

THE PROTEST OF A POWDER PUFF

Toiling under the burden of an unfinished evening dress that was required—by the teacher, not the occasion—by 7:45 the next morning, and a trial balance that tried bravely but didn't balance, I was disturbed by a wee, powdery voice:

"Thou art a hard mistress," it said reprovingly. "When I was first presented to thee by the very best friend, Anabel, I was the envy of all the other powder puffs on thy dressing table. I was bedecked with ribbons, pink and yellow. My face was as smooth and white as thine own after thou hast appropriated my services.

"I was placed in thy ivory powder box where I was seen and admired by all thy friends. Then thou didst return to school.

"Since thou wouldst powder thy nose at least three times while thou wast in Fort Worth with Ahem-m-m-Him, thou must have a handsome puff. So thou didst cram my fluffy dimensions into an inch space between thy gloves on the one hand and the letter telling just how he looked and what he would wear, on the other hand.

"When we reached our destination, thou didst give thy face a thorough ablation with hot water and soap but my own beautiful countenance was left grimy and soiled.

"Next day thou didst thrust me into a mighty cavern called a pocket, where my once beautiful pink and yellow ribbons were placed but little above the common masses of pencils, erasers, thumbtacks and the like. And last and worst of all my humiliation thou didst thrust a vile fountain pen in upon me. The pen was weary of the hard life thou didst lead it, and it wept great tears of violet ink upon my once immaculate ribbons.

"Later, when Prof. Jackson had looked in thy direction twice, thou didst sieze me and wipe me across thy nose, and wondered why people turned their heads after they had taken one peep at thy countenance. Do not wince. Prof. did look at thee. I saw him through that aperture in thy pocket where the acid was spilled. I also saw him turn his head and for some strange reason his shoulders became somewhat unsteady for a moment. He looked again and his shoulders shook again and his face became strangely contorted.

"That night, thou didst painfully remove my ribbons and laboriously wash out the ink spots. Then I was assigned to the ignoble task of keeping thy nose powdered through Prof.'s history class and through chapel.

"And now, I am lying here, my once beautiful complexion all covered with the powder, more dust and pencil marks, and giving forth odors gathered from soda fountains, from the onions of the dining room, and from a small cut glass bottle in thine own room.

"Many times I have wept powdery tears and sighed fragrant sighs into the air thick with needles, paint brushes, and queer little notebooks with GREGG written on the front side of them, but thou, hard-hearted human that thou art—didst not heed me. And now I am worn out and helpless and cannot serve thee any more, and thou hast cast me into thy waste-basket.

"I cannot save myself, but I can and will rise up and save my kinspeople. I shall send them a message fraught with all the earnestness of a dying powder puff, warning them never to fall into the hands of an unscrupulous C. L. A. girl, but rather to go to College Station among the kind-hearted and tender young men of A. and M. where they will be honored each year of their luxurious lives with a special issue of their paper.

"I can say and do no more, but thke this, the last words of a powder puff as it finishes an abused and down-trodden life: May thy powder box be forever vacant and thy nose forever shiny."

AIN'T IT AWFUL?

The habit of chewing gum is a ter-magant, cacophomus, calorifacient, stentorian, manifestation of redundant, rampant muscular activity terminating in pertinacious thralldom to the obnoxious commodity designated in peremptory jargon as gum! The onerous circumvolution of penurious allotments of the said opprobrious commodity is frequently capricious and pusillanimous. It manifests egregious bumpitiousness. This is a circumlocutionary expression of contemptuous intolerance of an obsolescent habitude. Consequently, since this is an incomprehensible conglomeration of superfluous eccentricities—the orchestra is requested to change the air.

T. P. C., '21.

HARD LUCK!

"Meet me" she said, "by the garden wall, Tomorrow night as the sun goes down."

"But THIS is tomorrow, and here am I And there's the wall, and the sun's gone down!"

To prevent a cold take 666.

A SOPH WROTE—

Dear Mother:— You saw in the Bat about the Powder Puff edition which will come out on March 11th. Won't you write something for that issue? Something for me, I don't know what, but you do. You know my sentiments and views, also just where my organ of circulation is located. Don't fail me. Worlds of love—

Mother Wrote:— "There's a Reason."

Of all the schools away up north, Or down here in our Dixie, They've naught about which they can boast

Like we can 'bout our Prexie. Of course he is no perfect man— Does things he had'n't orter, But we've in our hearts to pardon him, Because he's got a daughter.

Sometimes his edicts are severe— Proclaims we sha'n't and shouldn't, Then goes ahead and fixes things Soft we wanted to we couldn't. But the corps will fight for Prex— Raze walls of brick and mortar, Engage in conflict hand to hand, Because he's got a daughter.

Prexie's like most pedagogues, It's hard to put things by him. We all know whereof we speak, At A. and M. we try him.

He shows us who is boss down here, And drives that truth home, sorter, But there are sins we will forgive, Because he's got a daughter.

THE LIP STICK AND THE POWDER PUFF

The lip stick and the powder puff Were walking hand in hand, Upon my lady's dresser Where everything was grand.

Said the lip stick to his comrade: "The time has come at last When we are more respected Than in days of the past. For where is there a woman

In all this world's collection, Who doesn't use us one and all, To make up her complexion."

Then said the fluffy little puff: "But we always get a grin Whenever we are gazed at, By some of those hateful men. They can never be made to learn Not until creation ends That we are not mere fripperies But womans' truest friends."

"Those men, oh, I pity them," Said the lip stick with a sigh. The powder puff said nothing— But a tear was in her eye.

"When will they ever learn that we Hold a most important place In every womans' wardrobe As well as on her face."

Now any girl can tell you, Her face would feel so rough, In fact she could do nothing Without a powder puff!

GREGGILY SPEAKING.

English Teacher: "Can you give me a clear, concise definition of the word husband?" Commercial Fish: "In shorthand its a question mark!"

AT THE TABLE.

Ivy Marie: "Why didn't you take your piece of cake?" Peggy: "I forgot my microscope so I couldn't find it!"

IN LATIN CLASS.

Dana: "Why do they always have 'Plaudite' at the end of every play?" Jewel: "I suppose that is latin for 'kiss!'"

IN HISTORY CLASS.

Prof.: "Miss Carlisle, give a sketch of the work of Queen Elizabeth." Adelaide: "Well, Queen Elizabeth was the best woman king England has ever had!"

Summer.

They stood beneath the sheltering tree And talked as lovers should, And then, to seal the compact, He cut "Mary" on the wood.

Autumn.

Now back to town they both have strayed; One day they chance to meet, And then and there that self-same maid— Cut "Charlie" on the street!

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JEALOUS?

Little Curly Headed Blonde: "Some of the boys seem to disapprove of the publicity T. Hall is getting. It isn't hardly fair, but they could have the very same thing if they would come up every two weeks, too!"

Austin, Texas, Feb. 28, 1921. Attention Battalion:

Parade rest! We're goin' to tell you something. Every week we read cetra, ad infinitum. And don't mention Aggeland paper, and sit up and discuss everything that's in it. Just a couple of comments, as it were, "don't ya know?"

Well, you know, you aren't the only ones getting knocked. You see I have reference to hazing in your case. We get knocked for "knees." I guess you might call it "knock-knees."

To come to the point, we're rather fond of your paper—especially "With the College Wits," and we enjoyed the "Freshman's Letter Home." We're just a pair of Varsity co-eds, and thought you might appreciate our telling you that we liked the Battalion, even though our schools are famous rivals.

We wish you could see our room. We have a picture of the Aggie Football Squad, one of the basket stars, a couple of "Bo" McMillan, the Varsity Squad, a "Hall of Fame," made up of pictures forming a "T," a raft of baseball "snaps" showing Bib Falk knocking a "homer," Gus Gillett on the mound, Geo. McCulloch on second, etc. Track heroes, boxers, tennis sharks, et ived. Thank yer so much for gittin' tion our souvenirs! We swipe a spoon "er sumphin" everywhere we go.

Where the wall space will permit we have pennants: Texas A. and M., Texas U., Louisiana, Southwestern, Army, Navy, Monterey, San Francisco, Winnipeg and others. Guess we'd better "halt"—wishing your paper "oodles" of success, we are TWO TEXAS GIRLS.

THE MOTHER'S WAIL.

When there's mourning in his letters And he says he's feeling blue, I send him a box of candy, That's what he wants me to.

And when he says he's lonesome And misses me a lot, I send him a dose of tonic, And it cures him, like as not.

When he says he's studying hard, And he's made a master stroke, I send him twenty dollars— For I know that he is broke.

But when he starts to raving 'Bout the flowers in the spring, And sends me junky poetry, I don't send anything.

For I am just his mother And not a turtle dove, So there's nothing I can send him When I find that he's in love. Ellen.

POWDER PUFFS.

Baylor C. Girl—"Do you believe that dogs are used in making the sausages?"

A. and M. Guy—"No, but I believe they are an important ingredient in hash."

Baylor Girl—"Why do you think that?"

A. and M. Man—"Cause when the fellows are fed on it a few days they begin to growl."

George: "Why is an empty champagne bottle like an orphan?"

James: "Cause it's lost its pop."

The motto of the Baylor College is: "Eat, Wink and be Wary."

A Burt Hall girl was offended the other day when an insurance agent refused her a policy saying that the risk was too great on a powder house. —United Statements.

Dot: You know, A. and M. boys remind me of a page in a new book. Because they are so clever? No. Because you have to turn them down so often to keep them in their place.

Is Mary an athletic girl? I should say so. She threw over one of the heavy weights of the famous A. and M. football team!

The Strongest and the Weakest. Last week the butter was so strong that it upset the coffee, but the coffee was too weak to run.

A LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR. "Only a lock of golden hair," The lover fondly said, "But tonight it makes a hale fair Around your golden head."

"Only a lock of golden hair," The maiden laughed and said— As she hung it over the back of a chair And quietly went to bed.

FIDELITY! "You must leave at once!" Her voice was low and tense, but there was no reply. "Dinner will be served in a minute, and he must not find you here!" She went on in anguish: "You know how my husband hates you and all your kind!" She pleaded, glancing nervously towards the door. "Please go! if you don't, I'll have—I'll have—I'll have to—kill you!" —And she reached for the FLY SWATTER.

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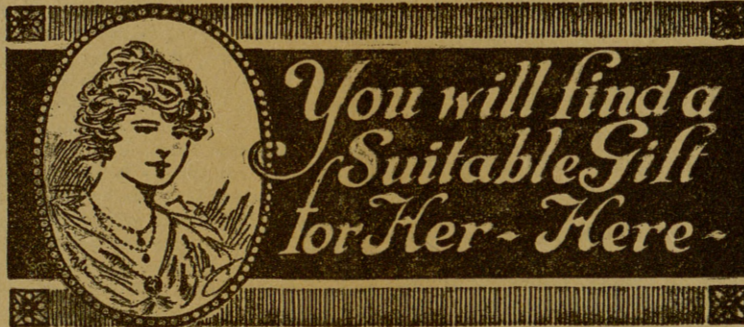
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