

THE BATTALION

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THE MAMMOTH STRIDE.

Much has been written and much has been said about the Centre game, but we feel that too much praise cannot be accorded the dauntless Aggie machine for their splendid work in turning back the onslaught of the All-American calibre team from Kentucky, thereby changing a newspaper defeat into one of the most sensational gridiron victories in the history of Southern football. Texas A. and M. is a young school in comparison with most of the colleges of the North and East, and when we rose from national oblivion to the limelight of the football world, we made the longest step toward national fame that has ever been made by a single stroke. Unlimited credit is due those men who sacrificed the pleasures of their Christmas holidays that they might train for this game; to Dana X. Bible, the wizard mentor who has been the fear of every team in the Southwest Conference for many years; to C. J. Rothgeb, whose superior coaching made possible the impregnable line. To these men is due the fighting spirit, the dazzling offense, and the impenetrable defense that made possible the impossible. They will never be forgotten.

A PLACE IN THE SUN.

"Now if someone would only choose an annual All-American scholarship eleven (and by some strange chance should include a University man in the group) or devise a system whereby picked scholarship teams might engage in great international contests that would arouse the interest caused by post-season games, the University would help put the Southwest on the country's intellectual map and become a college in the fuller sense rather than a school that overemphasizes physical condition."—The Daily Texan.

We are indeed glad to note that the Daily Texas advocates the selection of an All-American intellectual team to be picked from scholarship teams of the various colleges. This scheme appeals to us immensely, for being somewhat diffident by nature (and also being good friends of the University) we would indeed be glad to see some new field open thru which there would be some possibility of the University edging in the limelight. Perhaps the intellectual giants of T. U. were not inclined to take advantage of the Rhodes Scholarship, or perchance the strange chance referred to did not chance. A scholarship team would be a great thing for Texas U., for it would be practically impossible to have ineligible members on such a team.

A place in the sun is open to all, but "ifs" won't get you there. Go ahead, Texas, you need never fear a sunstroke.

THEY SHALL NOT PASS.

Would you go into a store, make a purchase, and then refuse to carry the object of your desire away with you? Would you pay a man for doing something for you and then not let him do it? These are absurd questions. You will say, of course, you would not. But many of us are spending money for the acquisition of knowledge, and then refusing to take it by promiscuously cutting classes, even though we are additionally penalized for disclaiming our rights. It is inconceivable that a sane and clear-thinking man would wilfully slap himself in the face by declining to accept the knowledge that he has paid for. He is evidently at route step between the ears. Most of us do it thoughtlessly, unmindful of the consequences involved and the sheer absurdity of the act itself. It is done more through force of habit than anything else, and it is a habit which grows the more it is exercised. After you once cut a class, it is twice as hard to attend it next time. You are indeed lucky if you have not yet begun this practice and you will show good common sense if you do not begin. This is good food for thought. Digest it.

It Can Be Done.

BY EDGAR A. GUEST.

(For weeks before the spectacular game in Dallas Monday between Centre and Texas A. and M., thousands of people said "It couldn't be done"—that the Texas Farmers couldn't beat the Kentucky players, that there just wasn't a chance and thousands of them actually wagered that even "it couldn't be done" to the extent of scoring against the visitors. But they were all wrong. The poem herewith, by the well-known writer, Edgar A. Guest, is appropriate at this time. Some friends of the team from College Station say the players there have known it "by heart" for a long time.)—Dallas News.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he had tried.
So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least no one has ever done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
There are thousands to tell you it can not be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing,
That "can not be done," and you'll do it.

EXCHANGES

Chem. "What's all the riot about in the Anatomy building?"

C. E. "Oh, just the medical students rolling the bones."—Pelican.

A Toss Up.

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.

"You've tot me one getter," said his

seasick friend as he took a better hold on the rail.—Tiger.

I love to sit on autumn nights,
Watching the bright stars shine—
The stars, I mean are those in tights,
And I am in the Bald Head's line.
—Pelican.

Latin Instructor: Who is Cicero?
Student—Mutt's Son.

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