

THE BATTALION

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THE PITIFUL PLIGHT OF BELGIUM.

For the sake of their honor—for
they had everything else to lose—the
plucky little nation of Belgium threw
itself before an irresistible force, and
was crushed. Where six months ago
a nation of seven million people went
peacefully about their work in busy
factories and growing fields, these
factories now are silent, the fields
have been laid bare by the conqueror,
and several millions of starving peo-
ple wander homeless across their
native land.

Reports some weeks old show that
1,400,000 persons are destitute and
being fed from public canteens. How
much greater must be the number by
now! Says an English writer, Mary
Sinclair: "The figures as revealed
by the commission for relief are ap-
palling. It takes over 13,333 tons of
foodstuffs, at a cost of \$150,000, to
feed for one day the seven millions
of people who are starving in Bel-
gium, this allowing only ten ounces
of food a day per head. Thirty-one
thousand of this multitude are babies
in Brussels alone, who must have
milk."

Says the Literary Digest: "By the
end of October many Belgian cities
had pooled their food, and rich and
poor were virtually being fed in
bread lines. In Liege and Charleroi
the authorities were giving out one
bun and one bowl of cabbage soup a
day to rich and poor. In Hamme,
near Antwerp, a consignment of
American food reached the people the
very day when they had consumed
their last ounce of flour."

An international commission for re-
lief in Belgium has been organized
and has relation to six powers—Bel-
gium, France, England, Holland, Ger-
many and America. The collection
and distribution of food and clothing
has been systematically and scientifi-

cally worked out so that there is no
waste or fraud.

A large number of States are send-
ing special shiploads of foodstuffs;
National organizations, representing
six million women in America, are
giving their active support; many
newspapers and magazines are mak-
ing collections (the Literary Digest,
alone, has collected something like
\$79,000); the Postoffice Department,
railroads and express companies are
doing their part.

The Belgians have begun to look
toward America for salvation. Says
J. Rogers Flannery, chairman of the
Foreign Trade Commission of Pitts-
burg: "During the latter part of my
stay I was enabled, thru passes from
German authorities, to take an auto-
mobile trip over most of the country.
Our automobile carried two American
dogs, and not once, but many times,
have I seen the emotional women
rush forward and kiss them. They
look upon America as their big sister
and preserver."

But now to the point. Once before
we appealed to the corps to aid in
stocking the Christmas ship, but now
we come to you again with an appeal,
not based on sentiment, but with an
appeal based on dire necessity. Bel-
gium is starving. We can help her.
Nickels and dimes will do scarcely
any good under such circumstances
as this. We must give dollars, and
give freely. About the third of next
month, when you have received your
money from home and have paid the
college, it is our intention to place a
box in the Main Building in which
you can drop your contributions. No
one is going to come around after you
to collect it. What you give you
must give voluntarily. Contributions
from one to five dollars are expected.
This money will be sent to the proper
authorities. Remember, five dollars
buys a barrel of flour, and a barrel
of flour saves the lives of a whole
family.

That line of samples at Charlie's are
winners.

A ROOM ORDERLY'S RULES.

You are requested, upon entering,
to slam the door or leave it open—
the latter preferable.

In your conversation do not men-
tion studies, for it will annoy us.

You are requested to use strong
pipes and vile cigars, as they will de-
stroy germs and are stimulating to
those present. (If you are without,
our own stock will be supplied with
pleasure, and matches.)

Spit on the walls. It will match
the decorations and be a favor to the
orderly.

Tell us smutty jokes when we are
busy or when ladies are present.

If you can't sing or whistle, start
the graphophone.

We will gladly help you solve the
liquor problem by drinking all you
have.

While sitting on the desk kindly
set your feet against the bed. Either
are likely to fall without such assist-
ance, and the odor of your feet will
be agreeable to the occupant of the
bed.

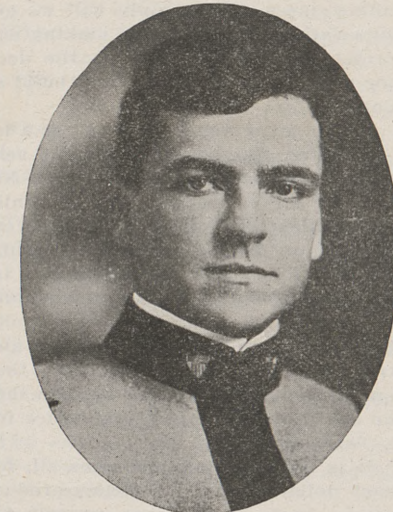
Should you need any money, ask
for it or draw on us.

Remember, leave the door open.

It costs nothing to look. Come down
and look through my line of samples.
Charlie Nitch.



Who is that particularly striking
specimen of youthful manhood of the
brunette type, with that magnificent
resounding and reverberating voice?
Who is that most famous native son
of that Windmill village of Walnut
Springs? Who is the fellow that vis-
ited New Braunfels once, but is going
to live in the Kraut Society of that
town henceforth and forever? Who is
he, that is always ready to stand by
his classmates, his friends and his col-
lege? Who is that boy with the strong
box under his arm? Who is the guy
that grabbed the change behind the
Toll House bars? Who is the man
who worked his head off for the foot-
ball team, striving to give them every
comfort? Who is that devoted disciple
of the illustrious Emil and PI over E?
Who is the man that got us an assist-
ant coach this year? Who is that man
that proved beyond possibility of argu-
ment that he could come back? Who
is that fellow that wears the great
big "T"? Who is that pugilistic
gentleman who can receive a severe
reprimand from the faculty without
the slightest qualm or quiver? Who
is the newly acquired member of the
Anti-Swearing Club? He is none other
than that old Boy, old Top, old Fred,
old Verner Smitham.



VERNER SMITHAM.

Freddie came here in 1910 and was
brought up on tent row under the be-
nign influence of old Double Wilson.
As a Fish, he was loud. His mouth

was open when he came, and up to
date it has never been closed. In his
Sophomore year he was a corporal,
and moved to Ross Hall. It was then
his proudest boast that he had the
best squad the college had ever known.
In addition to his military achieve-
ments, he was a company athlete of no
small ability. But near the close of
his Sophomore year he settled down
into that long stretch of good con-
duct which was rewarded by a first
sergeancy. As a first sergeant Fred-
die was as efficient as he was well
liked by the men under him. Here a
dark cloud arose upon the horizon of
Verner's life—the "Strike." He did
not return with the bunch, but came
backs as a Junior the following year.
He was elected president of the Junior
class. As president of the class, Fred-
die can always be thought of as one
class president that held his class
above everything else. In the spring
of his Junior year he tried out for the
baseball team, and would have un-
doubtedly have made his letter, had he
not been ruled off because of alleged
ineligibility.

Smitham is now a clear Senior, and
will easily be an Alumnus in June.
Freddie is first lieutenant and adjutant
of the thir battalion. As a football
manager, he well deserves the "T" he
wears, which means efficiency. Fred-
die is one of those kind of fellows
who never stops until his task is fin-
ished.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

I heard a mighty tumult,
The neighbors loud did shout,
I hurried with my dressing
And from the house rushed out.
I thought my home was burning—
They called and shouted so;
Then I beheld upon the ground
One-sixteenth inch of snow.
—Baylor "Poet Lariat."

Time to begin looking nice if you
expect to "go high" next year. Get
a ticket and let the A. & M. Pressing
Club give you nine presses for \$1.

"Pray let me kiss your hand," said he
With looks of burning love.
"I can remove my veil," said she,
"Much easier than my glove."
—Cornell Widow.

Stop worrying about your clothes
not being pressed. Buy a ticket and
you will always have them ready. A.
& M. Pressing Club.

A New Line of Spring Samples

Come in early and avoid the rush. Have
your suit made where you can see the process
Prices from \$18 to \$45. Quality first-class,
style correct.

CHARLEY NITCH
The Campus Tailor

Thirsty or Hungry?

It is our business to take care of your desires.
A large assortment of fresh Confections,
Tobaccos and Cigars.

THE CAMPUS CONFECTIONERY
The Quality House