

**"SULLY" ABANDONS
THE LONESOME PATH
OF BACHELORDOM**

James Sullivan, Business Manager of Athletics of the College, well known for certain proclivities, put A. and M. again before social notice when he allowed himself to lead the charming Mrs. Frances Smith of Bryan to the altar on January 16. It was a great surprise, and added one more tally for the Aggies in the matrimonial circuit.

Once upon a time there lived a number of bachelors in a little college behind the Hospital. One got married. Another got married. And now "Sully." Just how long he had been contemplating a change is not known by his bachelor mates. But, he has gone and done it.

There is weeping and gnashing of teeth, but there is also many joyful noises.

The weeping is done by the three lonesome bachelors over in the little cottage. The joyous noises are being made by Mrs. Smith-er-Sullivan, her two children—and James himself.

It remained for Daniel Cupid, Esq., L.O.V.E., etc., to soften the heart of the doughty "Sully." With his bow and arrow he pierced the armor which encircled our hero.

Mr. and Mrs. "Sully" took a short trip to New Orleans to celebrate the nuptials immediately after the knot was tied.

**FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH;
HIS MEMORY HONORED**

**Dead Tackle's Pledge of Devotion
Immortalized in Bronze.**

A bronze plate on which is inscribed his last letter has been placed in the gymnasium at Iowa State College by athletic letter men in honor of Jack Trice, star Negro tackle on last year's football team, who died of injuries received in the Minnesota game last October. An honor "A" was also sent to his mother at Ravenna, Ohio.

The letter, which was really a pledge meant for his eyes alone, was found in Trice's pocket after he had received fatal injuries in his first ibg game. It was as follows

"The Curtis Hotel, Oct. 5, 1923.—
My thoughts just before the first real college game of my life.

"The honor of my race, family and self are at stake. Everyone is expecting me to do big things. I will! My whole body and soul are to be thrown recklessly about on the field tomorrow. Every time the ball is snapped I will be trying to do more than my part. On all defensive plays I must break through the opponent's line and stop the play in their territory.

"Beware of mass formations. Fight law, with your eyes open and toward the play. Roll back the interference. Watch out for cross bucks and reverse end runs. Be on your toes every minute if you expect to make good.

"JACK."

The Lady: "Well, I'll give you a dime; not because you deserve it, but because it pleases me."

The Tramp: "Thank you mum. Couldn't you make it a quarter, and thoroughly enjoy yourself?"

SOCIETY

Announcing Barnyard Dance.

Ye scions of the farm and all hayseeds — attention. Social farmer Secretary Tatum has drug out his cultivator and is harrowing the Annex floor with a 24 inch sweep! It is said that the hens will be cooped up. This gives us quite a cackle; so bring on the spring chickens—but be sure to have them wear their winter feathers.

The Barnyard dance will take its initiative on the night of Friday, February 1, at 8:30. Definite information concerning all that may be attributed to this affair will be issued in these columns one week hence.

Farmer costumes are desired, but bring more than an expression. It is hoped that Bill Hancock and all the other "ugly ducklings" will be present. Cordial and complete invitations are hereby extended. Do not bring the horses inside; there is plenty of hitching space without. Also, leave the "corn" with the team. Yours for the Secretary of Agriculture and a good dance.

BIG METHODIST PARTY.

On January 19th at the Methodist Tabernacle, a party of fun, laughter and eats was enjoyed by a crowd of 150 cadets, campus people and Bryan girls.

At 7:30 o'clock the crowd began to gather and as they came in they were very graciously received by Rev. King Vivion, who stood at the head of the receiving line. Then Mrs. W. B. Frederick, who presided at the registering table took each and every name with "How do you spell it?" Mr. W. B. Frederick was next ready with humorous questions to ask each one before they could go further into the events of the evening.

Several select games were chosen and very successfully carried out, after which everyone was seated, the lights put out and pictures of prominent men were flashed on the screen. Immediately roars of laughter went up from the crowd, for the pictures were of such men as "Tiny" Keen, "Slim" Knickerbocker, F. H. Moon, Winchester and many more at the ages between two and six years.

Following the picture delicious refreshments were served which consisted of turkey salad, olives, crackers, salted nuts, and hot chocolate.

The Dim Past.

When Jonah came back to the town
To which he gave the slip,
He said in throwing his hat down;
"I've had a whale of a trip."

Adam was a lucky hound,
And happy too, I w een,
The neighbors never came around
To borrow gasoline.

When Noah worked upon his ark
A jinx was on his trail;
He often heard the scoffers bark,
"When does your old boat sail?"

One Grad—Now that we got the can
from the foreman this morning, what
are we going to do?

Other Grad—Guess we might as
well go back to college and take an-
other degree.—Chaparral.

Mae: "I heard John broke his arm
yesterday".

June: "It isn't true. He called on
me last night".

**GATHER
YE
'ROUND**

AND LET'S EAT, DRINK and SMOKE

—AT—

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