

## COLUMBIA STUDENTS PASS RESOLUTIONS

(Continued from page 2)

armament caused by the fear of war. It is not time for party, for business, or for religious differences to come to the fore. It is a time for united action.

Last spring the country was a powder magazine and the college men were trying to touch the match. The intervening months should have taught us wisdom. Last summer college men were drilled in military camps for war. This winter, conscription of college men has been proposed—seriously proposed by military authorities.

College men are not mere bystanders; they are vitally interested. They comprise a large part of the pawns that the militarists would sacrifice. We are as patriotic as our grandfathers of '61, we love our country and our flag as dearly as those men did, but we are beginning to realize the true purpose of our country and the real significance of our flag.

Columbia has shown her appreciation of these matters, yet other colleges are concerned as much as she. Organization, protest and propaganda must be the chief weapons. They can do much. Will they be used. It is up to you.

### A CIVIL ENGINEER.

By GEORGE FITCH.

A civil engineer is a quiet man with a thick coat of sunburn, who spends his time revising climates, cutting the landscape and training up rivers into lives of usefulness.

In order to do this the civil engineer does not tear the earth wide open with a hundred ton spade, or perform other feats of strength. He is usually of ordinary size, and if he only used his own hands he could not push around a small creek, let alone a river. The civil engineer does not rely on muscle. When he desires to move a mountain or wipe out a few hundred square miles of desert with a dam, he takes his logarithm book and retires to a quiet spot (where he fills an acre of brown paper full of figures. At the end of six months he emerges with a tired air and a carload of blueprints and motions to the steam shovel to come on up and get busy.

The civil engineer is not generally known. This is because he cannot be found on the street corner or in the clubs or in the act of decorating a grand opera with a vast white shirt front.

He usually lives in the wilderness in hip boots and a last week's shave.

After the ordinary man has lived in the wilderness for a few years his mother wouldn't know him. But after an engineer has lived in the wilderness the same length of time his mother wouldn't know it. The engineer is continuously editing and revising nature, rearranging mountains and making rivers back up and go the other way. He is as restless and unsatisfied with the way things look as the woman who always rearranges the furniture while her husband is away so that he may fall over it when he comes home in the dark and receives a pleasant surprise.

The engineer has hung railroads on mountainsides, run tunnels under city streets, made oceans shake hands, harnessed Niagara Falls, made parks out of Western deserts, and has put a reverse gear on the Chicago river. Some day he will begin experimenting with the earth orbit and he may yet have a Christmas day at the Fourth of July and a weekly comet service to Mars. Who knows? Logarithms and a square jaw working harmoniously can do almost anything. —Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

### IN THE SAME BOAT.

The University of Texas is broke. Students who have been earning their expenses by doing odd jobs for the University are met at the paymaster's desk with the laconic rebuff, "No funds." When a man knocks reams of paper through the typewriter, and goes after his pay for the job, it is rather hard to find out that he has his work for his pains and can whistle for his money. In the meantime he can continue to wear last year's shoes and stand off the landlady as best he can.

A. & M. College for once ought to be able to sympathize with us. If the downtown papers' reports of legislative proceedings are correct, the college is out of fuel, or nearly out, and an emergency appropriation will be needed to get through the year. This is apparently what years of suspicion and discord have brought us to. It is a token of the trend toward better feeling which is coming to be between the two institutions that there is a realization on both sides that there is precious little to be gained by strife.

Over in this neck of the woods a tiny percolating suspicion is beginning to soak in on us that a man who is over there trying to make himself of some use as raiser of what we eat and wear is no worse than the man who is over here trying to learn something else. When this suspicion grows a little—and it is getting stronger every day—we will be able to laugh at our former squabbles. Are we not bone of one bone and flesh of

one flesh, sister institutions with a common aim? At all odds we are broke together, and that is a sympathetic bond stronger than hoops of baling wire.—Daily Texan.

### NOT TO BE BESTED.

A city man recently visited his "country cousin." The man from the city, wishing to explain the joys of metropolitan life, said: "We have certainly been having fun the last few days. Thursday we autoed to the country club and golfed until dark, then trolled back to town and danced until morning." The country cousin was not to be stumped in the least, so began telling of some of the pleasures of the simple life: "We have had pretty good times here, too. One day we buggied out to Uncle Ned's and went out to the back lot, where we baseballed all that afternoon. In the evening we sneaked up into the attic and poked until morning." A sturdy old farmer who was listening, not to be outdone, took up the conversation at this point. He said: "I was having fun about that time myself. I muled to the corn field and gee-hawed until sundown. Then I suppered until dark, and piped until 9 o'clock, after which I bedsted until the clock fived, after which I breakfasted until it was time to go muling again."

### THAT OLD BRIAR PIPE.

When you feel blue and it seems that the world is at its worst,  
When you have a headache and think upon you has come a curse,  
When your best girl has gone back on you, and the rest seem to sway,  
When you are tired of the place you are at and you want to go away,  
You can hardly imagine what "a little smoke will do."

You can hardly imagine what a little smoke will do;  
It makes you think of your dearest girlie, reminds you of Sue,  
As you are sitting in the parlor blowing smoke into the air,  
You have a vision of your girl's face so sweet and fair.  
You can see her coming toward you with arms outstretched and lips extended,  
And unconsciously you prepare to embrace her, but your pipe goes out.

When your past life seems a sad dream and the future seems drearier yet,  
When you had a chance to make some money, but you wouldn't take the bet,  
When every friend and others seem to go against your will,  
And you ponder, and drink in all the sadness and decide you've had your fill,  
Friends, please stop and remember what a little smoke might do.

Friend, please stop and consider what a little smoke might do.  
Many times it smokes away your cares and keeps you from feeling blue.  
Just try the little briar pipe experiment while sitting in the arm-chair,  
And nine times out of ten you feel like a ragtime millionaire.  
Out in front you see the Pierce-Arrow and the chauffeur waiting for you to ride,  
And unconsciously you get up to go out, but—then your pipe goes out.

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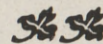


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Leave Bryan.	Leave College.
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10:00 a. m.	10:30 a. m.
1:30 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	5:15 p. m.
6:30 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
9:30 p. m.	9:50 p. m.

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