

QUEEN

SATURDAY

Your Last and Only Chance to See

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

In Her Snappiest, Peppiest, Jazziest Comedy-Dramatic Sensation

"WEDDING BELLS"

Harrison Ford is Riot Number Two in This Stage Creation. Also 25 Bathing Beauties in a Big

Sunshine Special!

Special Music by Prof. Johnston. See This Bill. Your Only Chance—This Afternoon or Tonight.

Monday and Tuesday Only—Another One for the Boys

WM. S. HART In "The Whistle"

Wednesday, Thursday—Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks", Next Friday and Saturday, "What Women Love," With Annett Kellerman.

DIXIE

SATURDAY

One day only—especially to please A. and M. students—a Super Special of thrills that will chill you through

PETE MORRISON, CARL HOLLOWAY

Jack Richardson, Ruth King in Just the Picture you will enjoy with a big two reel comedy

THE SKIPPERS STRIKE

Monday—Goldwyn Super Special. Wednesday—"The Victim," Joyce Fair. Thursday—Gladys Walton in "The Rowdy." Pathe Weekly and Comedy. Saturday—Extra Special Powerful Masterplay

Allan Hale in "A Voice in the Dark"

IT'S MESS CALL FOR FERNEAUX EVERY TWO HOURS

Champion Eater of A. and M. Finds Life Empty Between Meals.

(By Leased Wire to Battalion) Dallas, Texas, Aug. 1, 1921.—Fred Furneaux, '22, claims the title of champion A. and M. meal hound.

Furneaux, who was recently discharged from Camp Presidio, Cal., returned to his home at 3803 Cole Ave. and at once proceeded to prove his claim to the crown.

Within ten hours he consumed five big meals, any one of which would do the average man for many hours.

Fred arrived home with his buddy, Bernard Mulvey, at six o'clock in the evening and told his mother that he was hungry. She prepared a dinner of soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, corn on cob, lima beans, sliced tomatoes, and apple pie. After Furneaux had cleaned up everything on his plate, he asked for a second helping and went thru the dinner again.

"After dinner," said Furneaux, "Bernard and I went out for a walk. About 10 o'clock I felt hungry, so we dropped into a restaurant. I ate three pork chops, two orders of French fried potatoes, three rolls, sliced tomatoes, a quart of milk, two cups of coffee and a large plate of ice cream.

"We went home, but before we turned in at midnight I felt a little

hungry, so we raided my mother's refrigerator. I ate half a watermelon, two canteloupes, three pieces of mince pie, two slices of chocolate cake, a pound of sliced ham and half a pound of cheese.

"Then we went to bed, but about 3 o'clock in the morning I woke up. Gee but I was hungry! I nudged Mulvey. 'Let's get something to eat,' I said, 'I'm so hungry I can't sleep.'

"Mulvey thought I was crazy, but I persuaded him to get up and dress. Then we went out and found an all-night restaurant. I ate half a dozen fried oysters, an order of ham and eggs, French fried potatoes, and drank two cups of coffee and two glasses of milk. Mulvey was not hungry, so I ate what he ordered.

"That held me for a few hours, and we went back home and slept until breakfast. At 5 o'clock we got up and ate four fried eggs, half a loaf of bread and fried potatoes, oatmeal and two cups of coffee. I felt pretty good after that, but I never quite got enough to eat. Army camp life certainly gives you an appetite."

SUMMER REMINISCENCES OF AN A. AND M. KAYDET

I went to a town called Pond. Understand it used to be called Puddle; but is Pond now because of the increase in population. It was a terrible place. The mayor and chief of police played poker six days of the week and enforced the indigo laws on Sunday. They caught a bird smoking and sentenced him so quickly it took away his breath and he died of strangulation. The only things allowed to smoke over there were the chimneys. They'd give you a jail sentence for

stealing upstairs. The people had to send their soiled clothes down the river and have them pounded with rocks in the primitive Indian style—they weren't allowed to associate with suds in any form.

I was employed by Farmer Corn-tassel on his farm about two blocks from town. The first morning he woke me up about four o'clock to help him cut the oats. He said they weren't wild oats and I certainly couldn't see any reason for having to sneak up on them in the dark. However I sowed a good crop and with the pay received for my work went to a nearby city to purchase some clothes. There was an installment clothing house where one could doll up for a dollar down. When I was all "macked out" I returned to Pond, only to be arrested as a Jelly Bean and sentenced to jail for the remainder of the summer. It is needless to say that upon my discharge I took the first train for College.

BOOTLEGGERS ORGANIZE

A meeting of all Bryan Bootleggers was held last night for the purpose of establishing a local chapter of the national organization. Bryan has long felt the need of this particular kind of get-together and the recent capture of a still made necessary this meeting.

The benefits that will be derived from the organization are many. In addition to affording protection from the United States "Cant-stitution" it does away with the inconvenience of trying to sell to each other.

The meeting was not held in the city hall as originally planned, the committee in charge having decided

that the city park, on account of its large space, was better adapted for accommodating the gathering. Then it was out in the open where there was plenty of moonshine which gave a touch of familiar atmosphere to the place. After routine business was cleared away it was decided that a vote of thanks should be extended to the students of A. and M. who so thoughtfully contributed to their support last year and a welcome to all of them this year.

TWO OF A KIND

Now Mary had a little calf
The boys thought it was nifty;
But when I saw the other calf
I said 'twas fifty-fifty.

—Widow.

"Hurry John, there goes your cue."
Stage Chinaman: "Don't try to kid me, Jerry; I've got it glued on."
Punch Bowl.

They were telling fortunes with tea cups.

"Marion, I can see you were kissed by a tall, dark man."

"Oh, Mildred! you've been reading my diary again."

Lemon Punch.

He: Sweetheart, I know that you love me.

She: What gives you that impression?

He (glibly): I love you, and therefore, I am a lover. All the world loves a lover, and since you are all the world to me, well—you love me.

She: Oh! George, kiss me!

Voo-Doo.