



Kiddiesy Kupies, "September Morn," Colonial Theatre March 9. Prices \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c and 50c. Seat Sale starts Friday at 10 O'clock A. M.

MAKES HIS HORSE

RUN A DYNAMO

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside a contributor tells as follows how an Ohio farmer makes his horse operate a dynamo, from which electricity is developed to light the house, run a cream separator and an ice cream freezer:

"Our old friend the horse is going into the electric light producing business through an invention patented by Robert D. McCreery of Ohio.

"If," said McCreery, 'a horse can give power to a wagon, why can't he give energy to a dynamo?'

"In other words, a horse, figured McCreery, could be used as a one-horse power engine.

"So he invented a harness attached to a set of gears which are in turn attached to a dynamo. The horse steps into the harness and starts walking around and around a fourteen-foot track at the rate of one mile and a half an hour, making electricity all the while.

"If the horse should stop an electrically controlled bell rings, as much as to say, 'Giddap, Dobbin!' and an electrically controlled whip taps him lightly on the back.

"The electricity Dobbin thus makes goes into a storage battery, and by working three hours during each of three days Dobbin can make enough electricity to light a six-room house for a week.

"The farmer needs light most in winter time when his horse works least," said McCreery, 'and running a dynamo a few hours a day for two days in a week is one of the easiest things a horse can do.'

"The dynamo can also be hitched to a motor which will run a cream separator or an ice cream freezer."

ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR DOG?

Farm and Fireside says:

"A dog is property in Nebraska, and his owner is personally responsible for any damage he may do. In Nebraska a dog which runs out upon the road may be shot by people annoyed by his barking. The useful, well behaved dog will not be affected by such laws, and wise dog owners will agitate for such laws."

We have a hunch that Germany intends that proposed war zone about the British Isles to be a torrid zone.—Manchester Union N.

IF.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can trust yourself whenever men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tireding,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breath a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them:

"Mold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

A PARABLE ON BOYS.

Verily in this day and generation the father raiseth up his boy on the sidewalks. He layeth around the soda founts and imbibeth slop and hookworm. He groweth in knowledge of nothing save cigarettes and cuss words.

When he attains the age of 16 he acquires a suit of clothes turned up at the bottom two furlongs above his feet. He displayeth a pair of noisy socks with purple background and violets to the front. He weareth a pair of low-cut shoes; also a green necktie. He looketh like a banana merchant on the streets of Cairo.

The inside of his head resembleth the inside of a pumpkin. He falleth in love with a spindle-shanked girl with pink ribbons in her hair, and craveth for an automobile that he may ride her forth in the springtime. He scattereth his pin money like a cyclone scattereth a rail fence. He sitteth up at night to write poetry and giveth no thought to the multiplication table. His mind turneth to the varieties of life and not to the high cost of corn bread.

Verily, verily, he needeth a board applied vigorously to the southwest corner of his anatomy.

He thinketh his father a plodder his mother a back number. He pictureth to himself great riches suddenly acquired. He dreameth of steam yachts and private cars.

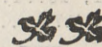
Yes, he thinketh himself the real stuff. He butteth in where he is not wanted; he criticiseth his elders; he purchaseth cheap perfume and smell-eth louder than a billy goat.

When he groweth up he getteth a job as a clerk in a store at \$1 a day and swipeth the change from the boss until he is caught.—C. I. A. Lass-O.

NEXT LYCEUM NUMBER.

The Avon Sketch Club, the fifth Lyceum number, will be in Colleg Wednesday, March 3rd. The Avon Sketch Club consists of five all-star performers, three ladies and two men.

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