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STAFF ARTISTS.

C. C. Colver, V. O. Wallinford

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With another year comes the promise of new, and perhaps worthier enthusiasms, in our monthly literature. There is a prospect that the serene, noble countenance of our own Washington will regard us from the magazine pages, instead of the dark visage of the great war-lord, Napoleon. As for the latter, the public is beginning to confess some fatigue in the continued exhumation of him. They turn with pronounced pleasure to the consideration of the great warrior and Christian gentleman of our own land.

Harper's Magazine for 1896 promises a series of Washington articles enlivened by the hand of Howard Pyle. The young folks "Round Table" published by the same company will give space to the serial, "A Young Cavalier," recounting incidents of Washington's boyhood. For the Ladies' Home Journal, Gen. A. W. Greeley, U. S. A., the Arctic explorer, has prepared a number of articles upon the personal side of Washington, viewing him as a neighbor, husband and friend. Other magazines are catching the spirit.

The discussion as to which of these two men is the more worthy of renewed public interest, may be easily left to debating societies. It is a question of personal taste, whether one prefers to admire the concentrated will and the matchless war-genius of a grand tyrant, or to revere the rounded character of a peace-loving patriot, with the head of a king and the heart of a little child. Doubtless one may do both without admitting a comparison.

As far as most Americans are concerned, we will be permitted to hope that the wave of interest in Washington will submerge and surpass Napoleon's splurge. For to us surely Washington will always be,
"The first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnati of the west."

The students of the university of Missouri have our deepest considerations. What an interesting prospect lies before them in achievements upon the gridiron! Think how they can stand around the side lines and cheer their team on to victory over Purdue or Depaw! Indeed, maybe Doane will meet them! What preparations they can make for the event! Enthusiasm will be rife. All Columbia will turn out to see the mighty tigers struggle with some professional Y. M. C. A. team. It will be a glorious event. With another appropriation and an eastern coach, Missouri may beat every one of them. Oh the glory of a season without one defeat! We listen for the scream of the eagle when Missouri has beaten all the high school teams she has selected to play with her.

The plan recently adopted by the Registrar of issuing a record book to each student, is a commendable plan. Heretofore mistakes in the catalogue have caused endless trouble. The student has had no means of telling whether his credits were entered, unless he asked about them or else waited for the appearance of the catalogue. The new regime will be appreciated. Everyone without trouble to the Registrar, can now determine exactly his standing and mistakes can easily be rectified. If the recipients of the books are as careful to keep them posted as they are supposed to be, an ideal system will soon be in vogue.

It has been highly amusing to observe the persistence on the part of editors of college papers in the clamoring for a new and entirely original college song. Hardly a month goes by without some verbose editorial dwelling upon the advisability of manufacturing a standard college song which will take the place

of the three or four semi-original products we now have on hand. It is to be observed that the prayers of the editors have thus far been unanswered. There is nothing strange about this—it would only be strange if the reverse was the case. When you need a college song you can't go about and built one like you build a rail fence or chicken coop. It takes considerable labor and a great deal of ability to write a truly meritorious song—taking for granted that this is the kind of production the persistent writers of editorials are clamoring for—and the ambitious youth who takes a day off and tries to manufacture one, acting on the suggestions of the numerous editors will probably be greatly surprised and very much disappointed at the results. The fact that other colleges have these songs means absolutely nothing so far as we are concerned. The eastern colleges have graduated hundreds of men and among them have been one or two good musicians. These men have had a thorough musical education and naturally know considerable about composition, yet they all acknowledge that it is no mean task to compose a good college song. How then can it be expected that we can have a strikingly original college melody composed by fellows whose musical education consists in a few lessons on the autoharp or a course of self-instruction on the mouth-organ.

There was a very amusing incident in connection with this college song mania. Last year the English club came to the startling conclusion that we needed an original song and they naturally thought that it devolved on them to get it. They considered it of such great import that they used up the greater part of two or three valuable meetings in discussing it. They finally decided to let every one write words which they considered tunefully and appropriate and bring them to the next meeting and select the verses which seemed imbued with greatest genius. It was never known whether the verses were all so good that they were unable to decide or not. There was a vague rumor that most of the verses were wondrous bad, but it was unauthenticated. It is sufficient to say that the long-talked-of song never saw the light and the world was robbed of another worthy creation. This instance is of course not expected or intended to discourage anyone, it merely serves as an example. And, mark you, the English club only attempted to write the words (which is the easiest part of a song of this kind). The music they expected to grip from an old German university song.

"What is the meaning of the expression 'cheap skate'?" asked an inquisitive second prep.

"A cheap skate," answered Ray Teele, dreamily, as he thought over his last week's adventures, "is where you borrow another fellow's skates, sneak into Lincoln park, steal somebody's lunch while you are out there and walk both ways to save car fare."

Heard on New Year's Day. "Hello, Charley, where are you going with that cigar box?"

"I am going to fill it with visiting cards. I'm going calling today."

HOW THEY PASSED THE VACATION.

Allie Randolph played pitch.
Frank Summers went duck hunting.
Straff Hewitt packed his trunk.
Billy McKay practiced the "Dutch roll."

Jack Beachly broke in a new pipe.
Curly Andrews went home to get a square meal.

"Short" Lenhoff went home to mend the chimney and fix the weather vane on the barn.

Ernie Haughton carried a sprig of mistletoe and looked for victims.

Keene Abbot ate dinner with his companions at the "crazy house."

Russell Thorpe went home to get some laundry and incidentally to impress on his father's mind that school this year was quite expensive.

Doc, Everett studied one whole day to see how it seemed.

R. Palmer Teele wore his little Jersey cap and went skating. He did not, as usual, walk to Milford. The reason Ray does not ride on the cars is because he is opposed to monopolies and trusts.

THEY WERE SELFISH.

The Low Comedian stopped the Amateur Thesplan in the hall.

"Are you going to begin hard work for the dramatic club now?" he asked, as he brushed back a few straggling

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whips of cream colored hair which had fallen over his glasses.

"I guess so," said the Amateur Thesplan, meditatively. "The leading lady has left us because she didn't like her last newspaper notices, but the substitute is still with us and I think the queen of—"

Just then the Wandering Minstrel came rushing down the hall as if he were bound for a circus, but he stopped short and shook hands with them, although he had seen them both several times during the afternoon.

"Talking of dramatics?" he asked rapidly. "I just wanted to tell you that I found just the play we want to produce. It has one fine character in it and I think I could play it beautifully. I have always wanted to play such a character as that is. I could do it so well, I think," and he smiled as he pictured himself performing before an intelligent and delighted audience.

The Amateur Thesplan stared at him.

"It is the principal part, I suppose," ventured the Low Comedian, ironically.

"Oh, yes," assented the Wandering Minstrel, cheerily, not in the least abashed. "In fact, it is generally the star parts that are fitted for me, don't you know. In this one especially I almost think the author had me in mind when he wrote the play."

"I think that is debatable," said the Low Comedian, unfeelingly, "and I think it is about time you knew that you can't play hog with all these star parts. It is about my turn to get a crack at a leading part, so I'll just take that character myself and you can play the butler or the housemaid."

"That's right," added the Amateur Thesplan. "It is time you were learning that you are not fitted by nature for a star. I never saw the part, but I don't believe you could play 'Little Red Riding Hood' or 'Tribby.' He will take it himself, and if he can't play it I will do it for him. If you want to be cast for a part you could do well, why just play the scullion if there is one and if there isn't you can roll up the curtain and pass programs."

The Wandering Minstrel did not seem in the least cut up at being roasted. He took it all as a matter of course.

"You fellows make me tired," he said. "You are so selfish. Now I want to take the part for the good of the play, while you want to show off. Now I'll—" Here he glanced at the clock and saw it was ten minutes of five and he remembered a pressing engagement at four, so he rushed excitedly up the door, entirely forgetting the pile of music books he had left in the window by the looking glass.

ECHOES.

O give me a home by the sea,
And there on the beautiful strand
I will buy without fail
A toy shove and pail
And dig me a hole in the sand.
Barefooted I'll run on the beach,
With trousers rolled up to the knee,
And troubles that choke
Will vanish like smoke;
O give me a home by the sea!

HALE BRADT.

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