

Uniform Tailor Shop

CLEANING, PRESSING
ALTERATIONS

Shop located just below College Studio

Cadets and Campus residents invited to call

MUSINGS OF A BACHELOR.

Between two women of equal beauty, always pick the one who closes her eyes when she kisses you. She's not so likely to think you want to marry her.

The proof that men do not understand women is that they love them. The proof that women do understand men is that they marry them.

The first kiss is always stolen by the man. And the last kiss is always begged by the woman.

The length of a woman's kiss nearly always depends upon the breadth of her imagination.

To remain a woman's ideal a man must die a bachelor.

A woman's idea of Hades—"Nobody loves me and my clothes don't fit."

If there were only three women left in the world, two of them would immediately convene a court-martial to try the other one.

Men frequently marry to keep other men from getting the woman they desire. They are not always successful.

The final definition of love is something that gives pain without any hurt.

Self-respect means a comfortable sense that you have not been found out.

When a man commits a sin, he says: "How shall I conceal this?" When a woman commits a sin, she says: "How can I let my friends know of this without bragging."

The theory that really to know two women one must introduce them is ridiculous. It often results in a divorce.

A woman's head is not always turned by flattery; sometimes its peroxide.

When a woman starts an idle rumor, it at once ceases to be idle.

One beauty of being single is that it's a dreadfully thrilling experience until one's wife finds it out.

It must be dreadful to meet at dinner the man who ran away with one's wife. It places one under such an obligation.

A FISH WRITES HOME.

Dear Dad—

I arrived here today at thirty-three, but it seems like I have arrived three or four times because everybody wants their trunk carried up to the houses where we stay. This place looks like a big city divided by twenty. All the houses have electric light and running water, but believe me I sure miss that old well back in Mineola.

I never saw so many boys (I mean fellows, 'cause I'm a college student now) in all my life. Almost as many as was at the big barbecue at Pumpkin Center last fall.

Jim Spavin wants me to get in the Infantry but they say they ride in the cavalry. I always did like to ride old Maude out after the cows so I think it's cavalry for me. I saw the captain of the Troop yesterday. He had on big boots and spurs—looked just like the picture of Napoleon in that "Fiver-tune Alamac" at home.

There sure are a lot of fellows here named Fish. One fellow mistook me for a boy of that name, but I told him different but he seemed positive. Won't he feel funny when he finds out he's wrong?

Guess I'll be closing now. Us college men are sure busy.

Your Son
Abner.

P. S. Don't forget to give that old bald-faced cow of mine pine and turpentine twice a day.

The Campus Barber Shop

TO OLD AND NEW BOYS:—

I am glad to see you back and glad to see so many good looking Fish. The Campus Barber Shop wants to extend greetings to all. We appreciate your trade and assure you the best work that can be done. I also handle all kinds of Tonic, Razor Strops and Soap, Face Lotion, Hair Brushes, Combs.

Yours for good work,

J. F. Lavinder