

And then there was the prohibition agent who refused a drink because he was off duty.—College Humor.

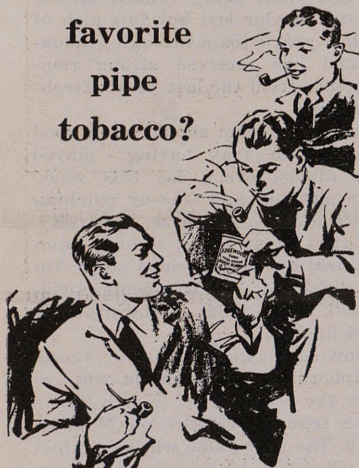
A married woman teacher is refused employment in many localities, but no one tries to drive the woman back to her home.—Miss G. J. Cottrell.

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**What's YOUR  
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tobacco?**



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men smoke—**

If you walk along Prospect Street in Princeton you'll notice how many men load their pipes from the familiar blue Edgeworth tin. At Senior Singing on the steps of Nassau Hall this spring the pipes will glow with Edgeworth.

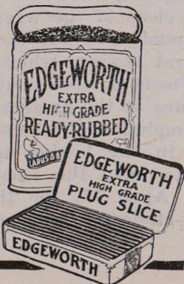
A pipe and Edgeworth—this is the smoking combination that has won the college man. Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell, Illinois, Stanford... all agree with Princeton.

College men everywhere respond to the appeal of pipes—packed with cool, slow-burning Edgeworth. Be guided by their choice: Try Edgeworth yourself. Taste its rich natural savor that is enhanced immeasurably by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process.

You will find Edgeworth at your nearest tobacco shop—15¢ the tin. Or, for generous free sample, address Larus & Bro. Co., 105 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

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Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor enhanced by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes, 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin.



**Flood of Letters Swamp Contest Judges**



MORE than 1,000,000 letters were received by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company at Winston-Salem, N. C., in the contest for \$50,000 cash prizes in connection with the new cellophane wrapping for Camel cigarette packages. The photograph shows one mountain containing more than 500,000 unopened letters as they were delivered to the judges. Several weeks will be required to read letters and select winners.

**THE PAN**

By D. B. Mc Nerney

Easter Sunday—besides being a religious holiday, has taken an important position in the caendar by being that day when people fare forth adorned in their newest and finest attire. Dresses and hats of every color and shade blossom on Easter morn. All this is merely conventional, of course, but not a bad custom at that, if you think about it awhile. We are not a bit original either because all of nature "spruces up" with an entirely new form of adornment. It's only natural then that we should follow suit by "priming" a bit ourselves.

If "this man's army"—were disbanded and each of us were in our respective homes we would be with the rest and among the first to venture forth on society's annual parade-day quite properly attired.

But here's what we're driving at—Why can't we carry out the customary observance of the advent of Spring here? This wouldn't necessitate the purchase of a new uniform. A simple and thorough "four-bits" worth of cleaning and pressing would make the worst of us at least look respectable. (Note: we are NOT tailor's agents, hence anticipation of personal monetary gain does not prompt the above suggestion.)

Of course we might lose—our reputation of "he-manism" if the outside world should hear of it, still the trade wouldn't be so bad when one considers the little gain we derive from our boasts of the extra amount of hair that grows upon that part of our anatomies commonly known as the chest. It might even pleasantly dis-illusion visitors that our supposedly military bearings were causing us to receive something else besides a signed privilege to fight in the next war a la boots and bars.

Regard of personal appearance—is essential in any man seeking the respectable position in life that should be the aim of every college graduate. This is the proper time to form habits along these lines, since we are so ambitious as to the sort of position that awaits us upon our graduation. The fact that a man dresses a little neater than yourself does not stamp him as being one of those so-called "ambitious" creatures seeking local jealous-laden military recognition. He might be trying to form a habit of neatness. At least give him the benefit of the doubt, then try a little habit-forming your-

self. We should admire a man with enough regard for self to wear decent clothes, but we don't, and actually brag when we look worse than any self-respecting tramp would dare. That is, we try to brag enough to kill that pang of shame we undoubtedly feel because of our own slovenly carelessness.

So, when Easter rolls around—and the "girl friend" happens along for a visit, let's "step out" all shined up in the best "layout" we possess, or, better still, if we have a "military," let's dust off that moth eaten winter suit that hangs in the far corner of the closet and be "king for a day."

**COLLEGIANA**

If it be true, as a Presbyterian minister is alleged to have asserted, that the girls in Southwestern College, Memphis, wear pajamas, shorts and veils whenever they attend dances, the Tennessee school may expect an influx of male students for its spring term.

There is nothing surprising in the opinion of two-thirds of the Dartmouth students who said they would marry for money if they had the chance. To us, it has only been how soon and how much.

The contest that is now on at Oregon University among the men to see who can raise the curliest, grizzliest, reddest, most distinguished, etc., beards, certainly has one bad feature. Imagine how the co-eds will feel.

The statement of a Canadian Railways official that students in the lower third of their class make the best success in business, gives new hope to many. The explanation must be that they are not smart enough to become professors, and so must go to work.

Just why the authorities at Montana State College delivered the ultimatum that all co-eds must be in bed by 11:00 p. m., is not known. Montana was a part of the Bad Lands many years ago. Certainly civilization has progressed a little.

An A P story comes in with the news of the suspension of three boys and two girls for drinking—Oregon University students. It is our conviction that the wire services have a dummy story of the above type made up, with blank lines in which to insert name fo college, number of students, etc.

The freshman class at Emory University, if weighed together, would balance an eighteen ton truck. If sold

as junk or fertilizer, the class would bring \$190. If the members were placed end to end, the line would reach over a quarter of a mile—in any direction except toward the library.

—Haverford News.

Economic depression has served to uncover a wealth of human kindness and consideration.—Governor Larson, or New Jersey.

Men cannot thrive in America without pie.—James J. Davis.

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