

DAD WRITES TO SONNY.

Prairieville, Texas.

My Dear Son William:

Your letter to hand and must say it caused us considerable worry. Especially the part where you carried all those grips, and had to stand to write. But I saw Doug Howell, R. R. Abicht, and J. B. Kennard and they all claim to have done their share of raising cane down at College Station, but assured me that you'd not get hurt and that the boys were just playing with you because they thought you a country boy and sort of green. They said if the Sophomores didn't like you they would let you alone, but if they were fond of you you'd have a hard time sitting down for quite a while. Ha! Ha! That is funny, isn't it, to think that a college man gets his jacket tanned just like he did when in grammar school. But I don't guess there will be any harm to it, son, and they won't hit you a lick-amiss unless they hit at you and miss you.

Well, son, your mother I think is fixing you up some cakes and things and you will get them the last of this week. Be kind and divide with your friends. Mother and the girls send love.

Your affectionate dad,
Hiram Jones.

College, Station, Texas.

Dear Father:

Your most expected letter came a few days ago and I sure was glad to hear from home. Sorry you have had so much trouble over cotton pickers, but it's that way everywhere.

They have had several cotton rows here in Brazos County this year.

Yes, Papa, I got a letter from Mary Smith the second day I was here, but I only answered it the other day. I hate to do the poor girl that way but I haven't time to write to anyone but home folk.

I have been studying every night until one o'clock. Then they turn all the lights off and I have to go to bed. I had a little trouble getting my schedule straightened out but everything is alright now. The Registrar asked me what course I wanted and I asked him what did he have. He kind of snickered when I told him I wanted to get in Dean Kyle's class. I am glad he is a good friend of yours because maybe I can get a drag with him.

Papa, I haven't missed a single church service since I've been here and there was about eight of them last Sunday.

I did as you said and met Vivian and Brown. I am in the Methodist group and sure do like that fellow Vivian. All of the fellows call him King, but I guess it is because he is a prince of a fellow.

Papa, Dr. Bizzell and myself both have come out strong against hazing but it doesn't seem to do any good.

I always lock my door at night. You see when the door is left open it causes a draft. I am not exactly a draft evader, but an evader of that which comes in with the draft. Suppose you would call it a "draft board" but they call it a "fish killer" at A. and M., and I feel like they are right.

I spent a very restless night last night but that's all. I mean that's all I spent, but that's not all at all.

They must have climbed over the transom because all of a sudden someone hit me in the middle of the night and up I came like the price of pajamas—believe me it was the "middleman" that suffered this time.

Papa, I did just as you said and rebuked them for hazing at such a wonderful seat of learning—as A. and

M. The "blue book" says that Freshmen should wear one and only one stripe, and that it should be worn on the left arm. Frankly, Father, the "bluebook" ought to be revised.

Papa, can you send me a little change, I am so in need of it. Books have advanced 100 per cent in the last three days, due to labor conditions in Alaska, making it impossible to mine the pulp that goes into the paper.

Also I have got to take some of my clothes to the tailor shop and get them mended. I will save the receipt to show you where my money goes. I think I will get him to receipt both of my trousers—they need it.

Well, Papa, give my love to all the folks and don't sell my spotted pig. Write me in care of Company C.

Yours for a higher education.

William.

P. S.—My captain is the cutest little fellow and wears his leather leggings all of the time so that none of the Sophomores will make a mistake and haze him.

STRANGE TO SAY.

Don't ever be in too big a hurry. Dr. Bizzell has all those letters tacked onto his name to show that he got there by degrees.

Isn't it strange how some students do add things to get even and then have to straighten them out in a round-about way?

We know that old football team of ours is coming out all right. How do we know? Never mind, that is only another College Faculty of ours.

When a fellow shows that he is yellow then is the time to draw the color line to his back.

We saw a new girl in Bryan the other day and are now wondering where has Charlie coal bin.

We are glad that student labor is now employed in the Mess Hall. This is a rapid stride toward friendly relations with Mexico.

What good is to be derived from a college education? The salaries paid railroad conductors reveal the fact that it is more lucrative to mind the train than to train the mind.

He is a poor Math. student who counts on friends. Far worse if he proportions all of his time to one girl, because in the final analysis he usually gets the wrong answer.

Great good may be derived from the affiliation of student life with the Bryan churches through the medium of church socials. The Bryan ladies certainly know the short cut to our spiritual needs.

Preacher Vivian was heard to say that quite a bit of cake went to waste at the last church social. He later explained, however, that the word "waist" was implied.

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