

agreed to the conditions enforced upon me, and they quieted down and went to sleep.

I started to do a little thinking now, for I wanted to get even with them if I could. I finally reached the conclusion that they, like myself, were going to A. and M., and that, as they had told me to wake them up when the train reached Wellborn, the college must be near Wellborn some place.

I had not fully decided what to do, and was between the frying pan and the fireplace when the porter came through yelling "Wellborn!" All at once I decided that I would get off without waking them up, and just let them ride on through. I got off the train, and left them sleeping away, and me a thinkin' that I was slipping a good joke over on them.

I stood on the depot platform until the train was well out of sight, content with the thought that revenge was sweet. I started out in the darkness to find me a lodging place for the night, but couldn't see but two lights in the whole village, and investigation showed me that they were both saloons. Not wishing to get mixed up in any "booze fighting," I decided to start out and find the college, where I thought sure I could find some place to sleep.

I walked around for at least two hours, going down every road I could find for a distance of at least two miles. It was beginning to get light in the East now, and I thought if I would go back to the main street of the town I might meet someone who would tell me how I could find the college, so I went back to the principal street corner and waited.

Finally a man came out of one of the saloons, and, gathering up all of my courage, I accosted him and asked him how and where I could find the A. and M. College. He said he would tell me if I would buy him a beer. I agreed to pay him the price of a glass of beer for the desired information. He told me that the college was five miles north of a place called College Station. I didn't like that at all, and told him I believed that he was lying.

"I told you that the place was five miles north of here," said he, "and I don't propose to fool around here any longer trying to tell a big boob like you how to get to College. Get out of the way!"

I was getting pretty mad, and told him if he didn't tell me the facts about affairs pretty quick I would beat the everlastin' stuffin' out of him. He started to go by me, but seeing that I was big and strong, he decided that he would try going back around the block. I started after him, and was just about to hand him a good uppercut when someone from behind grabbed my arm.

I turned around and saw that I was now up against one of those country cops, like we have at home. He told me I had better mind what I was doing around Wellborn, for only respectable people lived there, and the citizens didn't want anyone hanging around who wasn't a law-abiding person.

I told him I would gladly leave him and his town alone if he would tell me how to get to College.

He told me over again what I had already heard, and being tired and disgusted with the whole place, I decided to go down to the station and ask the ticket agent to tell me the straight up and down about affairs. I found out that the men had told me the truth, and that in my eagerness to get even with the fellows on the train I had gotten off at a little old town five miles from College, and had roamed around in a little two-saloon

town all night trying to find a college that was miles away.

Not having more than enough money to pay my expenses at college, I decided to pull out and walk to College Station. Under ordinary circumstances it would not have taken me over an hour to walk the six miles, but I had been walking from one o'clock until daylight. It took me two and a half hours to get to College Station, and I was sure all in by the time I arrived here.

I found a place to hide my bag, and started out to hunt the building where you have to go to give them your name. I saw lots of guys walking down a path toward a large building, and thinking I might find out something by watching them, I followed, and stood in the door of the building with the rest of them fellows for about half an hour, waiting for some fellow to come down, take out names, and tell us where to go.

About one o'clock a fellow came down the stairs with a big cigar in his mouth; he was dressed in a kind of yellow suit, which had "U. S." in brass letters on each side of the collar of his coat. All the fellows lifted their hands up to their faces when he came down, and thinking it was a purty good idea I lifted my fist up to my face and looked at him for a good while. Finally, he went in and sat down in a big chair, and h'isted his feet up on the table. He smoked in silence for a while, and then told the man at the door to line us up and march us in.

I thought he must be some important guy from the way he bossed everybody around, and asked the fellow in front of me who he was.

"That is the 'Bull,'" says he in answer to my question.

"The 'Bull?'" says I; "huh, that's the queerest looking bull I ever did see."

It was my turn to be examined next, so I began to pay attention to what the "Bull" was saying. Some fellow gave me a slip of paper and I started to read what it said, when the fellow they called the "Bull" says, "What's your name?"

I jumped like a scared Apache, but managed to say, "Sam Dooit, sir."

"What company do you wish to be in?" says he.

"Why, the best kind of company you have," says I, not knowing what he meant.

"Well, I'll put you in Company C," said he.

"Yes, sir, I see all right," says I.

He turned to the next man, and I passed on behind the other fellows. The next man I came to asked me what company I was in, the next one for my baggage check, and the next one for the card that the first guy had given me.

Well, I finally got out of that room, but didn't have nothin' left, for I had given everything I had except my money, to the different fellows sitting around behind the tables.

As I said before, I finally got outside, and was standing around wondering what to do next when a fellow walks up and says: "I'm first sergeant of Company C, and will show you where to go if you have paid up."

"Paid up," says I, "paid up what?"

"Why, paid up your fees and maintenance fund," says he.

"No," says I, "I ain't paid no fees yet, but expect I better had if it is the custom to do such things."

"You go into the treasurer's office yonder, and pay your money, and I'll wait here till you come back," says he.

So I went to the place he pointed out to me, and gave very near all the money I had to a guy standing behind the bars. He gave me a slip of

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