

gan his foot ball career at A. and M. in '98. He proved to be one of the best ground gainers the team had. We could always depend on him for a gain through the line. Scherer could be depended upon to keep the training rules.

10. Leckie, Half Back.—Prompt at practice; very good man in game, but failed to keep training rules.

11. Thrower, Tackle. — Thrower's first year on first team; very good man in place; slow to move, but hard worker.

12. Moseley, Left Tackle, Captain.—Moseley's third year on team, second year as captain.

13. Dwyer, Half Back.—One of the fastest men on the southern gridiron. Dwyer could have made a reputation for himself and college, but preferred a good time to honor. He had no regard whatever for training rules.

14. Boettcher, Center.—Always in the game determined and steady. Boettcher was one of the most faithful men on the team.

15. Fahrng, Tackle.—First year on gridiron; will have to work to make next year's team.

16. Myers, Guard.—Good, hard working, but very slow. Hard trainer.

17. Hyde, Full Back.—Unfortunately we had but few trials at Hyde, for he quit the game very early on account of sickness.

The above short sketches are but very brief histories of the men who helped to make one of the strongest teams that ever wore the crimson and white of A. and M.

The team played six games, which will show for themselves:

Houston, 0; A. and M. College, 48.

University of Texas, 6; A. and M. College, 0.

Sewanee, 10; A. and M. College, 0.

Baylor, 0; A. and M. College, 33.

Tulane University, 0; A. and M. College, 22.

University Louisiana, 0; A. and M. College, 52.



STOP YER KICKIN'.

Stop kickin' 'bout the times;
Get a hustle on you.
Skirmish 'round and grab de dimes,
If the dollars shun you.
Crokin' never bought a dress;
Growlin' isn't in it.
Fix your peepers on success,
Then go in and win it.
Times is gettin' good ag'in,
Try to help them all you kin.

Don't sit 'round with hangin' lip,
That is sure to floor you;
Try to get a better grip
On the work before you.
Put some ginger in yer words
When you greet a neighbor;
Throw yer troubles to the wind,
Get right down to labor,
And you'll notice every day
Things is comin' right your way.

Stop yer kickin', git a hold
Of the wheel and turn it,
You kin never handle gold
'Less you try to earn it.
Brush the cobwebs from your eyes,
Stop your blamed repinin',
An' yer'll notice that yer skies
Allus'll be shinin'.
If you hain't the nerve to try,
Sneak away somewheres an' die.
—Cleveland Medical Gazette.

"Why do you go to Vassar?"
I asked my heart's own queen.
"Because," she said, "I want to be
A little Vassarline."

But she changed her mind, the fickle maid,
As she's done many times before;
T'was not, she confessed, that she liked Vassar
less,
But she really liked Bryn Mawr.
—Harvard Lampoon.

I met a girl of the •
And gently pressed her ~~lip~~
And I thought I'd pop the ?
But I didn't have the s&. —Ex.

For many days they sat and sighed,
And then he turned and she replied:
"Since you for me do burn with love,
I've learned to love you like a dove."
—Ex.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said:
As he stubbed his toe against the bed:
—!—!!—!—!!—!—!—? —Ex.

'Tis not amiss to kiss a miss,
But 'tis amiss to kiss amiss,
As for a miss to kiss a miss,
Far more amiss to miss a kiss. —Ex.