



Remember your own student candy dealer for that box of Valentine Chocolates.

St. Valentine's Day will soon be here

CASEY'S CONFECTIONERY

"Y"
Smokes - Eats - Drinks
Candies

January Clearance SALE

Special reduced prices on men's fine furnishings. Marlboro and Other Nationally Known Fine Shirts

Knothe and B. V. D.

Pajamas

Gantner Sweaters

Bush Coats

Albert Richards

Leather Jackets

Young Men's Sport Slacks

Entire Stock of Young

Men's Suits and Top Coats

W.S.D.
WIMBERLEY STG. DANSBY
W.S.D.
CLOTHIERS

Sign in library: Only low talk permitted here.

—Pitt Panther

"Who ever told that guy he was a prof. He might know it, but be darned if he can teach it. The trouble is that he is too far advanced. Every time he tries to explain something he gets so far off the subject that no one understands anything about it. He oughta go back to the farm, or try teaching an advance course"

"Ye-a-a-a, I flunked it too."

—Pitt Panther

"What brought me here? asked the little rose-bud.

"The stalk," answered the rose."

Penn State Froth

A cultured woman is one who can pull up a shoulderstrap without going through the motions of a small boy scooping his new hat out of the mud.

"I saw Joe last night and got that old feelin'," sighed the blonde. To which the brunette cracked, "Oh, so he's still as fresh as ever?"

Patron: "I'll take a box of those pills you are advertising, and make them double strength."

Druggist: "Yessir, here you are sir. That will be 35 cents, sir."

Patron: "Hey, what's the idea in giving me my change in nickles?"

Druggist: "You'll need the nickles sir—with those pills!"

—Rice Owl

"If you try to kiss me I'll call my mother."

"What's the matter with your father?"

"Oh, he's not as deaf as mother is."

"God bless mother, father, sister, and brother, and good-bye, God, I'm going to college."

—Voo-Doo

THE SOCIAL OUTCASTS LAMENT

Farewell cruel world,
My race is run,
My honor's soiled,
I am undone.
I sit and mope,
Alas, in vain;
Not one last hope
Does here remain.
My mark I've milled,
After all my tries,
I'm not a "Communist"
To Congressman Dies.
I drank pink tea,
I read my Marx,
I cried "Liberty"
In city parks.
I took labor's wrecks
Into my fold,
And cashed the checks
For my Moscow gold.
By means mathematical
I showed Capital's lies,
But I'm not a radical
To Congressman Dies.
Bring me a noose,
And bring me a knife,
To cut me loose
From this horrible life.
Bring me cyanide,
And bring me a gun,
Hard though I've tried,
I am undone.
That's all to be said,
For I realize,
That I'm not a "red",
To Congressman Dies."

—Pelican

GUESS WHO?

"Twas just a kiss I asked for
And you gave your consent.
And then I asked if e'er before
Your kisses you had lent.
When you said "No" in tones so meek,
My chest swelled out in pride.
But then you showed me your technique,
I knew darn well you had lied.

Bryan Booster: "How do you like our little town?"

Visitor: "It's the first cemetery that I ever saw with lights in it."

1st: It has been proven that opposites attract.

No. 2: Can you prove it?

1st: Sure, loose women and tight men.

—Mad Hatter

THE BATTALION