

When the ice cream was brought in last Sunday one of the new cadets whistled and exclaimed, "My, this is the coldest clabber I ever ate." Next!

Professors Price and Spence and Dr. Gillispie each brought back a charming wife at the beginning of the term, who will undoubtedly add much to the gaiety of our college society.

The faculty has been slightly changed by the appointments of Prof. Hudson, vice of Major Bringham—resigned; Prof. Connell, vice Prof. Curtis, resigned, and Prof. Bray, vice Prof. Guenther, resigned.

Mr. W. H. Lockett, an ex-graduate, was among our many visitors to the college a few weeks since.

Misses Bessie Ross and Rita Sbisca are attending school at Baylor University of Belton. They were accompanied by Gov. L. S. Ross.

Miss Mary Bittle left for Dallas on the 12th ult., to attend the Episcopal institute there.

Why is it our senior captain looks so sad these days?

Among our lady friends who have visited the college this session were Misses May Webb, Dusky Walker, Misses Gee, Misses Johnson of Bryan, and Miss Hill of Hempstead.

Miss Shanks of Virginia, has been visiting Mrs. T. C. Bittle.

Who is our pretty little blonde of the first class? They say he's in the swim.

The following men compose the College String Band: T. Meyer, 1st violin; R. L. Dinwiddie, 1st violin; McMillan, guitar; Dazey, Guitar; Pittuck, guitar; Polk, guitar; P. B. Bittle, base violin; F. Martin, mandolin; Cohn, mandolin; Wm. Matthews, bones;; Hallack, clarinet.

Who is our curve pitcher this year? Why, W. M. Lockett. After a six year's course Dan has returned—to graduate.

The ice factory is very near completion; the laundry and electric light fixtures are being rapidly put together; the artesian well is flowing a mineral water which will be pumped into a stand-pipe and thence distributed over the grounds. These improvements make the A. and M. second to none in the South.

The Ross Volunteers have organized for the year with our popular friend, Joe Gilbert, as captain. Under his supervision they cannot help but prosper.

The base ball boys have started early this year and expect to have a fine team. What has become of our foot ball team?

Hazing has passed away of its own account. The new cadets seem surprised at being treated so well.

The College String Band is very fine this year.

Major W. L. Bringham, our former professor of English, who resigned last May, is now in the drug business at Bryan.

We are sorry to see so many of the Bryan girls marrying, but are exceedingly glad to see how easy it is for some of our professors to marry.

The Ross Volunteers had their first meeting on the 12th inst., the following officers being elected: J. Gilbert, captain; H. Bocoek, 1st lieutenant and quartermaster; W. L. Dazey, 1st lieutenant; B. C. Pittuck, 2nd lieutenant; R. M. Ward, 1st sergeant; Mills, Jordan, P. Bittle, F. Martin, sergeants; Miss Bessie Ross, sponsor.

Doesn't Frank Houston make the young ladies smile their sweetest, though.

After the drill is over,
After recall is sounded,
After the squads go in,
After they've been dismissed;
Oh, many a ram's been made,
If you could read them all;
Many a prospect's vanished,
After the drill.

—NEMO.

Say, E. L., who's in it, May or Lizzie?

Ask E. Green Abbott what $2 \sin \frac{1}{2}x$ equals.

Why, yes, Jordan, rush her. That'll be all right.

Wonder why Joe likes the doctor's daughter so much?

Lewis is fine on squaring. Of course $(\frac{1}{2}C)^2$ equals $\frac{1}{4}C$.

Who is the best singer in the choir? Why, no, it's not Rix; he doesn't sing.

Buggies from Bryan with pretty girls in them are all the rage these cool evenings.

Why ought a soldier be tired on the 1st of April?

Because he has just had a long March of 31 days.

There is a new cadet rooming in Ross Hall that spends too much time in writing to girls. Stop it now, S., or you'll regret it.

Professor—What is the zenith?

Student—The place directly over one's head.

P.—Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time.

S.—Yes; if one stands on the other's head.

Professor of C. E. (To cadet who hasn't made up his condition).—You can go out and watch the work, but I can't let you take part until you have passed clear.

Cadet—Professor, have you got an instrument that hasn't passed?

Professor—Well, maybe I could let you have a compass; it never gets into the first class.

Ye gods! What troubles do assail that young cadet. Why doth he wear that agonizing look? Do pains of unsound molar rack his manly frame; or lurks there in his shoe a sharp-head tack? Nay, sir; not so—he studies latin now, and cannot find the word he wants to know.

Valedictory Address of Willet Wilson, Class of 92-93.

I am proud of the representation today which I bear. I am grateful for the confidence and esteem which my appearance here represents. I am deeply sensible of the trust reposed in me, and not unmindful of the expectations rightfully belonging to the faith of those, for whom I stand a chosen member. But behind all this feeling there is a deeper one, of apprehension, that I may be unable to meet my obligations. To the college graduates there is a self satisfaction in knowing that the beginning of life's task is complete. That, at least, for a few short days, we can rest oars, and float with the stream. There is a peculiar gratification in rest from labor well performed. If it be mental labor the sensation is only the sweeter. Some one who understood the labarinths of the human heart expressed a great principle of philosophy in the trite saying, "Virtue is its own reward." Is it any less true "that labor is its own reward?" In holiday attire, yet upon the very threshold of life's commencement, you and I, my fellow-class-mates, with a mingled feeling of sorrow and pleasure, pride and regret, look back upon our training here, and with a face to the future, welcome its possibilities and defy its disappointments.

There can be no question but that the training afforded at