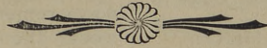


will do far better than I have and therefore give better satisfaction. I have done my best to make the paper a success while in my charge, but as to the degree of success I have achieved you can judge for yourself better than anyone else can for you. Though I have failed in a certain degree, yet I have managed to get out something

that I hope was intelligent enough to be read.

The greater part of my success, due to my assistant editors who have worked hard and faithfully for the paper—the failure is due to myself. I wish to thank those that have helped me and contributed to the pages of the Battalion. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



Y. M. C. A ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. Alfred A. Farland, the celebrated banjoist, appeared at College March 1, and gave a most entertaining recital. The music produced was of both classic and popular order, the selections including compositions by Rossini, Hauser, Dussek, Bertholdt, Farland, Moszkowski, Sousa, Robyn, Paderwski, Weber-DeBeriot, Herbert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schubert, Mozart, Verdi, etc.

Mr. Farland certainly sustained the enviable reputation he has earned as a virtuoso of the highest order upon the banjo. Many of the audience were skeptical, until finally convinced by

ocular demonstration and personal examination that it was an instrument of this kind from which he produced such melodious strains. It seemed more like a muffled piano, and at times a combination violin and banjo. Occasionally the audience could also almost apparently detect the sweet singing of a quartette as Mr. Farland played the "Old Folks at Home," "Old Kentucky Home," etc. But it was all produced by the prince of experts from a banjo. This entertainment was undoubtedly one of the most enjoyable ever given in the assembly hall at the Texas A. and M. College.



When a pair of red lips upturned to
your own,

With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them
alone?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permit-
ted to seize,

With a velvety softness about it,
Do you let it alone with never a
squeeze?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of
your arm,

With wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point with the good,
and the harm?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should cap-
ture a heart,

With womanly softness about it,
Will you guard it and keep it, and act
a good part?

Well, maybe you will, but I doubt it.