

THE BATTALION

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LEST WE FORGET.

Three years ago today, six continents welcomed the coming of peace; thousands of American homes thanked God for relief from fear; and President Wilson, on the full side of triumph of ideals, made ready to carry a New Gospel into Old Europe. But there was another side to the picture, for all things are bought with a price, and thousands of American boys had it. They were not forgotten then. We thought of them in those days with the warmth of recent loss. We had seen them such a little time before at school or in training camp. No, they would never be forgotten. America would cling to their memory as a great national treasure. The rest of us, who had not been called on for the same sacrifice, felt that the least we could do was to take up the torch which had dropped from their dead hands and serve the country in peace in some degree as they had served it in time of war.

Their graves are smooth and green in France, and perhaps the names on the ~~in~~ embassies are growing a little dim. The mighty glow of hope that filled and warmed the world then is dim too. The nations saw the promised land of perpetual peace, but this generation was not found worthy to possess it, and for forty years more we must wander in the wilderness. Only the memory of how near we once were to a new World Order remains to cheer us a little and to point out the line of march, and the memory is growing fainter every year.

Can it be that the memory of the men who died in France is growing fainter also? As classes come and go at A. and M., and a wider space of time opens between their college days and ours, are we coming to think of them but rarely, and then as of mere shadows in the past, unreal and meaning to us less and less?

This must not be. Our Campus, our athletic field, our class-rooms, were the scene of their work and their play. They and we have fought the same fights, played the same games, given the same yells, and perhaps, sinned the same sins. They are a part of us, for their influence and their little daily doings helped to form the school spirit which is forming us. We will not forget them. We will leave as a pledge our remembrance and our affection, a better, cleaner, and broader college life in the school they loved. Perhaps it may be given to some of us also to carry on their greater work; and as the victory for which they paid made possible the continuance of the great American experiment in Freedom, we may in some measure help to make that experiment a success.

OUR TEAM.

Do you appreciate the football team which turned a seeming defeat into a fourteen to three victory in one of the most sensational battles ever staged in the Southwest—the team which swept Arizona, Oklahoma A. and M., S. M. U., and a multitude of others before them in their forward march to the Southwestern Championship? Do you realize the strenuous life that these men are living in working till after dark every day on the football field and bringing up their scholastic work at the same time? They are not doing this for themselves alone. They are doing it for you and for A. and M. Anyone can attend the games and yell for the team, but we should show our appreciation in a more material way. The Thanksgiving Hop is given each year in honor of the team, to show them, as best we can, that we appreciate their efforts in our behalf to the fullest extent. Each man should consider it his privilege to contribute all he can to the success of this occasion. This dance will cost approximately a thousand dollars, and every man in the student body will be asked to contribute one dollar each to make up this sum. Who would not be willing to pay a dollar for the honor which is bestowed upon you, as an A. and M. man, by the brilliant work of our football team? The affair cannot be made too elaborate to counterbalance the deserts of the men we are honoring. So when your first sergeant wants your dollar, pay him in the spirit that you are glad to do it—it's your salute to the football team.

BEAR WITH US.

The "Bat" is your paper. To be a successful publication its articles must meet with the approval of the majority of its readers. To be an ideal publication its articles must meet with the approval of all its readers. No newspaper, magazine, booklet, or sheet is ideal. The reason for this is obvious. Every question has two sides, each statement many-angled criticisms and whatever viewpoint the writer takes is sure to meet opposition somewhere. The Bat's position is even more delicate. There are seventeen hundred different type's of literary tastes to pacify among the corps, then the faculty and general public must be satisfied.

Every week some articles that have been turned in fail to appear in print. It isn't that they always lack sufficient merit; in fact, some show excellent thought. The point to be considered is what proportion of the readers will be interested in the article. It is natural that the writer would think that everybody would read it. He would probably suffer a little disillusionment should he question the first ten men that he chanced to meet on the Military Walk as to whether or not they thought the article praiseworthy.

The staff has malice toward no student, organization, or department of the college. It wants to give the cooperation of the columns of the Bat to everyone. If a contribution of yours fails to be published or appears in a revised form, think it over before you begin throwing mud at the editor. The staff's mission is to please everybody—not you.

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