

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

## THE MORNING SONG OF THE BUGLE.

As the chief of the barnyard flaps his wings,  
And greets the coming day,  
A bugler steps into the hall  
And then begins to play.

The new cadet in his cosy bed,  
Dreams of his home and friends,  
Awakened by the silvery notes  
His fancy soars on wings.

His dream is o'er, he opens his eyes  
And sees the breaking day.  
The silvery notes so shrill and clear,  
Form words and seem to say—

\* \* \* \* \*

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
I can't get 'em up right away.  
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,  
I can't get 'em up to-day.  
Get up, get up, and don your breeches,  
You lazy, lazy fishes.  
Get up, get up, and don your breeches  
And go to rev-e-le.

—AN EX-FISH.

## What Shall We Do.

The members of the two societies, Austin and Calliopean, have unanimously agreed to have a paper as a means of stimulating literary work of the most practical nature and again for the purpose of showing "by our works" what we have at the old A. and M. I have given you the object of our undertaking. Shall I give you our reasons? I hardly think it necessary. We certainly had reasons, and good ones too, for taking the task upon ourselves. No one criticises our action; no one doubts its commendability. Then, fellow students, who is to reap the benefits of these literary efforts? The editors only? Why not you? Haven't you other reasons urging you to lend your mite? Did you not promise your support to THE BATTALION in voting for its establishment and does not your support cover something more than your subscription fee? Shall we not have a magazine that reflects something to our credit? Something that will show the people of Texas that this is something more than a military training

school? We have a battalion well behaved and well drilled.

Gentlemen of the corps, the success of our paper depends upon YOU; not your subscription fee alone. Don't show your selfishness by withholding either.

The "Enaichsee," hailing from the New Hampshire College of Agricultural and Mechanic Arts, is a neat, interesting magazine of some thirty pages.

\* \* \*

The BATTALION, the literary organ from College Station, is doubly welcome at the Institute for our girls have friends there.—Sherman Miscellany.

To which we add, and vice versa.

\* \* \*

"Young man," said a professor as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky freshman by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so too," was the quick reply.

\* \* \*

The Texas University Magazine for November lies on our table. It came too late to be looked over by this issue of THE BATTALION but it appears to be up to its usual high standard of excellence

\* \* \*

We have received a copy of the "College Reflector" (Miss. A. and M. C.) that has this sentence marked. What the press say: That they expect to hear of the discovery of quite a deal of mineral water in Texas soon. The foot-note reads as follows: Show that to Prof. C. and he will explain all.

\* \* \*

The college man who has no public spirit while in college very seldom acquires any. On the other hand the student who takes a kindly interest in class spirit, societies, college publications and other organizations, will with reasonable certainty be the same leader in political, social and religious life after leaving the university or college.—Enaichsee.

\* \* \*

THE BATTALION, hailing from the Agricultural and Mechanical College is a new exchange.