

The Battalion

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MORE GRIPES.

One nice thing about human nature is that it is long suffering. An average human being has to endure much before he is finally goaded into frenzy—that is, induced to take action which should have been taken long before. We sometimes wonder, considering all this, just how long our Aggie Brethren are going to continue to smother and stifle in the Assembly Hall. We went to the show a few nights ago in all good faith, and, with our usual optimistic expectancy, cheerfully sat down to await the slaughter of the luckless villian by the intrepid John Gilbert. Imagine our consternation then, when, just after all the adds had been carefully counted aloud by the corps, and all the ancient slides depicting voluptuous females had been violently applauded in the quaint old Aggie fashion, we began to suffer from asphixiation. We wanted to enjoy the show. We wanted to be one with our comrades, who were by that time demonstrating the vast gulf between civilization and savagery by rythmically stamping on the floor, vainly striving to catch the cadence of the electric pick-up. They did not seem to mind the lack of oxygen and hte heat, being he-men, perahps, but we had to sally forth for air. Art is art, verily, but the Black Hole of Calcutta is no place to watch the scintillating of cinema stars.

ENVIRONMENT AND THE MIND.

"Intelligence is not increased by going to college, nor is it an accident." The preceding statement is one that Dr. Donald A. Laird, director of Colgate University psychological laboratory, has just made in regards to a college education.

"Parents with brains much above the average have children with brains much above the average," says Dr. Laird. Brains seem quite definitely to be inherited just as eye color, sature, and temperament. College men have more brains than he man on the street because they had more brains in the first place, and therefore came to college.

No one knows just what qualities and characteristics a person inherits, but it is known definitely that the brain, at birth, of all normal persons has the same number of fissures, and that the amount of intelligence and education a person acquires throughout life increases these fissures. On the other hand, even though a person may inherit certain tendencies, if he is placed in a different environment to these tendencies, the influence of the environment will overcome what traits he may have, unless the mind is unbalanced. The statement that Dr. Laird makes concerning the idea that it is the men with more brains who come to college is indeed faulty. Many a brilliant high school graduate never has the opportunity of continuing his education on account of finances or illness. However, the moment a college graduate is introduced into a group of men of his age, the contrast can be seen quite easily.

A man may inherit certain permanent physical characteristics, and even some temporary tendencies, but as to his degree of inherited intelli-

gence, there has nothing been proved contrary to the settled and established belief that all men at birth have the same degree of intelligence, and that this is increased relatively to the amount of education.

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CONCERNING PROGRESS.

Abou ben Adhem, it is written, was one who loved his fellow men. He loved them as they were, and he did not worry about what they wore, or where they were going or when they died. He liked to see them smoke and be comfortable. Abou ben Adhem was no architect of the future (May his tribe increase) and if present conditions irked him at times, he probably took a little sentimental morphine and dreamed of something better, storing the revelations away until an opportune moment should come when he could reveal them to his friends.

It is unfortunate that all of us are not like Abou. The world would be pleasantly dead then, and we could go happily on with the old lines without having to kick Progress on ahead of us.

For perhaps that is what this latent anarchy and blatant heresey already striding through the campus mean. The annual war against convention and tradition is imminent again, maybe, and the intelligent minority is preparing to be crushed by the contented majority as of old—

Human progress belongs rather low in the scale of things—down with the Crustacea—and it is difficult to tell at any given moment whether the big, clumsy, lumbering creature is coming or going, for, like a crab, it moves unexpectedly. Then, too, Progress has but one method of growth, and that is by periodically bursting the tough shell of tradition and dogma with which it is cursed, forming a new and more comfortable shell of the same materials under vulnerable and perilous conditions, and then, during a period of quiescence and peace, filling the new shell. Abou would have humored such a creature, but there are those among us who endeavor to hasten the transitions at shell-bursting time by breaking off a brittle joint or two.

Naturally the beast resents such treatment. It is aghast at the prospect of being dismembered, and sometimes it reaches out a claw and pinches the life from some well-meaning radical, but there are others to take his place and the fight goes on—The crab is convulsed with fright and horror. Its armor of tradition is being stripped from it by ruthless hands. Its dogmas are worn out. The old platitudes are brittle. It thinks that it is going to die. But the aches that it takes to be the agonies of dissolution are merely growing pains, after all.

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