

that honor quite frequently, especially in newspaper interviews.

"Sir Walter Raleigh? I hardly could be called that, but I do admit having saved a young lady from drowning in a recent flood. Yes, I am a Baptist, therefore well qualified for such undertakings. But then too, I adhere to some of the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy. In fact I attribute my remarkable success in athletics to 'holding the right thought' for the teams which I coach.

"Oh, yes. I have one other claim to distinction. I have concocted a new hair tonic. It will work wonders. I shall be glad to give my recipe to any one interested.

"Well, good-bye. I must go now and write another article for the press under the caption of 'Member of National Football Rules Committee.'"

III.

"My Function at the College? Oh, yes, I add weight to the Faculty. Then, too, I serve as Commandant in absentia. Oh, yes, I usually spend my days here.

"My titles? I bear the name of the Human Silo, Balanced Ration, and various other tidbits. I also serve as dog catcher, fire chief, chief of police and in countless other capacities, too numerous to mention.

"Can't talk long. Here comes the 5:16 train now."

IV.

"Hello, Professor, Let's stand and sing that masterpiece composed by Cecil Rhodes, of Oxford fame, 'I didn't raise my students to be pool hall operators.' That's the lament of my song, the outcry of my enraged soul. Selah. Ah I not occupying the unusual and distinctive position of professor of English literature, librarian extraordinaire, and proprietor of the College pool hall?

Me, a judge of masterpieces, critic of art, lover of music, an idealist in my every yearning, a pool hall operator.

"My ideas on fugitive verse? Oh, yes, I have many. Wait, I hear them calling me to rack up the balls. Good-bye, Professor."

"Good-bye, Mr. Mayo."

THE OPERATION.

"Bring in the next patient," ordered the Most Famous Surgeon in the World, and presently orderlies bore into the operating room a limp figure which they deposited upon the snow-white table.

"Strange case of A. and M. Senior," recited the nurse. "Fractured skull with no evidence of external blow; judgment of consulting physicians that crack is caused by internal pressure."

Grunting, "Most peculiar," the Most Famous Surgeon bent over the unconscious figure. "Calking with pitch inadvisable, would probably soften under high mental temperature. Best remove a section of coronal suture, sort over brain cells, and discard non-essentials."

But ten minutes work with a keen rotating core drill was required to pierce the cranial armor plate. A quick jerk on the thick black hair removed the loosened section and exposed the crowded seat of thought, the released cells of which, taking immediate advantage of the breach in the restricting barrier, flowed like grain from a broken sack in a kaleidoscopic stream over the erstwhile stainless surface of the table.

"Pon my word," gasped the Sur-

geon as, now free to obey their natural tendencies, word sprang to word and thought to thought, forming ideas whose meanings, in the main, were clearly decipherable.

With the sure precision of the trained mental analyst he ran over the heterogeneous conglomeration:

"List of holidays demanded by Senior Class."

"Meet Alice at the Pink Parrot."

"Excuses (mostly worn out) to Mother for not writing, to Dad for more cash, to Prof. for being late."

A solitary remnant of French, "Je vous aime."

"Gripes against the food, the fiscal office, Cue-Ball, Clara, Jane and Dorothy (reasons blurred by tears of self pity).

"Accurate record of 37 poker hands."

"Railroad fare to Austin—end and side-door trains."

"Answers to 276 probable quizz questions."

All of these he sorted out, with ruthless impatience relegating them to the trash can, where they floated like bubbles on the surface of an ethereal liquid disinfectant.

But a few thoughts remained unexamined and to these he now turned with solicitude, returning them one by one to the yawning cavity of the patient. An error-spotted solution of a complex problem carried the germ of self reliant thought and technical analysis; the opening paragraph of a letter home bore that of filial love and respect; a small group, even now slightly tarnished from non-use, indicated the presence of a few fundamental facts of science, government and society.

"Used Thompson's roses instead of American Beauties for Eleanor's birthday." "Ha," he exclaimed, "Evidence of thrift, Eleanor apparently being his sister."

Over a fairly complete fragment upon which was graven, "Speech for Brackett," the Surgeon paused for a moment in profound meditation. Finally, with a determined motion he hollowed out a niche and carefully replaced it, "for without bunk no man may long prosper."

A slight movement on the part of the recumbent figure warned the Surgeon that the practical problem of saving life still confronted him. With deft swiftness he stripped the wrappings from their packages and filled the gaping cavern with fresh, pure antiseptic thought cells. A single accurate stroke of the mall bedded the circle of bone firmly in place, sixteen rivets of non-corrosive metal were driven to insure permanency, and the operation which so many are dying for and so few dare face was complete.

The challenging voice of the world awoke the youth to consciousness and as he rose to his feet, tottering yet with the air of one who will conquer, the Most Famous Surgeon placed his hand on his shoulder and said kindly: "Courage my lad, and be of cheer. That which thou shouldst have, I have given thee; that which thou shouldst not have, I have taken away. Men call me EXPERIENCE."

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