

THE BATTALION

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ALL ADS RUN UNTIL ORDERED OUT

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All undergraduates in the College are eligible to try for a place on the Editorial Staff of this paper. Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors who are interested in journalism for its own sake, are urged to make themselves known to some member of the Staff.

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Listen seniors! Do you remember when we were fish and it was the custom for fish and sophomores to hollow their lungs out at every girl that visited the campus. Don't you notice the difference now, and aren't you proud that the old student body is becoming a little civilized. You know that any man that cannot hold himself when he sees a lady, who is our guest, walk down the street, is not a true Aggie. He is disrespectful to the mother, sister and sweetheart of a fellow Aggie. Lets talk it up and keep things going right during the next week.

The people that visit the campus today know nothing of the past but they have their own way of judging our conduct. What do you think their impression is when they go in the mess hall and see the cadet corps pounding the table with knives, forks, cups, beating platters with anything they get hold of, and hollowing like mad Indians. I know that it is just after football games when such is the case but it is on the same occasion that most of our visitors are here. If you were taught these bad habits at home, most of your college education should be learning a few table manners. It has got to stop and it is going to stop. You have your choice of pulling with us and keep everything going smooth or pulling against us and catching hell.

From the way the fish gang up around the staff tables you would think they were starving to death. When we leave the table they make it very irritable for us by their rushing and grabbing. Fish, if you don't get enough to eat let your company commander know about it and provisions will be made. If the upperclassmen are sending these fish up to watch us eat, I want to tell you that you have made an ass of us long enough.

There is just one more thing that I want to call your attention to. Imagine yourself coming home after you have had a full day on. You want to get a little rest before retreat but about every five minutes a fish comes in asking about this or that, when he could find out for himself with a little effort on his part. You know just how you would feel. Don't you expect the commandant feels about the same way when two-thirds of the corps goes trailing down to his home to get passes O. K.-ed. Please let this soak in and try to get your permission in on time from here on and turn your passes in to your top kick. These first sergeants are trustworthy, they won't lose your pass.

L. N. BOURLAND.

FAILURE.

The dregs of failure are never so bitter as when they are drunk before the eyes of loved ones. Yet many men at A. and M. are courting the chance to stand before their mothers and fathers to admit that they have failed. Failed—not because of any unsurmountable obstacle, but merely because they are too lazy to study.

Although it may be difficult to pass all the number of hours required in some courses, it is easy for anyone having enough intelligence to pass the entrance requirements at A. and M. to pass ten hours of the work on his schedule. All of the men who were failing to pass that number of hours at November 1 can bring their grades up to scratch in the next three weeks. Although transformations from D's to grade points may not be made in that time, enough can be done to pass ten hours. The recipe for it is nothing more than real concentrated and wholehearted study. Not study of the superficial, skimming kind, but honest, laborous digging.

This type of study will be more than hard for a man who has wasted his time since September 15, but with perseverance it can be mastered. It is a poor sort of man who will not display enough perseverance to keep his parents from the shame and disappointment of seeing him sent home from college.

She: "May I ask you how you got such a well developed pair of arms?"

He: "Boxing—and may I ask you if you ever went out for track?"

Have you heard the heart-rending story of the fellow who studied until two o'clock for an exam and then slept thru it?

ELIMINATION

Girls when they went out to swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard,
But now we're sad to say these bim
Boes dress more like her cupboard.

You can chew with false teeth or
walk with a wooden leg, but you
can't see with a glass eye.

Tom: "Let us review our anatomy,

Clara."

Clara: "I will not! I lost a garter
while we were studying last night."

"My dear people," said the temperance lecturer, "just consider the number of houses whisky has wrecked." "Just consider," came a voice from the rear of the hall, "the number of ships water has wrecked."

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