

As the Butter was proudly proclaiming himself victor, a noise was heard outside. Ah! The Battalion was coming! In a second the table was hushed and the Butter lay still upon the table. And the boys rejoiced that night that the steak, for once, had been "done."

THE CHICAGO FAT STOCK SHOW.

A. BUG.

The day became very gloomy for the delegation who were to act as forerunners for a judging team from the Agricultural & Mechanical College of Texas to the International Fat Stock Show, when the time for their departure was closely approaching and the necessary transportation had failed to appear.

This feeling was intensified when a telegram from Mr. Sansom, President of Board of Directors, came stating it was impossible to produce same. The plan of campaign had, however, already been adopted and the enthusiastic students were not to be out done by being barred from their long anticipated trip. So accordingly, they decided to go anyway on their own responsibility by means of momentary financial relief on the part of the Agricultural Department.

About thirty-eight hours after making our final departure from Austin (we having gone by there to see the great 'Varsity-A. & M. football game) we arrived at our destination amidst the rustling and bustling of street cars, elevators,