

THE BATTALION

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UPPERCLASSMEN, IT IS UP TO YOU.

The effect that co-eds would have on the student body of A. and M. gives rise to frequent and not always dispassionate discussion. A point upon which all agree, however, that if A. and M. were made co-educational, the cultural standards would be raised. From this, one would deduce that these standards are at present below par.

This view gives a threefold strength when one witnesses the cadet corps, that great body which is to furnish material for "officers and gentlemen," at meal time in the Mess Hall. Perhaps the methods employed in consuming the food are the most efficient according to the amount of energy required. But regardless of the efficiency, table manners which everyone should have, especially college men, are being sadly neglected and in some cases not through neglect alone but through lack of knowledge. What a deplorable sight it is to see a student, even a junior or senior, grasp his knife and fork in a death-like grip and with head bent low over the plate, start a stream of food to the mouth which does not cease until the plate is empty.

It is said that this condition exists only at the Mess Hall, and when students are at home or guests at dinners, they act differently. We should be thankful that the statement is at least partially true, but before your four winters at Aggieland have come to an end, you will realize the statement is true only partially.

Upperclassmen, it is up to you to train the freshmen so that this condition will be remedied. That which you teach them will be passed on for many years to come.

COME TO YOUR SENSES.

Thousands of very gifted and even notably brilliant students are painfully impatient before hard training. They provide some of the most exasperating experiences in the teacher's career. The teacher can endure the dull or even the stupid student who is making an honest effort to progress. But the talented fellow, with ability "sticking out all over him," who does not work, is unbearable.

Such students regard their gifts as aeroplanes that will carry them to great heights without work. They laugh at the advice of those who have achieved prominent positions by dint of gruelling labor. These students—alas—usually arrive at mediocrity when it is too late to acquire technical skill and cultural equilibrium, which would probably have made them great. Sometimes temperament, sometimes conceit, sometimes sheer laziness, is responsible for leading them to the "easist way" which is always the hardest way in the end. Check up on yourself before it is too late.

HARVARD GRADUATE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION HAS MID-YEAR ENTRANCE

An announcement of special interest to students who contemplate graduate work in business is that the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration has definitely decided to inaugurate beginning classes in February as well as in September. This has been tried during the past three years with such success that the plan has been adopted as part of the permanent program.

One of the advantages of the beginning class in February is that it enables the man graduating at mid-

year to continue his work with no loss of time. Others who have graduated in June have found it inconvenient to drop their work in September and have delayed entrance until February. The same courses are taught as are offered in September.

Applications for enrollment in the February class of 1925 are now being received by the Secretary of the School. According to present indications, the limit of 125 will soon be reached.

Mr. Richard Wupperman, class of '22, is now attending the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

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T. K. LAWRENCE

DERE RUMMITT

Aggieland.
Jan. 13, 1925.

Dere Rummit,

Tom, I have been hearing of your prowess as a professor and if your success continues, I know you will be able to teach your kids somethin' someday-maybe. You know I once had the desire to be a school teacher but made the mistake of trying to learn somthin' myself. O'course I had made elaborate plans to teach the bright young urchins something. Why I had invented a contraption which cleaned the boards, dusted the erasers, and paddled the obstinate one all at the same time.

I remember how you looked in your glasses when you were here but I also remember how you looked without 'em. An' I always thought, Tom, that there was a limit to even the worst. So what I can't see is how the girls thought you looked worse one way than you did the other.

Say, boy, if you ever do realize the soothing sensation of having any of your old profs under your iron hand I sho envy you. I know some what I would be glad to send to your school. These profs here are all carryin' big sticks and they've got me in a dark corner. I dream every

night that they are all green-eyed dragons and that I am a tender, defenceless lamb. Anyhow it's a tight fight so I guess I had better rest up to-night so I can study a little sometime next week.

Yours till Oxford opens her doors to welcome you and me,

LES.

The Man He Killed.
Thomas Hardy

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because—
Because he was my foe,
Just so; my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his
traps—
No other reason why.

"Yes, quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown."
—The New Student.

Welcome Back, Fellows!

Best Wishes for the New Year.

The Campus Tailor
Chas. Nitch

A. A. MACKENZIE

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