

LIABLE AND LIBLE A TRUE STORY SO HELP US ALL

(Continued from Page 1)

After a few oscillations she settled back to earth and gave up her contents.

Murmuring a few indistinct prayerlets, I boarded the "Don Quixote" and hung on a strap. I mean I was a strap-hanger.

There I stood, first on one foot and then on the other—then on all of them, and the longer I stood the less I could stand it.

In the interim, the conductor eeled his way thru the car and collected fares from the fairs and way-farers.

There were so many hanging on my strap that I felt in the pockets of four others before I found my own. I was grateful, however, that I didn't wear short pants.

Finally, after our fares and wits were collected, the "Don Quixote" started for the City of Bryan. Someone said so—I still doubt it. At any rate (below ten miles per hour) I rode as far as Onion Hill carrying a woman's umbrella in my face. I had hoped that she would get off at the hill but; as Arthur Loyd was the only one to get off, I thought that it was Hell—en. It was.

At last, at the point of desperation and the umbrella, I sweetly asked her not to stand with her umbrella in my face. This struck her with indignation and me with the umbrella. Later I awoke still riding.

Suddenly there was a great commotion in the front end of the "Don Quixote" and, with out changing the speed much, the "Don" stopped.

F. A. had he not at that instant overtaken one of the swiftest cows in the community! There the cowering cow stood blushing from her head to defeat. Her escutcheon was spotted for had not the car butter? Simply because she had stopped to low. She willingly consented to pay the H. C. L. (High Cost of Lowing). The Conductor, after milking her, persuaded her to get off the track as it was too muddy for the car to de-tour.

After giving "fifteen" for the motorman and the car a crank, the journey was resumed. We had not been hurled thru many centimeters before several of the occupants were possessed of that contagious malady "Slow Fever". They were helped off of the car so they would have sufficient time to recuperate between cars. This left a few vacant seats. I had my eye on a seat up in the front but as some one sat on it, I sat down on the rear end. Seated I buckled the strap around my waist and awaited results. This grew monotonous so I decided to count the cross ties. By the way this is a popular pastime on the way.

In fact the executives of the Inter-urban Company are contemplating a 'Fence-Post Counting Contest' among its patrons, as a means of promoting friendliness and to ward off restlessness. Lunch will be served to those who forget to bring rations with them. The winner of the "Fence-Post Counting Contest" is to be awarded a car-ticket; which he can hand down to posterity as a memorial of his prowess and patience; or if he lives to a ripe old age he can use it himself.

At last we reached the top of the incline and began to decline.

The "Don Quixote" has quite a reputation for speed down grade and

soon we passed Wilson's fourteen points.

Nautically speaking there was a "knot" for every passenger and some had two or three.

As we gyrated hither and thither, I was thoroughly convinced that one must have his ups and downs. Not only the thought jarred me.

Memories of "fish" days returned and I couldn't resist standing up and looking over them. This filled me with good spirits. Not the 2.75% kind.

Suddenly my mental aberrations were interrupted by some one who discovered that he had been counting the same post. We had reached the creek that separates Bryan and College. Getting out his monkey-wrench and a helper, the motorman finally opened the door and, with a tape, gauged the depth of the water in the creek.

Carefully recording his data, he crawled aboard and clutched the clutch. Slowly but surely the "Don Quixote" bridged the chasm. Peering over the side, my horrified gaze beheld fifteen feet below me the yawning abyss. I yawned too, why not? Cold beads of perspiration formed on my brow, and as the car was already crowded I swept them from my forehead to the gurgling torrent below. Twenty minutes later the danger zone was safely crossed and all eased back into their winter clothes.

But, dear reader, this was not the end of our excitement. The motorman pulled out a red handkerchief and blew his whistle. This meant he was striking. He decided to strike, even if he was at the head of the car, on the grounds that his little son though he was the butcher the last time he was home. This caused much comment from a personal standpoint.

Two hours later all else was forgotten as the spires of peaceful Bryan towered in the distance. Just beyond this the clear cut vista of Benchley was silhouetted against a sun-kist horizon. Breathlessly we watched another dying "day-go."

Drawing up beside the magnificent terminal we made way for the next generation.

AGGIES SHUT OUT THE BAY- LORITES IN A FAST GAME

(Continued from Page 1)

ball. Henderson was in trouble but in one inning, when an error, a hit batsman and a scratchy hit filled the bases with one man down, but the next man, heavy hitting Hank Wilson, hit to the box and Henderson threw to Crawford who doubled to Dyer and retired the side without a score.

In the fifth Crawford, first up, hit for three bases to left and scored when Henderson hit for two bases to center. This finished the scoring of the inning as Henderson was out at third and the next two were easy outs from short to first. In the sixth Higginbotham lived on an error at first, stole second and came all the way around on the out from pitcher to first. No more scoring was done until the eighth when Higginbotham came up with two out, was safe at first on an error, stole second and scored when Alexander hit for three bases to left.

The Score:

	R	H	E
A. and M.	---	000	011 01*
Baylor	---	000	000 0 3 3

Batteries: A. and M.—Henderson and Crawford; Baylor—Dawson, Tanner and Weathers.



The College Boy

After all, the College Boy is you
clothes.

He knows what's what in correct fashion. His instinct intuitively tells him the difference between real style and sham style.

We consider it a distinct tribute to our clothes-judgment that

Kahn *Made to Measure* **Clothes**

the clothes we have selected as our style-leaders, are the ones that are in great favor with college men all over America.

And these good clothes have more than style—they have the wearing ability that comes only from pure wools, the finest hand-tailoring, and the most perfect of made-to-measure fit.

We're ready to measure you for those new Kahn Clothes you need.

Brandon & Lawrence