

**Hike!**  
**Hike!**  
**Hike!**

THE TIME TO MAKE  
**KODAK PICTURES**

Just received a fresh supply of  
Films---Come quick before  
we sell out

**SMITH**  
**STUDIO**

paper which he told me was my receipt, and I thanked him, and then beat it back to the fellow what said he was the first sergeant of Company C.

The first sergeant guy took me to one of the houses down to the right of the main road, which looked like a great big barn. He told me that he would give me a good room, and I could get my trunk and fix my bed up for the night.

He took me to a room that had a table, a washstand, a couple of chairs and two beds in it. The beds were the funniest looking arrangements I ever saw; they were shoulder high off the floor, and looked like a fellow would have to have a ladder to go to bed at night, or else be a good high jumper.

I went down to get my trunk, and after a long search found it way at the bottom of a big pile of suit cases, boxes, trunks and everything else. I for his manner is suggestive of that took it upstairs to my room, and started to unpack it when someone opened the door, and said: "Fish, come out of there and help me carry my trunk upstairs."

I was beginning to learn that it didn't pay to talk back, so I went out and helped the fellow bring his trunk upstairs. I was kept pretty busy the rest of the afternoon helping this fellow and that one carry his trunk upstairs, or do something else for him. I finally managed to get my bed made up, and was sitting in my room wondering what to do next, when I heard a horn tootin' outside and someone opened the door and said: "Come on, 'Fish,' let's go to supper."

I went out with the fellow, and after standing around a good while, listening to the fellows yelling to some man in front of each bunch, and watching them stand still while some fellows played a tune on their horns, and another fellow pulled down a flag from a big high pole, we finally got to a long, low, tin building where the fellows ate.

Of all the noise and bad manners I ever saw at the table, this bunch sure took the cake. They yelled for "reg," "wood," "sawdust," "dope," and every other thing imaginable, and bawled me out every time I happened to pass the wrong thing to them.

I went to my room as soon as I could get out of the dining room, and undressed ready to go to bed, for I didn't have any light globe and didn't want to stay in the dar by myself.

I had just fallen asleep when someone came in, pulled me out of bed, and told me to dress and go down to the room at the end of the hall at once. I obeyed orders this time, and going to the room where I was told to report found myself in the same condition that lots of others appeared to be in.

What they did to myself and the other fellows would take too long to tell, and besides it will be more interesting for you next year if I keep it a secret, so I'm going to leave off telling you of my experiences.

Next time you see Sally tell her I

love her in the same old way and will drop her a note as soon as I find time.

I must close this letter now, for I hear someone hollering for the "fish" to turn out for a boxing match.

Write me, and tell me about the crops and affairs at the farm.

I remain, your best chum,  
SAM DOOIT.

**ANOTHER NEW FIRM ON THE CAMPUS.**

We wish to announce through the Fish Battalion that the Fish of Company K have opened a new barber shop on the second floor of Milner Hall. The State Health Officer has inspected the shop and has said that it was the most up-to-date shop in Texas, and that everything was sanitary. We have just received four models from France and we take great pleasure in introducing to you "Dutch" Zincke, "T. Bone" Franklin, "Jew Fish" Yakel, and "Creature" Hill. These models can be seen at any hour on the campus or at Leigh's confectionery. We do business from 1:30 p. m. till 5:30 p. m. Sundays we keep open all day. We have ten first-class barbers who have come direct to us from all parts of Europe and Africa. We make a specialty of cutting young professors' hair so they will look like profs.

Yours for better and scientific hair cutting,

COMPANY K FRESHMEN.

**REMOVAL OF THE COLLEGE TO AUSTIN—W-H-A-T?**

Did someone mention Austin? Show him to us, but no, we couldn't hurt him, for anyone who possesses so much nerve deserves to live.

We suppose everyone has heard of the rumor about moving this college to Austin and turning this into an insane asylum or orphans' home. For our part, we think the asylum is where it belongs now, as Austin is a beautiful city and it is not their fault if the University was built there.

In our opinion, they would have something resembling a Mexican revolution if they mixed the students of the two institutions, as brotherly love is sadly lacking between students of these schools.

In conclusion, we think that if the money required to move this school was applied to improve that which is already here, a noble purpose would be accomplished. So leave old A. and M. where she is and we will sleep in peace.

**STRANGE DISEASE AMONG FISH.**

An epidemic of baldness seems to be prevalent among the Freshmen generally. It is purely a "Fish" disease and is remarkably deadly in effect, often entirely destroying a whole head of hair in one night. Steps have been taken to stop its further progress, but, due to the rapid action of the malady, no results have been attained and it continues to rage.

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"Happy" Caldwell (to his roommate)—Say, Honk, I didn't know that they got out new cross-arms for the army each year.

"Honk" Thomson—I didn't, either. Happy—Yes, they do; I saw the Bull wearing cross-arms with a '13 on them today.