

THE BATTALION.

AOL. 7.

COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS, MARCH, 1900.

NO. 6.

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Entered at the College Station Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Published monthly by the Austin and Calliopean Literary Societies of the A. & M. College.

SUBSCRIPTION—\$1 00 per annum in advance.

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Once more the Battalion makes its rounds and hopes to find everyone well and in good spirits. Since our last issue there has been a great deal of sickness, mumps and measles mostly, yet a few cases of pneumonia, but we are glad to say that none of them have proved fatal. Some few of the boys have quit school on account of sickness which we are very sorry of; we wish them a speedy recovery and success in whatever vocation of life they may pursue. Those that are still here struggling with the many problems that arise in one's school days we can encourage personally and inspire to

try and reach a plane in this world far higher than man has yet ascended to. We wish those that have left us to always remember that every boy who wears the grey they have an eternal friend and if in after life trouble and sorrow overtake you, come to us and we will do our best to give you consolation.

"In boyhood school days pass slowly by;

In old age we wish them back. Why?"

The spring term has come at last. Soon it will be gone. The boys have already begun thinking of those happy times in the summer—a pleasant walk or a cool drive by moonlight. Beautiful visions haunt their dreams and they seem almost in the land of the blest, but they awake to find that the beautiful beings around them are only imaginary, and with a sigh turn over to go back to sleep and drift again into the sweet illusions of dreamland, where sorrow seldom casts its shadow but peace and rest reign supreme

Work on the Agricultural Building is still progressing nicely. It will add a great deal to the accommodations of those taking that course and the professors in that department will be better equipped to teach their various branches. We hope within the next few years to see the M. E. and E. C. departments equipped with appliances for a more extended field of practice in their respective courses.

This is the last edition of the Battalion I will figure in. I resign my position as editor to another who I hope