



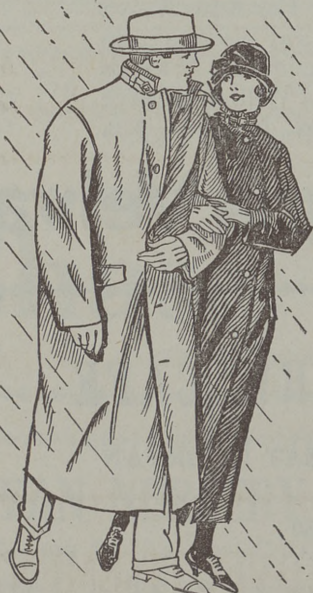
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WEEK'S NEWS IN REVIEW.

(Continued from Page 1)

students. Membership in the Ex-students association carries with it a subscription to the Texas Aggie, and is also a means whereby tickets to the various athletic contests may be obtained. Out of last years senior class 86 per cent pledged themselves to membership in the alumnae organization.

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Many of the students will probably be interested in the announcement made Monday that Mr. Marshall Bullock had purchased stock in the T. K. Lawrence store in Bryan, and would be with the Lawrence store now. Mr. Bullock has been with Wilson Bradley for several years, and has made many friends among the college boys. He hopes to see his friends in his new location.

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The Summer Session Bulletin has been completed and is being sent out to those interested. There will be two terms of six weeks each as usual. The first term is from June 8 to July 16 and the second term is from July 18 to August 27; both men and women may attend the summer sessions. In addition to the regular courses there will be the Cotton Classing and Auto Mechanic courses, together with the short courses for Teachers of Vocational Agriculture, Public Utility men, Graduate Veterinarians, Cotton Breeders, and the regular Farmers Short Course. The dates for the latter being July 25-30.

THE MOVIES IN THE COLLEGE.

Cambridge, Mass.—Not to be outdone by Columbia University, where a film school is contemplated, Harvard is going on with her series of lectures in the business school on the Motion Picture Industry.

On March 15 Will Hays ex-politician, now president of the Motion Picture Products and Distributors of America—in the headlines, "film czar"—discussed problems and policies of the film industry at Harvard's Business School.

The topic of censorship was, of course, touched upon by the Lecturer, Mr. Hays. "There has become prevalent a certain type of book and play that deals in theme and situation with certain topics which in previous years were discussed only in whispers," he said.

"We are determined that this prevalent type of book and play should not become the prevalent type of motion pictures, and to prevent this set up 'the formula'"

The "formula," it was disclosed, was this: Whenever a questionable book is offered a company it is referred to Mr. Hays' organization, which represents 85 per cent of the producing element. If the subject matter is decreed "inadvisable" all member companies are notified, in order that they may have an opportunity to "avoid" picturization of the play.

When harder quizzes are given, Pro. Faires will give them. Ask the man who bones one.

He didn't hear the bell;  
The engine went to Halifax,—  
Oh, I know where you thought Willie went, but he didn't.  
Because he was on the other track.

THE BATTLE FOR LIFE.

"Oh Muse! I know it's useless to be sure

To call on you to aid me lure  
The flights of pretty fancy to my pen  
Or some instructive thought for men.  
But if you will so condescend  
And my trite lines your powers lend  
I'll write and write and write and write

From morn to night, in candle light.  
Of what? Don't ask! 'Tis you should know

The subject and the thought, so blow  
The seeds of truth and verse my way.  
And I'll proceed to paw and bray.

Two thousand men both strong and bold  
Marched down to fight: for what? not gold  
A principal of honor, or so 'twas called

Forsooth they sure were riled and galled.  
In neat array they marched to death  
On into line, squads right and left  
With shining faces neatly shaven  
On which the sternest purpose graven

To win or die. Each hero knew  
That win he must or ever rue  
Defeat beneath a flowered grave.  
The battle starts and to the brave  
The largest share. For they were first  
Now teeth are gnashed and weapons cursed

For sturdy blades are bent or broke  
The battle thickens, heroes choke  
The noise is deafening. Sloppy sounds  
Of strangling. Don't give ground  
The leaders shout. A moments doubt  
Then all is over. They've put to route  
Old Sbisa's hash. The battles won  
And meal-hounds do what's left undone

Stay in and chew and cut and stab  
And reach and clutch and cuss and grab  
For if you're strong the end will be  
That doubtful thing called victory.

STUDENT OPINION

Last Sunday in chapel (I had not been to chapel for some time) I noticed an odd condition. All the boys on the lower floor of Guion Hall kept their uniforms fastened and at least faced the front while the speaker was talking. Not so in all of the balconies, both rear and sides. Up there, the majority of the boys shed their blouses entirely or flapped them open, showing those conspicuous white shirts. Surely there is a cooler breeze in the balconies than on the ground floor. That is not all. They sat in scattered twos and groups all over the seating space. They slouched indolently in their seats, reading a newspaper openly on the front row or else took as comfortable a position as possible and composed themselves for a quiet nap.

In simple respect, for common decency, for modest politeness, that is no way to regard the speaker. It would be a good plan if the organizations occupying the balconies were seated in definite groups along several front rows along both the sides and back of the balconies. Then the boys should simply have the self consciousness to keep their clothes on the same as those on the lower floor now do.

"Some feat" remarked the skipper as "Suitcase" Tibbals leaped on the Toonerville.