



## Other Sales Our Sales

While others have been giving Special Sales, we have kept right on "sawing wood" and selling unseasonable goods (such as we do not want to carry over until next winter) at cut prices just the same, but have decided to make such deep cuts on what is left that they will move out at

**A Double Quick Pace!**

The following deep cuts should do the work:

**One-Half Off Regular Price**

All Bath Robes. All Smoking Jackets. All House Coats.

**One-Third Off Regular Price**

All Cravenette Overcoats. All Fancy Vests. All Sweaters.  
All Fall Dress Mufflers. All Fancy Silk Suspenders.  
All colored Novelty Shape Hats.

**One-Fourth Off Regular Price**

All Black Novelty Shape Hats. All Winter Underwear.  
All odds and ends Men's and Boys' Shoes.  
All Men's and Boys' Oxfords.

Let us do your cleaning and pre-sing. All work guaranteed.

# Hunter & Chatham

Men's Furnishers

### TRAIN SCHEDULE.

I. & G. N. R. R.

No. 101 South bound..... 5:12 p. m.  
No. 102 North bound..... 10:30 a. m.

H. & T. C. R. R.

No. 3 North bound..... 1:26 p. m.  
No. 5 North bound..... 12:36 a. m.  
No. 2 South bound..... 3:49 p. m.  
No. 6 South bound..... 2:57 a. m.

## Local

F. K. McGinnis '00 was on the campus Sunday.

Henry Hutson '96 is visiting his father on the campus.

Dr. Marsteller is in the hospital with a severe case of grippe.

O. L. Ellis and J. R. Lauderdale have recovered from the measles and are again at classes.

J. H. McLeod and Bill Heller have each become the proud possessor of new Ingersol watches.

There are several new "fish" on the campus. They are always welcome and never more so than now.

Cadets are requested not to touch the bricks intended for Goodwin hall as they might crumble and cause much loss.

A photograph was taken a short while ago of the Senior Agriculture students manufacturing cheese. "Carter did it."

Dr. M. Francis, who went to Galveston to have an operation performed, is able to be out again after several weeks confinement.

Messrs. J. W. and J. M. Carson attended the Alumni meeting at Houston Saturday. Several of the campus alumni were also present.

Much surprise is being evidenced at the fact that some rash person was so indiscreet as to divulge the "secret" of the cause of our late trouble. However, one of our professors is hard to evade and there are few "scandalous things" told that he doesn't hear about. Many of the cadets who have been at home taking special lecture courses have returned to their regular duties. Some, who have not yet finished their courses, are still away; they are expected in before long. Those who have attended speak of the lectures in glowing terms and the ones who did not take advantage of the opportunity offered missed something indeed.

To Our Former Customers and Those Who Would Like to be:

After attending a course of lectures at our homes during the holidays, we are now better prepared than ever to give our students better instructions for their money than heretofore. There will be a rally of all those dependent in Freehand Drawing and Ventriloquism on Feb. 30, anywhere on campus.

Luther R. Jones, Chief Propeller.  
Rufe W. Adams, Ventriloquist.

### HONEY BEE

Give me my love a tender line—  
"Honey, be my valentine."  
May her answer come to me—  
Simply, "Stung!"  
(Signed) "Honey Bee."

### INFORMAL DANCE.

A most enjoyable dance was given at the Shirley Friday evening, Feb. 21, by a number of Bachelor Professors and members of the two dancing clubs. Mr. J. S. Dean and Miss Jesse Garth led the grand march, after which unique programs were distributed and one of the best dances of the season continued until after midnight.

Those present were: Messrs Reynolds, Franklin, Welch, Hearne, Alberta Adams, Jessie Garth, Cora Garth, Winnie Thomas, Hattie Lou Hudson, Hutson, Watkins, DeMaret, Carson, Cavitt, Davis, Smith, Irene Board, Waite, Lucy Board, Eaves, Messrs. Dean, Kelley, Jones, L. P. Berthel, Rushmore, Smith, E. W. Adams, L. Homeyer, Burns, Smith, A. J. Muller, Rather, Moore, Sampson, Rife, Warden, Carlyle, Hamner, Spivey, Kidd, Skaggs.

### THE COMING OF SPRING.

From the behavior of the weather during the last day or two, even a Texe almost justified in predicting that winter is nearly over. At any rate, spring will soon be here, and with it will come all the usual activities of the spring term. Students have already begun to play tennis, a track team will soon be organized, and baseball practice is not far distant. Another sign of spring is the fact that the copy for the Long Horn has gone to the printer, and the annual will probably be issued within the coming month. One thousand copies will be printed this year. The editors of the Battalion, on the other hand, are planning several improvements.

We have many reasons to hope for success along all lines this year, and every student should make a point of giving his best in whatever he undertakes. Of course he should undertake those things for which he is best fitted. A. and M. expects every man to do all he can for the institution.

### WHAT'S THE USE?

Said a kittenish girl of "a certain age,"  
With a dash of gray on her head,  
When her Candid Friend inquired of her,  
"How is it you've never wed?"  
"I need no man in my little home  
To lend it a masculine light.  
I own a dog that growls all day  
And a parrot that swears all night."

### A SLAM-BANG BALLAD.

Which tells how a very prim and proper Boston girl met her fate in the wicked city of Chicago:  
(By Nixon Waterman)  
Once there was a Boston girl whose name was—never mind.  
Her bunch of Back Bay Manners was so proper and refined  
That all about her seemed to cling an eighteen-Carat Charm;  
She wouldn't bite an onion or an eighty-acre farm.

She'd half-a-dozen maiden aunts, left over patterns, who  
I had diagnosed the whiskered sex and found it wouldn't do!  
These petticoated paragons had lived through scores of Junes,

Yet never had been smitten by a pair of pantaloons.

They took this girl when very young and taught her, day by day  
Precisely how she ought to act and what to do and say;  
Till everything she said or did was always so polite—  
Just like an automatic doll wound up to do it right.

They taught her twenty million things a maiden shouldn't do!  
Red stockings were a mortal sin, so hers were always blue.  
They cooled the current in her veins and made it run so slow  
That it reduced her temperature to ten degrees below.

They told this trusting girl that love of this platonic kind  
Was all of it there was worth while to feed the cultured mind—  
That holding hands and such as that was altogether crude,  
While kissing proved the kisser and kissees were very rude.

When she was twenty-two her aunts selected her a beau,  
A safe, cold-storage seer so cold his whiskers wouldn't grow,  
Who, once when all the lights went out, with promptness and dispatch,  
Was fool enough to waste his time in hunting for a match!

For seven years he talked to her of sermon, play and book,  
For seven long, lean, lonesome years, and yet he never took  
Her lily-fashioned hand in his! Nay, nay, 'twas theirs to find  
That grand platonic tie that joins, not hearts, but mind with mind.

Their cracked-ice friendship might have kept forever and a day  
But Cupid's feet were getting cold and so he found a way;  
He sent this girl to visit friends in Bluff Chicago, where  
There's lots of soot and sentiment in every breath of air.

Of course she did not like the place nor people, but it's best  
In her own chosen words to tell the thoughts which she expressed  
In writing to her aunts: "And tonight a young man who's  
A rich pork-packer is to call. I'll tell you all the news

"As soon as I've dismissed him, oh, if Reginald were here!  
So we could closely cull the books as fast as they appear,  
And read the latest essays on philosophy and such,  
As we have done for seven years, 'twould please me very much!"

"The young men here are crude, of course; they have not had the chance  
That those in dear old Boston have in culture to advance.  
For killing pigs and canning beef—ah, well; we can't expect  
That such vocations can produce the highest intellect.

"I wish that you could hide behind the door to-night and see  
This 'Wild and Woolly' Westerner who dares to call on me;  
I'm sure you'd have a lot of fun—hark! there's the bell, ah, yes!  
'Tis he, and now I'll have to waste an hour more or less."

"Dear Aunts: It's three A. M., and though I'm nervous, quite—  
Please pardon this wild scribbling—still I feel I've got to write  
And tell you all about it, and you must forgive me, do!  
Because, oh, Aunts! I'd so love to do as much for you!"

"I don't know how it happened, though I've thought it o'er and o'er,  
But, anyway, I'm so glad you were not behind the door!  
For Harry—Mr. Flush, I mean—was oh, so bold and bad!  
I'm sorry that he acted so and yet—ah, yes!—I'm glad!

"When we were left alone I sought to speak with him of books;  
Discussing authors bored him—I could tell it by his looks;  
He answered, when I asked him which of all he deemed the best,  
I'm fond of Lamb and Bacon, but I've never tried the rest."

"Platonic love was mentioned, and its

clasp of mind and mind;  
He asked me if I wouldn't like to try the other kind.  
I spurned the proposition, but I cannot understand  
Just how it was that, by and by, he somehow held my hand!

"He then began to tell me things that lovers say in books:  
He talked about the birds and bees, the butterflies and brooks  
Of music, dance, of starlit skies, of clover field and June,  
Until my senses drifted in a sweet, delicious swoon.

"And can you still forgive me, if I tell you all the rest?  
He put his arm about me and my head upon his breast.  
I heard the words that seemed so much of Heaven to convey  
That Reginald and Boston slipped a million miles away.

"You meant well when you taught me that Platonic love is all  
That those highly cultured minds would in their lives install.  
But, though I'm just a simple child, I really must insist  
Unless you've tried the other kind you don't know what you've missed.

"Poor Reginald! For seven years he's talked to me, but, oh!  
I've learned tonight from Mr. Flush Reggy's awful slow  
To treat a girl as he has me is little short of crime:  
I feel that I should sue him for a lot of wasted time.

"And so when Mr. Flush remarked: 'Now, how'd you like to be  
A crude pork-packer's little wife and take your meals with me?'  
I didn't answer: 'This is so sudden!' Not a bit;  
I said: 'Farewell, dear Boston, for Chicago now is it!'"

This ballad has a moral, but I need not point it out,  
For every one that reads it sees the point, without a doubt;  
Platonic love does well enough in books, but, oh! it stands  
But it stands mighty little chance against the laying on of hands.

### A VALID OBJECTION.

**Young Sheridan's Ready Wit Saved Him a Birching.**

Richard Brinsley Sheridan early evinced a genius for getting something for nothing and, seeing the door of the refectory had inadvertently been left unlocked, peeped in and saw a huge basket of grapes freshly gathered from the orchard.

Stealthily closing the door and approaching the grapes, he thus addressed them: "I publish the bans of marriage between Richard Brinsley Sheridan and these grapes. Is there any one to forbid the bans?" And having no reply to his query, he proceeded to fill his breadbasket from the other basket with great gusto. But retribution was to follow, for on the chairs being reassembled the master called upon Richard Brinsley Sheridan to stand forth and joined with his name the ominous name of Walker, who was the dunce of the school and selected from his weight and size to mount the culprit upon his shoulders in order that the master might get a firm surface upon which to use the birch with effect.

Sheridan being duly mounted and appropriately denuded of superfluous raiment, the master thus addressed him: "I publish the bans of marriage between Richard Brinsley Sheridan and this birch. Is there any just cause or impediment why these two parties should not be joined in holy matrimony?"

"Hold!" yelled Sheridan.  
"Well?" said the master.  
To which Sheridan said, "Why, sir, the parties are not agreed!"

This being not only witty, but apt, as being a valid objection in point of law, Sheridan was requested to retire and restore himself to his former habiliments amid the uncontrollable laughter of all concerned, including the head master.—Exchange.

### Putting It Mildly.

The flooding of a Yorkshire mine had a tragic result, and a miner was deputed to break the news to a poor woman whose husband had been drowned.

"Does Widow Jones live here?"  
"No," was the indignant lady's reply  
"You're a liar!" he said.—London Tatler.

Never tell your resolution before band.—Selden.

### NATURE'S MYSTERIES.

**And the Little That Man Really Knows About Them.**

I seized the opportunity some little while ago on finding myself sitting next to a great physicist of asking him a series of fumbling questions on the subject of modern theories of matter. For an hour I stumbled like a child, supported by a strong hand, in a dim and unfamiliar world, among the mysterious essences of things. I should like to try to reproduce it here, but I have no doubt I should reproduce it all wrong. Still, it was deeply inspiring to look out into chaos, to hear the rush and motion of atoms moving in vast vortices, to learn that inside the hardest and most impenetrable of substances there was probably a feverish intensity of inner motion. I do not know that I acquired any precise knowledge, but I drank deep drafts of wonder and awe.

The great man, with his amused and weary smile, was infinitely gentle and left me, I will say, far more conscious of the beauty and the holiness of knowledge. I said something to him about the sense of power that such knowledge must give. "Ah," he said, "much of what I have told you is not proved; it is only suspected. We are very much in the dark about these things yet. Probably if a physicist of a hundred years hence could overhear me he would be amazed to think that a sensible man could make such puerile statements. Power—no, it is not that! It rather makes one realize one's feebleness in being so uncertain about things that are absolutely certain and precise in themselves, if we could but see the truth. It is much more like the apostle who said: 'Lord, I believe. Help thou my unbelief.' The thing one wonders at is the courage of the men who dare to think they know."—Putnam's.

### POWER OF WEALTH.

**Money, Says a Physician, Is Able to Purchase Even Life.**

The aged millionaire sighed.  
"I'd give all my money," he said, "if I could buy twenty-five more years of life."

"But your money has already bought you that," said the physician coldly.

"What rot are you talking now?" the millionaire asked peevishly.

"No rot at all, for it is a fact, a dreadful fact," said the physician, "that the rich live, on the average, twenty-five years longer than the poor. Born rich, you are assured of a quarter century more life than would be your allotment were you born poor. Wealth buys you all that. And yet they say that there is nothing in money. Why, man, money buys life."  
"How do you mean?" said the millionaire. "This sounds rather like nonsense to me."  
"Oh, wealth protects one from so many ills. Rich babies nearly always live, but poor ones die of a hundred complaints induced by poverty. Poor babies die off shockingly. And so with boys and girls, with men and women—if they are rich. They live healthily and therefore long, while if they are poor they live unhealthily, and disease, accident, contagion, privation—all sorts of preventable things—carry them off."

"Yes, money buys life, and reliable statistics show that if two children are born today, one rich and the other poor, the rich one will outlive the other by the tidy margin of twenty-five years."—Philadelphia Record.

### The Origin of "Parson."

"Parson" is from the Latin "persona," a person, and the parson is the persona ecclesiae, or representative of the church. The forms parson and person bear the same relation to each other as clerk and clerk. From being pronounced parson the word has come to be so written. Blackstone in his "Commentaries" says:

"He is called 'parson' (persona) because by his person the church, which is an invisible body, is represented, and he is himself a body corporate in order to protect and defend the rights of the church which he represents."

"To parse a sentence" is to resolve it into its grammatical parts, and the verb is declared to have arisen from the interrogation "Pars?"—that is, "Quae pars orationis?" (What part of speech?) used by schoolmasters.

### Dates Supplied.

"Don't wait for your opportunity—make it." So read Mr. Kalestalk, who had recently started in business as a greengrocer.

He was still pondering this excellent dogma when his eye caught an item in the sporting columns of the local paper, "Sploshon Wanderers Football club requires dates for ensuing season."

Here was a chance for Mr. Kalestalk, so he wrote to the secretary of the club:

"Dear Sir—I presume you require dates for use at half time. Shall be glad to supply quotation for same either by the stone or hundredweight."—London Graphic.