

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.