

FORSAKEN NEST

Ah, my good friend do not molest,
The sad remains of last year's nest;
For, there it hangs upon the bough
Ever alone as I am now.

It once was filled with rest-
less wings
As parent bird to each one sings
Of happy isles and sunny hills
Until each heart with rapture thrills.

They bolder grew, and stronger, too,
Escaped the old and sought the new,
And fled away to scenes more gay
Amid the green hills far away.

So, last year's nest hangs on
— a bough
Within the forest, deserted now;
Gone are its tenants far away
Seeking to find a home more gay.

I passed a house by the side
of the road,
'Twas once the scene of some happy abode;
But, 'tis forsaken and deserted now
As the last year's nest on the swaying bough.

Out in a corner just hidden
from view
Is a mound of earth and sweet flowers too,
And sleeping beneath so silent and free
Dearest of idols, some sweet Rosalie.

Gone are its inmates to the city grand,
Or gone to the realms of a fade-
less land;
And none will return to the old home rare
To gladden the season of Christmas there.

—W. J. Gayden.

Wonder why the Artillery is so popular now? Only a few men were transferred to the Cavalry while from the Infantry some companies have lost nearly all they had. Pep! My boy! That's the secret word.

Wonder why so many bow-legged kids are transferring to the Cavalry? Look at "Flappy," Hartung, Billy Taylor, etc.

It's evident that from the few Artillery Freshmen seen on the Campus between terms that Bryan society must be playing havoc with Battery A.

Time: Five p. m.
Scene: Top stoop of Leggett Hall.

"What's all that noise I hear up there?"
"Up where?"
"Why, up on the top stoop of Leggett Hall."
"Oh, that's 'Cat Fische's' horse marines practicing riding on stick horses."

STUDENT OPINION.

Since we have discovered that the article in last week's Battalion which appeared in answer to our campaign to improve the conditions in the local Y.M.C.A. was not written by a student and therefore was not an exposition of student opinion, we feel very much encouraged and will continue in our effort to make the Y what it was originally intended to be.

The first thing that struck us upon reading the answer to our article, was the writer's apparent misconception of the meaning of constructive and destructive criticism. If the window in our room is broken and we never say anything about it, well, the window will stay broken—while if we "kick" about it the chances are that it will be repaired. The same way with our Y.M.C.A. If nobody complains about it, it will remain as useless as it is now, whereas if we offer a little criticism, may it be constructive or destructive, there is a slight possibility that conditions will be changed.

Instead of answering our criticisms the writer contented himself with criticizing us personally, and trying to ridicule us—which neither has anything to do with the proposition at hand, nor answers his purpose in writing the article, that is, to defend the proposition from the Y.M.C.A.'s point of view; the facts are there, open to approval or disapproval, criticism or praise. Furthermore, he accused us of stealing the Y's light globes and magazines, which, besides being a mistake, again has no bearing on the case.

We are awaiting with pleasure a real answer to our first article; not a description of our character, or a criticism of our habits, but an answer, and that to the point.

TENNIS ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED.

The A. and M. Tennis Association was officially organized Monday, January 26, in the airdome. There was an attendance of about seventy. A constitution and by-laws were drawn up and the following officers elected: E. H. Varnell, President; L. G. Jones, Vice-President; S. G. West, Secretary-Treasurer, and A. P. Lancaster, Sergeant at Arms.

The object of the Association will include the establishment of a strong tennis club which will be able to compete successfully against State University, Rice, Baylor and other Texas colleges and universities. One of the first steps to be taken will be the building of other tennis courts.

A committee has been appointed which will arrange for the picture of the Club in the Longhorn.

President Bizzell, Mr. Young, Mr. Driver, Mr. Bible, and the Athletic Council and T-Club as well as many members of the faculty have assured the Club that they would give their active support. Inasmuch as everyone connected with A. and M. is eligible for membership it is expected that interest in the Association will increase throughout the year.

Mr. Kraft, head of the Building and Grounds committee has already started plans for the new courts, and it is expected that they will be finished in time to accommodate a large number of tennis players this spring.

EXCHANGES

The Simmons Brand
"Damit", the bull dog mascot of Simmons College for the past four years, has ceased to be. The Senior Class held the funeral services which were attended by the six hundred students and the faculty. The epitaph, "DAM-IT-He's Dead" was placed on the tomb stone.

The Daily Texan
Drives were started at the University to enroll students for the F. Students Association. This association is for the purpose of doing effective work in meeting the needs of the University and to help the institution in a crisis.

The Allen Academy team defeated by the Shorthorns by the score of 21-19 in their recent game.

At State the "jazz" enthusiasts have organized a Jack Gardner Club; the Grand Opening Dance to be given March 1st.

The Skiff
T.C.U. voted for the treaty 7-1. A debate between Phillips College and T.C.U. has been satisfactorily arranged for.

The Lass-O
The C.I.A. seniors are still mooning sadly over the dance they will not have—at least the Lass-O hints at such a condition with a neat little stab at the powers that be and announces that the spring festivity will take the form of an Easter Egg Hunt chaperoned by the Faculty Council! We hope the faculty reads the satire and then learns that A. and M. is with the GIRLS!

The Chaparral Edition of the Lass-O was full of wit and humor as well as strong "eds", and news items, but the illustrations held our eyes. Naturally, being C.I.A.

THINK IT OVER

Just what kind of fellows are we way down in our hearts, compared to what our Mothers think we are. Do we understand what a Mother's love really is?

It is something, fellows, more holy than we are able to appreciate—that pure, sincere, unselfish, sacrificing love that only "Mother" can have. God gave her that instinct and her heart and soul are wrapped around our lives. We can brighten her heart or break it; it is therefore the duty of us fellows here in College to continue the practice of striving to uphold those ideals which Mother has taught us from the time we knelt at her knee.

For some of us, only the spirit of Mother now exists here on earth. She has gone to that Happier Land; but is it not a pleasant, comforting thing to feel that, although she be absent in person, she always watches over us and protects us constantly, trusting that by our deeds and lives here, we shall be able to meet Mother over yonder.

A most beautiful and appropriate poem has been written by one of the instructors of our College, lines that no doubt will be a benefit to everyone who has the opportunity to read them. They are as follows:

HOME AND MOTHER.

I am thinking of home and mother and the days that use-to-be,
When the song birds sang so sweetly and I from care was free;
Of a home of youthful fancies when life was young and fair,

When mother was queen and playmate and a loving angel there.

Then I played with her tresses as her ringlets I'd entwine
Like a bird amid the flowers of the rose-briar and the vine;
With joy I'd stand beside her and watch the lovelight gleam
From beneath her eyelids tender just like a bright moonbeam.

I'd place my cheek so near hers and bending down quite low—
Whisper childish words of merriment that set her face aglow,
And kiss the sweet rose petals that bloomed upon her face,
While she smiled upon me sweetly with rare becoming grace.

I am thinking of home and mother and the hours that use-to-be,
When I listened to her wonder stories while seated at her knee;
For now the joybells of childhood are ringing sweet and clear,
And the dreamland melodies of mother are chiming in my ear.

—W. J. Gayden.

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