causing the false rose to turn a chalky white with red streaks.

4. The Newflamea.

Requires a good deal of attention but is usually a very satisfactory plant to cultivate. It has a wonderfully stimulating effect on its admirers.

5. Aspira Poetica.

A spring variety of the Aspiration vine. This plant speaks for itself. It is in no way related to the Common Asparagus, as the name may suggest. It is a very capricious plant and few can bring it to perfection. For those who are unsuccessful in its cultivation a substitute may be found in the familiar Quotation Plant (Bartlettia Familiaris). Young gardeners should be cautioned against a too great display of these plants.

6. The Check Weed. (Mostany
Family).

An uncertain plant. Don't try to raise them unless you have had experience. With this may be mentioned the Overdue Billberry Plant (Creditoria Hauntia). This is a persistent plant and a knoxious which should be stamped out as soon as it makes its appearance. Then there is the Poker Plant (Cardenia) a showy plant. A great deal of time and money has been spent in perfecting this plant. Grows in very large pots. It is seldom a grower can show three alike and if an enthusiast can show four of a kind it is something to be remembered—sometimes with sorrow.

7. The Policia.

One of the finest. A great grafter. Follows the Porch Climber but seldom appears until it has gone.

8. The Porch Climber or Second Story Vine.

(Note the size of the pistils. To illustrate all of the most recent improvements in Hearticulture would take much time and space, so here is a prepared list of many others. Anyone can get a complete catalogue by writing to the author, H. Puff—ask the Editor?

- Lingerie Plant (Frillia Plufflyacea)
- Engagement Vines.
- Cosy Cornia.
- Parasolia.
- Hammock Vine.
- Sitelosia Vine.
- Serenade Vine.
- Evening Chaperone.
- Wallflower.
- Social Climber.
- Actorines.
- Spaghettnot.
- Matrimony.

H. Puff.

*Editor's Note:—Excellent drawings and paintings of above varieties accompanied this article but arrived too late for use.

Just think how funny things would be

If all the girls were twins; With eyes and nose and hair and clothes

As much alike as pins; You couldn't tell Louise from Nell Or Mary Jane from Lizz, Just think a bit and you'll admit, It's better as it is.

For some like 'em big And some like 'em small, And now and then you find a hen That no one likes at all.

You know some fellows fall for this, While others fancy that; Some love the ladies when they're thin

And others like 'em fat; Some chaps will rave and work and slave To win a slender miss, And all the while their brothers smile On beauty such as this!

For some like 'em plump And some like 'em lean And now and then you find a peach That's sort 'o in between.

Now Tommy's strong for all the blondes,

They've got him on the run, And Bill, he likes the dark brunettes In fact, he married one.

Bob likes a head that's painted red, You know, the Henna kind, While Gus will fall for any doll That bobs her hair behind.

For some like 'em dark, And some like 'em fair, And now and then you find a chap Who doesn't seem to care.

A violin improves with age, Or so the critic state, The tunes we play are soon passe They must be up-to-date.

We gather daises in the spring And chestnuts in the fall, But when it comes to picking girls, The rule don't work at all.

For some like 'em young And some like 'em late, And now and then you find a wren Who's young at sixty eight.

You know what sort 'O girl I like? What color eyes and hair?

What shoes and hose and hat and clothes I like to see her wear? About how tall with weight and all? You want to know the kind? I hate to say because some day I'm apt to change my mind.

For some like 'em short And some like 'em tall And now and then you find a chap Who seems to like 'em all.

—Bettie.

Pineneedles, Texas, March 1, 1921

Dere Son:—

Yer letter of the 15th has just arrived. Thank yer so much for gittin' yer Ma and me straight on that hazin' business. Yer Ma was well nigh worried ter death, but I sez, sez I: "Ef that boy ain't got spunk enough ter stand a little bossin' around and havin' ter call them upper—upper—yis! them upperclassmen "Sir" for a year, why Elvirie, he ain't fitten ter git no education." And she sez, sez she: "I kaint bear ter think of them big boys ahurtin' my Baby!" And I sez: "Baby! Huh! That six-footer ain't my idear of a baby! And besides—he'll git it back on some poor Freshman next year," sez I.

Son yer oughter be more carefuller of what yer write in black and white. Yer Ma seen that letter an' she wanted ter know all 'bout thet carnival and how I was crazy about pink. I'll fergive yer tho, seen' as how yer never knowed no better. But do be kerful what yer say next time.

Speaking of hazin', that feller Ogle shore handed it straight ter that Senator Parr. But I b'lieve thet boy, C. H. Schwaner, done even nobler than he done. I'll say I felt like slapping the ole boy on the back and sayin' "Go to it Buddy." Them is my senterments exactly.

I am sendin' yer a dollar. Yer Ma sez yer are ter buy a teeth-bresh and a shinin' bresh too. It aint sani-sani-sanitary fer yer and Bill ter use one bresh fer both of them things. Them upper classment oughter learn yer better.

I had a letter from yer sister Aggie at T. W. C. She is still playin' in thet orchestrie or what ever it is. They jest been out to Weatherford and Strawn ter play fer 'em. Sed they had a dandy time. She sed she nearly laughed herself sick at Weatherford.

Some boys took a bunch of them ter get some sundies (I never knowed ther wuz but one kind b'fore) and a rat ran out from under a table and caused havoc (I don't know what that means) with them gals. She sed them gals got on them tables and chairs and things so quick thet she near laughed her shilly self ter death. She sed one leetle gal named Sarah Jane hopped on top of a desk about twice as tall as she was. Aggie sed she was so tickled thet she jest stood there and yelled at 'em ter run! Sed they had a shary—no, keen is th' word—time at Strawn, too. Went ridin' in Primers and things to Mings an' Gordon and Therba. I don't know what

them big words means. I looked in th' dictionary but they aint there.

My boy I'm glad yer loyal to yer school. As I have sed before—you wouldn't be fitten ter be there if yer wuzent. Tricks ain't hazin'. Every boy has ter have his fun. But I'm glad yer wuz willin' ter tell yer Pa an' Ma 'bout it. Yer know, we're kinder spectin' our boy ter be a leetle mite better'n other folks' boys. Be a Engineer, son, but 'member yer Pa and Ma is expectin' yer ter be the best man in this har country.

Yer lovin' Pa.

P. S. 1—Thet gal yer was so stuck on Christmas is avisitin' Farmer Jones' gal agin. She shore is a pretty gal.

P. S. 2—I reckon, on 2nd thot, yer might as well come home ter spend next Sunday. Here is a check for rail road fare.

P. S. 3—Yer Ma sez Farmer Jones' gal told Mis' Lendy and Mis' Lendy told Mis' King, and Mis' King told Aunt Hilda, and Aunt Hilda told Granny Gray and Granny Gray told her thet thet gal whut is avisitin' her told her she wuz so sorry yer weren't t' hum.

P. S. 4—I heerd tell thet thet gal avisitin' Farmer Jones would be hear fer a nuther week.

P. S. 5—Thet gal thet's avisitin' thet Jones gal has been ridin with Tim Watson's boy twict! He has a new Ford roadster.

P. S. 6—Our new Catterlack has jest come. Yer can drive it when yer come.

P. S. 7—I'll meet the shoeshine special Saturday night.

Pa.

—Signed: ED, T. W. C.

To the Powder Puff:

If the four young men whom we had the pleasure of entertaining one Sunday last fall, are a sample of the physical and moral stamina of Texas A. and M. may justly well be proud of her boys.

MRS. FRED M. HILL,
MRS. C. C. CAPNER,
Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN.

A woman is queer, there's no doubt about that, She hates to be thin, and she hates to be fat. One minute it's laughter, the next it's a cry You can't understand her, however you try.

But there is one thing about her which everybody knows— A woman's not dressed till she powders her nose.

—S. W. T. N.

KISMET.

There was a young lady from Siam Who had a lover from Priam; I don't want to be kissed, But if you insist, Lord knows you are stronger than I am.

—S. W. T. N.

PAST AND PRESENT.

A thousand years ago today, This was a wilderness here— A man with a little powder in his gun Went out to hunt a deer.

But now things have changed a bit, And by a different plan; A deer with a little powder on her face Goes out to hunt a man.

Mary was a prudent miss, So modest and refined— She always got behind the bed Whenever she changed—her mind.

Mary loved her garden once, But now all joys have fled— She saw a Bachelor's Button, In a Black-Eyed Susan's bed!

—FINALE.

A BALLAD OF THE POWDER PUFF.

(Apologies to Kipling). Oh, a man is a man, and A maid is a maid, and Wherever the twain shall meet, 'Twill be a bit of fluff a powder puff A moon and a garden seat.

There's never a man what ere His birth, no matter how Refined or rough, That will not turn from The "home-grown face" to the Maid with the "powder puff."

—Nina Peebles.

Where is love, health and wealth always to be found? In the dictionary.

KIDD KEY SECRETS.

One morning Dr. Moore, our very absent-minded doctor of literature, came into her room, put her umbrella on the bed and stood behind the door all night.

Next morning at breakfast she poured syrup on her ankle and scratched her pan-cake.

PLATO NICKLEWARE'S LOVE EPISODE.

(By Sadie Novich).

Ma Deah Pleasant:

Heah I is, honey, done landed dis job down at the College. Now, gal, to de common populace like yo'self, dis place am known as A. and M. College, but to those like me what am prominently connected with the institution, it am de Agricultural and Mechanical College ob de State ob Texas, United States ob America. I might 'form you here, hon, that my love fo' you am still as strong as de A. and M. Boys is for dere football team and believe me, woman, dat am goin' some. Gal, I sho likes yo'.

Well, I supposen dat you would likes to know sumthin' ob de inner workin's and life out hear. Now, dear heart, you needn't be 'fraid ob no gal al-yunating yo' boy's 'fections, cause ladies is as scarce out here as offenders was in de hazin' vestigation. Honey, the rustle ob a skirt rouh' hear is as welcome as a bottle of likker to a 'foretime drunkard, or waffles at an A. and M. breakfast. But de boys out heah keeps pictures of most ebery pretty gal in de country stuck 'roun on de walls ob dere rooms. Say, Pleasant, if yo' has a nice picture ob yo'self, youse might send it to yo'se truly. Ob course, if you can find a picture of a gal what is most more 'tractive than yo', yo' can just sent it, and I will 'preciate it as well, 'cause I can claim it is you an' no one will know the difference. From 'what I percieves, the boys out hear all does that way.

On las' week some ob de boys frum de school went out to what they terms a 'spectin' tour. From wat I heahs dey must hab visited mostly chicken farms, 'cause since dey returned all I'se hudd dem speaks 'bout is de "chickens in Fote Worth, and de chickens in Dallas." Wat Kemistry and Engineers has to do wid poultry farms I just naturally can't see.

Near dis place am a town wat am known as Bryan, an' some ob de A. and M. boys has gals there an' some ob 'em hasn't, but it ain't cause dey don't all wants 'em. Trouble is, dere ain't nuf gals dere to goes 'round. De oder day I has 'casion to be in dat town, and chile, I done seen de reason why de boys here don always just naturally be crazy to jazz off to dat place. Honey, nex' to you, dere am some ob de likkiest gals dere I don' eber cast my eyes over my shoulder at, and believe me, dey am de last word in fashion. Why, dem gals dresses am so short dat you can't tell whether dey is ment fo' dresses or is over-grown middy blouses. Yo' tell 'em, soda, i' cream (dis am one of de sayings de boys brings back lots ob de city). Dey brought back lots ob 'em but you'se not bein' a college person, yo' wouldn't quite understand 'em.

Well, hon, I has more work to do, so I ain't got much time fo' to correspond wid lady 'quaintances, but ob course you bein' you makes diffunce. Dese boys out here has an appetite what am first cousin to the Tape Worm, an' it just natully takes food to keep 'em in good spirits. Nex' to de ladies and holidays, I thinks they likes food most csrumptiously.

Be sho' to writes we away an' I'se will respond most punctiliously. Address me: Mr. Plato Nickleware, C. C. and B. W., College Station, Texas. (C. C. and B. W. spells Chief Cook and Bottle Washer) and not Cranford Crawford, Bryan and Warden).

Yo's till death or some other gal do us separate,

PLATO.

P. S.—I forgets to tell yo' dat las' week I became married to a preacher's daughter ober in Bryan and so am now her husband. Write soon.

You'se truly,

Plato.

ROOMS PROVIDED VISITING GIRLS AND MOTHERS.

We are very glad to announce to the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of A. and M. men that at last there is a suitable place on the campus where visiting ladies may be entertained. A third story, consisting of nicely furnished rooms, has been added to the "Y" building, and a charming lady has been placed in charge as hostess and chaperon. The "Y" can now take care of as many ladies as are fortunate enough to receive bids to the dances or other festivities.

Skinney Strange: "It's a shame for such young girls to be allowed to attend public dances?"

Another Stag: "How's that? I haven't noticed any."

Skinney: "Why, man, half of them can't even toddle."

Bertschler: "Most of the girls who contributed poetry to the "Powder Puff" remind me of Lefty Matthews."

King: "How's that?"

Bertschler: "They get their feet mixed up."

Fish: "I am trying to get ahead."

Soph: "You need one, allright."

A BILLET-DOUX.

Beth was a winsome country lass And William on a brief vacation The time more pleasantly to pass Essayed flirtation.

And while they strolled in twilight dim, And as the time for parting drew, He asked if she would have from him A billet-Doux.

Now this country lass of French knew naught, But doubting not 'twas something nice, Shlyly raised her pretty head Her rosy lips together drew and coyly said:

"Yes, Bill, do"—And Billy DID!

He: "How some of these old songs do haunt me."

She: "Well, you've often murdered them!"

Heard of Bryan-College Interurban En Route to College.

Cleo (Running for Car): "Dear me! I forgot my purse, now I'll have to carry money in my hand".

Patra: "Why don't you put it in your stocking?"

Cleo: "I would but it is already filled up."

—Kaveda.

Ada—"No man can kiss me by force."

Helen—"No, you're always willing."

What is the best color for a bride? I prefer a white one!!!

DR. A. BENBOW
DENTIST

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2nd Floor City National Bank Building, Bryan, Texas

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GUION HALL

Thursday, March 17
7:45

Seats can be reserved Monday
8 a. m. at the Y.



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