A. AND M. AND COTTON MILLS.

Annual Meetings of Mill Men Will be Regularly Held at College.

A writer in The Battalion comments entertainingly on the recent visit of the Texas cotton mill men to the A. and M. College.

He says: They seemed greatly pleased with the machinery and equipment of the building as well as the work of the school. In fact, they seem to look upon the school with something of the pride with which a fond father regards his child, for, as one member explained to the writer, the cotton mill men are responsible in large measure for the establishment of the textile school. It was a member of the association who drafted the resolution inserted in the Democratic platform of 1902 demanding that such a school be established, and the association sent a man to the third house at Austin to see that the measure was put through the Legislature. And they do not propose to stop with having established the school, but are doing their part toward supporting it. One of them has a son here as a student in the department and others have announced their intention of sending their sons here. In addition they have offered to give employment during vacation to all students in the textile school, thus giving them much valuable experience in the practical operations of cotton mills.

"I see in the school," said one prominent North Texas cotton mill man, "the solution of the cotton mill problem for Texas. No industry ever succeeds that has to import both capital and skill, as we have had to do in the mill business in the past. Now we can furnish one or both of these essentials. There are a hundred or more towns in Texas with plenty of idle capital to build a good cotton mill, and there is now no reason why a young man from one of these towns cannot come here and take this four years of training and then go back to his people and raise a hundred thousand dollars and start a successful mill. We had to grope in the dark and the Lord took care of us almost as by a miracle until we learned by hard knocks how to operate a mill—and a good many learned too late. But nobody need go it blind any longer."

After leaving the textile school the visitors called on President Harrington, who gave them an invitation to hold all their annual meetings here in the future. President McDermott thanked him for the invation on behalf of the association and called on retiring President J. C. Saunders. Mr. Saunders thought this the most appropriate place in the state for the meeting and then proceeded to express his astonishment at the magnitude of the college plant here and the scope of the work. He said he has lived all his life in Texas and claimed to be a fairly intelligent citizen, but had no conception of the extent and character of the work carried on here. He suggested that missionaries be sent to his section of the state to inform the people of the opportunities offered here. After visiting the various buildings and enjoying a drive over the campus and the farm the visitors were tendered an informal reception at night to enable the students to meet them. They discussed the difficulties of the cotton business in a very instructive manner. R. S. P.

Spoiled His Scheme.

Among the creditors of an insolvent firm was a New Yorker who had a balance of $285 coming to him. This man wanted his money. He was a good talker and persuaded the firm to pay him off in case he could get the other creditors to grant an extension of time. So he called a meeting of the creditors and talked to them eloquently about the prospects of the firm getting on its feet again if it only had time. He seemed to have won out when a little old man in the back of the room rose and in a squeaky voice declared that he, for one, wanted his money and did not want to wait for it. "Don't you think it is rather selfish of you to interfere with this plan, in which all of the other creditors have agreed?" asked the first man. "We are willing to wait for the amount of our claims. Every one of us, including myself, believes that this firm should have plenty of time. How much is your claim, anyway?" In the same piping voice the little old man answered: "They owe me $185,000. How much is your claim?"

The Tomb Spider.

The people of Italy believe in the existence of a wonderful creature which for the want of a better name is called the tomb spider. The entomologists know nothing of this queer beast and declare that it only exists in the fancy of the superstitious persons and those whose curiosity or business makes it necessary for them to explore old ruins, tombs, catacombs, etc. According to the popular account, the tomb spider is of a pure white color, has wings like those of a bat, a dozen horrid crooked legs and a body three or four times the size of that of the largest tropical American tarantula. The accounts of this queer insect and his out of the way places of abode are by no means common, and on that account the information concerning him which we will be able to give is very meager. Any Italian will tell you that such a creature exists, however, and that he is occasionally met with in old mines and caverns as well as in tombs and subterranean ruins.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many of which if heard will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill natured idlers were brought home to him he would become a mere walking pincushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy when among good men we should open our ears, when among bad men shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress or our affairs.

Before and After.

Mrs. Mann—Before we were married Charles used to bring me candy when he came to see me. Now I have to buy my candy myself or go without. Mrs. Grimes—That's just the way with the men. Mrs. Mann—But, then, I don't mind it. I buy better candy than he used to buy, and as it is his money, just the same as in the old days, the new arrangement is more expensive to him than the old one.

A Warm Time Coming.

History class. Subject, "George II. and the Pelham Ministry." Master—Who said and when, "Now I shall have no more peace?" Small Boy (after a long interval of thought)—Please, sir, George III. on his deathbed.—Punch.

Quite Apparent.

The Tramp—You're one man in a hundred. 'Tain't often I meet anybody that'll talk to me two minutes without askin' why I don't go to work at some trade. The Remarkable Man—Oh, I can tell by looking at you.—Puck.

Goldsmith's Showy Clothes.

Goldsmith was ludicrously fond of showy clothes. When he sought to take orders in Ireland he tried to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches. While studying medicine in Edinburgh he wore "rich sky blue satin," "fine sky blue shalloon" and silver hat lace. Before Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick he strutted about bragging of his bloom colored coat, and when his reputation had been made by his two principal poems he blazed forth in purple silk small clothes, a scarlet greatcoat and a physician's wig. He carried a gold headed cane, and a sword hung by his side, a weapon so disproportioned to his diminutive stature that a coxcomb who passed him in the strand called out to his companion to "look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it."—Sartorial Art Journal.