

\*\*\*\*\*  
**SLANTS AT THE CROWD**  
 \*\*\*\*\*

Hang the crepe on Sbisa Hall  
 On dances no more  
 Can you look at all.

That's rather queer poetry but it fits in so nicely with what I'm about to rave about. It's too good to withhold from all those who are lovers of excellent verse. You prospective and would-be John Barrymores; you ambitious men with high social aspirations harken unto this story. Take heed and profit by its example. No more can you gaze through those big windows of dear old Sbisa at those closely entangled couples who drift slowly by; no more can you stand on the ledge and listen to the Aggieland croon a haunting lullaby; no more can you press your nose against the screen to get a better view of some little will-o-the-wisp in a rhapsody in Blue or perhaps, a symphony in green with a form like Venus' little sister.

From this time on, it seems that one is either on the inside looking out or he isn't there at all. We know for certain one thing at least and that is: one can't be on the outside looking in. So reach down far into your jeans, gentlemen, and bring out that necessary entrance fee. Hand it to the doorkeeper with a complacent smile on your face. Enjoy yourself for you're entitled to it.

Some of you that haven't the necessary stipend but are blest with attractive profiles just wait on the outside—some young lady with a soul of mercy may come by in a big Packard and show you the landscape. Things like that have been known to happen—but not here, brother, not here. The best thing to do is to trot back to your room and either go to bed or sit around and buzz and buzz, and think about what a helluva man you uster was.

Gather around the fireside, lads, while papa tells his nightly bedtime story. And what he's trying to tell you is meant for nobody else, so listen carefully and think it over.

It is an established fact that this is a man's school or at least it's supposed to be. Your parents thought it was or they would have sent you somewhere else back there in those balmy days when you were an unsophisticated freshman. How badly they were fooled or how nearly they were correct will always be a matter of opinion. The subject, however, that I'm trying to bring up for discussion is this: if we must be men, physically speaking, why can't we be men, mentally elert, and open our eyes to the things worthwhile around us and learn to appreciate them? About the only art we appreciate here is the art of criticising something or somebody. In the name of all that's high and holy why can't we wake up and give the other fellow a helping hand when he needs it?

We are too darn lazy to do it for one thing. We had rather sit back and criticize a bit or just remain neutral and not do anything. We'd rather revel in the art of "slinging a line" than to think seriously for once in a thousand years and obtain a little common sense by doing so. We are like a herd of wild horses—always following the leader wherever he goes, whatever he does, the

whole mob follows behind, just like Mary's little lamb. It would be a shame if someone would start toward the Brazos River and jump in it—we would all be drowned before morning. Let's break loose from the crowd; become a trifle bit more serious minded; learn to appreciate things that are being done for your own welfare and lend a helping hand to the ones that need it.

Perhaps it may all be summarized in the following trite sketch of poetry:

"If with pleasure you are viewing  
 Any work that man is doing—  
 If you like him or you love him  
 Tell him now.  
 Don't withhold your appreciation  
 'Till the parson makes oration  
 And he lies with snowy lilies on his brow.  
 For no matter how loud you shout it  
 He won't know a thing about it;  
 A man can't read a tombstone  
 when he's dead.  
 \* \* \*

Whoops! this fall weather is evidently having a jarring effect on the constitution of some of the soldier-boys on the campus. Now I've heard of "Spring Fever" and "Moonlight Madness" but I'll tell the cross-eyed world I never heard of "Fall Fever." But fall fever it must be and oh what a powerful influence it exerts on those who are victims of the malady. It demoralizes our mind, gives you that foolish feeling and to climax it all, makes you do things that in your sane and otherwise efficient mind you would never think of doing.

Picture if you please, the following episode that occurred the other day. Conjure your mind and make believe that it isn't so—don't say it too realistically or you might not believe it; but, if you believe it, it's so. Witness for example, this: a hazy eyed cadet, clad only in a bathrobe with which to face the sharp wind of a fresh norther, running around the flag-pole shouting "We want hot water, we want hot water!" Gentlemen of the jury, I'm in favor of his having hot water—anybody that wants it that badly should have it—and plenty of it at any time he wants it. Perhaps it was an advertising stunt of the Standard Plumbing Company, illustrating the fact that if one uses "Standard" supplies, he can always be assured of having hot water at anytime of the day or night. If this is true, then it certainly was original advertising.

I repeat sirs, this Fall Fever must be terrible. We sincerely hope that it is not contagious or we'll be having shirt-tail parades all over the campus. There's not another thing that would cause one to become temporarily unbalanced and do this unless one bought too much stock in cotton and the price went down two hundred points. That's the next group here that's going to lose control of itself. They are the most nervous men on the campus at the present time. If you see them running around the flag pole calling on Allah to raise the price of cotton, pass them by kindly—it isn't their fault; blame it on Wall Street.

We devoutly hope that the next dramatic incident that happens can be staged before a larger audience. It would be a treat for sore eyes and give us something to grow happy over when nothing else presented itself. On with the show.

INDUSTRIAL STUDENTS

(Continued from Page 1)

chosen for secretary-treasurer at the initial meeting, which was attended by 22 men.

The programs and activities of the club are to be consistent with the purposes outlined and from time to time speakers from all parts of

the state as well as from the campus will be asked to address the club on industrial arts and education work.

Members present at the organizing meeting were very enthusiastic and work was begun immediately on the program for the ensuing year. It is believed that the club will have a complete membership of twenty-five when organization is completed.

**ODD SHAPED CRYSTALS**

Fitted Quickly and Tightly.

We have all sizes of both Glass and Un-Breakable Crystals.

**SANKEY PARK**

DIAMONDS SILVER WATCHES

Class Pins

Senior Rings

EVERYTHING FOR COLLEGE IN THE JEWELRY LINE. WE PUT YOUR NAME ON ALL FOUNTAIN PENS & PENCILS BOUGHT FROM US FREE.

**CALDWELL'S JEWELRY STORE**

Belt Buckles  
 Fobs

T Pins  
 R. V. Pins

**COLLEGE TAILOR SHOP**

Boyett Building

BEN YOUNGBLOOD, Proprietor

*Correct Dry Cleaning and Pressing.*

CIVILIAN SUITS MADE TO ORDER

**UNIFORM TAILOR SHOP**

TAILOR-MADE SHIRTS, BREECHES, BLOUSES AND SLACKS

Mendl & Hornak, Props.

**THE NEW YORK CAFE**

New Throughout and Modern in Every Respect.

SOLICITS THE PATRONAGE OF OLD AND NEW STUDENTS

Next Door to La Salle Hotel

Bryan, Texas

Phone 460

**AGGIELAND BARBER SHOP**

TRY US FOR REAL SERVICE

We appreciate any part of your business.

(Next Door to Aggieland Drug Store

R. W. IVY