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A FRESHMAN'S LETTER HOME.

A. & M. College, U. S. A.,
October 1, 1915.

Dearest Dad:

I am writing you agen as I promised. The last time I wrote you I had jist got here, and I didn't know much, but, believe your son, I know all about this city now. All these here big stores I was telling you about are not stores at all; they are a part of the college. I never heard of a school having so many buildings before.

They even have a separate building for everything like chem and electricity and such stuff, and they are all a part of the shure nuff college.

Dad, I'm a real college boy now. I wear the same kind of clothes that these other real college boys do. I'm one of the boys, too. Most of the fellers call me "fish," but that is what they call any new guy when they can't think of his name. We had "College Night" here last Friday night. Dad, it wuz some elegant affare. We visited the Profs, that's the teachers, and yelled and hollered and shirt-tail paraded until all the Profs made speeches and told us what a blamed good gang we wuz. Coach Moran is a great man, Dad, for the boys who know him told me so. I

think I'll go out for football, the boys say I am built up for a great football player. I get a chance to win a "T." A "T" is only worn by hero stars, and I'd like to have one, too. Don't tell anyone, Dad, but I think I am going to be a Corporel next year for I bought the Captain a cigar and he said, "Fish, this puts you in line for a Corporelship." Besides, Dad, my drill grade was 93, that's lots higher than some of the old boys made. An old boy told me to put in an application for a Corporelship, which I did. I taken it to Mr. Lutenant Hill and he said he would file it away, and as soon as he could he would give me a squad. A Corporel is a star soldier. They put stripes on their arms to tell them from the rest of the fellers. The stripes is certainly swell, they are all gold and stuff. Gee! But the girls would rave over me when I come home Xmas.

Dad, it takes a little more money than we first figured on, for I got to buy the Captain and Corperels some more cigars, so they won't forget about that Corporelship for me. And I want to buy some pennants and lots of things. I bought a chance on a \$5.00 bill the other day, but another guy won it. Dad, I got two crackin good bargens, I bought a Nat ticket

and a Taps recete for 35c. I got them from an old boy who said he was going back home. I can take a bath any time I want to now or go to bed either.

Dad, they do the funniest just before we go to supper. We all gather out by the big bilding and a guy yells "Attention!" Then after while he yells "Flag pole," and everybody stands up right strate, then they play some music and the guy yells "Parade Rest," and we sorter stand on one leg while they play some more music. I dont know why they call it parade rest, cause it dont rest you a bit. While they do this another guy pulls down a flag off a high post, then we all go to supper.

Well, Dad, its getting time for Tap-to, so I'll go to bed and rise at revelation in the morning to take my regular exercise. I must have a little extra cash so if you have to, you may sell old aBldy and send me what he brings. He ought to bring about \$25 for beef.

Well goodbye.

Your college boy son,
HIRAM.

P. S. If you see Nellie with any boys tell me, she promised not to go with anybody while I was gone.

A COLLEGE SONG.

Let us join with men of Texas,
And sing a college lay
To the school that always makes us
Real stuff in field and play.

CHORUS.

Our school is a school of heroes;
On football field we fight.
We've got the pep and coachin'
That stands for red and white.

A. & M. is the place for farmers,
For engineers as true,
For men who'll make old Texas
Come out in front for you.

We eat good "reg" and cornbread,
We drink "dope," milk and "sky,"
And 'neath our belts we put the "T"-
bones
That make us tough and spry.
—"FISH" SCHUCHARDT.

THEME WRITING.

Theme writing has become one of the greatest pastimes of the American scholar. Whenever he has time to spare, he is certain to be found at this engaging occupation. Sports and other pastimes are gradually passing away, and before long football and baseball will be things of the past. Theme writing contests are now held by all colleges and universities of this country, and are governed by a set of rules, which may be bought at any book store, and which is published by the Spaulding Co. The greatest danger to this great diversion lies in the fact that within a few generations all valuable theme subjects will be exhausted.

Theme writing is dangerous especially to those who enter into the spirit of it earnestly. Such persons are often found suffering with a peculiar disease called "Riterz Cramp," which is baffling to the medical men. Unless this disease is properly cared for, it soon develops into the painful and often fatal "Essayitis." According to the famous authority, Dr. Penit, the number of deaths from this cause alone is greater per year than that of any ten previous years of football, and the asylums are rapidly filling from this same cause. The terrible effects of this malady have become so prominent in the eyes of the world that business men will no longer hire persons who smoke, drink or write themes. For these reasons it is especially urged that the teachers and professors of the college will refrain from assigning many and difficult themes to their classes.

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