

College Styles for College Men



This store is the home of Snappy Styles in Young Men's Clothes.

We are Agents for

**Hart Schaffner & Marx
and L System Clothes**

FOR YOUNG MEN

We are now showing a beautiful line of these famous clothes in new pin check Cassimeres, fancy stripe Worsteds and blue serges. Handsome models, long dip front coats with broad shoulders and peg top pants, all cut in the height of fashion at

\$15, \$18, \$20 and \$25

Sole Agents for Walk-Over Shoes

\$3.50 and \$4.00

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Parks & Waldrop

Bryan's Big Clothing Store.

TERRIBLE MONSTER VISITS CAMP MILNER—SEE IN VICINITY OF SIXTH TENT ROW.

Last Sunday night Cadet Carruthers discovered a hideous beast lurking in the forest behind the last row of tents. "It was twenty yards long and had eyes as big as saucers," was Mr. Carruthers' startling statement. His words were verified by Dutch Hohn, Fatty Lillard, Pat Devine and other noted apostles of the truth (and the truth only) who happened to be near the place where Carruthers was attacked.

The news spread like wildfire! The greatest excitement prevailed! A posse was straightway formed and immediately set out under the leadership of the attacked party in pursuit of the ferocious animal. Experienced guides pursued with difficulty the monster's faint trail. With arms, with bayonets fixed, with rocks, sticks and other effective weapons the enraged party followed.

"What's that?" whispered the leader as a strange uncouth noise issued from the ghastly building behind the E. E. laboratory. His followers made ready for an attack! Fire showed in their eyes! "What are you fellows about?" called some one from the rear. It was the night guard, for taps had already blown. "Didn't you hear that supernatural animal?" asked Carruthers, in a ghastly whisper. "I heard those cats over there," responded the night guard. "Cats, nothing! It was thirty yards long and had eyes like dish pans."

Then the lights slowly went out and

darkness prevailed.

The brave hunters returned silently to their tents, slightly disheartened but still confident that the woosle beast would be finally caught.

FATE OF THE PAD CRANK

There was a football player Who padded ears and nose, Then stitched a padded layer Where shoulder blades arose. Pads wrapped and pads suspended, Encircled him, they tell, And when the season ended He reached a padded cell.

—Chicago Daily News.

THE AFTERMATH

As the Bryan Eagle Sees It.

There is the biggest bunch of disgust in Austin today that was ever huddled together at one time before in that old country town. That university crew are sore, they are raw, they feel like they have been skinned from their heads to their heels and tobacco sauce vigorously rubbed in as a healing balm. They are kankering, gangrene has set in and the world to their eyes looks like a great big round green cheese. They hate the whole earth and all the inhabitants thereof. They are busted, disgusted and almost insulted. They have got that "gone" feeling; they are all in and feel like they would like to crawl way off somewhere and lay down and die hard. Even the pickpockets would not fool with the leathers and tickers of any of the Varsity bunch of Varsity

rooters. They looked only after the Bryan crowd and other A. & M. supporters. A Varsity man could lay his pocketbook down in the middle of the road and nobody would pay any attention to it. They are whipped to a finish, they are locoed, they are "flabergasted" to a fare-you-well. (This is written only in a football spirit.)

They were almost petered after the big game with A. & M. at Houston, and their bitter defeat by A. & M. again yesterday in the closing game of the season, put the final and finishing touches on them.

Michigan Freshmen Must Wear Caps.

"Freshmen presuming to appear on the streets of Ann Arbor in any style of headgear other than freshman caps will find themselves hatless. Under the authorization of the student council, sophomores, juniors and seniors may confiscate the coverings of all freshmen not wearing the conventional badge of the first year men."—Michigan Daily.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART IS SOMEWHERE.

The girl of my heart is somewhere, The one that was made for me, and out of this wide world she will rise,

Like a mermaid from the sea. And my school days will leave me, And my happiness be complete, The girl of my heart is somewhere, And some of these days we'll meet.

There was never a boy so lonesome, But he found a kindred heart, God never created a human form,

But He made it a counterpart; And the hands of Cupid are guiding The schoolboy's wandering feet; The girl of my heart is somewhere, And some of these days we'll meet.

Maybe she lives on the campus, Or maybe she lives in town, Maybe her eyes are heaven's blue, Or maybe her eyes are brown; But to me she will be perfection, The sweetest of all the sweet; The girl of my heart is somewhere, And some of these days we'll meet.

The girl of my heart is somewhere, But the prize must yet be won, For we must fall out and make up again,

As the rest of the world has done; And forever and still forever, The story shall time repeat, The girl of my heart is somewhere, And some of these days we'll meet.

—A Private, Co. G.

The A. & M. cadets were marching down the street in the Monday parade when a negro mammy of the 'fode-wah' type remarked: "Ah just doan see w'y dem Y. M. C. A. boys doan weah dem pretty suits all th' time. Ah sho' do think theyse cute."—Houston Post.

Two teams of Yale graduates calling themselves the "Tigers" and the "Pirates" are playing a fall championship baseball series.

Simpson college has organized a rooters' club known as the Joshua club. They believe in giving every possible encouragement in all athletic contests.