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THE BATTALION.

A. & M. College of Texas,
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THE BATTALION.

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LITERARY.

Milton's Genius as a Poet.

As a poet he singularly links the age of Spenser and Shakespeare with the age of Cowper; for, while his genius has the seriousness of both and, in his earlier works, the air of romance and the rich diction characteristic of the former, his spirit is worlds away from the frivolous vein and the prosaic outlook of the literary generation that was contemporary with his closing years.

As much as Spenser or Shakspeare, he is a child of the great Revival of Letters. As much as Bunyan or Cromwell, he is a child of the intenser spirit of that Revival of Christianity which we call the Reformation. Seldom has a great genius been better equipped in all the harness of culture, and at the same time in the defensive armor of personal purity, lofty enthusiasm, and noble purpose. He had, too, a two-edged sword of style, for he wrote Latin and English in either prose or verse with equal vigor, and to reach the ear of Europe in that age Latin was essential. Two gifts alone

were not his: the genial nature and the sense of humor; and the absence of these accounts fully for all that is faulty in his life or his works.

Among the poems, the Comus is my choice for perfect beauty in thought and in workmanship. As Saintsbury says: "It is impossible to single out passages, for the whole is golden."

The Hymn on the Nativity is remarkable, aside from its intrinsic merits, as being the first sustained lyric strain in the language.

Lycidas and Arcades have the same charms of noble thought and exquisite diction which give imperishable grace to all his earlier song. The two delicious companion pieces, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, have almost passed into the inner tissue of the English language, for almost every line of each has become a piquant quotation in social life.

The Sonnets are unique of their kind, few in any age or tongue being so evidently autobiographic.

As to the Paradise Lost and its se-

quel, *Paradise Regained*, we have here the spirit of Puritanism at its best and noblest. The weaker elements of the poem are equally the defects of Puritanism: the strange lack of humor, making the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous so easy, as in the description of the artillery that plays its part in the war in Heaven; the shocking irreverence that is all unconscious that it is irreverent, as in the hardihood with which God the Father is brought before us talking like a school divine; the lack of genial humanity, making Eve little more than a moving statue of beauty. The "mighty line" and the involved harmony of its music, the richness and variety of the scenes put before the imagination, the awe and mystery of the subject, are the chief attractions of the poem.

As it is not commonly valued so highly as it deserves. I beg you to give your closer attention to the *Samson Agonistes*. This poem is the most severely beautiful of Milton's works. Utterly bare of ornament; it contrasts singularly with his earlier poems in which there is so lavish a profusion of imagery. Compare its almost statuesque grandeur with the rich embroidery of the *Masque of Comus*, where the colors seem rather those of elaborate tapestry than of that word-painting which characterizes even the most brilliant poetry. We can, then, note only too clearly how private griefs, and disdain of the evil that had for the time triumphed, had stripped his great soul of its mellower tints and robbed his genius of the delight it had once taken in bright things.

Even in the early tide of song, which for him began so soon, his genius had

been Hellenic. Thought and coloring were both subordinated to form, from the Hymn on the Nativity to the *Samson Agonistes*. But in all that he produced before the downfall of the Commonwealth, there had been a richness of trope, metaphor, and simile, a luxurious harmony of rhythm, and that joy of the poet in the exquisite felicity of the language chosen to convey his thought, which are fully in keeping with the ripe taste of Hellenic art through all its mighty current, while perfection of form is still the ideal aimed at. In verse he reflects the whole body of Hellenic poetry. In prose he has the full Platonic weight and rhythm and amplitude of illustration.

But when the shadows settle down at last upon him—blind, lonely, unappreciated, and almost hopeless of his country's ever emerging from her saturnalia of shame and sin, the brightness vanishes from his inner vision, and the rugged grandeur of *Æschylus* is the type of his heartbroken but still battling genius. The bitter strength of one of the Hebrew prophets clings to the whole spirit and structure of the poem, and informs its design. Yet the Hellenic ideal in art remains paramount and gives to the tragedy its form throughout.

Yes, in this stern play that reads as if cut in stone, the Hebraic temper, always latent in Milton, the man, comes out in full force. But Milton, the artist, was from the first a Hellene, and could do no otherwise than work out his grand vindicatory thought in a purely Hellenic form.

There are no prettinesses in the *Samson*. Yet naked strength has brought out qualities not found else-

where in Milton's poetry. For instance, his usual lack of humor does not strike us here: on the contrary, wrath and scorn have been so potent as to give a trace of the quality we miss in him elsewhere. There is a grain of humor in some of the scenes, similar to that in which Elijah taunts the prophets of Baal. It is a grim and terrible humor, the humor of the tiger playing with its victim.

But the interest of the poem lies chiefly in the fact that it is a self-revelation. The character and fate of Samson are well chosen, for they typified to the thought of the poet his own character and fate. Blind and in subjection, exposed to the mockery of lewd lords, surviving in loneliness the overthrow of the free commonwealth he had helped to build and had ably served, knowing what he regarded as the cause of the Lord to be at least for the time utterly lost, he felt to the bottom of his heart a deep sympathy with the ancient Hebrew hero who had been the scourge of the Philistines and was now their captive, blind and bemocked.

He longed to be like him, too, in giving a crushing blow to his enemies and the enemies of God in the hour of death. That blow he would deal, so far as song can give a downright blow, and so the strong statuesque play came into being.

There is a cry of agony, but of agony at the same time heroic and musical, ringing through the poem up to the final moment, when it swells steadily and grandly—not in the least hysterically, but with the perfect poise and ample volume of sound which the poet's own beloved organ would have sustained—into the shout and thunder of triumph

which is the climax of the play and of the blind bard's pent-up feeling.

Be sure, when that last act was written, there arose before the inner eye of him whom the babblers about a corrupt court called rebel and heresiarch, a grand vision of ultimate vindication—the vindication of the cause for which he had labored and sacrificed and suffered. The vindication came, and the principles for which he and his compeers contended have, in the main, triumphed in England and elsewhere, wherever indeed the highest forms of civilization and the purest forms of Christianity are to be found. The *Samson Agonistes* is, then, a prophesy as well as a play.

There is nothing like it in the whole range of English literature.

A SYMPHONY IN SONGS.

After the Ball, the Two Little Girls in Blue, and Daisy Bell, accompanied by The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, went on a hay ride in Paddy Duffy's Cart.

The Man who Broke the Bank made love to Daisy as the Two Little Girls in Blue sang *That is Love*, followed by a chorus of *We Won't Get Home till Morning*.

An hour later, he said *Farewell, My Own True Love, Kissed Her at the Gate, and Turned His Homeward Way*. He went up stairs and Dreamed he Dwelt in Marble Halls, but soon awoke singing, *Oh, What a Difference in the Morning!* Three days later he was heard to say, *He Never Cared to Wander from His Own Fireside*.

The base wretch who hoards up all he can
Is praised and called a careful, thrifty
man. —Dryden.

Courage.

The eager interest with which we listen to tales of bravery and endurance illustrates the high esteem in which we all properly hold courage. The pioneer's sturdy conflict with the untried wilderness, the explorer's battles with arctic ice bergs, famine and cold, and with tropic fevers and the mighty beasts of the jungle; the soldiers' gallant charge or heroic defense amidst showers of bullets and the vast machinery of death; all these arrest our attention and claim our praise. All nations justly exalt their heroes. Into song and glory, into splendid monuments of art their achievements and victories have been wrought. Each age has some peculiar type of courage which exalts it above the rest, and we can trace something of the world's progress to the men to whom from time to time have been awarded the laurel crown of greatness.

As we advance in civilization we come to admire the higher and finer forms of courage that manifest themselves not only in the field of battle, but in the arena of daily experiences and life; courage that exhibits itself in the moral heroism that endured trials for truth, that sacrifices happiness for nobility, and love, that accepts conditions of lowliness and hardships for the sake of divine charity.

Caesar is at the head of one age because his conquests over-ran the world, Luther is deemed the lion hearted one because for liberty of conscience and the propagation of truth he defied the powers of Rome that then held sway over the civilized world; and Florence Nightingale, treading softly among the

slain and wounded on the battle field ministering to them the angel's blessings of mercy and peace is still a later hero, as grand and imposing as any of them. These were the strong hearted, the brave whose courage exhibited our nature in the loftiest attitude and action.

Columbus was a true hero, with the true courage in his heart. Alone and animated only by the great faith that was within him, he fought the prejudices of his age through a conflict that lasted nearly a lifetime. He never thought of surrender or despair. He was undismayed by the trackless unknown waters over which superstition pictured infinite perils, but pushed on with fearless and resistless will and gained his conquest. He knocked at the gates of the West and they opened to him the glory and the wealth of a continent.

This is the history of many a courageous life. In solitude, against prejudices and adverse conditions, against prejudices and adverse conditions, against temptations and in spite of loss, the moral hero wins his victory, maintains his virtue and faith and ultimately attains the triumph of a complete and noble character.

Again, there is a courage of character that is brave enough to be what it ought to be; it makes no pretention that it cannot sustain. Hypocrisy is the coward's refuge. Only a brave and true man can dare show himself what he is. Young men who resist the enticement of companions, who turn the lofty purpose against the sword thrust of a sneer, who choose some high and noble mis-

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sion that requires sacrifice and toil, have indeed a splendid form of courage. Young manhood has peculiar temptations, and history presents to us men, whose moral courage in resisting them have made themselves the equals of Washington, Lee and Grant.

There is also a courage of conviction found in the man who is brave enough to think what he ought to think. There are great mental battles, and some of our finest victories have been won by those men who have fought their way through doubt and darkness to conviction and light.

The world is held back by men who are afraid to think. Thought is the creator of civilization and progress. It is the emancipator that frees men from all superstition and tyranny. Every true thought leads towards God. Thought will never damage anything that ought not to disappear. It will strengthen all that is worthy and good. It will not injure the vital elements of established truth; although it may send some arrogant theories into oblivion whither all error must ultimately go. The only danger is that men have not the courage to think deeply enough. The courage that does what ought to be done, that leads a man to become what he ought to be, and to think what he ought to think, is of the highest order. The courage of manly action, character and thought, stands above brute force and exalted passion. Courage is essential in all true life. All progress is conquest, a series of battles and victories. Advance is won by effort only. The true life must be fearless and tireless, and amidst the temptations, trials, sorrows and conflicts in life, heed

—hear the divine message that came to David in the days of his troubles. "Be of good courage." A. M. H.

A Mother's Love.

If there is one mortal feeling free from the impurities of earthly frailty that tells us in its slightest breathings of its celestial origin, it is that of a mother's love, a mother's chaste, overwhelming and everlasting love of her children.

The name of a mother is our childhood's talsiman, our refuge and safe guard in all our mimic misery; 'tis the first half-formed word that falls from a babbling tongue; the first idea that draws upon the mind; the first, the the fondest and most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man. It is not a feeling of yesterday or to-day; it is from the beginning the same and unchangeable: it owes its being to this world, but it is independent and self-existent, enduring while one pulse of life animates the breast that fosters it; and if there be anything of morality which survives the grave, surely its best and noble passion will never perish.

'Tis not selfish passion depending for its permanency on the reciprocation of its advantages; but in its sincerity it casteth out itself and when the welfare of that object is at stake, it putteth away fear and knoweth not weariness.

It is not excited by form nor feature, but rather by a happy pervision of perception, imbues all things with an imaginary beauty. It watches over our helpless infancy with the ceaseless benignity of a guardian angel, anticipates every childish want, humors every childish fancy, soothes every transient

sorrow, sings our sweet lullaby to rest,
 and cradles us on its warm and throbbing
 breast, and when pain and sickness
 prey upon the fragile form, what medi-
 cine is there like a mother's kiss? What
 healing power like a mother's bosom?

And when launched upon the wide
 ocean of a tempestuous world, what eye
 gazes on our adventurous voyage with
 half the eagerness as does maternal
 fondness, amid the sad yet not unpleas-
 ing contest of hopes and fears and deep
 anxieties?

When the rugged path of life has
 been bravely, patiently and nobly trod-
 den, when posterity has smiled upon us,
 when virtue has upheld us among world's
 temptations, and when fame has bound
 her laurels around us, is there a heart
 that throbs with more lively or greater
 pleasure.

Yet it is not prosperity, with her
 smiles and beauty, that tries the purity
 and fervor of a mother's love. It is the
 dark and dreary precients of adversity,
 and the cold frowns of an unfeeling
 world, in poverty and despair, in sickness
 and sorrow, that it shines with a bright-
 ness beyond mortality, and stifling the
 secret agonies of her own heart, strives
 to pour balm and consolation on the
 wounded sufferer.

Absence cannot chill a mother's love,
 nor can vice itself destroy a mother's
 kindness. The lowest degradation of hu-
 man frailty cannot wholly destroy the
 remembrance of the first, fond yearnings
 of your affection.

The love of a father may be as deep
 and as sincere, but is calmer and more
 calculating, and more fully direct in the
 great periods and ends of life. It can-
 not descend into those minatiæ of per-

fection, those watchful cares for the mi-
 nor comforts and gratifications of exist-
 ence which a mother, from her finer
 sensibilities of nature, can more readily
 appreciate.

The pages of history abound with the
 record of maternal love in every age and
 clime, and every rank of life; but it is a
 lesson of never ending presence, which
 the heart can feel and acknowledge, and
 needs not example to teach how to venerate.

Can there be a thing so vile and odious,
 so dead to nature's impulses, who, in re-
 turn for constant care, such unvarying
 kindness, can willingly or heedlessly
 wound the heart that cherished him, for-
 sake the lonely one who nursed and
 sheltered him; who can madly sever the
 sweetest bond of union and bring down
 the gray hairs of his parents to the
 grave; who can leave them in their old
 age, to solitude and poverty, while he
 wantons in the pride of undeserved pros-
 perity!

If there be any, let him revoke the
 name of man, and herd with the beasts
 and perish, or let him feel to destruction
 the worst of human miseries.

JUNIOR.



Except a living man there is nothing
 more wonderful than a book!—a mes-
 sage to us from the dead, from human
 souls whom we never saw, who lived,
 perhaps, thousands of miles away; and
 yet these, in those little sheets of paper,
 speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach
 us, comfort us, open their hearts to us
 as brothers.

—Kingsley.

Words learned by note a parrot may
 rehearse,
 But talking is not always to converse.
 —Cowper.

A WOMAN'S LOVE DREAM.

MRS. NETTIE P. HOUSTON BRINGHURST.

We all have waking visions—I have mine,
And being young, and fanciful, and
counted fair,
I sometimes dream of love.
And sitting all alone, and musing still,
While yet the firelight flickers dim,
I ask myself if I should learn to love,
If my still heart could wake to life,
How would I love, and how would I be
loved?
I would be loved in calmness—
Trusted and not feared.

I do not ask that he be proud and cold,
But calm, and grave, and very strong—
A king, like Saul, among the sons of
men,
And kinglier o'er himself.
He must not tremble at my slightest
frown,
Nor shudder if another meets my eye;
I would not rule, nor yet would I be
ruled;
I scorn the tyrant as I scorn the slave.
There is a love of sweet equality,
The love God gave and smiled upon,—
For it was very good.

He whom I love must be my king,
But I must be his queen;
And he should yield me, as my tribute
due,
The reverence I had earned.
Not only by my womanhood, but by my
gentleness,
Long-suffering, the patient sweetness,
Only love can teach;
For looking on me he should feel and
know
That peace and rest which follow after
toil.
I do not ask for him the world's ap-
plause,
His deeds the annals of a nation's pride,
His name upon the lips of men;
But I must feel his power—

Must know he could be what earth's he-
roes are—
I could not love him were he not thus
great.

His hand must be both safe and strong;
A hand to shield, to trust, to lay mine
own within,
To stake my life upon;
A hand that might have fought with
Hercules,
Yet would not harm the worm before his
path;
For though the heart of woman loveth
oft
A thing she doth unwillingly despise,
It is a pitiful, imperfect love that hath
not
For the corner-stone the rock of Faith.
His heart must be most tender and most
true—
A heart that loves, and pities, and be-
friends
Earth's suffering children, whether high,
Or yet among the lowly and the poor,
And he must love me perfectly.
If I should ever meet this man,
While he bent down to kiss my shining
hair,
Or smooth its clusters from their clinging
rest,
A sweet, unspoken language in his touch,
Would lift my bright eyes to the light of
his;
And, as in fair Judea, when the world
was young,
Sarah with reverence said to Abraham,
My lips should call him "Lord!"

Athletic Branch of A. M. C. A.

A few words in regard to this feature
of the Y. M. C. A., may not at this
time be out of place. Its history is
brief. Some two years ago it was
thought that the interests and influ-
ences of the association might be con-
siderably advanced by the addition of

this branch.

To that end a subscription list was circulated and something like \$500 was subscribed by the faculty and students of the College. The board of directors made an appropriation of \$500 to assist in the erection of a store room for the College, the building to be used by the Y. M. C. A. as a gymnasium until substantial and permanent buildings could be secured. Not only has no progress been made toward securing this permanent hall, but from neglect, even the little nucleus of apparatus around which it was hoped to gather material for a first class gymnasium, was fast going to ruin, much of the apparatus having been broken or otherwise injured, and some also have taken from the hall.

This session a strenuous effort has been made toward repairing and improving the place. Over \$135 have been expended in the care, and repair of old apparatus. A nice lot of Indian clubs were made in the College machine shop, a peg-hole, jump stands, kick-stand, a hand-ball wall and drum for striking bag were also made in the College shops by students. In addition to this a new trapeze, a rope ladder, medicine ball, vaulting horse, two striking bags, fencing foils and masks, boxing gloves, dumb bells (wood and iron) and bar-bells have been added, so that it is now fairly well equipped with good apparatus, and it is sincerely hoped that sufficient interest will be manifested by students and faculty to keep up repairs and pay some one to keep up the hall. Of the 300 students only about 100 have paid the small fee charged for the use of the gymnasium. Very few of the professors manifest any interest in either branch of the association. It is certainly very discouraging to the few students who struggled so manfully for several years past to maintain this organization.

While on the subject of athletics I would like to ask what became of those field-day exercises which were announced last session to take place monthly? It appears that they might be made quite an interesting feature of College life. They are at other institutions, why not at this?
R. F. S.

REVEILLE.

The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,

And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flashing with crimson dyes.

Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night,

You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright;

Come, part with them all for a while again,—

Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.

Turn out! turn out! turn out!

You have dreamed full long, I know.

Turn out! turn out! turn out!

The east is all aglow.

Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

Fall in! fall in! fall in!

Every man in his place!

Fall in! fall in! fall in!

Each with a cheerful face.

Fall in! fall in!

M. O'CONNOR.



Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—Shirley.

In Memoriam.

Whereas, the Allmighty in his wisdom has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved classmate, Charles Goodwin, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the second section of the fourth class, desire to express our sorrow at the loss we have sustained, of a comrade whose gentlemanly character impressed us all, even during the short time of his connection with us, and our deep sympathy with his family in their bereavement.

Resolved, That we will wear mourning for thirty days, as an expression of our grief.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the BATTALION, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased,

CADETS R. LANE, HOSKINS, HIRSHFELD,
GILBERT, Committee.

+†+

WISE SAYINGS.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
—Susan Coolidge.

Pulchrorum autumnus pulcher.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

—Holmes.

If you can be well without health,
you can be happy without virtue.

—Burke.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery is the food of fools,
Yet now and then you men of wit
Will condescent to take a bit.

—Swift.

Whoever can make two ears of corn,
or two blades of grass to grow upon a
spot of ground where only one grew be-
fore, would deserve better of mankind

and do more essential service to his
country than the whole race of politicians
put together. —Swift.

Education, briefly, is the leading of
human souls to what is best, and mak-
ing what is best out of them; and these
two objects are always attainable to-
gether, and by the same means. The
training which makes men happiest in
themselves, also makes them most
serviceable to others.

—John Ruskin.

Modesty in man or woman is signi-
ficant of innate culture and true refine-
ment of sentiment, and while it may be
at a discount among the multitude of
brazen-faced plebians, it will ever be
found prominent in such men as Wash-
ington and Lee, and indeed, in all truly
great characters.

The greater part of human suffering is
due to "man's inhumanity to man."

Politeness is the first and most im-
portant law of truly aristocratic society,
and he who violates this precept pro-
claims himself a boor.

Some people vainly imagine that fun
is synonymous with cruelty; and like-
wise fail to discriminate between a
mirth provoking joke and wounding
ridicule.

+†+

Two Gifts.

Once you gave me your soul,
But feared to give me a kiss;
And then our two spirits stole
To a paradise of bliss.

Now you give me no soul,
You give me only a kiss.
And I know what the opposite pole
Of blissful paradise is. E. W.

+†+

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

F. M. LAW, JR., EDITOR.

WITH this issue of the BATTALION the present management severs its connection with the paper; before doing so, however, we desire to express our appreciation of the assistance and encouragement given us by the corps and the members of the faculty and some of the ladies of the campus, who have furnished us with some highly entertaining contributions. We feel exceedingly gratified with the success of the paper, so far this year, and with the experience which we have acquired in editing the journal, we are deeply sensible of the fact that those in charge of getting out the paper need all the assistance which can be given them, and we desire to bespeak for those who take our place your continued interest and support in a work so highly deserving. Again thanking you, we make our bow and sincerely offer our successors our best wishes.

A great deal of comment and criticism has been awakened from the press, occasioned by the valedictory address made by Major-General Schofield, on the occasion of his retiring from active command of the U. S. army. In his farewell document he sets forth in strong, forcible terms, the opinion that we, as a nation, should increase the size of our standing army. If it is as he says, our coast defenses are almost worthless, owing to inadequate forces to defend them, and while it is true that we are a

peaceful nation and have little interest in international disputes in which we are the agrieved party, still this advice he tenders may have its application. It should strengthen the military spirit of the states which has since the time of the civil war, been our reliance. It should show to those states that have no national volunteer guard the necessity of the immediate equipment of one. Texas can boast of a superb guard and we know not at what time she may make the best use of it. As a cadet we should congratulate ourselves that we have the benefit of such a thorough military training, and no doubt, were war to break out, many who have studied the military tactics at the old A. & M. of Texas, would be called upon to occupy high and noble positions in fighting for the defense of the state which educated them.

THE BATTALION is, by no means, a political paper, yet the recent election has brought about such a political revolution, that we feel justified in making a few simple comments on the cause of the avalanche as it is frequently termed: 'Twas only two short years ago that the Democrats achieved such a splendid and complete ascendancy over other political parties of the day and little was it dreamed that their triumph was to be so short lived. One of the first things which attract attention in looking around for an explanation of the wonderful and marked change of sentiment shown by

our voters, is the financial panic of 1893. This depression of business was laid to the credit of the party in power at that time (Democratic). It was very unjust to do this because the circumstances giving rise to the trouble were created, not by the Democrats, but by the party preceding them in power. Democracy was again unfortunate in having to deal with some of the most vital and bitterly disputed measures of the age, and because the Senate and the House of Representatives refused to treat them lightly and take hasty action in regard to them, there was much dissatisfaction among the people, who charged the lawmakers with criminal inactivity and negligence and while there was, no doubt, on the part of some who called themselves

conservative democrats, a seeming culpable lethargy, still they claimed to have good reasons for their delaying of the settlement of questions brought before them. Again, the democrats were badly divided among themselves at the time of the last election, and in as much as a house divided against itself cannot stand, neither can any power, either political or non political, be successful if the attribute of harmony and unity be lacking. The republican party is a minority power but one in which there was perfect unison and concert of action. We may safely say then that the last election, which resulted so disastrous to the democratic party was a republican victory of a united minority against a divided majority of democrats.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

A. M. FERGUSON, EDITORS.

My Dear Brothers of the Alumni:

Last week a most important squib was by mistake left out. No doubt some of you wondered why it was that an associate alumni editor's name was placed at the top of the column. Mr. Sauvignet, of Laredo, your duly elected editor, stated that he had contracted to hold down the science department of the Laredo school, and that it was more than he could do to look after the Battalion matter and his other academic duties, as the latter amounted to more than he thought he had contracted for. He sent his regrets to the editor in chief, and left to the local staff choosing of a substitute. The editorial staff, with the supervising edi-

tor, requested me to fill the vacancy. I agreed to act the part of an assistant.

Now, my dear friends of the Alumni, how am I to make our column readable? I have picked up a few locals from hearsay, and it proved so unreliable that I have decided not to rely on it in the future. If you wish to know what the other members of the Alumni are doing, let each one send me by letter or postal what he knows. Make a mutual exchange. See?

We want literary matter. A few have promised to contribute something. But don't all of you wait to be asked. A voluntary contribution will be highly appreciated by all.

Again, how many are regular subscri-

bers? How many members of the association are willing to contribute materially towards the support of the Battalion for the privilege and space accorded us? If this is our column, we ought to bear the expense. All of us know the difficulties that beset college journalism. Think and act today.

No doubt all ye old graduates will be glad to know of the excellent moral tone that pervades the corps at the present time. Discipline was never better. The boys have organized and equipped a band of 16 pieces, and it adds not a little to the military feature of the college.

Lt. George Bartlett has manifested a strong disposition to keep the corps at its present military and moral standing, which his predecessor, Lt. Benj. C. Morse took so much pride in developing.

We recently had the pleasure of participating in the regular and exacting S. M. I. With the exception of three or four rooms where the occupants were afflicted with the measles, the barracks were found to be in most excellent condition.

NOTES.

Gus Japhet spent a Sunday at the college the latter part of last month.

F. Peters, B. M. E., is draughtsman in the Southern Pacific shops at Houston.

B. C. Parsons, B. S. H., '93, is conducting an extensive quarry business at Kerrville, Texas.

Jerry Ellis, though not a graduate, is making a success out of the real estate business in Fort Worth.

W. P. Cottingham is connected with a firm in Houston, doing a lucrative

commission business.

W. H. Mitchell, B. C. E., '93, has charge of the fifth and sixth grades of the Holland high school.

R. H. Dietert, B. M. E., '88, is assistant foreman of the car repair shops of the H. & T. C.; at Houston.

Deitrich Schmidt is walking track for the Southern Pacific railroad near the town of Devils River.

Dan Cushing writes to one of the boys that he has received several honors since he entered Vanderbilt.

J. A. Ortiz, of Laredo, took an active part in the last campaign. He has settled down to business since the election.

Reece Fowler has been out surveying for the International. We understand he is now with the railroad commission.

Charley Mitchell is first lieutenant of the Metropolitan guards, Dallas. He takes as much interest in military affairs as ever.

We would be very pleased to hear from the older graduates. What are you doing and what is the news? Any suggestions?

Chas. Schmidt is still working at the Mexican National railroad shops, and will soon have finished his time as practical machinist.

Frank Lewis, B. C. E., '94, has not been teaching, as stated in the last issue. He has been with a surveying party on the Texas Midland.

D. W. S. Cox, B. C. E., '92, is one of the editors and managers of the Temple Daily Tribune, lately established at that enterprising city,

E. Wright, the gallant senior captain of '92, attended the law department of

the University of Virginia last session. He is located at Paris, Texas.

Mr. Walter Jones arrived this week from Bluefields, and is now at the home of his parents out on the Salado, being unwell.—[Belton Journal.]

A. Miller Todd, B. C. E., '94, has been assistant to the Inspector of Levees on the Mississippi since Aug. 1. Address, Luna Landing, Ark.

A letter was received from Joe Weidel, B. C. E., by the senior editor some time ago. He was working up in New Jersey as draughtsman for a firm holding large smelting works in Mexico.

Frank Norman Houston, stopped off at the College a few hours not long since. He was on his way to Algiers, La., where he has accepted a position in a surveying corps on the S. P. railroad.

Profs. F. E. Geiseke, D. Adriance, P. S. Tilson, A. L. Banks, H. Ness, and Messrs. E. W. Hutchinson and F. C. Beyer, of the College, are pursuing the even tenor of their vocations.

B. C. Pittuck, B. S. A., spent thanksgiving at the college. He has selected journalism as a profession, and started out with a paper that has at all times shown the greatest interest in the college, i. e., Texas Farm and Ranch, of Dallas.

Thursday, November 29, 1894.

B. C. PITTUCK.

Where is the college graduate who does not look upon his alma mater with pride and affection, and when revisiting her, whose pride is not mingled with pleasure? From the time his feet touch the campus familiar objects are brought

to view, and with these come recollections of past events, unthought of, perhaps, for years. Every detail brings to mind some college scrape, and makes the heart thrill with pleasant emotion.

It was fortunate for me that I was able to visit the Texas A. & M. college on Thanksgiving, which is one of the gala days of the year—a day of pleasure, feasting and sport for the students. I passed on to the venerable old main building, where I had puzzled my brain so often over the problems of "infernal" calculus, or some reaction in chemistry that would not react. Yes, I could see that familiar old blackboard that I stood before many times, and trembled lest I should not work my example. Yet, these are pleasant memories, and long may they endure. I slept in the same old room which I had occupied the last year of my school days, and slept as of old—and for a wonder—something I seldom did when a student—I heard the bugler sound that familiar old call, reveille. I thought I would not get up, but decided to do so. After some of my friends pulled me out of bed. It looked familiar to see the boys falling in at reveille for roll call; some with clothes half on, and others with clothes half off, and some with only an overcoat, cap and shoes. Did they look natural? I declare, without fear of successful contradiction, they did. But breakfast found them fully dressed; shoes shined, faces washed and hair combed, as the law requires, and ready for the inspection, which takes place at breakfast roll call. I took breakfast in the mess hall, and spent the rest of the day viewing the campus and visiting my old friends.

The thanksgiving ball is held the evening before thanksgiving, and is always crowded with fair young women, and overcrowded with students. It was a gay affair and the students know how to enjoy such an event, for they are few and far between. They need not get up the next morning until breakfast, for reveille is always omitted on such oc-

easions. But very few stay in bed late, for this is a day in which fun is to be had, and in order to put in good time, they must "up and hustle."

A tennis tournament was a feature of the morning sport. It was well played and well matched, and enjoyed by all who witnessed it. But the event of the day was the football game. More than 500 people witnessed it. It was College vs. Galveston, and resulted in a score of 18 to 6, in favor of the College team. The game was well played, and enjoyed immensely by all. When a good play was made the boys would make the air resound with yells and screeches, and such hideous sounds as only College boys can make.

The college is full this year, having turned away over fifty students on account of lack of accommodation. A more manly set of boys cannot be found than I found on the campus—three hundred strong. The discipline is as perfect as military science can make it, which is a great credit to Lieutenant Bartlett, Professor of Military science.

Gov. Ross, the same as ever, is beloved by his students, and honored by all who know him. He is a grand man and doing a grand work—a work that will live when the College walls have crumbled; and growing with the growth of the state, will bless generations yet to be.

The Horticultural department is making extensive experiments with grapes which promise some important results.

Dr. Francis is making important experiments with his special pet, the cattle tick.

As the A. and M. College of Texas becomes more fully known the people of the state are showing their appreciation by sending more boys to it than can be accommodated. What is the matter with the great state of Texas? Thousands of young men desire just such an education as is dispensed at this institution. Shall they ask for bread and receive a stone; or an egg,

and receive a scorpion? Shall they ask for a practical industrial education and receive—their walking papers.

Let the legislature soon to meet answer.

AFTER THE BALL.

COLLEGE PARODY.

A little private climbed the commandant's knee,
Begged for a corporalship; do, lieutenant, please.

I cannot do a thing for you, so the commandant said,
For when taps had blown, sir, you should have been in bed.

When you first came, sir, you had "caught my bird;"

But at the Bohemian ball, on the twenty-third,

I did catch you dancing, dancing in that hall.

Now you've lost your corporalship by going to Bohemian ball.

CHORUS.

After the ball is over, after the long roll has blown,

After the reports have all been made and some of the boys have flown,

Many the hopes that are blasted, if you could read them all,

Many the boys that are sorry, after Bohemian ball.

"OLD FISH."

+†+

I asked her what she thought of me,

To which she answered, "Pooh!"

I really cannot tell — you see

I never think of you."

+†+

'Tis worth a wise man's best of life,

'Tis worth a thousand years of strife,

If thou may'st lessen, but by one,

The countless ills beneath the sun.

—ANON.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

P. P. MILLS, EDITOR

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Wholesale and retail dry goods, boots and shoes, hats, trunks and gentlemen's wearing apparel.

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Novelties, drugs, toilet articles, etc.

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Practical branch of the State University of Texas. Full corps of professors. More than 300 students. Strict military discipline. Ex-Gov. L. S. Ross, president.

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Cadets are expected to patronize those who patronize us.

Directory.

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OFFICERS OF CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY.

A. P. Duggan, president; H. P. Jordan, vice-president; C. W. Carson, critic; R. L. Cox, treasurer; W. H. Clarke, recording secretary; J. H. Miley, corresponding secretary; W. A. Polk Jr., censor; A. U. Smith, librarian; A. W. Amthor, assistant librarian; L. A. Lowry, sergeant-at-arms; G. W. Caswell, assistant sergeant-at-arms.

FOOTBALL TEAM.

| | | | | |
|------------|-----------|---|---|-----------------|
| Jordan | - | - | - | Referee |
| Watts A. | (captain) | - | - | Quarter-back |
| Muller | - | - | - | Left End |
| Chiles | - | - | - | Left Tackle |
| McDonald | - | - | - | Left Guard |
| Burney | - | - | - | Center Rush |
| Burleson | - | - | - | Right Guard |
| McNeill | - | - | - | Right Guard |
| Barnum | - | - | - | Right End |
| Valdez | - | - | - | Right half back |
| Massenberg | - | - | - | Left half-back |
| Sims M | - | - | - | Full Back |

Subs: Perkins, Carson C, Lane W. and Childers.

GLEE CLUB.

| | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|-------------|
| Mrs. E. W. Hutchinson | - | Directress. |
| Bittle P, | Gross, McMillan | Duggan. |

GERMAN CLUB

| | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|-----------|
| Dr. T. C. Bittle | - | - | - | Critic |
| Goldberg | - | - | - | Treasurer |
| A. M. Ferguson | - | - | - | President |

THE BATTALION.

COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Prof. W. B. Philpott - - General Mg'r.
 H. F. McDonald - - Stage Manager.
 F. M. Law, Jr. - - - - Treasurer
 P. P. Mills - - - - Secretary
 G. T. Littlefield - - Property Mg'r

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

R. L. Dinwiddie - - Pres. and Mg'r
 M. M. McMillan - - Vice President
 John Gurley - - Musical Direc.

COLLEGE MANDOLIN CLUB.

F. M. Law, Jr., - - General Manager
 S. L. Cahn - - Director and L'dr

RED HEADED CLUB.

L. N. Snow - - President
 A. U. Smith - - Vice-Pres
 McCord - - Recording Sec'y
 D. Moore - - Treasurer

FOOTBALL CLUB.

A. P. Watts - - Captain
 M. W. Sims, Jr, - - A'sst Capt
 W. S. Massenberg - - Business M'gr

DIVINE WORSHIP.

Rev. T. C. Bittle - - Chaplain.
 Services, Sunday morning and evening.
 Chapel every morning at 7: 45.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Devotional exercises Sunday afternoon
 Gymnasium open every afternoon ex-
 cept Sunday.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Rev. T. C. Bittle - - Superintendent.
 Meets Sunday morning at 10: 30.

In a few more days the corps will go into winter-quarters; then, good-bye to long, tire-some drill for a few month's at least. It is so fine to be able to make up a good fire in your room, take a good book, and spend an afternoon in reading it. It is during this term that we really have any time that we may call our own and the boys are not slow to appreciate it.

Foot Ball Game.

The Sand Crabs, in their blue and yellow hose,
 Thought they could beat us if they chose;
 They played a pretty game,
 But we won it just the same,
 And how jubilant we are nobody knows.

They said at first 'twas weight that made it seem

As if the College had the better team—
 But Valdez and Sims and Lane
 And McDonald made it plain
 That our boys could run as well as tip the beam.

The papers seemed to think Grempczynski's name

Alone would be enough to win the game;
 That Krug would be surprised,
 Terror stricken, paralyzed,
 By the consonants and vowels of the same.

But its hard to give the college boys a scare—
 (They say its owing to the Mess Hall fare)
 And "Snapperback"
 Exhibited no lack

Of pluck and strength and will to do and dare.

When our plucky right-half got his ankle [bruised,
 And the cry was for Pond's extract to be used,
 Or when Perkins, faint and white
 Lay there bleeding, 'twas a sight
 To shudder at, but how the boys enthused.

When rising from the dust and crowd and dirt,
 As fresh as if they'd ne'er been hurt,
 Those brave fellows formed in line,
 And I tell you, it was fine

When Valdez, still limping, made that last [great spurt.

On last Saturday night the Austin had a business meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the next (winter) term. The following gentlemen were elected: F. M. Law Jr., president; H. T. Coulter, vice-president; B. C. Watkins, critic; M. McMillan, recording secretary; H. Clark, censor; G. T. Littlefield, financial secretary; Abe Gross, corresponding secretary; Bryan, librarian; Dinwiddie, sergeant-at-arms.

The editorial staff of the BATTALION as elected last week by the two societies, are as follows: A. H. Fitzgerald, class '95, Calliopean, Editor-in-chief; associate editors: B. C. Watkins and F. H. Perkins, Austin; W. A. Miley and W. A. Pelk, Calliopean.

Our college band is improving daily under the able and efficient management of Leader Jenkins, and we think there are few amateur bands in the state that can furnish as good music as does ours.

Applied.

An esteemed contributor has spent much valuable time in ascertaining the person or occasion the author had in his mind when he wrote each verse. We give the quotations below with the name of the person annexed to whom it is supposed to refer:

"First in the council hall—to steer the state
And ever foremost in a tongue debate."

—Watkins.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

—McMillan.

"O, so light a foot
Will never wear out the everlasting flint."

—Sergeant Major.

"And melancholly marked him for her own."

—Mills.

"I am nothing if not critical"—Hutson W.

"Help me, Cassius, or I sink."—Stewart.

"One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."—Jenkins.

"One may smile and smile and be a villain."

—Jordan.

"I would sleep for awhile, I am wear."—Porter

"How angel like he sings."—Bittle P.

"Never, never, oh, never! earth's luckiest
sinner

Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his
dinner."—Wells, entering Mess Hall after
Battalion.

"By Heaven, its a splendid sight to see,
For one who hath no friend, no brother there."

—The Football Game.

"The tenden azure of the unruffled deep."

—Duggan's eyes.

"Sport that wrinkled care derides."

—Dinwiddie.

"And laughter holding both his sides."

—Mouser.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

—Macdonald.

"Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

—The Serenaders.

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

—Goldberg.

"I would the Gods had made thee poetical."

—Gross.

"The breezy call incense breathing morn."

—Reveille.

"Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world."

—A. & M. C.

Silent upon a peak of Darien."—Burns in
chemistry.

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a sweet song.—Mosquitos.
"O, call her fair, not pale.—Rohrebacher.
"He was as fresh as is the month of May."
—Burgheimer.

They Murmur

That Duggan is in love.

That Barnum is the shamrock.

That Moore has taken the third degree as a
squabblor.

That Martin has no mercy on poor women's
hearts.

That Polk and Adams went partnership on
one night.

That Coulter lost A. and P's bird—ie.

That McMillan wants the first class to stop
joshing one another.

That Hildebrandt or Park will be our next
commandant.

That the band still continues to play
"annie" thing they want to.

That the Bryan people enjoy football
equally as well as the college people.

That Belden intends rushing society for a
year. Go it, Sam.

That Fitz gave all the girls the measles at
the ball.

That the wild man from Borneo has just
came to town:

That it takes a good eye to play football,
but Mike Bloor can't see it that way.

That "playing hands" is getting to be quite
the rage about College now-a-days.

That everyone about the campus is waiting
with great expectancy the Christmas holidays.

That, notwithstanding the warm weather,
overcoats were considered quite stylish here
on Thanksgiving day. Why? Ask the boys.

That men who wear seersucker coats, white
socks and chew tobacco will never get mar-
ried, quoth she.

That Watts A. P. plays football in his
sleep with a wash basin for a ball and All-
igator Hill for a half-back.

That Coulter H., Martin and McMillan,
have taken the degree of "C. S."

That second stoop, Austin Hall, had a
Christmas celebration on the night of the
8th. For particulars apply to Dinwiddie and
Law.

That the bass drum solos rendered by Pe
De Gerstemann during the late football game
was very fine indeed.

Locals and Personals.

Xmas!

Football!

Examinations!

Dismissals.

"Measly" boys.

There are no less than six football teams in school.

Col. M. W. Sims of Bryan was out to visit his two sons recently.

The boys are doing their hardest studying now for examinations.

Prof. Charles Puryear took in the Waco Cotton Palace on the 4th and 5th. inst.

Col. M. W. Sims of Bryan, paid his two sons a short visit recently.

Mr. Salyer, of Navasota, made a flying visit recently to visit his brother here.

D. D. Peden, an old ex-cadet, paid the College a pleasant visit Thanksgiving.

Mrs. G. W. Smith and daughter, Miss Nellie were out to see George Friday last.

Misses M. Stella Shepard and Ivy Carnes were welcome visitors at the College recently.

Prof. Harrington spent a few days in Houston recently on a short business and pleasure trip.

No one talks about anything but Xmas, Xmas, Xmas! What a pity it don't come oftener.

Miss Lizzie Doak of Taylor, Texas, was the guest of Mrs. A. L. Banks during the past month.

E. W. Hutchinson was absent from the College a few days the past month on a business trip.

Mr. W. H. Metcalf of Hempstead paid College friends a few days visit during the past fortnight.

Miss Birdie Dorset of Bonham, Texas, visited Mrs. Prof. Harrington for a fortnight the past month.

Lieut. G. I. Bartlett, commandant of cadets, was confined to his room on the account of sickness last week.

Cadet Seward after quite a protracted attack of sickness at his home, returned to College a few days since.

Gus Japhet, class of '94 was among his old schoolfellows a few days before Thanksgiving.

Messrs. W. C. Fountain, Harry Jenkins and Miles Derden were on the Campus lately shaking hands with College friends.

B. C. Pittuck, First Sergeant and Adjutant of class of '94, was with us thanksgiving, shaking hands with College friends.

Gus Japhet, class '94, was sight seeing at his alma mater for a couple of days during the Thanksgiving festivities.

That the water in the natatorium of late bears a very close relation to that which abounds in the Artic ocean.

Lee Allen, a graduate of the A. & M., was visiting his alma mater on Thanksgiving day and enjoyed the hop that night.

John Gurley, our violinist, resigned and returned to his home in Waco last week. We regret to lose John for no one can take his place.

Mr. B. C. Pittuck, First Lieutenant and Adjutant, class of '94, was at College Thanksgiving. Buell took in the hop that night in his old style form.

Miss Doak lately visited Prof. Banks and wife. While here she made many friends at the College, both among the professors and the cadets.

Gov. L. S. Ross attended a lodge convention in company with Maj. A. J. Rose, President Board of directors, held in Houston last week.

Prof. Connell was absent the past week engaged in business connected with the location of a sub-experiment station in Southern Texas. He visited Houston, Beeville and other points.

Mr. Holman, of Comanche paid his son Jesse, a short visit sometime since and expressed himself as highly pleased with the gentlemanly conduct of the cadets.

Mesdames. L. S. Ross, H. H. Harrington, B. Sbisal, E. W. Hutchinson, J. W. Carter and Miss Dorset composed a crowd that went up to Waco to enjoy the Cotton Palace just before its close.

The First class have had a number of quotations given them by Prof. Hutson for the purpose of letting them show their knowledge of literature by finding the author of each.

On the night of the first Professor and Mrs. Harrington invited several cadets down to a reception given complimentary to Miss Birdie Dorset, of Bonham. The affair was a most enjoyable one, for all those having the good luck to be present.

Frank Houstor, senior captain of '94, paid College a flying visit on the 5th. inst. Frank is not as fleshy as he was when a cadet, but still he looks like the same old jolly boy that he used to be.

The bonds have been issued for our long delayed section of artillery and the cannon are expected to reach College soon after the Xmas holidays. The artillery drill will be unique and interesting, for awhile at least.

We would like to call the attention of the readers of the Battalion to an article by Mr. Milton Park, of Dallas, editor of the Southern Mercury, on the standing and appearance of the College.

Quite a number of College people took in the play "Alabama," on the night of the 7th. It was a good, strong, play and well put on. The plot was a story of the South, and from first to last, it held the attention of the large house which witnessed the production.

The dramatic club intends putting on a play at an early date. It is the most popular club of the school, as all of the boys enjoy their productions and give it liberal encouragement and support.

That you should hear P. B. Bittles solo on his tuba. Among his elegantly executed selections. You will hear "After the Bohemian Ball," "Cat Came Back" and others too numerous to mention."

The orchestra received quite a set-back in the loss of their director, Mr. Gurley. Still we hope they will not disband, but on the other hand, determine by hard practice and application to keep up to the high standard of excellence to which Mr. G. brought them.

Mrs. R. S. Webb entertained some of the cadets at her home on the night of the 30th. The boys report an elegant time. The personelle of the party was Misses Ollie Wilson, Aha Lee Polk, Misses Friley, Pearl Wilson and Hardy. Cadets Dinwiddie, McMillan, Martin, Mills, Watkins, Law and ex-cadet Howell.

The Dramatic Club is busily engaged in rehearsing for a new play which they intend putting on the stage about the 20th. The play is entitled "Down Black Canyon," and is admirably suited to the conditions under which it will be presented. The cast has been carefully selected, and all who attend will have an opportunity to witness an amateur performance of high merit.

College can now boast of another musical club. This time it is a mandolin club, composed strictly of mandolins and guitars. It is the first attempt at this kind of music since

the good old days of '91, when the College boasted of the finest mandolin quartette in the state, composed of such men as Tipps, Patten, Gurley and Hawkins. The present club has gone to work in dead earnest and we predict for them much instructive fun and recreation. The following are the members: Mandolin: Cohn, DeStafano, Lane and Hassell; Guitar: Valdez, Law, Jenkins and Downs.

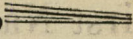
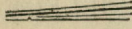
Several of the senior classmen enjoyed the hospitality of Prof. and Mrs. Banks a few evenings ago. The evening was spent in games, enlivened by conversation and music. But the most enjoyable part of the program was the serving of refreshments. It is an old College saying that the surest way to a cadet's esteem and appreciation is through his love for delicacies, and accordingly Prof. and Mrs. Banks are certainly elected to the esteem of the cadets.

The Grand Trunk line from College to Bohemia which is under construction by the C. E. students is now nearing completion. Nearly all the slope stakes have been set, and grading will soon begin. The services of Messrs. Duggan and Wright have been secured to drive scrapers, Moore Moursund to act as mules--as it is generally conceded that if you would take Moursund's ears and Moore's brains you would have a fine donkey, Jordan and Watkins will plow, Belden and Anthor to act as water boys, Holman and White to dump scrapes, Polk, Adams Mills chief cooks and bottle washers. With this excellent crew work is progressing rapidly and ere long we will have direct communication with Bohemia.



The heart of a man's like that delicate weed,
Which requires to be trampled on boldly
indeed,
Ere it give forth the fragrance you wish to
extract.

—MEREDITH.

+++

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CAP CORDS,
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Visit my

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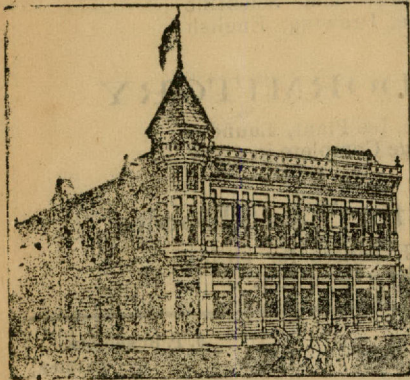
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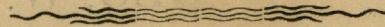
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