

THE BATTALION.

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A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

It was on the belated Katy Flyer when everybody was going home for the holidays, that across the aisle from the hero of this story sat an unusually attractive girl.

The moment he saw her his heart underwent a change; it began to throb violently, and a feeling crept over him similar to the one experienced by a speaker who addresses an audience for the first time. This mysterious behavior of heart has not been explained by medical men, but recent writers of fiction claim that it is due to peculiar sensations experienced, brought on by the sudden disease, klapsonia or literally a case of love at first sight.

She evidently too, was on her way home and by her airs he judged her to be a college girl. If he could only get acquainted. He was tempted to ask her if she knew Miss Smith who attended Baylor, but he remembered in reading in Webb's latest book on "How to Love Successfully," the author states it would be against the rules of etiquette and a simple case of butting in, a crime of which Freshmen and Sophomores only are guilty of committing. He even half way wished for a wreck so that he could prove himself a hero, and at least become something in her estimation. But alas! he had to be contented by gazing at her.

She was reading a book in which she became less and less interested as the train neared its destination. The train had whistled and the porter called out the name of the station in a tone that gave evidence that he was either in a bad humor or something was wrong with his vocal organs. It was the

young man's station, and as he rose she looked up. Their eyes met for only one moment. They must have dazed him for as he left the car he seemed to play tackle with the seats and tried to button his already buttoned coat. He knew only one thing and that was leaving a real girl whom he had heretofore seen only in dreams. Not knowing her name or where she lived he would probably never see her again. Fortune had been kind but fate was against him.

While walking home from the station with his brother he dropped off into a pensive mood. His brother seeing that he was not as cheerful and talkative as usual, said to him: "Cheer up lad, I know those professors at A. and M. believe in giving hard examinations, but just think of it you are going to dine at home for the next twelve days and mother has made fruit cake for you herself. By the way who was that young lady that got off the train after you? She certainly was a stunner." He had seen no one get off. The thought now flashed through his mind. Could it be possible that she got off here? He knew that this was not her home town, as he was acquainted with every one in the little burg, but yet she might be visiting some one.

Night came and the clock announced the hour of twelve; he was still awake tossing in his own dear bed. Though tired from the day's ride, with no mosquitoes present prospecting, and no shoe polish to fear, yet he slept not. Perhaps the reader would think he was worrying about his mechanic examination or that con-founded equation for a back water curve which had caused him no small amount of trouble; but, nay, his thoughts ran along another channel.

Next morning found him glancing over the pages of the hotel register, but he saw nothing which was of interest to him, so he left the building only to be stopped by old Joe (the hack driver). "It must be you" he said: "For you were the only individual who had a uniform on that got off of number three yesterday evening, and she asked me about you." "She! Who are you talking about, Joe?" "Why the young lady that came in on the same train that you did. I told her who you were, and she

said she had heard of you before. She also told me that she was going to surprise her aunt, Mrs. X., by coming a day earlier than expected."

After giving old Joe his Christmas tip in advance, he pushed his way to the office of the Times. He was on very friendly terms with the editor-in-chief, Mr. Brooks, who was a very young man to hold such a position.

After telling him about the flourishing condition of The Battalion, and also about that enthusiastic spunger in Pfeuffer Hall, who was not supporting the paper as he should, but who always borrowed from the fellow across the hall, he asked him who was visiting Mrs. X. The editor did not know, but always on the alert for news, remarked that he would ring up Mrs. X and find out. To which the young man replied, if the editor had no objection, he would ring up Mrs. X and find out, she being an old acquaintance of his mother.

The editor with a twinkle in his eye, motioned him to the 'phone and settled back in the chair, so as to be sure and not lose a word in the following conversation:

"Hello, is that Mrs. X?"

"This is Mrs. X. Whom have I the honor of speaking to?"

"This is the office of the Times."

"Who am I speaking to? The voice is familiar yet I know it is not Mr. Brooks."

"This is—why I guess this must be Mal. Is that you, Mal. Tubbs? When did you get in, and did you pass all your examinations? Say, Malcolm, you must come over with your mother some time real soon, I want you to meet my niece, Miss S., who will spend the holidays with me. Did you want to speak to Mr. X?"

"Why no—I believe not; Central must have given me the wrong number."

"Good bye."

"Good bye."

He took advantage of Mrs. X's invitation real soon, and called that very afternoon. What occurred during the next ten days the author will not attempt to tell as he has limited space, but the reader may well imagine.

A little pink letter now comes every day; if for any reason it is delayed it will be noticed that the young man is greatly worried, eats little, dreams of dreamy eyes and cuts breakfast next morning.

THE FOOT BALL GAME.

It was on a balmy day in December 1904, that the Gathright aggregation went forth to do battle with the hosts of Austin Hall. The men of Austin had on various fields of honor won laurels and fame. We, the Gathrighters, of a less fortunate tribe, had not yet distinguished ourselves by any such glorious accomplishments; so it was with shouts of joy we hailed this opportunity. Our voices choked and tears filled our eyes when we found that fate had been thus kind to us. Now we would show to the world what the men of Gathright could do.

Faithfully we practiced for the occasion. Each frosty morning found us lustily punting the pig-skin up and down before the pal-

ace whose honor we were to uphold.

Our captain was a great man; in name at least, for our nation has twice been ruled by Harrisons. He is long-legged and as long-headed, figuratively speaking, as he was long-legged. He knew how to plan a campaign as well as how to execute it. His manner of execution was unique, sometimes he hung it, sometimes it was simply guillotined; at any rate it was executed as you will agree when you have learned the story.

Then too, we had such men as Miller, Edsall, Harrigan, Sien, Redell and the humble author, Jake Hill and Jouine filling positions of responsibility, and last but not least, R. C. Lilley and Isaac Meyers held forth in the line. These men were nothing if not giants of their type. How could we lose with such a team? Surely our fierce looks should be enough to send any foe scurrying to his den in a fit of delirium tremens. True, we had a noble foe to fight against, but we intended to win and that settled it.

On the aforesaid balmy day we gathered in our battle array, consisting of a variegated assortment of football togs and citizens apparel. We were in the pink of condition, having just bolted a plentiful supply of provender from the board of Hotel D' Sbiza. Armed with such

muscle-making commissarial wares plus its additional weight, it was theoretically impossible for us to lose.

In true athletic style we strung out, and with flourishes galore, passed the ball around the circle, in order that the grand stand might get the full benefit of our fine points.

In not more than an hour and a half after time the referee's whistle sounded the signal to begin. We lined up in fine style, there is no doubt of that, and the way we went for those fellows from Austin hall was a caution. We

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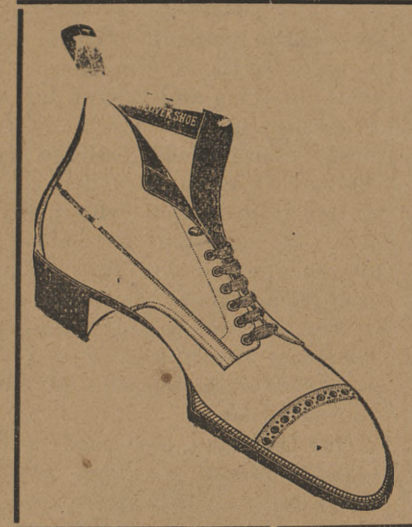
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