

To Every Man AT COLLEGE

To those who are our friends and customers, and to those who, if they knew us better, would also be our friends and customers!

To them all—Our Greetings! We are now prepared to show you the most complete stock of men's wearables it has ever been our pleasure to offer. Particularly do we want to call your attention to the new models and weaves in sack suits for Spring 1915—all cut on lithe, youthful lines, and tailored in the newest fabric designs—Glen Urquhart plaids and over-plaids; gun-club checks; flannels, in blues, greens, and mixes; snow flake mixtures, blendings and patternings, as becoming as ever a Spring sun beamed down upon. Prices range from \$15.00 to \$35.00.



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LOAF WITH US

NIGHT ATTACK ON COLLEGE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

waited for the coming battle. Those who had been under fire before moved restlessly about. Some were excited and eager to get into the fight. Others thought anxiously of the danger into which they were going. The men who had been in battle and to whom the crackle of the rifles and the sighing of bullets were mere incidents, were loafing around at ease. They showed little interest and no worry.

At 7:50 the officers' whistles were cautiously sounded, and the men assembled. The final examination of arms and equipment took place, and a profound silence succeeded the former hum of voices.

Presently a few men began creeping from the company nearest the college gate. They went up the road in twos and threes, moving slowly along in a crouching walk. There were eight or ten of them altogether. When they had gone a hundred yards the rest of the company silently followed.

As the first skirmishers passed the cattle pen, they were discovered by the enemy's outposts. A few shots were exchanged and the outposts were driven in. The rifles flashed like lightning bugs in the darkness, the report coming to a distant observer long after the flash had died out.

The skirmishers pressed on, shooting occasionally as some enemy showed himself, the rest of the battalion came up at double time and poured through the gate at the end of the iron fence. They quickly deployed under cover of the cedar thicket. At the same time the third battalion entered the campus at the Athletic Park, and

started the attack from that side.

The second battalion began to advance very slowly. The enemy discovered them almost immediately and opened fire. The firing began with a few scattering shots, then broke into a steady roar. It reminded one of a summer rain, the first big splashing drops being heard distinctly, then all blending together as the downpour begins. The enemy could be located by the flashes of the rifles. They seemed very close in the darkness. The attacking line was in a half circle, one end on the main walk, the line following the road around to prof. eFrmier's house. The line began to advance by rushes. Sometimes two or three platoons on different parts of the line would all rush at once. The rifles crackled with a roar as incessant as the sound of hail on a tin roof. The buildings gave back the sound, making the volume of noise seem twice as great. Sometimes a platoon would begin to fire by volley, the heavier sound ringing out above the rest of the battle as regularly as a clock ticks, until the platoon would rush, and the leader lost control over the fire.

The enemy gradually retired before the attack until they reached the road across the drill field. They took up a position behind the slight embankment, from which protection they started a fire that checked the attack for several minutes.

The ammunition of the attacking force began to give out. The line was at a halt. The enemy poured a withering fire from their protected position. They began firing by volley all along the line, and the copper-plated hail had a deadly effect on the colonel's men. The colonel realized the situation and resolved to stake all on a single blow.

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He sent his aids currying to the firing line. And then for an instant a new and ominous sound passed down the line as one man after another ceased firing and fixed his bayonet. At the word, a trumpeter lifted his bugle and sounded the charge. The other musicians immediately repeated the call, and the whole line leaped forward with a yell. The enemy's fire rose in a mighty crescendo, then ceased almost entirely as the colonel's fighting men

leaped the trench and closed with them. The bayonet fight lasted only a minute or two. The enemy fled to the protection of the barracks. There was some fierce hand to hand fighting in the halls, but all was soon over.

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