

# THE BATTALION

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All undergraduates in the College are eligible to try for a place on the Editorila 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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## ENEMIES OF EDUCATION

There are three things that come near to making education impossible in our schools.

These three enemies of education are, viz:

Notebooks.

Credits.

Examinations.

The notebook mania turns students into reporters instead of learners.

How long could a conversation between two intelligent men be kept alive and vital if one of the men kept his head bent over a notebook and his eyes intent on a racing pencil that was taking down all the other man said?

The credit mania turns students into prize hunters instead of learners.

An education fails that does not stimulate a disinterested quest of understanding; and yet our elaborate systems of grades and credits and diplomas tend to make students more interested in the attainment of marks than in the enrichment of their minds.

Authentic education is something more than teasing students to study by holding before them the lure of a bonbon at the end of an hour, a term, or a year. No system of grades yet devised goes very far in measuring the actual education accomplishments of students. We are yearly perfecting our systems of credit. We are devising tests and techniques that go beyond a mere cross-examination of the student's ability to remember what the teacher said or the textbook contained, but we have done little to remove that primary concern about marks that so often turns the student aside from the deeper and broader concern for understanding.

The examination mania turns students into professional witnesses instead of learners.

"Examination, like fire," said Thomas Huxley, "is a good servant, but a bad master; and there seems to me to be some danger of its becoming our master. Students appear to become deteriorated by the constant effort to pass this or that examination, just as we hear of men's brains becoming affected by the daily necessity of catching a train. They work to pass, not to know; and outraged science takes her revenge. They do pass, and they don't know."

This commuter psychology that examinations induce means death to genuine education; the next great advance in education will, in my judgment, come when we break the hold that notebooks, credits, and examinations have upon the schools; but this is a matter that can not be met by minor tinkering with the systems themselves; it is a problem that sinks its roads in the larger problem of our educational objectives and teaching methods.

Again, Thomas Huxley made a suggestion that may help us here. "The great end of life," he said, "is not knowledge but action. What men need is as much knowledge as they can assimilate and organize into a basis for action; give them more and it may become injurious. One knows people who are as heavy and stupid from undigested learning as others from overfulness of meat and drink."

If we really believe this, we should revolutionize our schools.

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## CUTTING ACROSS

I wonder if many of the cadets have thought of the way we treat our campus when we walk across the spots that could be made into beautiful lawns. Did it ever happen to dawn upon them that this could be made into the most beautiful campus in Texas? Would it mean a morons' revolt if we started a campaign to stop walking across the grass here and make everyone keep on the sidewalks? Anyone who has ever visited a campus where the lawns are well kept and preserved would realize the value of such a movement.

It would mean that the cadet would have to take about ten steps more

or less to keep on the sidewalks at times but wouldn't that be better than to have ugly splotches such as appear in front of the Main Building and around the various halls. Of course there are not enough sidewalks at present to allow anyone to go everywhere without getting off them, but if the Authorities saw that we were in earnest I think that they would help out a little on that.

A green lawn I know is better for the eyes than the area we have between the Y and Mitchell Hall and it would make this place better to look at and make life around the campus seem more pleasant.

If you care to publish something about this in the Battalion I am sure that someone else could write a better article on the subject and might impress the student body as well as the faculty. It would take money to break up the tramped spaces but I believe that the College would meet us there and let the Department of Grounds take care of that.

H. K. BROWN.

## LATIN-AMERICAN CLUB ORGANIZED AT A. & M.

The Latin-American Club of A. and M. College recently organized, held its first meeting at College Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the "Y" parlors. A. Paez of Merico City, president of the club, told of the purpose and aims of the organization, which were to create a better understanding and give first hand information about the countries represented in the student body of the College. He also introduced the speaker of the afternoon, T. P. Bauman of Mexico City. So well did he picture to his audience the city nestling at the foot of mountains, with its castles, paved streets and splendid business institutions made one know that it enjoyed beauties unto itself that few if any other city did. C. Flagg and R. A. Kunitz on guitars accompanied C. Calle of Rio Grande City, who sang LaPaloma.

Officers of the club are: A. Paez, president; Carlos A. Clauseell, vice president; I. de la Fuente, secretary; P. Cuellar, sergeant-at-arms; and I. W. Parhart, treasurer.

Membership of the club is as follows: J. A. Morales, J. Ma. Garcia, Carlos A. Clausell, J. G. Esparza, V. Aldape, P. Cuellar, I. de la Fuente, L. Ramirez, A. Paez, J. J. Woolkett, T. P. Gaumann, J. P. Avila, C. M. Romero, E. Garcia, C. Valle, J. R. Dritt, R. S. Hodges, H. B. Adams, F. K. Pey-

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## THE MUSTACHE.

Fair reader this is what one of our fair Dallas girls thinks of that growth a good many of us have under our noses—

Despise Mustaches? What a mild un-descriptive manner in which to convey the utter and firmly rooted feeling in our hearts. Fain would I die before the degrading article of mention, touch my pure, snow-white face. Such a growth comes from Satan and in it lurks all the dangers, unknown and yet feared by the timid maiden. Rather would I, my man, cultivate the habit of chewing vile tobacco—black filthy stuff that it is—than to rear a menace to human society—as the mustache is. I grow faint and weak at the thought. No "lady" would allow the above mentioned thing to linger long in her presence. Listen not to the whispers of the devil one, abhor the thought of such filth—go your way untempted, for that sort of thing would lose you your home, friends, love, and everything that is worth while in a true man's life. Take council from one who knows!!!!

! WHEW !



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