

The Battalion

Published every Friday night by the Students of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.

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Entered as second-class matter at College Station, Texas, February 17, 1905

Price Per Annum.....\$1.25

College Station, Texas, May 31, 1912.

The editor-in-chief is afflicted this week with his tri-yearly attack of studies. He has confined himself in cell No. 92 Legett for a term of seven days, and amuses (?) himself by viciously mutilating all his spring term C. E. books. Owing to the nature of his affliction, he is not able to get out The Battalion this week, and this issue is published by his assistants.

It is to be hoped that the closeness of examination and the attendant worry regarding the coveted sixty-six or seventy will cause the many defects to be overlooked. Moreover, there is some consolation in the fact that since this is the first issue coming wholly from the pens of the assistants, they can offer the plea of inexperience.

Here's hoping that every single Senior gets what he wants in this week's "exams," that he may have the time of his life during Senior week, and that each and every one captures the long-worked-for diploma on June 11.

It seems that the Senior class had to undergo somewhat of a hardship Monday. Many, in fact practically all of them, those who had "A" for a daily grade as well as those who had "E," studied Monday until 2:15 a. m. At that time the Main Building caught fire, and our worthy upper classmen, true to that spirit which has ever characterized their actions at this school, abandoned alike books and sleep and hastened to save the Main Building. They did not get away from there until 4 a. m. and at 8:30 had to stand an examination. Is it small wonder, then, if poor work was done? It looks like these examinations could

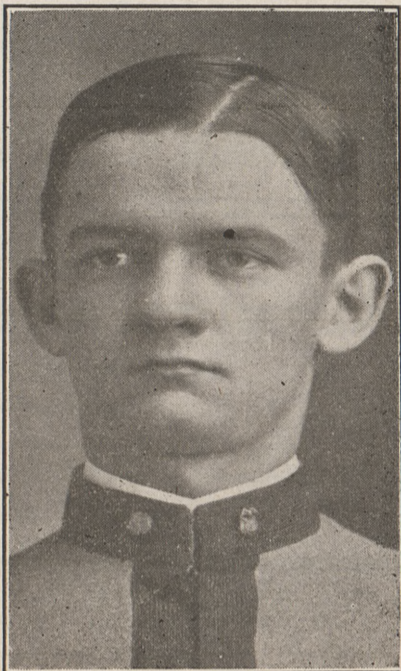
SOON BE GIFT TIME

and nowhere else will you find such

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JAMES F. BROWN
Editor the Battalion. 1912-13

have been deferred as easily as not to a time when every Senior felt better prepared for mental gymnastics. At least some compassion could have been shown by giving an optional question. Of course it is understood that everyone is supposed to have mastered his studies before examination week, but practice does not work out as theory. And this term there have been so many interruptions that only a John Newton could in the specified time mastered as many subjects as we are supposed to have learned.

The Dallas News of May 28 has the following to say editorially regarding the recent fire:

"The second fire at the Agricultural and Mechanical College within a few months, causing this time the destruction of the main office building, is another reminder, of course, of the improvidence and folly of erecting flimsy structures for public service, but also it suggests that there is something amiss in the precautions that are taken against fire at the college. Yesterday morning's dispatches give no information as to how the fire started, but we venture to think that when that information is forthcoming it will be seen that it started from an easily preventable cause. The top part of this building, it seems, was built of wood, a gross blunder within itself; but that blunder having been committed, extraordinary precautions ought to have been taken to avert the natural consequences of it. Governor Colquitt, we believe, has stated that every building erected while he is governor will be made as nearly fire-proof as possible. His attitude in this respect is commendable. But it ought not to be left a matter of discretion; a general law ought to be enacted making it mandatory on all who exercise authority to make state buildings fire-proof. Meantime, it seems to

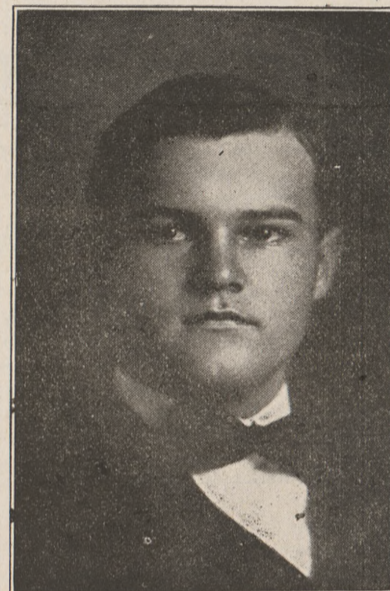
us there ought to be a rigid inspection of all the state's buildings and measures taken to bring about more vigilance than seems to be practiced."

In the days of old or among the most barbarous classes of today, the eating with the fly could be excused; but we, a people supposed to be in the civilized part of the world, can hardly be reconciled to dine with such an obnoxious and disease spreading animal. We are, however, wading through clouds of dust to sit down to a table covered with the pesty fly, with a seeming welcome to its partaking of everything we eat or drink. We even sit back with courtesy and wait until it has taken a swim in our milk or tasted our bread before we interrupt his actions—the reason is: there are too many for us to handle barehanded.

Now, the Mess Hall is supposed to be screened, and we all agree that it does have some screens placed about in the most conspicuous openings. But anyone who has had any experience with fighting the fly knows that just merely tacking up some wire netting and thinking the fight won, thereafter sitting back and making no further efforts to eliminate the pest, is as futile as hobbling a lion with a string. This is the condition which we face now in the Mess Hall. There should be some other attempts to drive out the enemy. Arm the waiters with fly-swatters and let them put in their extra time battling the insect to death, or any other means that would prove suitable. We have not much longer to stay with our Hotel de la Fly, but the Fly should be knocked from its name, if for no other reason than to prevent the exposition of the fact that we eat with such obnoxious pests to our commencement visitors.

Of all the losses caused by the fire, that of the library is the one which will be felt soonest and most keenly by the corps. The college, through the untiring efforts of Colonel Quarles, had obtained a collection of books which neither time, money nor trouble can replace. For three years has Colonel Quarles, merely for the sake of building up a magnificent collection of books and without receiving one cent reimbursement, labored on our library. It can well be imagined how he felt when he saw his three years' work go up in smoke.

When Colonel Quarles took charge of the library, it consisted chiefly of government documents, magazines and antiquated textbooks stacked in the greatest disorder in the two rooms of the third floor. When he took charge he immediately began the work of reducing things to order. At the same time that he was carrying on his multitudinous other duties he brought order out of confusion in the library. For three years he bound magazines, sorted documents and books, and indexed the whole in order to make it of the greatest convenience, and as funds became available added new and



DEAN DORCHESTER,
Business Manager Battalion 1912-13.

useful works. Last week the finished product stood a priceless work; today it is in ashes, and the work must be done over again. You never miss the water until the well goes dry, and next year when the student body starts to work in a libraryless college they will realize how much they owe to the work of James Hays Quarles.

One of the fastest pieces of photographic work that has been pulled off around College in quite a while was that of Smith Bros. when the Main Building burned. Colonel Quarles gave them an order for six pictures of the ruins at 11:30 a. m. and Smith had them ready for the northbound Central at 12:27 p. m. This shows the kind of work that Smith Bros. are capable of turning out.

SAUNDERS PARK BEAUTIFIED.

"Pete" Saunders, to whom the little park was dedicated, has placed two fine lawn swings in amongst the cedars, which add a great deal to the comfort and the beauty of the place. "Pete" is figuring with Prof. Giesecke for placing a water fountain in the park. This would place things in tip-top shape and would be highly appreciated by the corps. "Pete" has got the spirit, and if some of those older men who have been drawing pensions here for years would follow the example of the newest inhabitant of College Station, it would not take long to make our campus the prettiest place in the state. This and "Bobbie" Smith's addition to the flag pole are gifts that will be remembered always by the boys.