

Baker Samuel
 Washburn R. G. Smither
 L. G.
 Substitutions: Aggies; Crueger, Tucker, Kyle, Sam Houston; Palmer, Gustine, MacDonald.
 Field goals: Duckett 1, Damon 3, Tucker 2, Klye 1, Baker 1. Black 1, Rumfield 2, Samuel 1.
 Free-throws: Duckett 1, Grueger 1, Damon 1, Kyle 1, Washburn 1. Lock-ey 2, Gustine 2, Samuel 1, Rumfield 1.
 Referree: McCurdy (Ill.); timer: Anderson; scorer: Pierce.

COMPANY "A" WINS BASKETBALL TITLE

The final game of the Intramural basketball season was played before the holidays between two First Battalion teams, Company "A" and Company "B", in which the former came out victorious by a score of 17 to 4. "B" Company was outclassed, but not for one moment did they lack the fight which they have displayed throughout the season.
 The success of the winners is due largely to the untiring efforts of Archie Damon, the r coach. He may be credited with a part of the victory at least. The Company had some very good material to place on the court and they deserve the awards which they will receive from the Anthletic Department.

PEP INJECTERS
 By
Gloomy Gus

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

Too much of a good thing won't do. A family with four clocks in the house never knows what time it is.

Some people think they are sick when they are only indifferent toward work.

The great trouble with man is that he can't handily kick himself as often as he deserves.

General speaking, a demagogue is an orator who is lined up with the opposition.

Most men who say they are fighting for democracy really want more pay and shorter hours.

There is no place too lowly for the display of high qualities.

"It is the lack of order that makes us slaves; the confusion of today discounts the freedom of tomorrow."

SOME CONFESSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE

Box 419
 Ardmore, Okla.,
 Mr. I. S. Ashburn,
 College Station, Texas.
 Dear Sir:

The educational advancement program is well on its way to success here now and by the first of the month I think I can send Charlie Nitch that two-bits I have owed him since he sewed my corporal chevrons on my pajamas back in '21-'22.

This little dissertation is supposed to be "The Trials of a School Teacher". Believe me they follow in rapid experience. To date my tribulations are about as hereafter described.

The dreaded moment came when I faced the superintendent and realized that his one word would either donate bread and soup for 9 months—or I would have to accept a position as surveyor for the county—surveying the surrounding country through several parallel lines that never meet except in infinity.

He asked me if I had had any experience. I told him that I used to give the commandant a different excuse every time I wanted to go to Navasota and that indicated that I was good at giving examples—even the faculty at A. and M. almost made an example out of me once.

He asked me who you were and I proudly told him that you were one of Texas "biggest" men—along with Mr. Gladney, formerly of the English Department.

He asked me what I would like to teach. I gave him as my preference—English (please let Doctor Summey see this). He told me he might give me arithmetic, (and he did! Don't look up my math record. Mr. Halperin might write up here and tell him that the only reason he

gave me E in Calculus was because the faculty would not allow him to give less).

He looked at my beard and growing (one at a time) mustache and remarked, "How old are you—23?" Of course I blushed at the compliment, but being rather good at repartee I made a mistake and told him the truth. He then asked me if I were applying for a position or did I want to enter high school.

However, on the 15th of September I first looked children in the face and felt that chill impartial feeling that Mr. Thornton and all other old maid teacher's have. They asked me if I shouldn't be in Senior High school (I'm teaching in the Junior High).

Later, we got better acquainted. I had a date with a girl here one night. The next day during one of my classes a boy in the seat right in front of me got up and cried, "I know where you were last night. I saw you with a girl." Great Criminality. I know I gained that school-girl complexion right then.

But now I rule with an iron hand and only wish that some of my former profs were in my classes. Some of the girls are romantically inclined. Every time I put on my glasses in class they sit up in horror and say, "Oh! Mr. Strange take those things off. You DO look so much better without them."

But they have learned that I have no heart—even if you never did. I'd like to repeat what you told my brother, but—that's between you and me.

Yours for education and the monthly stipend.

Prof. Thomas R. Strange,
 A. W. O. L.
 Texas Aggie.

Shiek: "Say, little one, is my face good for a package of cigarettes?"
 Cigarette girl: "No, but it might be good for a tobacco pouch."

Irate father—I'll teach you to kiss my daughter.
 Edward—You're too late. I've learned already—Ex.

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