

THE BATTALION

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OPPORTUNITY.

"Opportunity comes but once in a life-time" is a maximum as familiar to us as the story of the three bears. However, it is only a matter of a few words uttered by someone far apart from us, and we have heard it so often that it has ceased to have any meaning to the majority of people.

However, it is true. If we analyze this simple statement in its entirety, we will find that it is substantial food for several hours thought.

Opportunity may be likened unto a powerful restless steed who halts tremblingly for an instant in front of your door, every muscle tense and twitching with eagerness to be on his way. He presents an awesome picture as he hesitates there sleek and glossy, with head thrown back, nostrils dilating, and his eyes emitting sparks of fire.

The empty saddle invites you to mount and be carried along the boulevard of success; but you hesitate. You momentarily lack the moral courage. You may be thrown off, and you hate for your friends to think that you did not have the ability to ride him. In that instant of hesitation the hum-drum of life and excitement frightens Opportunity and he dashes madly on his way with his saddle as empty as before. When you make up your mind, all that is left for you is the echo of the clatter of his hoofs as they beat a tattoo on the frozen ground.

"He who hesitates is lost." "Opportunity waits for no man." Although we may not think about it in that light, we have the greatest opportunity now than we shall ever have again. Without an education, our scope is limited. This is an age of the educated man. And it does not necessarily mean that because we are college men we will be educated men. The opportunity is before you, but it is left to you and you alone whether you will take advantage of it or not. One thing sure, however, is that the regrets will be many later on in life if you do not take advantage of your opportunity.

Think of Abraham Lincoln. He had no opportunity for an education. Still he saw that the odds for success were overwhelmingly in favor of the educated man, and he created his opportunity.

Moral: Study today, while you can, for tomorrow may be too late.

—A.M.C.—

A PROFESSOR.

A professor is a queer creature. He would much rather set down in some dark hole and spend hour after hour reading Shakespeare, Voltaire, or Browning, than go to a good musical comedy. He gives quizzes—daily quizzes, weekly quizzes, monthly quizzes, all kinds of quizzes—and he has the work of grading all those papers just for the pleasure of flunking one or two poor, defenseless boys. He flunks others on general principles when they refuse to voice the same opinion as his on some insignificant matter. If you talk to him a great deal about his hobby and take sides with him, the odds are in your favor that you'll make an A.

He will lecture to a slumbering class for an hour at a time upon some subject interesting to no one but himself. Then he has the nerve to say: "Wake that man up over there." Some of them don't mind if you go to sleep. It is heaven enough to him to be accorded the opportunity of expounding upon some dead subject that means more to his happiness than a mug of beer. You will usually find this species with whiskers on his face somewhere—either moustache, goatee, sideburns, or a regular "zits"—and he is the type who is more interested in his subject than he is in his students.

Some of them may be even queer enough to resent this article which is only the filthy drippings of a putrid mind, but the writer means this to apply to some other professor and not the one who is reading this.

Yes, they are indeed queer.



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An Irishman was sitting in a station smoking when a woman came in and sitting beside him remarked: "Sir, if you were a gentleman, you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if ye wuz a lady, ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst forth again: "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

"Well mum," he returned, as he puffed away at his pipe. "If ye wuz my wife, I'd take it."

The poets sing
Of coming spring
And say the bird
Is on the wing.

But to me it occurred
'Tis very absurd
Because the wing
is on the bird.

—Anonymous.

—A.M.C.—

Senior—Did you ever take Influenza?
Frosh—No. Who teaches it?