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AGENTS.

ON THE SIDE LINES.

In the writeup of the Monday game the papers state that Massingall was very much hampered in his broken field running. Well, there was nothing very extraordinary about that. If we remember well, at one time he seemed to be very much hampered with Captain Barnes and another red-jersied demon sitting on his prostrate form. If the fates had permitted his running a few more times with the ball, and had thus given our men more opportunities of tackling him, we believe that his onward march to the hospital would not have been in any way hampered.

That beautiful drop-kick of Doggie's was the occasion of an exhibition of much hilarity, at least for those seated in the grandstand. By the great horn-spoon, what has Coach Moran got on his team, any way? No wonder the breath of the yellow-decked warriors was taken suddenly away.

That boy Cretcher was a wonder, always getting his man, and playing fiercely on the offensive and defensive at all times. Cretcher let them know that he was in the game from the start. His recovery of that ball near the center of the field easily put us in line for a further advance into Varsity territory.

What were those resounding crashes that we heard in the last quarter of play? Oh, they were nothing but the din and confusion arising from Beasley's terrific line plunging. Why, he would rather do that than eat a square meal. Coach Moran finally got him impressed with the importance of keeping his head down, and so there was nothing else to do but to wade right through. If Coach had rigged up one of those old battering rams of the Romans and put behind it six of the most stalwart men in school, he would not have had a more effective machine than Beasley with his noodle down. In the last plunge he actually carried across the line three yellow men, one impaled by his dining-room on Beasley's head and two others behind, in all stages of posture.

How about that big Swede who played guard? That was old Lambert, who, when the signal was called, opened a hole in the line that you could have driven an ox wagon through. Notwithstanding the fact that he was severely crippled, he played a good game and his opponents still have Doc rubbing the sore spots.

If anyone inquires as to the identity of that little fellow who played right

end—well, just tell him that that was George Altgelt, of San Antonio. He has had no previous experience, nor has he coached any other teams, but, of far more importance, he has worked faithfully for three years on the grid-iron, and as a result his name will go down in history for his Monday's performance and will be recalled with the same enthusiasm as those of "Choc," Hamilton, Deware and Schmidt. The way in which he got down the field on punts, and slapped the big men on the opposing side right and left, never failing in getting the man with the ball, was simply marvelous. Truly, hard work and grit will bring out the man any time if you will only give him time enough.

A very funny incident occurred during the first quarter of the game. When Bateman was injured, in the early stages of the conflict, Dutch Hohn ran up to him and anxiously exclaimed: "Are you hurt, Balenti, are you hurt?" It is needless to state that the eleven husky players about one and the same time turned several different shades of color.

Talk about your good passing, but McDowell had Bland skinned more ways than a farmer has of coming to town. He held his man with ease, and never failed to clear the path for one of those center plunges. Yes, Varsity, Mac is one of those men who has had no experience, but lots of grit and determination. And now look at him on his pedestal!

"Vy, didn't you see my son blaying in dose A. & M. lines? Der von dat said, 'Get him, poys!' Yes, dot vas mein poy, und say, didn't he pick oop dot ball like it vas a potato andt pass it ofer to der runner, on that tackles shift blay? You pets he blay, und if he hadn't he petter not come around to Yorktown any more. I disinherit him."

Did you see Tombstone, the one who, when he gets hot, turns red in the fact and shows his teeth? Yes, I would hate to meet him on a dark night and let him grin at me like that. I would at once think about my life insurance and prepare for a hasty transfer to other regions. Yes, he was in the game, too, a substitute but a good one, and when he came out he left the impression, or rather several impresions, that he had been there.

History repeated itself. Just as the Cubs and Jim Jeffries could not come back, so likewise did the men from Austin fail to put up the real style of championship ball. They were too old; they had done played their tune, and hence were out for good. The

mind was willing, but the flesh was weak. "Here's to youth and strength!"

K-e-a-r-n-s? Yes, Kearns. That was the one who played quarter. Yes, he was that substitute quarterback. What do you think of him? Catch the ball, did you say? Why, yes, just like catching those hot biscuits that Sbisad doesn't give us. Oh, yes, he is a great general, all right. Good as Napoleon. Knew just what to do and how to do it. Oh, sure he will be here for three more years.

The big, clumsy guy who, when running with the ball, looked like Arnold Winklereid coming down the pike and clearing the road for liberty? Why, that was old Bateman. Whenever he made one of his line plunges the result somewhat resembled the Cincinnati riot. No, he is not as graceful as an antelope while running, nor does he skim the ground in a manner similar to that of a bird. When he runs you do not need the glass to pick him out, for he is all run. Oh, he is here for three more years, and watch him develop as the years roll by.

No, we did not send in Cornell of '08 fame, but only Schaedel, one of last year's scrubs. Why, sure he did well. What else could you expect of him? When he took Lambert's place the other side thought that they had a white elephant on their hands, for there was no going through him. Yep, he is old in years, but the team has to have old heads on it to somewhat steady it, but he is fairly new at the game. Nope, he did not play under an assumed name nor did he ever coach others.

It is needless to say that Captain Barnes handled his man with ease. The manner in which he caught two or three of his opponents by the neck and hurled them to the ground reminds us of a certain hike to the Brazos two years ago, when Barnes lifted the barrels of water out of the wagon and placed them on the ground. Was the game over? Why, didn't you see old Barnes make a dive for that ball and carry it triumphantly from the field? Yes, that was a sign that we had won. Keep still, my friend, for in 1911 we will again repeat Monday's glorious performance.

That long, lean, hungry, mangy cuss was none other than old Whyte of Holy Trinity. No, he did not quite come up to Kirkpatrick's standard, but consider, this is his first year here. He did not show up to advantage at first on account of his being in such fast company. He was like the diamond which the little nigger was playing with in Africa; we did

not know his real value. He has three more years before him, and when he does develop we will have to procure several fast runners to bring back the ball. Only a substitute, but gee, what a sub!

In reviewing the work of our heroes, dear reader, let us not forget those sub-heroes, the men who lay anxiously on the side lines waiting for an opportunity to distinguish themselves. Who made it possible for the men to achieve such a victory? Who, in scrimmages, gave them a harder game than that at Arkansas? Who twice defeated them and brought down upon their heads the wrath of a Moran? Why, these same scrubs. Who will next year help build up the greatest team that A. & M. will ever possess? Why, the scrubs. Gentlemen, let us take off our hats to the scrubs!

Quite right. Flinchum was there. No, he does not say much, but woe to those who tread on his toes! All you have to do is to wave a red flag in front of his eyes and tell him to sic 'em. Then stand back and watch all Rome howl. No, he has not played at Carlisle or at Haskell, but he has been tutored by Coaches Moran and Andrews. Watch him develop.

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