

another of our summer additions—will be in running order in a few weeks.

The machine shops have been filled with the best kind of material, new engines, etc., and the foundry is nearing completion.

All over the grounds are beautiful beds of rarest flowers. Shrubbery, trees and grasses adorn every walk, and all in all the view of our grounds is magnificent.

Good lights, ice cold water and a fine bathing place, among all our many other luxuries! What more could we wish for? The question is settled. Our A. and M. is the best fitted up in the South. Long may it live.

Our Objects on Entering College.

In looking around the inclosure of the beautiful institution with its towering edifices, its numerous instructors anxious to impart knowledge to the large number of youths congregated here within its walls, from the four corners of this great state of Texas, especially when I take my own presence here into consideration, three questions present themselves to my mind.

1st. What is the force of attraction that brought us hither?

2nd. Finding ourselves here, what are the purposes, objects and aims that we desire to accomplish?

3rd. If the desire which we wish to accomplish be of a laudible nature, what means must we employ to reach the ends?

To those who view education from a personal stand-point only, regardless of the true principles underlying it, naturally an answer to the first two questions will readily occur, and while it may be an innocent assumption, yet, not a true one. They undoubtedly feel the sting of ignorance. They realize that the scope of their thinking faculties is such as only to enable themselves within their limited bouderies, and therefore conclude to acquire an education, an instrument with which to ameliorate their condition. But, if the question involved in education be simply of a personal character, then certainly a knowledge of arithmetic, reading and writing would be all we require, and we would have no use for those higher branches of study which made men illustrious and for which men became immortalized. Fortunately, we find men who regard education from a different stand-point, and while they have due regard for the personal advantages which are derived from an education, they also bear its true objects in mind. God has endowed us with faculties, by the cultivation of which we rise superior to all animal life. He gave us a mind with which to lay out plans, and organs with which to execute them. In short, He intended for us to be the instrumentalities whereby mankind as well as nature may be improved. Being prompted by such motives we come to college to fit ourselves to take our assigned station in life. The question recurs, what must we do in order to succeed? The answer that suggests itself to my mind is, the first thing we must do, above all others, is to cultivate a moral character, which is the axis around which all our actions in life revolve. To have a high conception of duty, which is the highest step to success. We find men who, notwithstanding the fact of their having received an education, are steeped in the lowest degradation, and it would have been for them, perhaps, much better if they had never looked upon the sacred walls of learning. It is because they have allowed their characters to go down in proportion to their higher degrees of learning. They have allowed the foundation to become disintegrated, and when it could support the edifice no longer it collapses. Every man is his own architect and when he comes to college to build for himself a mansion in which to live in his mature age, he must see that he lays a substantial foundation for it—to build up a moral character. Having done so, when the storm arrives and the billows surge against the walls we will then realize that we have built our lives upon a rock.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

A. M. FERGUSON

EDITOR.

BLACKMAIL.

The man who has a fine large box,
And inviteth the editors not,
Shall appear in our next issue
In a style that is red hot.

The man who has a fine large box,
And biddeth the editor fair,
Among the slams of our next issue
Will find his name not there.

—Ex.

SONG OF THE NEW CADET.

I want to be a pacer,
And with the pacer stand—
A gun upon my shoulder,
A white glove on my hand.

My pantaloons are spotless,
My belts they are so white,
My dress coat is so giddy,
My buttons are so bright.

When I go home at Christmas,
Oh, how the girls will stare—
Why, here I'm sweetness wasted
Upon the desert air.

—Exchange.

We cordially request exchanges from all magazines and college or university publications. It is a custom of most all collegic journals to have an "Exchange Editor," to examine the various exchanges and use the scissors and pen in such manner as will best promote and develop a lasting friendly relationship between the institution he represents and others of similar character. College students generally regard themselves as constituting an unorganized fraternity, more especially editors of college papers.

In assuming the duties of exchange editor we beg the indulgence of our readers, pleading inexperience, of course. However, we pledge good, honest efforts to make it interesting. By this we do not mean to convey the idea that it shall be made specially interesting to our contemporaries, but interesting to the general reader as well.

We were deeply interested in an editorial in the Southern Collegian, (Washington and Lee, Lexington, Va.) which opens with the following words: "To one viewing only the results accomplished, college journalism would seem no very great care to student editors, yet to those who have been born during a session the responsibility of issuing each month a credible number of a college magazine, realize very fully that there are few tasks more difficult." He complains of the lack of appreciation and sympathy in the student-body for whom he is trying to make a credible showing, and says: "In these days of rampant athleticism the majority of college students are interested in their magazine about as much as in some mission in Kamtchatka, and of the rest very few think they owe more to its support than its subscription fee. The editor must overcome this indifference to literary work among his fellows or allow his periodical to perish." Boys of the A. and M., shall our editor in chief ever have cause to complain of not being properly supported by his brother students? When you are called upon for an article show your interest in your paper by responding to the invitation.

A German student has taken a great deal of pains to look up the facts and concludes that it cost \$7500 for Columbus to