

Compliments of

See p 23)

P. B. Wilson

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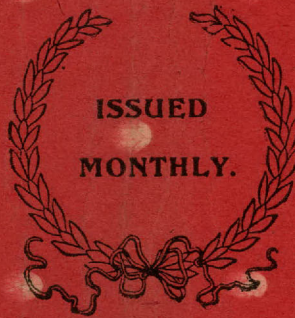
..1900..



THE ...

Battalion.

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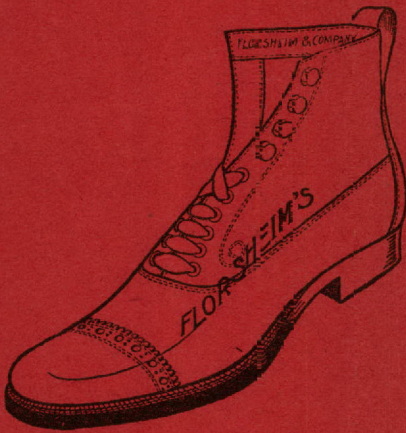
.... COLLEGE
.... STATION,
.... TEXAS.

VOL. 7,
NOS. 7-8.



"Thomas Leads."

WELL boys! If you don't think that I am leading the procession in my line you certainly can't say that it was because I did not advertise with you, as I have used every available means of reaching you.



I was awarded the contract to furnish the regulation shirt over all competition which is evidence in itself that I am underselling my competitors.

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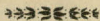
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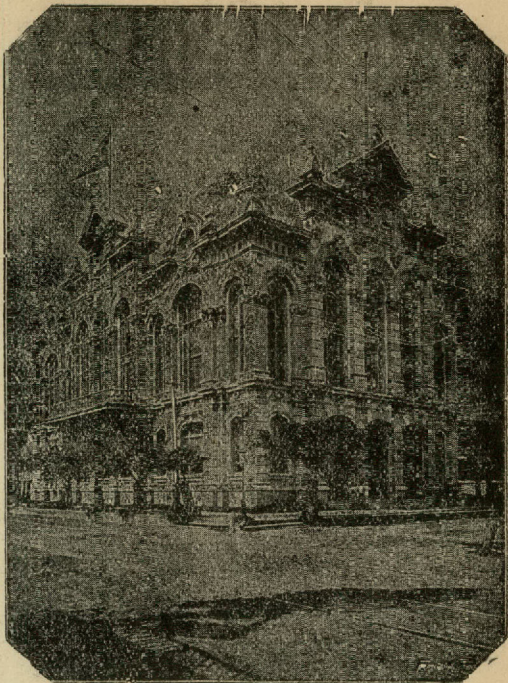
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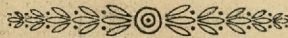
Literary.

HOW RICH THE SCENT.

How rich the scent the oleanders send
With thoughts of distant days and scenes to
blend
And busy wonderings at what was meant
By sentences that never reached their end
And glances but a moment on me bent—
How rich the scent!

Does it recall a tender touch that came
And set my soul athrob with pulsing flame
Before my hopes were all asunder rent?
Ah, well! the air around smelt just the same
That night within the looped-up pleasure tent—
How rich the scent!

And I am now as sad as when at last,
Unheeding all the pleas that thick and fast
I poured to be forgiven, out she went
And like a phantom into darkness passed.
But, still, in spite of sorrow long since spent,
How rich the scent!



WHY BRER CROW AND HIS CHUMS HATE BRER CROW.

THIS A well-known fact to all people who are neighbors to Brer Crow and Brer Owl, that these gentlemen of the trees are very much at outs with each other. Brer Crow is very much elated if on his meddlesome rounds he spies Brer Owl perched in the midst of a large tree in a cool shady place, taking a nap in midday. Brer Crow laughs to himself till his toes tingle, when the opportune sight comes to him. He immediately sets out to hunt up every one of the Crow family to go on a crusade against Brer Owl. He is of course careful to keep his noisy bill closed until he gets out of hearing of Brer Owl. When he is sure Brer Owl won't hear him, he begins to call his comrades. Saying, "I've found the scoundrel at last. Tell every one of the flock you see to spread the news and for all to be present on your strong point in a very few minutes."

Meanwhile Brer Owl is peacefully dreaming of the splendid fat mice he had for breakfast, and of the close call he had with a bullet from the farmer's rifle only a few hours beforehand. Suddenly he takes the night-mare and thinks the ghosts of every mouse, rabbit and old hen that he ever molested are trying to pick his feathers. Suddenly he wakes amidst a terrible clamor and tumult. Crows are on every limb of the tree he is on and those adjacent to it. He is deafened by the ear-splitting vociferations of Brer Crow's crowd who are such cowards and are so badly excited that they can do nothing but jump about near him and yell the tops of their heads off. Even they do not enjoy this until their number has swelled to two or three hundred. Well, to Brer Owl, such inroads as this are anything but welcome, and are not much encouragement for his finishing his nap.

So he simply flies off through the woods and leaves them. They may follow awhile but the crowd can't keep up, so they soon fall out and rest. Each one finding fault with another for losing sight of "Old Man Owl." "Why didn't you cut him off from that tree and I would have knocked a pound of feathers out of him, at a blow," says one. "Why didn't you do it, you're so swift?" is the reply. So it all breaks up in a falling out.

Now dear reader, perhaps you wonder what stirred up Brer Owl's enmity so.

Well one day many years ago, one of Brer Owl's ancestors was taking a midday nap when a smooth-looking dude of a Crow came upon him. "Wake up!" yelled the big mouthed Dude. "What do you mean by sleeping here in midday? I always thought you were very stupid, now I know it. If you had half the intellect I have you might do. Why, no one ever will get smart enough to catch me at any thing. I've broken into ten watermelon gardens already to-day, and was shot at by four farmers and they never touched me, and two foolish boys set steel traps on tops of posts near the watermelons, thinking I'd light on them. Why, there never was and never will be a man smart enough to catch me in a trap." By this time the Dude's chum flew up and lit by the side of him and began enjoying himself in a boisterous laugh at the wonderful yarns of the Dude, and the stupidity of the "Old Man Owl."

Meanwhile Brer Owl was appearing as tho' very much embarrassed in the presence of such a wonderful, wise and sporty fellow as Young Mr. Crow. But out of the corner of his eye Brer Owl saw a man, a wolf trapper, setting a steel trap at a distance, and he

understood it all. This man set his traps and covered them with dirt in day-light. After dusk when birds of caron were asleep he came around and baited them with meat to lure wolves into them. When Brer Owl saw the man was most ready to leave he called the sport's attention to the fact that the man was down there scratching around in the dirt at something, he didn't know what. Says he to Sport Crow, if I was wise like you I'd go down there and scratch around with my feet and see if he didn't bury something there. Sport Crow's heart fairly leaped to think he had convinced "Old Man Owl" of his acuteness. And says Sport Crow: "That's the man who tried to shoot me this morning. I'll go down and just tear up the dirt all around there and if he has buried any thing there I'll unearth it in a minute. I'm bad when I get started and you want to look out for me, 'Old Man Owl.'" With these words Sport Crow beckoned to his laughing chum and away he went to tear up things. Brer Owl was glad to be rid of the bigoted young scamp and he laughed to himself when he thought of the predicament he knew Sport Crow would be in presently.

By this time Sport Crow was knocking the freshly laid dirt all about and wondering if there was another such a wise personage as he, alive. His companion stood by, laughing in great glee. "Click!" went the big trap all of a sudden and its heavy jaws closed on Sport Crow's leg, and my! how Young Crow did yell. The hunter hearing the noise, came to the trap and angrily took Young Crow out and picked every feather off him except the wing feathers, then let him go. About this time, a flock of per-

haps two hundred crows enroute to a fine watermelon field came by and seeing the peculiar sight gathered around. Now, before Sport Crow's alarmed companion could explain matters, the leader says: "That's a new kind of bird. We never were whipped in a fight by any thing that looked like that, so now for him." The whole multitude filed on the unlucky Sport; too foolish to think that taking off of their chum's feathers would change him beyond recognition. In fact, they didn't stop to think. Soon Sport Crow lay dead, bruised and cut by a hundred blows, and the exultant crowd subsided their noise, to hear the speech

of flattery from their leader. He would of course praise them for their bravery in killing an unknown thing something never seen by them before that they remembered of. But out stepped the Sport Crow's chum, and called their attention: Said he, "this is our beloved friend, 'Richard the Gay' that you've killed. You didn't recognize him when he had lost his fine black suit and you rushed upon him before I could prevent you." Then he told how "Old Man Owl" had caused it all, and the multitude roared with rage and swore eternal hatred to Brer Owl and all his posterity.

HARRY GLEASON.



THE NOOK THAT IS HIDDEN.

Who'll ramble with me to the valley wild
Where the nook that is hidden has violets first
And the birds with the breath of the spring are
beguiled?

I shall never forget how Gwendolen smiled
When first on her gaze the ferny nook burst,
As she rambled with me to the valley wild.

'Twas a day when the wind grew suddenly wild,
Though March had before been meaning his
worst,
And the birds with the breath of the spring were
beguiled.

She rushed within it with the cry of a child
That has sprung to a stream when sorely
athirst,
When she rambled with me to the valley wild.

From my mountain land and my love exiled,
For many a year my thoughts have rehearsed
How the birds with the breath of the spring
were beguiled.

And now that I'm back and naught has defiled
The nook that is hidden with pleasures ac-
curst,

Who'll ramble with me to the valley wild
Where the birds with the breath of the spring
are beguiled?

AN UNFORTUNATE CADET.

His pony went dead and his gim went lame,
He lost six cushes in a crap game;
An extra came the next Saturday
And it took two hours of play away.
A headache came when that was gone
And at the Mess Hall he had to look on.
Then the field day collection came round
And charged him for not acting a clown;
Then Mr. Boyett came in view
And said he wanted his bills paid, too,
Did he moan and sigh?
Did he sit and cry,

And cuss the extra now gone by?
Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call
When the collectors had taken all?
Never a word of blame he said
With all the troubles on top of his head.

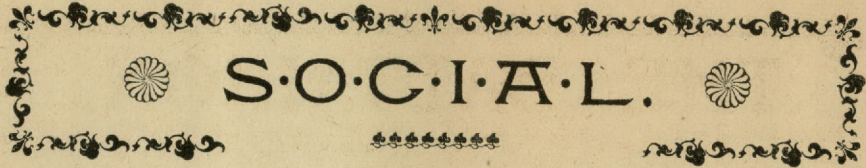
Not he! He climbed to the top of the suckers'
row

Where extras are something they don't know;
Bowing his head, here is what he said—
'I reckon it is time to get up and get,
But, Lord, I haven't had the mumps yet.'

D. B. and N. H., '01.

If a miss gets a kiss
And goes and tells her mother,
She's a very naughty miss
And doesn't deserve another.—Ex.





S·O·C·I·A·L.

Once again San Jacinto Day rolled around, and once again we celebrated it with the usual hop given by the Foster Guards, with the additional attraction of a reception tendered by Col. and Mrs. L. L. Foster to the corps, the campus people, and visitors generally. At an early hour the invited guests began to assemble in the spacious parlors of the President's mansion, where all was made beautiful with flowers and bric-a-brac tastefully arranged. After an hour spent in conversation, and after being served with delicious refreshments of ice cream and strawberries, with cake, the crowd gradually wended its way towards the ball room, where the sweet strain of the college orchestra greeted them. The grand march was led by Mr. Henry Japhet and Miss Laura Franklin of Houston. It had many pretty changes, and was a fit precursor of the evening's pleasure. The beautifully gowned women, and the always becoming gray cloth and brass buttons of the soldier boys, with the sprinkling of citizen's dress, made a scene of wonderful beauty. The occasion was graced by many visitors, notably a party of Houston belles

chaperoned by Mrs. S. B. F. Morse. The dancing continued until 2:30 a. m. when the strains of "Home Sweet Home," announced that the fun was over with. Among those present were: Col. and Mrs. L. L. Foster, Col. and Mrs. J. C. Edmonds, Col. and Mrs. J. G. Harrison, Prof. and Mrs. C. W. Hutson, Prof. and Mrs. J. H. Connell, Prof. and Mrs. W. B. Philpot, Prof. and Mrs. R. H. Whitlock, Mr. and Mrs. B. Sbisa, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Morring, Prof. and Mrs. A. C. Love, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McQueen, Misses Sbisa, Hutson, Bittle, Edmonds of College, Misses Ross, Franklin, Brady, Tuggle, Morse, Hood, Lea, Mrs. Morse of Houston; Misses Cole, Peverly, Thomas, Suggs, Tabors, Conway, Parker, Nellie Smith, Hettie Smith, Harmon, Parks, Clarke, Foote, Bell, Adams, Harbers, Cavitt, Marie Adams, Jones, Shields of Bryan; Messrs. McNutt, Rhienhardt of Hearne, McAlphine, R. D. Parker, Dan Parker of Calvert, Smith, Oliver, Ed Saunders, William Lawrence, Coulter, Rhodes, Astin, Will Saunders, Roberts, Johnson, Farley of Bryan.



Professor: "You should be ashamed of yourself, sir. George Washington at your age was surveying Virginia."

Pupil: "And at your age he was President of the United States."—Ex.

Mr. Grumpsy: "What's that queer odor? Smells like burning lye."

Mrs. G.: "Don't know; I haven't put anything in the fire, except some of your old love letters."—Ex.

THE BATTALION.

VOL. 7.

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NO. 7.

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Address all communications to Business Mgr.

The new incumbent of this office ventures upon the sacred ground of editorialism with fear and trembling. He sincerely hopes that his gentle readers will take into consideration his youth and inexperience and let him down easy. To state that his elevation to this high honor was unexpected, but faintly intimates his true feelings when he first received the momentous news. While he greatly doubts his ability to come anywhere near the high standard established by his distinguished predecessor, the public may rest assured that he will do his little best.

The Add-Ran Collegian for April has a very entertaining and instructive ar-

ticle on the new book, "When Knighthood was in Flower." It is full of good advice and criticism, and earnestly recommends the work to its readers. We heartily indorse the Collegian's statements, and can assure the boys that time spent in reading it will be time gained. If those who read such publications as are labeled, "Ideal Publications for the American Youth," etc., etc., would take a small portion of the time spent on such trash, and read "When Knighthood was in Flower," they would find all of the adventure with the brutality removed, all the love refined and beautified and all of the excitement caused by noble deeds which gives a higher impetus to noble thoughts and stirs the blood with new manhood and resolution, not to speak of the historical knowledge which one gains through the principal characters, being celebrated historic personages. There are scores of books of the same trend, as "Viva Crusis," "The Hon. Peter Stirling," "David Harum," etc., which are easily within the reach of every one and which every young man should read. Try one of them, boys, and you will be eager to read all of the others.

Our field day was a grand success, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The records made were very good, and reflect much credit on our athletes. But they could have been much better if the boys would

train properly. It may be of interest to compare some of our records with those made by the winners at the State athletic contest recently held at Fort Worth. We tied their record of 0:11 1-5 for the hundred yard dash, but fell slightly behind in most of the other contests. For instance, in the running high jump their record was 5 feet 3 3-4 inches, while ours was 5 feet 2 inches. Brown made it easily practically without any previous training, and did not try for a record, and he could undoubtedly have tied or beaten the Fort Worth record. Brown is a promising man, and with proper training will make a fine athlete. In our half-mile run we were beaten by 3 3-4 seconds; in the hop-step-and-jump and in the running broad jump by five inches, and in the hammer throw by about 3 1-2 feet. And we came this close to the winning records without any previous training, many of the boys never having tried before in their lives! Now, why can't we enter these yearly contests? Why can't we train up such men as Garrett, Markham, Carswell, Brown, Boettcher, Hurst, and the scores of other promising men and send them up to the State meet next year and carry off that banner, with the inscription, "Amateur Championship of Texas," which the Fort Worth Y. M. C. A. carried off in triumph this year? Why can't the A. and M. be first in every kind of athletics, even as she is in foot ball?

"Everybody lend a hand" now, and next year, with fine training, our college boys will stand without a rival in the Lone Star State.

To see the prettiest picture in Texas, one has but to look at our cam-

pus, decked out in all the glory of Spring's green grass and beautiful trees. It forms a most striking contrast to the bleak and barren appearance that it presented only a few weeks ago. The only defects are the piles of piping and dirt, which mark the lines of the newly laid sewerage system. It is to be hoped that these will soon be removed, and then nothing will mar the fine effect of the long lines of shade trees and hedges, and the plots of green grass scattered everywhere.

Boys we want every one of you who have the least bit of literary ability to help us out in our commencement number. The majority of the cadets are very backward in contributing to our paper, and unless they do bestir themselves and take an interest in the literary department we can never hope to produce a sheet that will do justice to our college. A man with a paralyzed arm is handicapped in every way, and so is a college which is paralyzed in one of its chief branches. Those who grumble at times of a poor paper, perhaps do not realize that their indifference is one of the main causes of the paper's deficiencies.

Only a few short weeks now and commencement will be here with its crowds of visitors, and the college will put on its holiday regalia. All are eagerly awaiting it, and are in a very fever of expectation of home and friends. But we must not let this interfere with the success of our commencement, but let us all brace up and make the commencement of '00 the greatest success, and the one to be longest remembered ever held at the old A. and M.


≡ ÷
LOCALS.
÷ ≡

May!!!
Hot weather.

Greeks, one of the most promising members of the Junior class, has resigned. He intends completing his course at the Massachusetts School of Theology.

From now till commencement the ever-active collector will proceed to extract all the small change, and some that isn't so small, in the eye of the cadet, for hops, presents, etc., etc. These things must be, so "Ante up," boys. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Exams will soon be the order of the day. Horseback riding is considered excellent exercise, but it is strictly prohibited.

Simpson S. and Carter were progressing nicely with their thesis until the Foster hop. Now "Joe" thinks he will have to proceed alone, as Simpson has "lost heart."

Tanner has become quite a book worm. Wonder what the matter is. Is he trying to borrow from his books surcease of sorrow?

Who said the Foster hop was not the swellest social event of the season?

A. and M. was well represented at Houston during the Trans-Mississippi Congress. The boys who went report having had a jolly time in the "Magnolia City."

Several of our "cadets" have lost their appetites since the Houston ladies left. Wonder what's the matter.

Locals are somewhat scarce this issue. "Froggy" Storey would appreciate it if his assistants in the different halls will work a little more and be more prompt.

Commencement is not so far in the distance. Let everybody do their level best to make this the banner year of the A. and M.

Walden (in drug store)—"I'd like to get some shoe strings, please."

Kahn (in Will Thomas') looking at silk handkerchief—"What is the price of that tie?"

Thomas—"Beg pardon; that's a handkerchief. The ties are in the show case."

Walden—"Professor, what kind of special manufacturing apparatus has a female ant got, that she can manufacture young ants with wings?"

Wilson—"Mr. Hyde, how is the insecticide copper sulphate used on plants?"

Hyde—"Why, to make them grow, of course."

Hudgins W. makes very elaborate toilets during the fifth period. The reason for same is said to be caused by the intersting class mates he has during the sixth period.

Where did Simpson J. H. go while in Houston. Ask Tanner and Shaw.

Quite a number of our young students visited home during San Jacinto celebration. We know they all had a fine time.

Count Pulasky wants to know how many pounds of sulphur Linehuger puts in the "Nat" weekly.

The custom of requiring admission cards to be presented in gaining admission to our hops and other entertainments has, we are sorry to say, been neglected for quite a while. In fact, no such request has been made of the participants during the past two or three years. Why this absolutely necessary requirement has not been made, the writer cannot explain, but he will make this statement, and in doing so, he expresses the sentiment of the majority of the corps, that hereafter such admission cards will be required, and if any of the young men who have been taking extreme liberties, do not wish to place themselves in a very disagreeable, and perhaps disgraceful position, they had better provide themselves with such tickets before making their appearance. Therefore, it would probably be best for some of the gallant young "B. B.'s" to paste a copy of this in their hats if they have not memory enough to retain same. We heartily welcome everybody who is honored with an invitation, and shall always be willing to show them a nice time as becomes gentlemen, provided they show themselves as such. But whenever any of the young "B. B.'s" or any one else falls short of this, they will certainly be entertained as becomes a person of the stage he has shown himself to be, namely, not that of a person who is welcomed at the cadets hop. It is simply disgraceful to see how much drinking and other things are being indulged in by the young "B. B.'s" who come out to enjoy our hops, and by their ungentlemanly conduct, bring nothing but disgrace to our dear old college. You students, you young

men, who wear the same gray for which your fathers bled, will you look idly upon this disgraceful conduct of a few "B. B.'s" and only frown? Your answer is a solemn "No," which needs no further definition, and to prevent some of our young visitors a very cold reception and warm departure, we will again repeat that hereafter this "No," in all its simplicity, will be enforced to its fullest extent. Therefore, be sure, young "B. B.'s," that you are welcomed and then come on.

B.

Who says that Galveston trip wasn't a treat?

Who were the crack set of four while in Galveston?

Ask Simpson O. et al what they think about the Galveston trip.

Simpson S. is certainly to be congratulated upon his narrow escape while in Galveston. Ask him what the danger was.

Gus Newton, senior captain, and T. L. Smith, first lieutenant, and adjutant class of '98, were welcomed visitors at the college April 1. It gave us all great once more, and it is sincerely hoped that they will come down and spend commencement with us. "Gus" made use of the beautiful cane presented him by the corps of '98, and "T. L." was only too anxious to go out and inspect the "guard" once more, but his days are over. Come again, boys.

All three of the higher classes have voted to have their picture in the Commencement Battalion, but nothing has been heard from the fourth class yet. Wake up, freshmen; don't let the other classes get ahead of you.

The Junior Class Banquet.



ONE OF THE most enjoyable social events of 1900, and one long to be remembered by those who attended, was the annual banquet given by the second class on April 7. For hearty fellowship, an excellent menu, and the class spirit displayed, it has been unsurpassed by any previous like occasion. Thanks to the diligence of our Arrangement Committee and the efforts of Mr. Sbisá, a most tempting repast, consisting of six courses, was served and was freely sampled by every one present. The Junior class of '99 is one of the largest and most representative that has ever assembled in the broad halls and on the green campus of the A. and M. College. Held together by strong bonds of class pride and friendship, C. E.'s, M. E.'s and Bug Hunters, alike, looked forward with eager anticipation to the event of events—that annual banquet, when class spirit ran high—when earnest wishes were expressed for the success of each and every member, and the hope that all would pass triumphantly into the higher class together—and when every one would have his fill of good things to eat.

So the night of the 7th of April found some fifty odd hungry Juniors assembled in Mr. R. M. Brown's room in Gathright Hall, being counted and having their appetites whetted for that which was to come. When all had arrived we trooped down to the mess hall and were gladdened by the sight of a long table beautifully decorated and groaning under the load of fruits, nuts, cakes, etc., with which it was piled. After all had found seats our able

class president, Mr. H. Elrod, rose, tapped his bell, called the class to attention and in a few well-chosen words, expressed the wish that the boys would be quiet and gentlemanly, (although of course, nothing else was expected,) and at the same time to be at their ease and eat all they could. He also announced that the class officers would be expected to give toasts, whereupon much embarrassment and confusion was noticeable among the said gentlemen. Upon the completion of the first course toasts were called for. We must admit that the call was rather weakly responded to until our class fool, Mr. A. P. Robinson's turn, came around. He arose cool as a cucumber and rendered the following characteristic selection:

"Here's to the class of nineteen one,
The best of all classes under the sun,
And hoping you'll all pass at the end
of school.

I remain yours, sincerely, the Junior
Class Fool."

Mr. Robinson was warmly applauded, sitting down amid a volley of cheers. After several more toasts were offered, the second course was served, followed by more toasts, and so on through the evening. Several excellent tributes were offered to our excellent president, among them being Mr. Pete Dross': "Here's to him who is a father to us, while our fathers are not here—our president." Mr. Jacot, some noble and inspiring thoughts, our class prophet, gave utterance to and among others, Mr. Brown, Mr. McConnico and Mr. O'Rourke, were

liberally applauded. But about the best thing of the evening was the toast of Mr. Elrod. He gave no regular toast, but made a little talk full of good thoughts and wishes for the class, college and every one connected with it, which was much appreciated by every one present.

The last course consisted of ice cream and cake, upon the completion of which the banquet was ended. While perhaps some of the boys were

rather backward about giving toasts, upon the whole the occasion was the most successful and the most thoroughly enjoyed of the year. Every one left in high, good humor and at peace with the world, and as long as one single member of the Junior class of '00 is left alive the memory of the eventful banquet of April 7 will be kept green and flourishing.

S. H. O.



BRAINS IN THE COTTON PATCH.

COL. J. C. EDMONDS.



HERE IS a brief story, as a tribute to the memory of a Texas boy. I tell it, because no one else knows the facts. All others connected with it are dead. The boy is dead, his teacher and his mother are dead, and the examiners who were with me at the Normal examination are dead. Old Hunt is a county of North Texas, where the cotton stalks bend low with the fleecy staple, and the corn yield fills the cribs, the rail pens, and part has to lie on the ground. Greenville is the county seat, now a busy city, but when I came to Texas twenty-six years ago, it was a country village where town lots still exchanged owners as the result of a pony race. I recall with pleasure the friends made there, and the facts of this piece occurred nearby. Miss Jennie Rutherford was my assistant teacher, and her post of the school duty was done with the vim and enthusiasm that brainy woman always

put into their work. One stormy night our building blew down and our paths separated. I went into the district clerk's office as assistant, and she went out east of Greenville, about eight miles and opened up her school of the boys who came to her. She wrote to me about one, so out of the usual line that I became interested in her enthusiasm. Some three years passed, and I got a note from her saying that her school would close on such a day, and that I must be sure and come to examine for her this bright poor boy, the son of a widow near the school. I went out early, had a pleasant talk with Miss Jennie about her fondness for teaching, and her success, and she told me of the poor widow, and of the two boys who picked cotton, bare footed, and by this means and odd jobs supported their mother and themselves.

The older boy was between 15 and 16 years of age, of very slender build,

carried himself gracefully, and had a pretty shaped, long, wide top head with almost a Grecian face. He was plainly dressed, and I think was bare-footed. His hair was brown and cut short; his skin was clean his teeth were pearly white, and even his finger nails were trimmed and clean. You could notice the temple throb from the active brain, and even in his play, there appeared nothing vulgar or rough. Miss Jennie waited until he was near us and said, "Come here Tipton, this is my Greenville friend of whom I spoke to you." "Howdy, Tipton," "Howdy, Professor." "Tell me your full name?" "Tipton Denton, sir." "Miss Jennie has spoken of your fine progress, and I have ridden out to see how you have profited by her accurate teaching."

"I will do my best, sir, to prove that Miss Jennie is a splendid teacher, and you must know that if any one has been at fault, the failure belongs to me."

School was called, and a slip of paper was handed to me, stating that in English, the pupil spelled correctly, read well, analyzed and passed understandingly, and had some knowledge of rhetoric. That in Latin he had been over his beginner's book; some Grammar and exercises, had read four books of Caesar and two books in Virgil. In mathematics he had completed arithmetic, algebra, geometry, plane and spherical trigonometry. Had been over an elementary physics, an elementary chemistry, had read some general history, but was well posted in the history of the United States and particularly so in the history of Texas. Boys think of this, and think of my astonishment on trying to realize this boy's work. A poor orphan

boy—a bare-footed cotton picker, way out in the country, remote from what we term the refinements of town life. Free from the curse of the saloon, and bawdy-dens, free from cigarettes and the beer glass—his help-meets a pious Christian mother, and a zealous Christian young woman—for his teacher.

But brains and pluck—what a combination? Did you ever stand close to the railway track; hear the big engine as it pants and throbs, see the long loaded train way down the track, and ask yourself the question, can the engine pull that load? The cord tightens—a sharp shrill whistle startles you, the dark smoke begins to pour from the stack—the big drivers turn and your doubt is removed. Open the gate, and let that horse on the track—pure blood is in his veins, his wide open nostrils, and fiery eyes attract your attention. Sound the gong, and he is gone—flees—half mile, mile, two miles, four miles, is it possible—yes, to do or die, is the motto he runs under. Donkeys, should stay off the railroad track, and scrub ponies are better in the barn lot with the cows. That boy stood in the floor, answered clearly and accurately questions in simple and compound proportion, percentage, partial payments, square root, cube root, tables of weights and of measures. Defined co-efficients, exponents, highest common factor, least common multiple, fractions, factoring, simple equations, radicals, quadratic equations, logarithms, solution of higher equations—worked problems in plane and solid geometry, deduced trigonometrical formulae, and showed a comprehensive knowledge of the same. His acquaintance with English analysis and sentence making was

very exact, and his familiarity with the Latin rudiments showed thorough drill. He was not only able to construe Caesar and Virgil, but he knew even the history of the Roman period and the geography of the country. I finished by saying, "Tipton, you and your teacher have no superiors within the range of my acquaintance." During the same summer I was put on the examining board for the Sam Houston Normal and was notified to be at Wills Point the following Tuesday. This was on the Saturday before. The impression made on me by my little country friend flashed through my mind, and I at once sent him a letter by messenger, setting forth the opportunity to go to the Normal, and told him to come into Greenville the next day, Sunday. He came and listened attentively but urged as an objection that he had nothing to wear and did not see how he could leave his mother. I insisted that he should go back home, tell his mother of our talk, and urge upon her the opportunity that the Normal training would give him for success in life. We parted with his promise to me, that, rain or shine, he would be at Wills Point the Tuesday following to do his very best in the contest for the appointment. I reached there Monday evening, moved about the place to find out whether my boy was on hand, but heard nothing of him. Tuesday morning, however, about an hour before we were ready to begin, he rode up. I had him to bathe his hands and face at the hotel and rest until I notified him where the room would be. I had met Professor Allen of Kaufman, and Professor Boone of Mineola. We had spoken of the large number of young men and young teachers present anxious to

win the prize. I had not mentioned Tipton Denton then, and there was not a plainer dressed boy in the entire lot than he was; and as most folks judge birds by feathers, my bird had not received much judgment—because he really had very few feathers. But I was ready to wager my coat on his brain power. A something said to me they can't beat him. There were to be only two recommended, the best boy and the best girl. We went into the examination room. I picked a good seat for him where he could see the boards clearly, and could have good light. The questions from the State Examiners were written on the boards in blocks. Each student had his tablets and I had seen that Tipton's were of good paper. They began work. Professors Allen, Boone and myself had gone to a part of the room from which we could see and converse in a low tone. I had gotten them to promise that merit and merit alone should decide the contest. Then I told them the story of the boy. From time to time we passed among the students. Some few soon got tired and asked to withdraw. The work had continued about two hours, when Professor Allen came back from a tour of inspection, and said to me, "Professor, the man who beats your Hunt county boy will go to the Normal." Soon Professor Boone passed around and remarked on returning, that the Hunt county boy wrote the most beautiful hand that was in the room. The guests were leaving, so I said, well, if he has the best paper, I will be glad, but if any one excels him, my boy knows how to take off his shoes and get back into the cotton row. One o'clock came and the blocks already put up were finished, and that part

of the papers was in our hands. All went to lunch; to come back at 2 o'clock. I could not eat from anxiety, and having learned the names of several of the young men favorably spoken of for the place, I began to scan through their papers, and then compare them with Tipton's. I saw it was a neck and neck race, of the cotton picker against four bright young teachers, from 21 to 23 years old. I grew too restless to eat, and at 2 o'clock they were back punctually, and eager to begin again. By five the papers were in, and as I knew that no amount of worry could change the result. After arranging for Tipton to ride towards home about ten miles to his friends where he spent the night before, I went to supper with the other professors, that we might begin our examination soon after. We worked until after 12 at night and had cut out all of the papers belonging to the boys, except those of the four young teachers and those of my Hunt county boy. We suspended until after breakfast next morning, and then began the

critical comparison by laying the papers on the same blocks together and marking as fairly as we could. By noon the work was done except placing the figures made by each in separate columns—these were halves and fourths and eighths and no one could guess who had won. But behold when some belonging to each was found the bare-footed cotton picker was greater by 1-6. He was victorious. He in due time received his appointment from the State Senator from that district, and began his course at the Normal. He there won the confidence and esteem of students and teachers and in three years had his diploma as a graduate. He moved west, carried his mother and little brother. He was very successful in teaching and gave promise of eminent success, but in four or five years he was promoted to a professorship to outlast the ages. When the clods of the valley part, and the waves of the ocean separate to let the dead come forth to the last roll-call, one of the most ringing voices will be that of Tipton Denton.



NO MORE.

You need but flash your eyes on me
 To make me feel the world well lost
 If only once or twice in all the years
 Your voice beside the sun-stained sea
 Shall by the trooping winds be tossed
 Across the straits to thrill my happy ears.

Your voice evokes within the sense
 That lives behind the hearing nerve
 A million memories of gracious tones,
 Diffused like fragrance intense
 Through times and spaces, and they serve
 To give me bliss unknown to kings on
 thrones.

If unto the editor's heart you wish to find the
 key,
 Get your memoranda out and mark these items
 three:—
 Pay your year's subscription now without an
 invitation,
 Write an article for public observation,
 Buy our advertisers' wares, and then you are
 sure to see
 How kind and good and merciful we editors
 can be. —Ex.

“Does heat expand?” the teacher asked;
 “If so, example cite.”
 “The days are long in summer,”
 Said the student who is bright.—Ex.

The First Chapter of the A. & M. College.

W. A. TRENCKMANN.

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IT IS probable that the headline which I had selected may have led some of you to expect to hear from stories of early college days. If this should be the case, I must disappoint you. In the presence of friends who have known me for many years, I would not dare assert that I had never told a story. I could not do so without injuring my standing as a newspaper man past redemption; but I may say, in all candor, and in the words of some early writer, whose name I do not recall at present: "I'm one of those who never told a tale, but they in telling marred it." Neither shall I attempt to chronicle all events of importance that happened within the college walls or on the campus in three years. There is no epoch in a man's existence, excepting only that one in which it was his good luck to win her smiles who now pours out his evening tea and spans his sons and heirs, on proper occasions, to which his thoughts revert so often and so fondly as to his college days. Should I undertake to tell you but the half of what seems of moment to me, I could not get past the first two weeks without exhausting my allotted time and your patience as well. It is my purpose to sketch for you the A. & M. College as I knew it in my student days and to accomplish this I shall have to neglect details and use bold and rapid strokes.

When, a year ago, I witnessed your Commencement exercises, my first impression was one of delighted astonishment at sight of the changes which nineteen years—a brief period, after all, in the history of a great educational institution—had wrought here.

To those of my fellow alumni who have found it possible to visit these scenes more frequently the transformation accomplished may have appeared less astonishing; but to me, since in all those years I had seen the college walls but once, and then in the uncertain light of an autumn night from a swiftly passing train, they seemed but little short of those enchantments we read about in Arabian Nights. But side by side with the magnificent reality arose a vision of the college as it appeared to me in the early days of October, 1876, when I entered its walls, perhaps the most verdant of all the farmer boys who have enjoyed that privilege.

And now I ask you to turn back with me to view the "Old College," as it stands imprinted indelibly on my inner eye. Exterior surroundings, of course, have changed slightly. We see a broad prairie, a rift in that great belt of timber which stretches almost unbroken from the red banks of the Brazos to the eastern border of our State. From the highest point of this prairie the main building of the college, impressive in its massiveness and severe simplicity of style, rises upward; on the left we behold the "Old Mess Hall," which, even in those days, could scarcely be called beautiful, but was destined soon to become for us an object of tender solicitude, "a name to conjure with," especially after evening drill and morning roll-call. Not a tree nor a shrub relieves the monotony of the prairie, on which but recently herds of deer have browsed in peace and on which the wild beast of the forest, that dread-

ful Mexican lion you may have heard about, still ventured forth, testing our courage and "seeking whom he might devour." The prairie appears almost boundless, since no enclosure serves as a line of demarcation and since the irregular fringe of timber has already put on the leaden hues of autumn; it appears all the more dismal since great clouds of grasshoppers—unwelcome visitors from Kansas—have stripped it of every vestige of plant growth, leaving nothing but the naked ashen soil.

Twenty young men have arrived, some from the pine woods, of the east, some from the extreme North, some from the shores of the Gulf, and one, at least, from the very banks of the Rio Grande, to enter this, our first State institution of learning. They are quartered temporarily on the second floor of the mess hall, are eagerly awaiting the opening of school, and in the meantime are indulging in all sorts of pranks to while away those dreary hours of expectancy. "And thereby hangs a tale." Well indeed do I remember the occurrence of that night, in which it seemed as if all the goblins and witches that once chased poor Tam O'Shanter "ayant the brig" had been turned loose once more. I remember, but the telling I prefer leaving to others.

Rogan and Banks and Crisp, who were here then and are present to-night, will recall with me how our footsteps resounded and re-echoed in the long halls and corridors of the main building when on the morning of the first Monday in October they were thrown open to our occupancy; they will remember the portentous sound with which our "articles of war," the rules and regulations

of the college, fell upon our eager ears; they will remember how hats, pressed against window panes, served as mirrors to those who were particular about the tying of a cravat and the parting of their hair and how foot-tubs, did duty at all the ablutions of the pioneer cadets.

Fine buildings, rich endowments and costly furnishings do not make great colleges or universities—teachers and students do. Socrates, walking arm in arm with Plato in the grove of Academas constituted a school of philosophy, the greatest the world has ever known. More vividly even than material environments do we "old-timers" recall the men who had been selected to shape the destinies of this the magnificent Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, our first faculty: President Gatbright, the friend and confidante of Jefferson Davis, quick in movement and quick of temper, perhaps somewhat haughty in demeanor, but ever ready to advise those who approached him frankly as father would; venerable, white-haired Dr. Martin, whose Christian gentleness called forth obedience and respect even from the most unruly; Major Banks, kind of heart, a true friend to every young man, a ripe scholar, a perfect exemplar of the southern gentleman; Professor Wand, smiling and placid as a day in June, a veritable Chesterfield in every word and act and gesture; Alexander Hogg, the man of tireless energy, always wrapt up in calculations, always planning to use x y and sines and cosines as levers in quickening the world's progress; lastly Major R. P. W. Morris, the young man of the faculty, a soldier every inch of him, with a clarion voice whose commanding tones would ring across the entire

campus and his heart set on making this first among the military schools of the land. As we think of them all, fondly and reverently, our hands twitch involuntarily to render them the "right hand salute" of respect and our eyes moisten as we remember, that one of their number has long ago passed over to the silent shores beyond.

That this faculty did not succeed in creating an agricultural school or a mechanical school either, may readily be admitted without any discredit to its members. They had entered a strange sea without map, or compass, or pilot. They had no guide but an act of Congress, which has been interpreted in forty different ways in as many states of the Union. But few colleges had yet been established under this enactment and these were all too young to serve as models. Europe furnished colleges, technical schools and experimental stations in abundance, but no attempt had been made to combine in one institution literary training and practical training in husbandry and the useful arts. You may give lessons in philosophy or logic by word of mouth alone, but you can not teach agriculture or mechanics without experimental demonstrations and you can not experiment without a laboratory, without machine shops, tools and appliances of a hundred kinds. The college then owned a few chemicals, a few glass tubes and crucibles, but not a plow, nor a plane, nor a surveyor's compass and when we wanted to build a bootjack or a woodbox we had to borrow saw and hatchet from the college carpenter.

If the teachers were ill prepared to conduct an agricultural and mechanical institution, many of the matricu-

lates were apparently unprepared to enter on school work of any kind. But few had climbed that "grammar-tree," whose climber knows, "where noun, or verb or participle grows." They had come, some from unpretentious village schools, some from so-called academies, colleges or universities of the cities, all differing widely in their curricula, for then our public school system was yet in its swaddling clothes. Some were men in years, others were striplings, but differences in mental attainments and habits were far more striking than the disparity of years. There were a few, whose names I shall not call to spare their blushes, who were shining models as moral young men and as students; others came near being the exact reverse. Many were better accustomed to chasing the catamount or the wild mustang in tangled wood or chapparal than to study, and others who had enjoyed all the educational advantages that money and indulgent parents could procure, were still more impatient of restraint and had come apparently "to have a good time" and wear uniform. Hazing, which has caused so much trouble in other schools, was in full blast, before a lecture had ever been delivered, or a book opened for study. I am glad to know that this practice, in which, though in some instances it may prove a harmless boyish sport, or even call forth all the young freshman's innate manliness, yet danger ever lurks, and which has served to humiliate proud spirits and murder noble aspiration, has at last, thanks to the earnest endeavors of your faculty and the better judgment of your students, entirely disappeared.

That these six professors under such

unpropitious circumstances and with such ill-assorted material succeeded in bringing order out of chaos and in establishing at least a good literary school, will always redound to their credit and will secure them the gratitude of all who value this institution. When Christmas had come and passed it seemed as if every one of our little band had brought back with him a friend from his boyhood home. When the spring term opened 130 students had been enrolled, two companies were formed and mess hall had to serve as a dormitory once more. On the first day of the second session at least 250 young men came here for matriculation, a battalion of four companies was organized and while wooden barracks were put up in hot haste, we were left, if not "three in a bed," at least sadly cramped for room. This phenomenal increase in attendance could not have been due to the handsome gray uniforms and Texas buttons, that we had paraded over the State in vacation, but to the appreciation of the fad that a great institution of learning had arisen in the land.

When you think of the college as we saw it today, of its many stately and attractive buildings, its machine shops, its dairy, its natatorium, its library and its physical and chemical laboratories, its score of teachers, all carefully trained for their special line of work, when you view the campus beautified by all the arts of the landscape gardener, where countless birds build their nests and chant their morning carols, and then compare it with the brown and somber plain that we saw twenty-three years ago, with a mere corporal's guard of students wearily exploring the mysteries "fours rights" and "right wheel," per-

haps at the very spot where Assembly Hall shelters you to-day, you may find it difficult to link the two together and call them one.

But with those, who knew the college then and loved it, it is different. While we may rejoice in the changes that have been accomplished, stronger by far than the sensation of contrast, arises that of versimilitude. When you meet a queenly woman and admire her charms, you may find it hard to realize that in days gone by she was a freckle-faced harum-scarum little girl who liked to throw dignity to the winds and could outromp the wildest of the boys; but those who knew her then, and loved her, will still discover in her face and voice and bearing traces of her former self which neither time nor boarding school nor the responsibilities of life could efface.

Not only the "Main Building," the "Old Mess Hall" and a few houses "down the line" are left to remind us of the past, but living men tell us, louder than works of brick and mortar, that the "Old College" has not entirely passed away. As I go out among your students, it is not only by similar caps and buttons, nor by some strangely familiar phrases of "college slang" that have stood the test of time, nor by the same fondness for ice cream and the command of "break ranks" I recognize that they are now, what we have been—our younger brothers, I see among them the same esprit du corps, the same good fellowship, the same manly bearing, the same impulsive contempt for cowardice, or cant, that were distinctive of their predecessors. I see all these and I know without the asking, that they would answer a call to rise to the

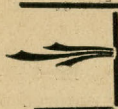

defense of their country or to resent an act of oppression as one man. And then I recognize that they have been taught in the same school, that honor is more precious than ought else and that students, who wear a soldier's garb, must be men when duty calls and gentlemen at all times. May it not be that the very feature of our college, which has been subject to more public criticism than any other that military training demanded by the act of endowment, is perhaps the most valuable of them all? The day may come when soldiers shall no longer be needed and when all the swords may be fashioned into pruning hooks—I hope it will come—but I believe, even then, it would be well to continue this feature. There all wear the same uniform. Those distinctions of caste or wealth, which are daily becoming more arrogant and more obtrusive in our commonwealth, must disappear. The poorest lad, when he sees the sons of the rich and the great performing the same duties in shop and class-room and on the campus, must realize that he is their equal, and that, just as he may compete with them for every collegiate or military distinction, he may meet them in after life on equal grounds. The young students and future citizens learn here, that every one, man or boy, has duties to perform and that only those who have learned to obey, are fitted to command.

When I converse with the alumni of a later period, or the student teachers, I find the same likeness. While

you have pursued different lines of study, while you may have entered on your life pursuits with superior special training, I find two traits strong and prevailing among you all; a firm attachment for this institution, a quick resentment for any attack upon its fair fame or fortune.

Yes, in spite of all these transformations the "Old College" still lives within the new. To-day, thanks to the good judgment of our law-givers and the friendly consideration of our honored chief executive, we stand on the threshold of an era of greater development. A comparison of the trials and vicissitudes of the past with the splendid achievements of the present presages the greater glory yet to come, foretells a time when thousands of the sons of Texas, and the daughters as well, will assemble here in place of hundreds to receive instruction in letters, in applied science and all the practical arts. To this fulfillment we all look forward with joyous anticipation. I hope and trust that, when these fair promises have grown into actualities, we shall find the same manly bearing, the same unswerving fealty to the old A. & M. College, as characteristic of its students, its alumni and its instructors as they were in the days of seventy-nine, as they are in ninety and nine. If this hope be realized, we may rest assured that "though men may come and men may go," the "Old College" will go on forever—an honor to our State, a source of pride and joy to all who hold it dear.



 **ATHLETICS.** 



THE Second Annual Field Day was held at the A. & M. College Saturday, April 21, 1900, with much success. There seemed such little interest taken in athletics up to the time that it was feared it would be a failure. But as the old saying is, "It is the unexpected which always happens." So it was, under the able management of Mr. Boettcher, that the programme was carried out so successfully on the 21st.

The day opened brightly with a gentle south breeze stirring. It was a typical spring morning. The contestants, arrayed in their loose costumes, appeared upon the field at about the hour of 9. Inspired by the loveliness of the day and by the many pretty smiling faces of the young lady visitors, each contestant was determined to make a record for himself not easily beaten.

The first event was tennis tournament, single, closely contested by Harrison and Foster, Foster winning. Both men, however, showed lack of power to handle the racket.

Next came to tennis tournament, double, by Foster, McGinnis, Harrison and Luhrsen, Foster and McGinnis winning the championship. The game was rather an extended one; however, quite interesting on account of being so well matched.

The high kick, standing, was won by the long and lengthy Kendall, with Hackney second. If Hackney would just stretch himself a little by next year he would push Kendall hard. Taylor did well, considering his height.

Passing on to the next event, putting the twelve and sixteen-pound

shots, Winkler came out victorious in both these events, Kloss and Hyde second and third respectively. Several others entered this contest, but for the lack of a little more wing were not successful.

Carswell, Markham and Brown were the stars in the next event—the 100-yards dash—and a 100-yards dash it was, too, for before you hardly had time to turn around after the signal "go," Carswell made the last leap of the race, followed closely by Markham and Brown.

Throwing the discus was won by Hurst, Johnson and Winkler being second and third.

After the discus, a 220-yard dash, and then throwing twelve and sixteen-pound hammer. The 220-yard dash was won by the same three men who figured in the 100-yard dash, except that in this case Carswell takes Markham's place, and Markham takes Brown's, making Brown the center of attraction. Boettcher wins both hammers, Winkler second on twelve-pound and Hyde third, Hyde second on sixteen-pound and Ridenhower third.

Next dash was the 440 yards, won by Taylor and McGinnis, followed by Clements and Foster, and Hyde throwing the base ball.

Then came some of the events in which our college athlete, Garrett, was the principal feature. Vaulting, standing broad jumps, running, hop, step and jump and hurdle race. Not only first in these four, but he also came in second on running broad jump. McNeill made some splendid records, considering his size, in the vaulting and

standing high jump and hurdle, but Atlee is hard to beat on the high jump, so is Garrett on the vault and hurdle. Brown, Hackney and Taylor came out first, second and third respectively, in the running high jump.

Eighty-eight yards run was won by McGinnis and Holzman, and the mile run by Meyers, Holzman and McGinnis. These races were quite a severe test for wind. However, the boys who took part in it seemed to stand it exceedingly well.

The most comical event of the day was generally conceded to be Thrower, Alexander and Kendall's mile walk. However, all the fun being based on Alexander's long and graceful strides.

The tug of war was quite an interesting feature, also the relay race by classes. Both won by third class.

This concludes our programme for the day, I believe, with the exception that Mr. Tom Garrett was declared

champion athlete of the A. & M. College and that the class of '01 was the champion class in athletics. As a token of these honors, Mr. Garrett was presented with a gold medal and the Junior class with a beautiful silver cup, the presentations being offered respectively by Professors Philpot and Harrington in a very precise and effective way. In behalf of Junior class and in reply to Professor Harrington, Mr. Elrod, President of Junior class, made quite a pointed little speech. In conclusion, in behalf of the Corps of Cadets, allow me to thank the President and each and every professor who aided us in making the Field Day exercises a success; and if each of these gentlemen, in years to come, together with this student body as a whole, will try, they can make each successive Field Day a grand series of victories over the one preceding.

T. J. P.



WE SENIORS.

What brilliancy and wisdom lies
Within in the orbits of our eyes!
With spirit, beauty, grace and power,
We are the monarchs of the hour,

We Seniors.

Ambition marks our every deed,
In talent, too, we take the lead.
For "push" and tact we have much fame
And bear with honest pride the name

Of Seniors.

The Juniors, holding head so high,
Look downcast when we saunter by;
The Sophomores and Freshmen, too,
With envy sigh when come in view

The Seniors.

Go ask the planets in their course,
The rushing wind, the ocean's force,
Who is the pride of earth and sky?
And all creation will reply,

The Seniors. —Ex.

THE CLASS POET.

It takes a man to write a poem,
And one with lots of time;
It's easy enough to find the words,
But it's hard to make them rhyme.
—Ex.

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine,"
So warbled a maiden with zest quite divine;
Then retorted the man with the wickedest glee,
"The girls that kiss poodles shall never kiss me."—Ex.

I still have hope, though long ago
She scorned my offered heart and hand
And to another gave her own.
He riches had and spreading land.
I love her still! I still have hope!
To me she never seemed so dear,
For she is as fair as aye—and rich—
And's been a widow now a year.

MILITARY.



MILITARY at the A. & M. College is sadly on the decline and it will take about twice as long to restore it to its old standard as it has taken it to drop to its present position. Of course, there is an excuse made for this, a very good one, indeed, and that is that a citizen as commandant cannot command the respect of a United States officer. I say this is impossible, for it is not, but the main reason is because they have either never gone through the ordeals of good hard discipline or that they are naturally too lenient.

Some believe in moral suasion, others in harsh punishment. Neither will do when carried to an extreme, and only a level-headed, able-bodied man can neither be too lenient nor too harsh. This is almost impossible and stands right up with there is no such thing as perfect.

Have recently received notice from the Inspector General that he will make us a visit some time in May and, to use a strong expression, there has to be some tall old drilling done before he gets here.

Fellows, put on your best military bearing, get your hair cut short, and look after every minor detail that can be found fault with, for as little as they are they are the first defects to be noticed and count that much against us. Would suggest that the captains of the respective companies have meetings of their officers and discuss the different movements, both of field and manual of arms. It will help each and

everyone of you. That is what is the matter with you now; you try to be independent, but you can always take it to be a fact that two heads are better than one.

Now, for the next six weeks let everybody pull together, and if you will do it with your whole heart and soul, we will surprise someone Commencement; for there are some great tacticians who make an annual visit here every June and the majority of them are graduates, and let us not give them a chance to say that they used to do better than that when they were here, and so-and-so was commandant. We can do it if you will only try.



The President has received notice from the Chief of the Commissary Department that he will return to us the two cannon that were called away in April, 1898. If we could only get hold of a few blank cartridges, we might have a right decent sham battle here Commencement.



What is the matter with the Foster Guards? They started out with the determination of having the best drilled company that was ever organized in the State, but for some reason or other they came to a standstill. Foster, that should never be. Get out and drill morning and evening; you need it, and will never put up a crack drill unless you do. It is expected of you both from the College and from friends outside, who all take great

pride in you, and you cannot afford to disappoint them.

You are idling away your time now when you should be hard at work, and do cheerfully recommend that you take a little "anti-laziness" or some-

thing of that kind and go to work in earnest. Now, don't say you haven't time, for that is no excuse, and someone might volunteer to ask you what you have been doing since Xmas.

"T. W. G."

ADDRESS OF JUDGE KITTRELL.

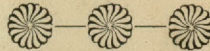
The usual humdrum of college life is occasionally interrupted by a public address of more than ordinary interest not only because of the pleasure afforded the student body, but also because of the valuable information imparted in so delightful and impressive manner. Such an occasion was the delivery of an address on The South—Past, Present and Future, by Judge Norman G. Kittrell in the college assembly hall.

Judge Kittrell reviewed the early history of the struggle for independence, the formation of the Constitution, and the anti-bellum history of the Union. In powerful language he showed the glorious part enacted by the people of the South in this mighty drama. Striking, indeed, was the contrast drawn between the Puritan of the North and the Cavalier of the South.

His tribute to the Southern women was unsurpassed in tender and chivalric sentiment, such as could be paid only by a loyal son of the Old South to the noblest specimen of womanhood the world has produced.

His eulogies on Davis, Jackson and Lee were impassioned bursts of eloquence that held the audience spellbound. Throughout, the address was full of sparkling wit and pleasing anecdote, the audience being held enraptured, swaying between tears and laughter.

The impression made by Judge Kittrell was permanent and most favorable. He at once gained the warm friendship of the students of the College, while all who were so fortunate as to be present feel under obligations to him for a most delightful treat.



I leaned across the orchard gate,
And held her struggling head;
Why was I then so cruel, pray,
And so full of dread?
She struggled hard, she struggled long.
I can see her, even now,
As I looked into the brown eyes
Of our dear old brindle cow.

—Ex.

Some men are born for great things,
Some men are born for small;
But it is not recorded
Why some men were born at all,—Ex.

Teacher—"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?"

Pupil—"Because he never told a lie."
—Ex.

Alas! how easily things go wrong,
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
There comes the old man with a cane,
And things are never the same again.

—Ex.

— EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT. —



We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: Southwestern University Magazine, The University Unit, The Walking Leaf, The Students' Herald, The Anchor, The University Magazine, The College Barometer, The Reveille, Add-Ran Collegian, The Herald, Academy Aegis, The University Calendar, M. H. Aerolith, The Aegis, Weatherford Collegian, The Mercury, The Coresophian Journal, The Peacock Drummer, The Lake Breeze, The Athenneum, Red and White, Orange and Blue, Mt. St. Mary's Record, The Kodak.

✿
Knight: "Why did you put two stamps on that letter to Miss R.?"

Jackson: "Why, to make it go fast."
—Ex.

✿
Professor: "How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?"

Freshman: "Well, you see, the earth revolves on its axis once every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of this tremendous velocity, it spirals freely."
—Ex.

✿
What is the difference between a cat and a comma? A cat has claws at the end of its paws and a comma is a pause at the end of a clause.
—Ex.

✿
John: "I heard of a baby six days' old talking?"

James: "That's nothing; Job cursed the day he was born."
—Ex.

✿
Hoax: "Why is it that Jones is always afraid somebody will see the inside of his watch?"

Joax: "I suppose there is a woman in the case."
—Ex.

Ike: "Say, the European nations must have peculiar tastes."

Mike: "How do you mean?"

Ike: "I see by the Hayseedville paper that they are eating China a piece at a meal. Now, I rather think I would prefer some Turkey and Greece; it would digest much better."
✿

Senior: "Can you tell why our college is such a learned place?"

Freshman: "Certainly; the Freshman always brings a little learning here, and the Seniors never take any away; hence it accumulates."
—Ex.

✿
Germany: "Say, Austria, it seems to me that the American Eagle and the British Lion are even more closely related than we thought."

Austria: "Do tell, how?"

Germany: "Why, both the animals have claws and both know how to use them."
✿

Why is a student of theology like a merchant? Because he studies the prophets (profits).
—Ex.

✿
Foolish is the woman who puts a special delivery stamp on a letter and gives it to her husband to mail.
—Ex.

✿
There is one thing about the house which never hurts any of the occupants when it falls—the rent.
—Ex.

✿
Why is the figure 9 like a peacock? Because it is nothing without its tail.
—Ex.

✿
Why should soldiers be tired on April 1st? Because they have just had a march of 31 days.
—Ex.

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'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than to have married and been bossed.

“What is the largest weapon on record?”

“The world, because it is a revolver.”—Ex.

Why are little puppy dogs like some churches? Because they depend upon dog-mas for their existence.—Ex.


Professor: “Name something that is useful but not valuable?”

Junior: “Moonlight.”—Ex.

The exchange editor may scratch on a pen
Till the tips of his fingers are sore,
When some one is sure to remark with a jest,
“Rats, how stale! I've heard that before.”
—Ex.

The five oldest colleges in the United States are: Harvard, founded in 1636; William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1701; University of Pennsylvania, 1740, and Princeton, 1746.

“What are you doing, Tommy?”
Tommy: “Taking the windows out of grandma's specs so she can see better.”—Ex.



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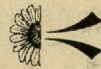
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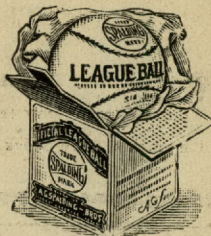
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