

THE CONCERT SATURDAY NIGHT.

As previously stated in these columns the Glee Club, in bringing Miss Mary Carson Kidd to the college, is making a distinct departure from the usual order of entertainment here. The program given below shows what may be expected, and that the concert will be not only educational but most pleasing and satisfying to those who may not enjoy classical music.

Panzani, who was Mme. Marchesi's opera coach for many years and who coached and brought out Mme. Emma Nivada, is holding an opening in his Italian opera company for Miss Kidd. He said of her: "Miss Kidd can do anything that Melba can do."

It would indeed be a reflection on the college for this great attraction not to have the unanimous support of both the faculty and corps of cadets. It is not an easy thing to bring such an attraction to the college, and the Glee Club believes that its determination to present one that could not be had under ordinary circumstances outside the large cities will be appreciated.

Miss Kidd will be prepared to respond to an encore to every number, when, by special request, she will sing more popular and catchy as well as humorous selections, with especial reference to pleasing the cadets of the college. The new piano will be used for the first time in concert work, and Mr. Aldridge B. Kidd will be equal to the occasion.

Let every Texas boy pay his respects to this "Song Bird" of his own state, who has an international reputation.

A special train from Bryan will bring the young ladies of the Texas Woman's College in a body.

PROGRAM.

PART I.

- Hest doux—(Herodiade)..... Messenet
- (a) Until God's Day..... Aldridge B. Kidd
- (b) Wynken, Blynken, and Nod..... Aldridge B. Kidd
- Scherzo..... Chopin
- Mr. Kidd.....
- (a) O, That We Two Were Maying..... Nevin
- (b) Vainka's Song..... Von Stuzmann
- (a) Je suis Heureuse—(Louise)..... Carpentier
- (b) Je suis Encore tout Etourdie (Manon)..... Maissenet

PART II.

- Spinning Song—"Flying Dutchman")..... Wagner—Liszt
- Mr. Kidd.....
- Micaela's Aria—(Carmen)..... Bizet
- (a) Ritournelle..... Chaminade
- (b) Fruhlingsnacht..... Schumann
- Indian Lyrics.....
- (a) Temple Bells..... Amy Woodford
- (b) Less Than the Dust..... Finden
- (c) Kashmiri Song.....
- (d) 'Til I Wake.....
- Ah, non Guinge—(La Sonnambula)..... Bellini

About the Battalion.

The Index has received a copy of "The Battalion," published by the students of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, College Station, Texas. It is a very creditable paper, gotten up in a neat and attractive style and containing items of interest to all.—The Childress Index.

ABSENT-MINDED.

A professor of science, well known for his absent-mindedness, was engaged in a deep controversy with a fellow student, when his wife hurriedly entered the room.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "I've swallowed a pin."

The professor smiled. "Don't worry about it my dear," he said in a soothing tone. "It's of no consequence. Here,—fumbling at his coat lapel—"here is another."—The Wooster Voice.

"Hal I will fool the blood-hounds yet!" cried the fugitive, and slipping on a pair of rubbers he erased his tracks.—Ex.

None But the Brave

Elfie Drysdale was a peach. Put her into a bottle and label her "From California" and you couldn't have told her from the marvelous product of the Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers.

There are not many like Elfie. She had been admitted to Third Degree of the Order of Man Killers. She did thing with her eyes that old ladies disapproved, and she did them—well, she did them so that it hurt for about three months, and then healed.

Soft eyes and soft hair had Elfie, and, as we approach the footlights and speak with a fitting quaver while the orchestra sympathizes in G-flat, let us state that her mouth was the kind you'd bite your way through eleven miles of dense, tropical jungle to kiss, and she had the figure of a thousand-dollar bank note—so fine a figure that her Princess gown made no bones about showing it off upon every possible occasion.

So much for Elfie. Too, much perhaps, for she was too much for almost everyone save Tommy Spindlicker. And even Tommy had Elfie pretty bad. The minute she gave him the high-stepping handshake, it was all up with Tommy.

Then they went at it. Now Tommy had seen girls before, and he knew the game. Violets he knew in midwinter, and five-pound boxes of chocolates, and cabs and theatre tickets to Bernard Shaw. But, curiously enough, such expenditures failed to capture her. Elfie had her chamber wall papered with love letters, and what she didn't have time to read she gave to her French maid to answer.

Tommy bought a 50-h.p. auto, raised a Vandyke beard, wrote for the magazine, had a scandal with a show-girl—but it was no use. Elfie's pose was still the patronizing affable, and she refused to discuss personalities.

Tommy went and had appendicitis and jungle fever, but ever this failed to interest Elfie.

An old man in whom he confided told him to neglect her. Tommy tried it for a week and Elfie didn't seem to mind a bit. She bought a new hat and went to the opera with a boy of seventeen.

Then Tommy made a pilgrimage to the Far East and engaged a prayer-wheel in an old Buddhist temple, geared it to a gas engine, and let it run for forty days. At the end of that time his plea was answered. He arrived at home just as Elfie's engagement was announced to a divinity student. Tommy waited till the eve of the wedding.

That night, with four of his fraternity, masked and with false mustache, he fell upon Elfie as she was coming home from church, thrust her into a cab and drove her to a lonely vacant house in the suburbs. Here the divinity student was waiting, bound hand and foot. Elfie's screams had been muffled in a medicated veil, and when she came to her senses, Tommy was in a dress suit. The four members of his fraternity supported her vigorously.

"Wilt thou have this man Tommy to be thy husband?" the divinity student muttered, fearfully, prodded from behind with a hat pin.

"I will!" Elfie exclaimed in a firm voice.

"Did I do it all right?" asked Tommy, tenderly, when the guests had departed and they were *enfin seules*.

"It was perfect!" she murmured, smacking her wonderful lips.

Then she grew calmer.

"There is no girl in the whole world," she said slowly, "who doesn't simply long to be abducted. A hurried marriage is better than nothing, an elopement is good enough, but to be run away with against one's will, why Tommy, Joan of Arc would count it an honor! Why do men know so little—when it is so easy?"—Ridgway's.

Lines From Hamlet.

The following selection from Hamlet, Act I, Scene III, is furnished by one who is ever interested in the moral and mental development of young people. As there are many thoughts in it which apply to us here, it might be well for us to memorize it and take it as our standard:

"There, my blessing with you; and these few precepts in thy memory, look thou character, give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any disproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel, but do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. (1) Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear it that the opposer may beware of thee. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure, (2) but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy; for the apparel oft proclaims the man; and they in France, of the best rank and station, are most select and generous, chief in that. Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edges of husbandry. This above all, to thine own self be true. And it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell, my blessing season (3) this in thee."

1. The literal sense is, do not make thy hand callous by shaking every man by the hand.—Johnson.

2. Censure, opinion.—Stevens.

3. Senon—Infuse, says Warburton. Johnson says, "It is more than to infuse, it is to infix in each a manner that it may never wear out."

Memories.

I remember, I remember,
The car I used to drive,
It started out right gallantly,
But never would arrive.

The commutator wouldn't work,
The jump-spark wouldn't play;
Then suddenly 'twould give a jerk
That took my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
How nothing would stay right;
The aspiration pipe got loose,
The carburetor tight;

The steering-knuckle broke one day;
'Twas just before we met
A heedless old pedestrian—
The man is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
The curves I used to swing,
I thought that twenty miles an hour
'Was speed like anything!

The car seemed like a feather then,
That seems so heavy now,
And punctured tires could not disperse
The smile that wreathed my brow.

I remember, I remember,
That little runabout;
It always skidded, slipped and bucked,
And calmly threw me out.

I have a Palace Flyer now,
But still 'tis little fun—
For I am far less satisfied
Than when I first begun.

—Carolyn Wells in Ridgway's.

A green little cadet in a green little way
Some chemicals mixed on a bright summer's day;

And the green little flowers now tenderly wave
On the green little cadet's green little grave.

—Ex.

Papa—No, he's not the proper sort of a husband for you, my dear!

Daughter.—O, papa, he'd die for me!

"Oh, that's all right, then tell him to go as far as he likes. I was afraid he wanted to marry you."—Ex.

She—Papa don't want us to be married for ten years yet. But don't look so worried, George; you will still be young by that time.

He—Yes, darling; but I wasn't thinking of myself.

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