

ing we saw two objects in the middle of the floor, struggling over something which it was impossible for us to see.

On account of the darkness which pervaded the room, we could not make out what kind of animals they were. After a few moments of wrestling, both hastily arose and started for the front of the room, reaching out time after time for (as far as we could see) an invisible something. Straight forward they moved, then, swerving to the right, were lost sight of.

By this time we were all greatly interested as well as greatly surprised, and moving closer to the pair we were more surprised to hear, "Where is it?" Now for the first time were we reasonably sure that they were persons, and so we ventured closer.

Finally the objects arose and stood facing each other, their eyes speaking what their mouths refused to do. Gradually we surrounded them, and imagine our surprise, for lo and behold! there stood within the ring two of our classmates, one with a look of anger stamped on his face; the other's face told of disappointment. They had been struggling for a professor's "bird," and in the scrimmage some one else had caught it.

PANCHO PELLIS, '02.

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TRIP TO BRAZOS RIVER.

A party of sport-loving (?) boys walked to the Brazos Saturday, November 10th. The surveyor made a mistake in finding only six miles between College and the Brazos. A number of adventures might be related, but we will give just a few.

Dinner, which was of first importance, was enjoyed on the very banks of the "River of Many Arms." Of course there wasn't enough—couldn't possibly carry enough for a crowd of A. and M. cadets.

But two pillow slips full of lunches were "stored away."

Jack K. and Briggs tried for the prize for "who ate the most," so the last cracker was equally divided between them.

Immediately after having "partaken of the repast," "Bud" and "Scully" went out on a scouting expedition, and after an hour's absence (we'll all swear that it was three hours, regardless of watches) they brought in the enemy. Execution followed without court martial. My memory fails me here (of course I am glad of it), so I can't tell just what happened.

When time came to "hie our weary steps homeward," we were as tough looking a set of boys as ever happened. On the way we met, or were met by a party of pecan-picnickers from College, and we wanted to ride so bad, but the old rule of "Always room for one more" didn't work "worth a hardy." While resting on a log, we must have created a strange impression on Miss ———, for she remarked that we "looked as though we hadn't had any dinner." But "Bud" convinced her to the contrary.

As luck would have it, supper was waiting for us (?), and we actually ate so much that five of the waiters at "Hotel de Sbisá" quit that very night.

ONE OF 'EM.

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THE AFTERMATH.

Since the San Antonio trip it is reported that one of the young professors has dropped into poetry. Who is responsible for this?

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A. AND M. ELECTION.

To tell how the votes would be cast, the Battalion box was left open on November 6th for the students to cast ballots for president of the United States.