

THE BATTALION

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THE HOLIDAYS.

The days are numbered until we go home for the Christmas vacation and many clubs are making extensive plans for entertainments and social activities that will attract favorable attention to the College. It is urged that every locality club make an effort to favorably impress the vicinity from which its members come with A. and M. Many High School students are soon to receive diplomas at the mid-year commencements. See that such students in your home city are informed as to the advantages A. and M. has to offer. If you are proud of your school, and every student here has full right to be so, let others know of it. If you have a collection of Campus photographs, place them on display in your home town. If you are from an affiliated High School, find out if The Battalion goes to its library. If it does not, let us know on your return and we will help you to get it there. May your holidays mean something to A. and M. as well as to yourself.

JUST TO REMIND YOU.

During the past session at a special ceremony fifty-two live oak trees were set out in memory of the Gold Stars in the A. and M. service flag. Recently we have observed students playing games in the vicinity of these trees and in the excitement of the activities, thoughtlessly running over these young plants. While some of the other ornaments have been broken and severely injured, none of the memorial trees have yet suffered from such causes. Yet, in order that new students, who possibly do not know the significance of the young oaks on the drive from Guion Hall to the Main Gate-way, may not unconsciously destroy some of these trees, we wish to caution them in regard to these plantings as well as others just being set out. It is difficult to grow trees in this locality and in order to make the Campus as beautiful as possible, we should make every effort to protect such ornaments as we may have.

THE M. E. STUDENTS.

The manner in which the students in the Department of Mechanical Engineering turned out and helped to salvage the machinery and equipment in the debris of the burned laboratory has been the cause of much favorable comment among the students as well as authorities of the College. We are glad to observe that personal pleasures and convenience are readily thrust aside when A. and M. needs her students. It is the spirit of A. and M. that the school comes first and the individual afterwards.

SNITCHED FROM THE MAILS OR THE INSIDE DOPE ON THE FIRE.

(An actual letter sent by an A. and M. student to one of our "Exes"—a fair example of Aggie letter writing).

Sunday, 12 Hours After Breakfast.

Dear "Bud":
Now fire up the old exometer for there is lots of work ahead. "Separating the bull from the truth." Have been intending "Airing" you out for a trifle for the last few years or days. You know now-a-days seem like years, for Christmas is coming—soon. What do you think Santa Claus will bring you? A horse, I hope—but don't let him get away, Bud! as you said the Dutchman's horse did.

Anyway, I am getting rather up-town to be associating with you birds. I am getting to be rather a character around here, turning in fire alarms, eating quail, writing other birds' girls—in fact doing most everything including receiving special delivery letters—No!

The latest—This a. m. about 4:40 A. D. (after dark) I was very ruthlessly awakened from my morning slumbers by a premonition that all was not as it should be. In other words, "Something was the matter in Denmark." Very quickly collecting my suits and bed clothes, I sprang from my couch of slumber and gazed upon a scene that was apt to strike terror into the hearts of most anyone except a Casual. Before me was a young conflagration in the very embryo. It was only a matter of a portion of a second for me to realize the opportunity which had been thrust upon me. And I was very quick to seize this opportunity and with the very inmost power of articulation in me I began the time-worn and often repeated chant of: "Fire!"

Upon the first utterance of this magic combination of letters, my Honorable Opponent (I mean room-mate) Mr. J. Chenoweth Baldwin, angel child, Woods Dykes, very roughly and forcibly ordered me to retire to my boudoir and cease my prattle as I was only suffering from the effects of a hallucination that roams about the dark hours of the day in other words: "For God's sake; put it between the sheets, you are having a nightmare!" But not to be outdone I very quickly

showed him the reason for my quiet actions. Before us was a fire. We both, believing in the adage that there is strength in union, joined forces and repeated the words. In this way we succeeded in arousing the student body. Then I turned my attention to spreading the alarm to the steam plant. As my room-mate was still crying fire, I decided to attire myself in the wearing apparel that best suited the occasion. The most appropriate I could find was a pair of carpet slippers. These I quickly donned, and after completing some seven and a half complete revolutions about the mahogany tin covered table, I was at last off for the races. As I had gained great momentum as I approached the elevator, I decided I had best take the stairs as the elevator was on the 39th floor and it would not be down for some 3-1000 of a second. I could save time by using the stairs, as I was gaining momentum at the time. I was forced to leave the 9th turn without having time to impede the acceleration attained. The friction between the sole of my shoes and the floor was not adequate to produce the desired results. The consequences were that I very forcibly took a position with my feet pointing south, and my head north, my face was upward and the other—well, the floor was pressing against me.

Quickly gaining my feet and senses I proceeded onward. You know the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again!" I did. Well sir, as I was about to say, I continued my journey toward my goal. After jumping over some thousand quagmires, pitfalls, etc., I passed over the great highway that acts as a partition between Milner apartments and the bat roost. Then I knew I had accomplished half my journey. Very quickly side-stepping four houses, six chicken coops and numerous other small obstacles I saw in the dim distance one of the 2 1-3 candle power search lights maintained in the basement of the steam plant. At this junction of the journey, I felt my strength ebbing very fast. But I could not give up. With victory only a few rods away, I took my courage into consideration, pajama breeches in one hand, and weighing the consequences of failure in the other, I decided I must go on. Stumbling, half blinded by tears that were forming in

my eyes as the result of what would happen if I failed, and smoke, I proceeded onward fighting against the odds. But Bud! You know we never give up! I rushed madly on up to the entrance to the steam plant and as I opened the door, the operator in charge very quickly recognized that something was out of the ordinary. Now this operator is due great credit for his initiative and ability to act upon his own initiative, for upon my work he knew nothing more than I told him and also that he could see on the horizon an illumination that was causing great crowds to gather, including the fire department.

I simply murmured the words, "The Mechanical Engineering Machine Shop is being consumed by wrathful, enveloping flames." Very quickly he grasped the situation and proceeded to give the general alarm by sounding great piercing blood curdling, crowd producing shrieks from the conflagration announcer. Then I hid myself backward over my course to my place of abode. This time I was able to take my time and wait 1-10000 of a second for the elevator. As I stepped upon the threshold of this great uplifting incentive, I was hurled heaven-wardly at the rate of many miles per second. As I was going to my apartments I withdrew from the elevator at the 31st floor. Very quickly I returned to my room and room-mate. There I found everything in consternation. But using the great power of will that I had acquired after ten lessons under the great and learned Dr. Brackett, P.H.D. (Post Hole Digger), I quickly calmed them by assuring one and all that I was back and that the building went down, I too would go down—just before it did—unless the elevator broke. This produced the desired results and all was as calm as a wasp nest when you throw a rock against it. As I then recognized I was master of the situation I began to give orders in a clear and concise tone. First I ordered Mr. Dykes to clothe his semi-nude figure in some sort of garments. This he did while I did likewise. Having finished before Dykes fully comprehended the assertion I began to safely stow away the few valuable earthly possessions which we call our own. First came the pictures from their present locations upon the dividing and enclosing boundaries of our boudoir. Next came the source of illumination, the only rival of Sol, known in engineering circles as a Mazda, which formerly graced the E. E. building but had recently been acquired by conquest. This was followed by numerous suits, (very expensive garments); yes, sir! I say expensive for B. V. D.'s cash \$1.98 now. Then I began to figure and calculate with the help of a battery of slide rules and logarithmic tables that I should take into consideration the state property that had been entrusted to our care. Also because we had only recently signed our names upon a parchment that as "Christian gentlemen we would return to the College all state property that was placed in the rooms for our miserableness and discomfort." and they still have those slips of parchment in the office of the Commandant. Therefore, as we would probably be the last living mortals to leave our room, how could we prove conclusively that those pieces of property had been left in the room and consumed by the great fiend? So I very quickly withdrew the contents of the mechanical invention used for withholding the wind mill punch, and proceeded to impregnate it to its utmost capacity with earthly raiment, and shoes. Next came the great cleansing machine, the wash basin. This we disposed of by secreting it in one of the confining portions of our invisible, collapsible wardrobes—as seen only in the Austin apartments. Then I discovered, with great horror, that I had forgotten in my hour of excitement and great hurry, to make proper disposition of our "canned music producer," the Victorola. This I quickly hid in one of the shaving mugs. Then we were ready to withdraw to another place of abode in case the great fiend should desire to reek his vengeance upon us and destroy our place of domicile. But such was not the case. With the proper persuasion and sufficient quantities of the elements the great conflagration was brought under control and then in a couple of hours, it finally gave up the ghost and with one mighty puff, blew away like a quail when your automatic goes off before you get the proper head on him and then won't automatic for a second shot. The great organization called the fire department, succeeded in saving the lot, one well and half the concrete floor. They were all rewarded by receiving leather medals, while I was awarded the greatest honors and trophies imaginable. Ten demerits for raising a disturbance on the Campus with only a fire as the reason, and a large celluloid fire helmet. I was also be-decked with the following moniker: "Coo-Coo, the Human Fire Alarm!"

Of course, Bud, far be it from me to insinuate that I am a hero, but it behooves me greatly to not let the great opportunity pass over to bring this

* The greatest truth may lie in *
* smallest things, *
* The greatest good in what we *
* most despise, *
* The greatest light may break *
* from darkest skies, *
* The greatest chord from e'en *
* the weakest strings. *
* —Cheiro. *

before the eyes of the world, hence this conglomeration and issuance of bull.

Here's hoping this finds you in the best of spirits including the Hill Bros."

Write us Bud.
Yours,
"DOC" GARRITY.

THE END OF THE RACE.

They sat alone in the moonlight,
She soothed his troubled brow;
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast
But I'm on my last lap now."
—Tiger.

GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

By Severn, Saunders and Menke.

The following fraternities were installed at the Lavender Barber Shop recently:

1. I Soppa Towelle.
2. I Clippa Pate.
3. Wanta Massage.
4. U Needa Singe.

You sing a little song or two,
You have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge
And then you take your hat.

You hold her hand and say "good-night",
As sweetly as you can,
Ain't that a heluva an evening
For a great big healthy man?

Old Stuff.

A mother sees her daughter
Jazzin' round in lifes mad whirl,
And says, "they never did such things
When your ma was a girl."
And yet, when her ma was a girl,
And stepped a mean Virginia Reel
Poor grandma probably threw a fit
And handed her the same old spiel.
—Sundjal.

"It helps to fill out", said the Co-ed
as she slipped on her heavy wool-
en stockings.

There was once a young girl named
Estelle
Who was generally thought to be
small
To be awfully keen,
But on a date by her lonesome—ch,
Lelle.
—Jade.

The Shortest Poem on College Life.

Matriculation
Examination
Elimination.
—Jade.

On Monday she smiled as she passed
me by,
On Tuesday she sighed as we passed,
On Wednesday we spoke and I asked
for a date
On Thursday was glad that I asked;
On Friday we wandered to town to a
show
Some passing enjoyment to seek;
On Sunday—how grand!
I held her small hand—
Oh, for an eighth day in the week.
—Puppet.

The Robber.

"You had to hold me up to do it,"
said the sweet young thing after the
big, tall man had stolen a kiss."
—Frvil.

Ella: "I cant find my bathing
suit anywhere."
Stella: "See if you have it on."
—Banter.

He, with determination: "I intend
to kiss you before I leave this house"
She, indignantly: "Leave my
house immediately, Sir."
—Jade.

We have just received a large shipment of all sizes in Herman genuine Cardonan officers shoes, and on account of their coming in late we will include them in our big reduction sale at reduced prices—all sizes and widths. A. M. Waldrop & Co.

* The members of the Dallas *
* Club extend a hearty invitation *
* to all A. and M. men who may *
* be in Dallas on December 27 *
* to attend their Christmas dance *
* to be given at Lake Cliff on *
* that date. *

Special Sale Of Fine Serge Uniforms

In order to close out our stock of fine regulation serge uniforms before January 1st, we have placed on sale all of our serge uniforms which have been selling this season at \$37.50, for a few days at

\$28.50

New shipment of Sheep Lined Coats just received. All sizes.

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