

# The BRYAN EAGLE

PRINTING  
ENGRAVING

BETTER PREPARED THAN EVER BEFORE ALL ORDERS GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION Phone 36

## ALUMNI NOTES

John Ashton, A. '06, is on a 5000 acre hacienda, near Linares, Mexico. The ranch is well equipped with modern machinery, and has some fine stock. Ashton is traveling about a good deal, and is fast learning Spanish.

Wilkins Orr, C. E. '06, is working for the Southern Pacific Railway in El Paso. He is well situated, and is under several old A. and M. men.

Bruno L. Durst, C. E. '05, is Assistant Resident Engineer for the Great Southern Lumber Co., Bogalusa, Lee's Creek, La.

C. L. Bernay, C. E. '04, is with the Santa Fe on construction work as instrument man, between Davis and Stephen, I. T.

H. Rubenkoenig and C. E. Lindeman, both M. E. '04, are special apprentices of the G. C. & S. F. Railway at Cleburne.

W. H. McDonald, A. '02, editor of *The Athens Review*, was married on June 27 to Miss Joe Gaunt.

B. Youngblood, A. '02, is superintendent of the Pauls Valley City Schools, Pauls Valley, I. T.

G. R. Abney, C. E. '06, is in charge of a pile driver on the O. G. & N. E. Ry., Melville, La.

S. E. Gillespie, M. E. '03, is a draftsman employed by the Continental Gin Co., Dallas.

We have received a subscription from Ernest Haner, C. E. '04. He is at present in Mexico.

R. L. Burney, C. E. '06, is rapidly learning railway construction at Oakdale, La.

Gus C. Street, A. '05, is a salesman for the National Harvester Company.

John T. Wyse, A. '05, is in charge of the Wyse Oil Company, Dallas.

## STORIES

BY THE WAY.

Under this heading we intend to publish stories and jokes contributed by readers. The idea of publishing a column of humorous and other matter submitted by the general reader is not original with us, such a department having been for some years a feature in two of the magazines of national circulation. These magazines, however, do not pretend to give much news matter in their similar departments, nor do they publish anything longer than the conventional newspaper anecdote; while we hope to publish much original matter, and also to print a one-column story occasionally.

The readers of *The Battalion* are invited to send freely to this department such things as they believe we want. We especially invite the Alumni to send us old College stories.

### HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

It was at a large dinner party.

The Eminent Author had just been asked to describe his first experience in writing for publication, and the other diners were eagerly awaiting his reply.

"Well," said he, "the very first time I ever wrote for the press was when I was about eleven years old. (Exclamations of astonishment.) It was during my first year at the public schools of a small city. Some enterprising graduates of the High School were running that year, a weekly newspaper for all the city public schools, and in this was printed reports sent in by student reporters in each room of the various schools. I had not the honor of being a reporter, but you may be sure that my name was on the subscription list.

"One evening when I had little else to do, I thought out a joke for the paper. It was one of those conversational jokes, in which somebody makes an observation and receives a witty reply from the cheerful idiot, a character once very popular with the comic weeklies.

"I used half a page of large tab-

let paper in copying this first attempt. I remember that my name in large capitals adorned the top of the page, and that there was an artistic border all around. The only title was 'Joke.' At a moment when I had sufficient courage, I went up and handed this to my teacher. She read it, laughed, and asked if it was original.

"No," I answered, blushing brilliantly, 'I wrote it myself.'

"Then the joke seemed to strike her as still funnier, and she promised to put it in the paper.

"But it was never printed. She became displeased at something the editor had said about her when he came to collect the reports; and after that she withheld all contributions from her room. I did not hear about her anger for some time, and I looked in vain through several issues for my little joke."

"And the joke?" cried one of the auditors. "What was the joke about the Cheerful Idiot?"

"Why really," said the Eminent Author, "to save my life I can't remember."

### THE CHOICE OF THE FRESHMEN.

This story is by told a 'Varsity graduate of the first meeting of the last year's Freshman Class of the State University. A guileful Senior, after disguising himself as a Freshman, attended the meeting and nominated a certain Mr. Blank for president. He spoke eloquently of Mr. Blank's many virtues, and convinced all that this was the only man for the place. The Freshmen congratulated themselves on securing such a good man, but in the morning the story was going the rounds that the President of the Freshman Class was the negro janitor of the men's dormitory.

### GET IN LINE.

The Skiff, a weekly which we have just received from T. C. U., gets enthusiastic about football. The following, with the exception of the reference to the "co-eds," applies pretty well here.

Now is the time.

To get in line;

The football season is open.

Shin guards on,

Put your nose-guard on, Keep trainin' and fightin' and hop-in'!

We're going to win,

Though we lose our skin,

In battle for our alma mater.

What does it boot

If you lose your snoot.

While making the enemy scatter?

Now is the time.

To get in line.

You "co-eds" who stand at the helm;

You can victories treble,

If you root like the debil.

And tender that coin of the realm.

### NOT AT THAT ONE.

Teacher: I know of a female school where the pupils are required to memorize the Constitution of the United States.

Pupil: Why, don't the boys have to memorize it?

Teacher: No, there are no boys at that female college.—Dallas High School Journal.

### VERY PROBABLY.

A second year boy, in reading a Latin exercise, came to the word "pecunia," and did not know what it meant. His teacher put his hand into his pocket, and rattling his money said, "what if that?"

Second Year Boy: "Buttons and keys."—Dallas High School Journal.

All Cadets have a special invitation to make my store headquarters while in Bryan.

J. M. Caldwell.

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