

Much excitement prevailed all day, and at taps the votes were counted. It was found that McKinley had received 38 and Bryan 160 votes. Half of the cadets were disqualified as voters on account of being housekeepers that week.

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When you come back you feel like a new man. Back from where? The barber's, of course. Mr. Holton is an artist in his line. So "get from behind the brush."

#### WANTED.

A pair of suspenders for the breeches of promise.

A corset for the waist of time.

A mosquito bar for the bed of the ocean.

Some one to rock the cradle of the deep.

A dentist to work on the jaws of death.

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#### PERSONAL.

Why didn't Carson eat salmon?

Carswell is grieving over something. What?

Guion wants to ride his extras off on a "bike."

Reardon: Professor, what would you call a young lamb?

Ask Briggs to tell you about that man from Pennsylvania.

Trigg walked sentinel in Gathright until the lights went out.

Whately wants a receipt for walking an extra. Good idea, Whately!

Scott has made a "mash" in Bryan. Wonder who the lucky lady is.

Captain Thomas has business (?) in Bryan on Sunday. Wonder what it is.

Peanut Kirkpatrick has applied for the position of "swayback" in the football team.

Cooley didn't have it much wrong when he said that Benj. Franklin peddled stoves.

Gorman, when at the Fair, didn't "have snakes," but he saw street cars running on telephone wires.

Jobson says that he would like to correspond with some young lady. Now, girls, here's your chance.

Fish, on being asked to pass the "cord wood," gazes into space for a moment, and then passes the toast.

Captain Garbade is a skilled tactician. His company executes a number of field movements on coming to "left dress."

"The Romance of a Cotton Field; or What Happened in the Cotton House," a late novel, just out, by "Bud" Noble, novelist.

Dr. Francis (in lecture on human skeleton): She evidently was not a society belle; her ribs are not squeezed close enough together.

Ex-Cadets Sterns, Austen and Japhet visited College during the past month. We were all very glad to see them. They remind us of "old times."

Mr. Lineburger—Professor, did you say that shellac was used as a "wood-killer?"

Professor—Yes, sir; I suppose it "would kill her" if she ate enough of it.

A cadet stayed out very late at night while in San Antonio. The next morning, wishing to see how rocky he looked, he reached for the hand mirror that lay on the table by his bed. Instead of the mirror he picked up the brush and gazed at the bristles for a moment. He felt of the back of the brush; gazed at the bris-