

mediately soaked by a tub of icy water. The north wind, blowing past, stops to play hide and seek in and about his dripping garments; a numbness comes over him and all is still. He may be taken in by a kind hearted Freshman, or left to the mercies of the cold, bleak night, where the stars can look down on him, as he lay stiff and beautiful, and say, "Well done good and faithful sentinel."

Winter does not last always, but soon passes on, and in its place comes summer. The freezing wind gives way to the melting sun. Again, I say, hard is the lot of the sentinel. As he tramps up and down the dim lit hall with his dangerous looking gun resting upon his aching shoulder, he then wishes that he had never come to the A. & M. College of Texas. He walks to and fro with the dripping perspiration upon his fixed countenance. It is a hot night; there is no breeze to play upon his heated brow, no breath to touch his fevered cheek; yet he pauses not, lest the "O. D." or even the stern commandant himself, should appear. But the long hour is sometimes relieved of its monotony. He may receive a pan of cool and refreshing water in the face as he turns his gaze upward in search of some unseemly noise, or a shoe might whiz past his head as he turns his back on some old friend.

If you have a friend going to this school, and wish to see him jump and start with fear, ask him in a stern and commanding voice for his "orders." He has cause to shrink from that magic word. Well does he remember the many times he has been "rammed" for "not knowing orders." He may have studied them, but all in vain.