

## A MAN OF FAME.

Now Patrick Dwyer was a handsome  
young squire  
From his boots to his pomaded  
hair.  
His well moulded chin to his smooth,  
suave skin  
Made his features full fetchingly  
fair.  
And his straight Roman nose, al-  
most gave him the pose  
Of an ancient, Olympian god.  
His optics were blue: a cerulean hue,  
And they matched like two peas in  
a pod.

But Pat's assets stopped there, for  
his skull was quite bare  
Of the gray stuff that brings in  
the cash.  
And he spent all his scads on mere  
frivolous fads  
That amounted to nothing but  
trash.  
And he'd off' hie away in some wild  
cabaret,  
At times when most folks were in  
bed.  
For like other poor fish, his only am-  
bish  
Was to smear the old village with  
red.

And the thrifty folk sighed at his  
peacock-like pride,  
And shook their wise heads in dis-  
may.  
They predicted that good never pos-  
sibly could  
Come of Patrick's wild, spend-  
thrift way.  
And they whispered it low that in  
time he would go  
To the poor house, or even the  
jail;  
For they made it quite plain that  
a man who's so vain  
Can't help but emphatically fail.  
But as years went along folks saw  
they were wrong,  
For Pat never did beg for bread;  
Yes, they had the wrong dope when  
they gave him no hope  
Of a glorious future ahead.  
For street cars now all have his face  
on the wall  
In plain sight of the strap-hanging  
lads;  
And his features are seen in each  
new magazine—  
Since he poses for stiff collar ads.  
—A.M.C.—

After Mr. Brown had raked his yard  
he took the accumulated rubbish into  
the street to burn. A number of neigh-  
bors' children came flocking about the  
bonfire, among them a little girl whom  
Mr. Brown did not remember having  
seen before. Wishing, with his unual  
kindliness, to make the stranger feel  
at ease, he beamed upon her and said,  
heartily:

"Hellow! Isn't this a new face?"  
A deep red suffused her freckles.  
"No," she stammered, "it ain't new.  
It's just been washed."  
—A.M.C.—

An elephant once, in Brazil,  
Tried hard a mosquito to kill;  
But it jumped on his back  
And hid in a crack,  
And it's probably hiding there  
still.  
—A.M.C.—

**Oh, Fiddlesticks.**  
A young theolog named Fiddle,  
Refused to take his degree.  
He declared he would rather be Fid-  
dle  
Than ever be Fiddle-dee-dee.  
—A.M.C.—

"I hate to be a kicker and generally  
stand for peace, but the wheel that  
does the squeaking is the wheel that  
gets the grease."

## SOBLETS

The other night  
I went over to the city  
or school to  
fill a date with that st-  
eady of mine. And  
when I had knocked on the  
door for about fif-  
teen minutes, the Madam ca-  
me to the door  
and told me Gladys was out  
visiting and  
would be back in about

half an hour, so I  
waited around the house  
until I had the  
telephone ague. Then I

decided to try  
some other place. I crank-  
ed the phone and  
caught a Jitney and went

over to see one of  
the flames of my Freshman  
days. She didn't have  
a date on account of having

started out too ear-  
ly. After listening to her  
almost forgotten line  
of chatter I soon ceased wond-

ering about the  
broken date. The next morn-  
ing at noon The Bally-  
hoo in the Mess Hall read

out my name for a  
phone call. As I had ex-  
pected it was Gladys  
and she said that she was

very sorry about  
the date, but that she had  
spent the night  
with Jane and had tried to

get me on the phone,  
but the line was out of or-  
der. So I laughed  
and told her that it was

alright. 's funny.  
Jane was that girl I had  
gone to see that  
night.

"THANK GOODNESS BRUNO'S  
GONE HOME."  
—A.M.C.—

**Pay At the Door.**  
First Student: "Did you see that  
free-for-all fight at the dance the  
other night?"  
Second Student: "No, it cost me  
a dollar."  
—A.M.C.—

He: "I think there is something  
dovelike about you."  
She: "Not really!"  
He: "Sure. You're pigeon-toed!"  
—Drexard.  
—A.M.C.—

Little Johnny Burns sat on a stove,  
Little Johnny Burns.  
Little Johnny Burns did not go to  
heaven,  
Little Johnny Burns.  
—A.M.C.—

"I wonder if my little boy knows  
how many seconds there are in a min-  
ute?"  
"Do you mean a real minute, moth-  
er, or one of those great big wait-a-  
minutes?"



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