



BY M. H. HOLLOWAY

It is a known fact that people do not enjoy being ridiculed; that they do not like to be spoken of in a burlesque manner nor do they appreciate being brought into the lime-light when it would be so much more comfortable to remain hidden from the dear public. It is indeed sad and I weep with you over this deplorable state of affairs but I can't resist the temptation when it presents itself. At the present time this scribe is extremely nervous and is expecting a load of buck-shot in the back at any time on account of an article he created last week in one of his weaker moments. Nevertheless, we shall still attempt to "Slant" whenever the opportunity comes and if we ultimately end with a lily in our folded hands, let it never be said that we did not have the courage of our convictions.

Morals—yes, morals has always

been a subject for discussion ever since the day when Eve discarded her fig-leaves and stepped into a morning ensemble for the first time. Since that day the followers of that famous lady have been treading in the same path until today we see—but that is an entirely different story.

We, as intelligent and modern students of a man's college (where men are men and women are safe..... in novels) believe ourselves to be the "last word" in the manly art of "throwing" a successful party with all the necessary equipment that goes with it. But we are not creating any illusions for our kid sister or brother; they are just as skilled in the art as we and, sometime, even more so. Like Pat Henry they have but one lamp by which their feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience....and, it is safe to say,

they are not leaving much to the imagination. If grandad and grandma were here today with us to watch the antics of their posterity they would probably lose their false teeth in their astonishment.

While at home during the Thanksgiving holidays, I was dumbfounded to learn that at a party given for the junior class of the high school there, all of the young fellows came to it under the influence of a strong stimulant. They were finally bundled into one car and taken home by the host. Yea, verily, my dear brothers, the wild oats of the younger generation are not merely canary seed. Five years from this time they will make us look like Puritans. We may be collegiate but we have no tricks that the kid sister does not know.

C. I. A. (for some unexplainable

reason) has often been called the "College of Inocent Angels" and many of us are beginning to believe it ourselves. There is no adequate reason for us not believing it since it is a sister school and is about as severe in its reforms as this one. As to the adjective that precedes the word "Angels," we are no authority on the subject and feel unqualified to say whether it is correct or incorrect. That, of course, is the sad result of a lack of experience.

An illustration will suffice. On one of the trains which students were returning to their respective schools last Sunday night, were a group of C. I. A. lassies and, to climax the story—a car-load of Texas Aggies. It was necessary to entertain the young ladies itseemed. One freshman squeezed an accordion for two

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Some decisions can't be put off till tomorrow!

The basketball player who took very long to decide between passing the ball and trying for a basket would soon lose his chances to do either.

And the man who keeps putting off his decision in the choice of a career may lose his chance to be very effective at anything. Isn't it true that not a few men

up to their senior year are still very uncertain what work to take up after graduation?

The result is that many a born artist, becomes an indifferent engineer, and many a potential lawyer, a poor salesman.

Put yourself under the microscope and then—*be* yourself.



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