

GREAT MEN OF ALL AGES.

Editors Note:—The editors of The Battalion, after years of persistent effort and the outlay of large royalties have obtained the exclusive rights to publish the works of Prof. Wartan Lactax, B. S., a man who has dedicated the greater portion of his life to the enlightenment of the masses.

Michael Angelo.

The text, or rather pretext, of this brief resume is the life history of the painter, sculptor and he-vaamp of the renaissance, Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo was the greatest of all painters—prior to the introduction of modern cosmetics.

Michael was born at a very early age in Rome. It is argued that he was born in the Appian Way but it has since been proven that it was in the Customary Way.

Mike was a very precocious youngster and at the unsophisticated age of four, while he still played with imitation marbles, he bested his father in an argument over the catyids on the front porch of the Erectheum.

His father was deaf and dumbfounded. After Michael had obtained his majority and had cast his first vote with the same artistic acumen as he cast his shadows, his fame as an artist was assured. In fact, he drew up Rome's constitution which was noted for its billiouness.

Mike was a very eccentric personage and every thing he did was for the love of Mike.

His greatest work was done in ceiling-wax when he was commissioned by Pope Picrus III, to execute a few figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

This is said to be his highest contribution to art because it took the tallest step ladder in Rome to climb up to the figures. This highly pleased the Pope and, as a token of appreciation, he gave Mike a free ticket from purgatory. Mike, the he-vaamp that he was, deserved a round-trip ticket.

Michael Angelo was thoroughly disgusted with his most appetizing work, the sequel to Andrea del Sarto's "The Last supper" entitled "The Return of the Swallow." When he handed this painting to its purchaser he said: "Go hang it."

As the years passed, Michael Angelo got older and older, and, finally, he naturally died—or rather, he died a natural death but his name still rings down the corridors of time.

THE QUESTION BOX.

Dear Q. and A.: I am a young football star, playing on the high school team in my home town. The coach says I must not smoke cigarettes, but I claim a man isn't much of a star if he can't smoke as many cigarettes as William S. Hart smokes in the pictures. Am I right or is the coach right.

Dear Andy: No football player in condition can afford to smoke cigarettes. William S. Hart probably smokes them because they are inexpensive, and moving picture stars can't afford to smoke cigars.

Dear Sportville: If a man kicks you in a football game, is it sportsmanlike to kick him in return? And if so, is it better to kick him between the lamps or among the teeth?

Bert, the Brute. Dear Bert: Among the teeth. If they are false teeth you could call it a fake kick.

Dear Strolls: I am a young girl student at college and my hero is a halfback. I think he is simply grand, but he eats garlic and calls on me and sings "Kiss Me Again." Should I tell him not to eat garlic, or will you? Pearl Pieface.

You tell him, Pieface. I haven't got the crust. —Chronicle.

YOU DON'T SAY!

Don't you tell 'em, Registrar's office—its only a matter of course to you.

Don't you tell 'em corn flakes—haven't time for a serial.

Don't you tell 'em Textile Dept.—all you do is spin yarns.

Don't you tell 'em Big Ben—lose too much time.

Don't you tell 'em Charlie Nitch—you're too old to press your suit.

Don't you tell 'em Paris Garter—everybody knows you are a hold-up.

Don't you tell 'em analytics—there's too much plathering about you.

Prohibition and probation—who said misery loves company?

Lost in transit—somewhere between here and Galveston—one pink letter addressed to Mr. Russell Smith. Return to 2020 Ave. L., Galveston.

GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

WHEN OLD A. AND M. DIES

When the lion eats grass like an ox, And the fishworm swallows the whale; When terrapins knit woolen socks, And the hare is outrun by the snail;

When serpents walk upright like men, And doodlebugs travel like frogs; When insects in summer are rare, And snuff never makes people sneeze;

When fish creep over dry land, And mules upon bicycles ride; When foxes lay eggs in the sand, And women in dress take no pride;

When dutchmen no longer drink beer, And girls take to preaching in time; When the billy goat butts from the rear, And treason's no longer a crime;

When the humming bird brays like an ass, And limburger smells like cologne; When plow shares are made out of glass, And our biscuits are not like stones;

When ideas grow in a Jackass's head, And wool on a hydraulic ram; Then Old A. and M. will be dead, And the country won't be worth a—

If an opinion will die, will an olive? If Taft weighs 300 pounds, how much does Broadway?

If the Queen of England had appendicitis, would a wireless operator? If a baby cries, will a moth ball? If a man is not allowed to beat his wife, can a carpet beater?

If an electric car were to fall over, would an air break?

"Mother, may I a-riding go?" "Yes, my sweet Lucile; But give your friend this sound advice 'Keep one hand on the wheel!'" —Dodger.

Nobody sees A big hole In a little Girl's stocking, But a little Hole in a big Girl's stocking Will start a Parade.

She was young and pretty. He was young and clever. They kissed. He wrote a poem commemorating the event.

Again they met. The events which occurred during their walk along the country road were rich, rare and racy.

They were parting. "You should be able to write a book now," she whispered.

When you see a fellow smile Makes your want to hang around a while.

And when you stop to think it out, It clears things up and leaves no doubt.

You worry little about the final count, You care still less about the amount Of all the things that come your way When you can conscientiously say: "My friends I count for what they are And their worth above par."

—C. C. B. W.

ONE OF THE REASONS.

A committee appointed to plan the tableaux to be given by the Baptist group was choosing characters for the cast.

Said she: "Oh! yes, Tanlac has the angel costume!" Mr. Brackett: Yes, and he'll make a good angel, too."

And she: Oh! no! Mr. Brackett, he wouldn't do—he's a Methodist!"

SPEAKING OF XMAS PLANTS

Some favor holly berries red, Some like the Yule-log's glow; But the Christmas plant that suits my taste, Is the helpful mistletoe.

When you hear a fellow moaning that the times are hard as hell and it makes you want to start groaning, you can tell the world that, well you are letting the other fellow put something by and the only thing you can do is to wonder why that every move you start to make some other guy has made a rake and swept the table clean.

College Proverbs.

Many co-eds believe in making headway while the moon shines. If brevity is the soul of wit, there's nothing funny about a college chapel service.

To play poker is human; to win, divine.

Tourist (gazing at volcano): "Looks like hell, doesn't it?" Native: "How you Americans have traveled!"—Harvard Harpoon.

—Exchange.

Rub-My-Tism cures bruises, cuts, sores, tetter, etc.

THE GUY WHO PLAYS ON THE SCRUBS

Now sing, if you will, of the 'Varsity star, Who plunges thru oceans of gore; Sing in the praise of his startling plays, The fifty-yd runs for a score.

Your song is the song of the star who shines, My song is the song of the dub; So when you have done, let us sing, everyone, Of the guy who plays on the Scrub.

The stars who win amid the din Are praised with wide acclaim; But the unknown dub who plays on the Scrub

Is the one who perfects his game; He takes his bumps, absorbs his thumps, With not one to tell his story; But his heart is true as the skies are blue,

Who gets thumped for another's glory.

So sing, if you will, of the plays that thrill, And cheer for the stars of the game; I'll sing of the chumps who take their thumps

That others may win to fame. I'll sing of the Scrub, the mutt and the dub,

Who never break into story; For his heart is true as the skies are blue

Who gets thumped for another's glory.—Ex.

UNITED STATES CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATION.

Assistant in Boys' and Girls' Club Work, \$2,500-\$3,300—Receipt of Applications to Close Jan. 25.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for assistants in Boys' and Girls' Club Work, for men and women, at salaries ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,300 a year, to fill one or more vacancies in the States Relations Service, Department of Agriculture, for duty in Washington, D. C., and future vacancies requiring similar qualifications, unless it is found in the interest of the service to fill any vacancy by reinstatement, transfer, or promotion. Certification to fill these positions will be made from those attaining the highest percentage in the examination.

Citizenship and Sex.—All citizens of the United States who meet the requirements, both men and women, may enter this examination; appointing officers, however, have the legal right to specify the sex desired in requesting certification of eligibles.

Duties.—The duties of the appointee will be to work in a group of States in promoting the development of cooperative extension work in agriculture and home economics between the land-grant colleges and U. S. Department of Agriculture as it relates to the Boys' and Girls' Clubs in the various States.

Subjects and Weights. — Competitors will not be required to report for written examination at any place, but will be first rated on the following subjects, which will have the relative weights indicated:

Table with 2 columns: Subjects, Weights. 1. Education ..... 25, 2. Experience ..... 50, 3. Thesis and publications... 25

Total ..... 100

Applications. — Applicants should at once apply for Form 2118, stating the title of the examination desired, to the Civil Service Commission, New Orleans, La.

Applications should be properly executed, excluding the medical certificate, and must be filed with the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., with the material required, prior to the hour of closing business on January 25, 1921.

The exact title of the examination, as given at the head of this announcement, should be stated in the application form.

Preference.—Applicants entitled to preference should attach to their applications their original discharge, or a photostat or certified copy thereof, or their official record of service, which will be returned after inspection by the Commission.

Issued December 11, 1920.

OH, HENRY!

I Beg Your Pardon.

He held out his big, strong arms to receive me. I flew into them. His great masculine hands held me firmly but oh, how tenderly! He looked at me lovingly and his eyes shone with a strange light, they gleamed with strange desire. But suddenly he pushed me from him, held me at arm's length from him. My pursuers were upon me when, instead of guarding me, he gave me a quick push, then, grinningly, savagely kicked me from him! And then—a shout went up,

"What a wonderful punt!" —Ex.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SENIOR CLASS UPON THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT S. U. SCOTT

We, the members of the Senior Class, submit the following resolutions on the death of our friend, companion and fellow student, Samuel Urban Scott.

Whereas, In His infinite wisdom it has pleased the good Father to call unto Him this beloved brother of our class, Samuel Urban Scott,

Therefore, Be it resolved by the members of the Senior Class that our deepest and most heartfelt sympathies and condolence be offered to the family of Samuel Urban Scott.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to his family and relatives, and that a copy be furnished The Battalion, the Bryan Eagle, and the publication of his home city, Dickson, Tennessee.

(Signed) P. N. VINSTER, J. E. BLOODWORTH, A. S. LEGG, E. L. ROBINSON.

PROFESSOR STANGEL WEDS CAMPUS GIRL DURING HOLIDAYS

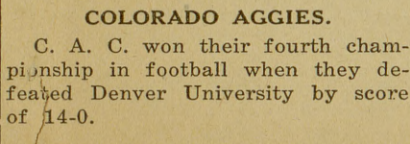
One by one the young bachelors of the A. and M. community are tiring of Bachelor Hall and single life in general. The latest to become a benedict is professor W. L. "Runt" Stangel of the Animal Husbandry Department, widely known as Coach of the International Livestock Judging Teams representing A. and M. at the Chicago show. On December 29th, at Jacksonville, at the home of the bride, Miss Ruth Cannon and Prof. Stangel were united in the bonds of matrimony. Immediately afterwards the young couple departed for a Honey-moon trip to San Antonio and Houston, returning to College on January 4th.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Stangel extend their congratulations and a most hearty welcome to the Campus. Mrs. Stangel has been at the College for some time in the President's Office as assistant to Dr. Bizzell. Prof. Stangel is a graduate of the College, his nickname of "Runt" being a souvenir of his cadet days.

COLORADO AGGIES.

C. A. C. won their fourth championship in football when they defeated Denver University by score of 14-0.

What Is Vacuum?



What Is Vacuum?

IF THE traffic policeman did not hold up his hand and control the automobiles and wagons and people there would be collisions, confusion, and but little progress in any direction. His business is to direct.

The physicist who tries to obtain a vacuum that is nearly perfect has a problem somewhat like that of the traffic policeman. Air is composed of molecules—billions and billions of them flying about in all directions and often colliding. The physicist's pump is designed to make the molecules travel in one direction—out through the exhaust. The molecules are much too small to be seen even with a microscope, but the pump jogs them along and at least starts them in the right direction.

A perfect vacuum would be one in which there is not a single free molecule.

For over forty years scientists have been trying to pump and jog and herd more molecules out of vessels. There are still in the best vacuum obtainable more molecules per cubic centimeter than there are people in the world, in other words, about two billion. Whenever a new jogging device is invented, it becomes possible to eject a few million more molecules.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have spent years in trying to drive more and more molecules of air from containers. The chief purpose has been to study the effects obtained, as, for example, the boiling away of metals in a vacuum.

This investigation of high vacua had unexpected results. It became possible to make better X-ray tubes—better because the X-rays could be controlled; to make the electron tubes now so essential in long-range wireless communication more efficient and trustworthy; and to develop an entirely new type of incandescent lamp, one which is filled with a gas and which gives more light than any of the older lamps.

No one can foretell what will be the outcome of research in pure science. New knowledge, new ideas inevitably are gained. And sooner or later this new knowledge, these new ideas find a practical application. For this reason the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company is the broadening of human knowledge.

General Electric Company Schenectady, N.Y.