

SAY BO! DIDJA.

Say, Bo! did'ja ever struggle
 Through two hectic years under
 The rule of Captain Monty
 And achieve a reputation as a
 Total loss to the Colledge?
 And did'ja emerge into your
 Junior year with a firm
 Resolve to tackle the bigger
 And better things of college,
 Only to find that you were
 Haled before the Discipline
 Committee on the hienous
 Charge of Hazing?
 And did'ja lose twenty
 Pounds during the trial
 And only by dint of much
 Persuasion and soft words
 Were you allowed to stay
 In college on probation?
 Did'ja have visions of the
 One button you were doomed
 To wear?
 And did'ja whip out at the
 Summer camp, and find that
 Your collar was to be
 Decorated with a diamond?
 Say Bo, Did'ja?
 "Moco" Vance did!

Questions From the Coo-Coo Coop

Do the most up-to-date farmers use steam rollers to raise mashed potatoes?
 Does it require more imagination to visualize coulombs playing leap-frog around an electric circuit or to see molecules satisfying their valences in a test tube?
 A Mexican, a negro and "the roomit" made a bet as to which of them could stand being kept in a goat stable the longest. At 12 o'clock they all entered the stable. After a few minutes the Mexican came out. Ten minutes was all the negro could stand and at 1 o'clock the goat appeared.

RESOLUTION OF RESPECT.
 Whereas an inexpressible sorrow has fallen upon T. C. Cunningham, a member of the Junior class of the A. and M. Colledge, in the death of his father, T. H. Cunningham of McKinney, Texas;
 Therefore be it resolved that we, the members of the Junior class assure him of our deepest sympathy and commend him to our Heavenly Father who alone has power to heal the broken heart and wipe away the tears of sorrow
 Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent our classmate's mother, Mrs. T. H. Cunningham, R. F. D. No. 6, McKinney, Texas, a copy to the Courier-Gazette of McKinney, and a copy to the A. and M. Battalion.
 J. H. WARREN, President,
 J. C. QUISENBERRY, Sec.

Cadet L. J. Franke,
 Editor of The Battalion,
 Campus.
 My Dear Franke:

Will you please express through the columns of The Battalion my deep appreciation for the fine consideration and sweet thoughtfulness by the corps during the recent illness and subsequent death of Mrs. Ashburn. I am mindful how traditions were set aside at the Thanksgiving period in order that she should not be disturbed. I am grateful too for the quietude which prevailed at Goodwin and Bizzell halls during her severe illness. The beautiful floral offering, too, was appreciated. I knew that the boys were feeling with me and for me, her loss and that has given me much comfort. Men capable of the sympathy, the thoughtfulness and graciousness exhibited by you all to my family and me are marked as worthy of every tribute and praise.
 Wherever I go, I shall cherish fondly the memories of happy associations with the thousands of cadets with whom I have rubbed elbows during my affiliation with the Colledge. I believe in A. and M. and I believe in A. and M. men and it is my sincere hope that in the years to come I may be able to be helpful to the institution and its product.

Cordially your friend,
 IKE ASHBURN.

For the first time this year someone has aroused the campus and the authorities by dropping a torpedo, but luckily, not in a dormitory so that some company commander could get the blame. The fellow who dropped the bomb from the main building Sunday night did not get his outfit in trouble, but he did come very near getting caught outright, which would have been the best for all concerned. The fellow who resorts to that old time prank that has gotten entirely too far behind times, and is taking a very dangerous risk. There is no use starting all the trouble again that we have had here over torpedoes, so let's not do it.—R. B. J.

EXCHANGES

How Do You Live?
 Are you living in this great age,
 Or only hurrying thru?
 Have you turned a clean new page
 To write your life anew?
 Do you know that the past has fled
 With all its hate and strife,
 And that you might as well be dead
 As live in that past life?
 Do you know that to live means work
 And ultimate happiness,
 And that failure and death both lurk
 In constant idleness?
 Do you know that success is sure
 If you want it bad enough;
 If you have the proper stuff?
 Do you know that it's up to you
 To work, succeed and live?
 But first you must be true,
 And learn to give and give and give!
 "Queen to cross U. S. for \$28," says a headline. So have a lot of other people, but we call them bums.—University of Kansas Daily.
A Jelly Bean
 It's something nice and cute
 With small neckties and patent boots,
 With a part in his hair, and,
 His pants pressed so;
 With crumbs in his pocket instead of dough.
 With a little cane and a pair of spats,
 Goes to a dance and thinks he's a cat.
 Stands on the floor like an angel pose,
 Until some little girl comes along and says SURE.
 He acts so nice and looks so fine.

Then they get on the street car and she pays the dime.
 Now look here girls, we may like those ties,
 But remember: our mothers married regular guys.
 —Exchange.

The Flapper's Anthem
 Oh, Phyllis dear, and did you hear
 The news that's going 'round?
 The skirt hems drop, and may not stop
 Until they reach the ground.
 Perhaps the train will come again,
 And bustles, too—good night!
 If Style asserts we'll wear hoopskirts;
 I'll tell the world I'll fight!

They say the snobs may rule out bobs,
 And order corkscrew curls;
 And if it's friz—Oh, say, geewhiz,
 Won't that be awful, girls!
 And that the clocks may leave our socks,
 And low heels come in style;
 But when some dunce says "corsets" once,
 I say I'll run a mile!

'Mongst other tricks, they say lip-sticks
 Must toddle off the scene.
 To cry "poo, poo" at powder too,
 May enter Fashion's bean.
 And in that mood may be tabooed
 The cigarett we smoke;
 But when they shout that vamping's out,
 I'll lie right down and croak!
 —Exchange.

If the home is the girls' prison,
 and the woman's workhouse, we pity
 the large number of jail birds running
 at large today and the great
 number of unemployed among the
 feminine sex.

Is Sbisa's hash a food merger or a frame up?

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