

EXPERIENCE IN THE MAKING OF AN ENGINEER.

I remember a story told by Mark Twain of his own cub days on the Mississippi. The huge floating palace on which Mark was a pilot's apprentice was about to make a "cross-over" when Mr. Bixby, the pilot, developed a sudden and unconquerable appetite for pie.

"Boy," he demanded, "How much water in that crossing?"

"Couldn't touch bottom with a church steeple," replied young Twain. "All right," said Bixby, "you take her over, I am going below for a piece of pie."

Proud to be left alone with such responsibility upon his young shoulders, Mark spun over the wheel and brought the steamer's nose to bear upon a distant point diagonally across the river. All went well for a few minutes until the captain (whom Mr. Bixby had "met" on his way below) stepped out in view of the boy and cast an anxious look around.

That was the entering wedge of doubt. Young Mark began to wonder if there was not a rock or something under the placid surface of the water that his education had failed to encompass; he began to see manifestations of hidden shallows; over there was a faint wrinkle which his training told him indicated a bluff reef; just beyond, a ripple denoted the presence of a dangerous snag; he could almost see the yellow sandy bottom shining through the water. The cold perspiration induced by fear commenced to ooze out of his pores and in a weak halting voice that was the very antithesis of a crisp commanding tone he would have used a few moments before, he ordered out the leads.

Alas! the leadsmen had also been "seen" by Mr. Bixby and their first lugubrious reports confirmed the young pilot's fears. He didn't know—he only thought he knew. The bottom the leadsmen reported could not only have been touched with a church steeple, but a yard stick would almost suffice.

Mark clawed the spokes of the wheel wildly one way and then another to keep off the shoals that were reported on the verge of collapse. His last despairing act was to bawl down the speaking tube with what was left of his voice to "Ben," the engineer, to "back her." If you love me, Ben, back the immortal soul out of her."

At that moment, Mr. Bixby, bearing a large chunk of pie in his fingers, stepped quietly into the pilot house. Instantly the shoal and dangerous channel became bottomless and safe. Confidently the embryo pilot rang the engines ahead. Serenely the big craft again pointed her nose to the almost-as-far distant point and went swimmingly on her course.

The details of the lesson which Mr. Bixby pounded into young Mark's cranium cover several pages of the later Mark's book, but the gist of the matter is that the young man had been steering the steamboat by second-hand knowledge. The super-structure of his

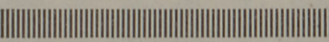
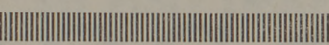
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education was there, but it was not founded on the masonry of experience. Many of our would-be engineers would consider themselves indeed fortunate if their Alma Mater could step out from behind a smokestack at a critical moment.

It is not my intention to depreciate the engineer-by-education, but to point out that the mere acquirement of knowledge from books or from the experience of others "the ability to pass an examination and to exhibit a diploma—does not constitute an engineer."

To be sure, a college or school of accredited repute does not grant diplomas without reason, but it does of necessity grant them to men who are without real practical experience; men who may know, but who are not yet certain that they know, and who, upon encountering a chain of adverse circumstances, may find themselves in the same plight as was the young pilot when the leadsmen lied to him.

MILLER'S TEAM VICTORS IN ALL-COMPANY CONTEST

Ex-Captain Miller's team plunged, fought and passed its way to an 8-2 victory over the disciples of Captain-elect Wilson in the all-company game played last Friday. At no time during the entire game was there any lack of enthusiasm on the field of play or on the side lines. Both teams were quite evenly matched, showing strong defenses and spurts of brilliant offensive power, and it is only fair to say that the game was a fine exhibition of football played cleanly and hard.

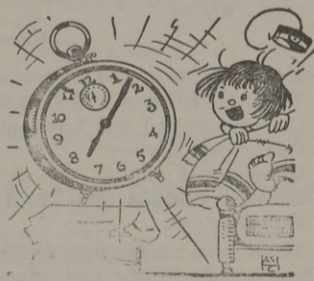
Outstanding players were numerous and the judges' pick of men for first and second team is a fair rating of each player's ability. In some instances it was a little difficult to place men, but a glance at the list of judges causes us to believe that the pick is as near a correct one as possible.

The first score came in the initial period when a bad pass from center went over Willis' head, while he was

kicking from the goal line. The game rocked along quite evenly then until Hunt circled Lister and made a beautiful fifty yard return of a punt. Late in the second period the big gray line of Miller's team got into play and blocked a punt behind their goal only to have it recovered by an opponent—thus tying the score. The half ended with the score tied and both teams confident of victory. The third period was a nip and tuck affair until a beautifully placed kick by Wyman caused Wilson's team to kick from behind the goal line and into the wind. Edgar ripped off a substantial gain and a perfectly executed pass gave the big maroon line a hard proposition for a while.

In supplementing the judges' pick of all-company team, we wish to select the following men for honorable mention: Bailey at end; Bodine, guard; Long, at full; Gray, at half; and Miller, at half.

"When I marry I'm going to get a girl who can take a joke." Don't worry that's the only kind you'll ever get."



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