



[Mothers visit the club-house]

Camel attracts the quality smoker

CAREFUL observation will reveal that men of quality demand quality in a cigarette—smoke Camels. A Camel smoker goes straight to the point in cigarettes and demands enjoyment.

For there are no better tobaccos or blending than you get in Camels. There is no other cigarette taste and fragrance that can compare with Camels, because they are rolled of the choicest Turkish and

Domestic tobaccos grown. In a cigarette, as in the smoker, there is nothing that can substitute for quality.

If you want to know what experienced smokers like, just try Camels. Each year new millions try them all and find in Camels enjoyment realized. Camels *never* tire the taste. To test the quality of Camels, compare them with any cigarette made regardless of price. "Have a Camel!"

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UNUSUAL STUDENTS

Working girls in Durham, North Carolina, write English that puts to shame the efforts of the average university freshman. They read Greek plays in translation not for three necessary credits in Classics A but for the fun they get out of it. So, at least says Dr. L. B. Wright, Professor of English at the University of North Carolina, who, in cooperation with the University Extension Department, gives weekly classes in English for the Durham working girls.

"The remarkable thing about the reading of this group," Dr. Wright declares, "is the quality of the material read by the girls before beginning their work in English in this course. None of the girls has ever had more than two years high school and one

A QUIET AFTERNOON.

Being a poem by Samuel Grierson on the wide open spaces with plenty of Atmosphere.

Three guys walked up to the filthy bar

In Dirty Dick's Saloon,
And ordered some rot-gut whiskey.
The time, it was afternoon.

"I'll pay," said the first, a tall rough-neck
From a town up near the bend.
"A sock on the nose you'll take," said one,
"Before your money you'll spend."

"A sock on the nose, and that ain't all,"
Said the silent one of the three.
"This is my treat, and I'll have you know
The drinks are all on me."

They wrapped the bar-rag 'round the neck
Of the one who spoke so loud.
The second threw his gold on the bar
And soon there was a crowd.

A fight! A fight! Whoop-ee! Whoop-ee!
In Dirty Dick's Saloon.
There's many a broken cranium
Came from that afternoon.

One crashed a bottle on the head
Of a stranger with a crutch.
A shot from the gun of Dead Eye Dick
Killed the man called Crazy Dutch.

Then in walked Nell, the crimson gal,
From the town of East Saint Louee.
And on the spot all guns were still
And everything went blooey.

The first man said, "I'll have that gal.
I'll take her for my wife."
An Indian who had but one arm
Killed that man with a knife.

The second man seemed monstrous bold.
He smiled at the dizzy brawd.
A coon took out his razor true;
Weil, number two was floored.

The last man turned to the bar-tender
Who worked for Dirty Dick.
"Give me some of your rotten rum,
And give it to me quick."

To him, this gal meant nought at all.
He was a low-down sot.
For women he cared not a pink-eyed hoot,
But he liked his liquor hot.

And soon the sun began to set;
And soon uprose the moon.
It cast a ray on the bar-room known
As Dirty Dick's Saloon.
—From The New Student.

It is true that all the money that Suzanne gets is net money, but she has to go from one court to the other to collect it.
—Exchange.

or two have never had as much as the sixth grade work. Most of the group, however, have attended one summer school for industrial girls at Bryn Mawr. Several of the girls read Greek plays and enjoyed them. They have read Oedipus Rex, Antigone, and Trojan Women purely through interest, not for credit of any sort."
—New Student.