

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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OUR UNSUNG HEROES.

These heroes of the night, these unknown and unsung lads who raise the bold pirate flag (under the cover of darkness) and fire trusty guns into the open sky, are often held up by the crowd as daredevils of enviable courage—until they are caught. With capture these lads lose all their romantic trappings and become merely very foolish little boys who thought they could throw spitballs at the teacher and get away with it. Is this short-lived notoriety worth the effort?

When they know that sudden and severe punishment of no uncertain nature awaits them if they are caught, are these lads wise in risking reputations and careers in a cause they only very vaguely understand? If the cause they are backing at the risk of expulsion and disgrace is worth such sacrifice, why can't they come out in the open and defend it? If they want A. and M. as it was (the Gods only know when) and not as it is, why can't they come peaceably to the authorities and ask for the necessary changes before taking such drastic measures?

The truth of the matter, very probably, is that the men who are so valiantly working for the cause at night haven't the slightest idea concerning the changes they desire. True, they may be dissatisfied with the present system—it has its faults—but they don't seem to be able to give exact reasons for their dissatisfaction, or to even tell just what reforms they desire. Any disgruntled bolshevik can raise the very devil at night, but it takes a little reasoning and thought to bring in necessary reform.

This blind and rather vicious striking at authority is foolish unless there is a real cause—and is really foolish then—there are many safer easier and more effective methods. Why not come out in the open if there is anything worth considering?

CONCERNING DALLAS.

A very ungracious sports writer of a Dallas newspaper has taken great offense to an editorial which recently appeared in *The Battalion*. We are very sorry indeed that the comments appeared in either of the papers. The Dallas Ex-Students have drawn up a statement, in which they assume all responsibility for everything that happened in the way of greeting the Aggies on their recent corps trip. This was a very noble act, and we appreciate the feeling of the Dallas Ex-Students. We sincerely hope that the Dallas E-Students have not been caused any embarrassment by either of the papers, and we gladly dismiss the affair.

BIG-HEARTEDNESS.

There is still a Santa Claus on this campus in one respect. Several barbers from the "Y" Barber Shop went over to the hospital Sunday morning and shaved all the boys in the hospital free-gratis. That is really a good example of big-heartedness and kindness. You that have been in the hospital for a few days without a shave know how a fresh shave makes you feel. It makes you feel almost human again.

And then there are the nurses at the hospital. They have been exhibiting the greatest amount of kindness during the crowded condition of the hospital. And if there is anything that will help a sick man to feel better, it is kindness.

WHITE'S SPEECH.

Mr. William Allen White, who romped all over the brown derby, will speak here at the college the night of the 5 of December. The Managers have coyly refrained from saying what he will speak about or on; he is to be given complete freedom, and complete freedom for Mr. White...the fireworks should be glorious.

Mr. White is a well-known philanthropist, author, editor, and reformer. Therefore his speech should be extremely interesting if not instructive. If it fails to instruct, the cause will probably be laid at the cadet's doorstep. So come and be prepared to defend yourself by looking intelligently and keeping your feet still. And if you must cough, bring your cough drops with you.

THE GRADUATE.

It was a beautiful sunshiny day in early June. The air was sweet and warm, the trees were in full leaf, here and there flowers lent their gorgeous coloring to complete nature's handiwork. A mocking bird sang in a treetop.

On the campus of Mammon University the contagion of the day had called forth the students from their work, hand in hand couples strolled around the campus or lounged under the trees, talking of the summer vacation soon to start. Animated and gay, they cared not for the morrow.

Several feet from the nearest group, seated on a concrete bench, was a lone figure, a senior, head bowed in thought, on his face a look of despair that showed something was wrong in his cosmos. Passersby eyed him askance and then turned to stare again, at a person who could look gloomy and discouraged on such a day. Deep in thought, he was unconscious of their gazes. He was reviewing his college career and the reminiscence was painful.

Tomorrow he would graduate—with honor. Four years of hard work, four years of repression, four years of butting his head against a stone wall, would be over. What had it accomplished? What had been the cost? Was it worth it?

Four years ago he had entered college eager for knowledge. In his ignorance he had believed that college could satisfy the desire to know that was so strong in him. Each spring he had gone away disappointed and disillusioned, each fall he had returned, full of hope. Now, at the end, the bitterness of defeat rose in his throat and choked him.

He felt there was a conspiracy to keep him from knowing. A conspiracy, not so much against him as against youth in general. A conspiracy between the colleges and business that had as its purpose the production of a highgrade fuel for the industrial furnaces. Business did not want intelligence, they only wanted mental laborers, who could by the use of their skilled brains, produce more goods at less cost.

They had succeeded, and in their success had warped the lives of many. No wonder so many families were broken up when the men only knew how to make money and the women how to spend it. They could not understand each other, they occupied different worlds and had no common meeting point. No wonder they approached the absurd in their pleasures. Only at the extremities were their desires in accord. Thank God, he was forearmed.

He had seen long ago the danger and had tried by every means within his power to avoid the trap set for him. He had neglected his work and devoted his time to other things, to a study of sociology and philosophy, to religion, psychology and literature. In them he had found a measure of peace and satisfaction. He felt that at last he had found what he was searching for. But even then he had been thwarted. The requirements of the professors had taken so much of his time he had

been unable to accomplish much. Well, no more would he listen to their longwinded dissertations on unimportant things. He was through. The thought brought a smile to his face.

He was glad his college days were over. No longer would he spend his nights memorizing a few facts so that he might pass a quizz, and then forgot them the next day. Instead, through the writings of the great and near great he would make part of their knowledge his, and, perhaps in a few years he could bridge the chasm of ignorance. A chasm the college had tried to detour.

The last four years has cost him heavily, but probably it was worth it. It had provided him with the tools to carve a living out of the world. Though he would probably cut himself on some of them, yet, in the main, they were valuable. The principle trouble was he did not know how to use them intelligently. He was like a child with a hammer and saw, who knew their uses, but would probably use them on the furniture rather than in the construction of something useful.

The enemies of intelligence had almost defeated him in college, and they were still lying in wait, waiting for an unguarded moment to attack his feeble defenses. He must be careful that in the economic struggle they did not find the opening they were looking for. He must be careful that under cover of material success they did not capture and make a Babbitt of him.

With a smile he arose and ambling to the depot bought a ticket—for South America.

First Down

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