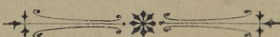


liberally applauded. But about the best thing of the evening was the toast of Mr. Elrod. He gave no regular toast, but made a little talk full of good thoughts and wishes for the class, college and every one connected with it, which was much appreciated by every one present.

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,