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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1912

THE LITERARY COLUMN.

The literary column of the "Rag" is to be continued. Although its existence has been too short to give much indication of its popularity, with the readers, yet it is believed that it justifies further consideration.

The office of Literary Editor is now vacant, and stands open to any who wish to complete for it. In all probability it will not be filled for several weeks, when it will go to the person whose contributions seem most acceptable.

The range of subject-matter for this column is wide. The writing may be in the form of a short essay or discussion, in the form of a story, or of an expository discourse. We suggest, however, that it deal with some phase of college, some topic which is live in the mind of the student.

It must possess a sound style, not stilted nor bookish, but fresh enough to attract the average college reader.

"NEWS-HEELERS" REWARDED.

In the new heading which caps the editorial column the real workers of the staff are given no recognition. This seems to some an injustice, for the sight of one's name in print is truly gratifying, and inspiring.

The reportorial staff is, however, not to be entirely ignored. Following the custom of some of the larger city papers, the management intends to issue to each "real" reporter a button. This meagre insignia will not be particularly ornamental nor attractive, but as only a few of them will be given out, they will at least prove novel.

This scheme, it is hoped, will not only attach a certain importance to the office of reporter, but will also indicate to the students and faculty the personnel of the campus news-gatherers. The exact character of the button will be announced later.

"STICKY FLY-PAPER."

"No, sir, I will not go with you. Besides, it's none of your affair."

Professor Bessey had taken his botany class out into the beautiful woods on a field trip. The students classified the flora and fauna of the vicinity, the fussers each caught a butterfly, and I went to sleep behind a big log.

I was awakened from peaceful dreams of ice cream sundaes sprinkled with mosquitoes, and yellow lobsters with green and red wings, by the

sound of voices and a snapping of twigs. It was very cool where I was and from the conversation I imagined that it was rather breezy out there also. The voice I heard was clear and light as the tinkling of ice in thin cut-glass. It clinked a few more times.

"In fact I utterly fail to see what possible concern of yours it is to know with whom I spend my Sunday evenings."

Then another voice, low and sort of fuzzy round the pathetic parts, answered:

"Of course, if I'm not to be considered at all—"

She—"Well, it's your own fault. Why don't you ask for them earlier?"

He—"And every time I do ask for a date you've got one already. Oh, I see through it all."

She—"Through what?"

He—"You think you'd better get rid of me before you graduate. All I have to say it—if you like that fathead—"

She—"What fathead?"

He—"Why, if you love him—huh, why go ahead. I'd hate to marry anyone with such poor judgment."

She—"What fathead is who?" (You will observe that she is speaking too fast.)

He—"Oh, I'm on to the game! Matrimony—spend my money; alimony—another honey. There's as much truth as poetry in that."

He—(After a pause)—"Then I don't suppose you'll come to our dance?"

She—"That's the melody."

He—"I suppose you think that he of the moon face will invite you out that evening?"

She—"I have no idea what you are talking about."

He—"But don't bet all your chips on that."

She—"Why?"

He—"Oh, because."

She—"Because why?"

He—"Well, he's taking the girl he's engaged to—you knew he was practically engaged, didn't you? Say, she certainly is a pippin, believe me."

She—"Oh!"

He—"Say, you ought to see the dresses! Absolutely the niftiest things on the campus."

She—"Is that so? I wonder where Professor Bessey is?"

He—"She's my dream angel all right, all right. Bet your necktie!"

She—"Is that so? I think we'd better be going, don't you?"

He—"Of course, I don't suppose it's any use for me to ask you for any more dates?"

She—"Why not? What makes you think that?"

He—"Well, you're tired of me—I can see that. You—"

She—"Why, no-o-o."

He—"You see, I was going to ask you to go to the Pan-Hell with me. But now—"

She—"Why, how perfectly grand of you, Billy!! Of course I'll go! And say—"

He—(dubiously)—"What?"

She—"Isn't that a charming little violet over there by the big log? Oh, I do love botany, don't you, Billy?"

He—"Uh-huh."

She—"Pick it for me. O-o-o, thanks. Isn't it a beauty! Let me have it."

He—"Huh-uh."

Then she said something that I don't remember, and he said something; then there came several noises, as if some one was patting their hand in Tanglefoot Sticky-Fly-Paper.

I fell off into a doze and when I woke up again they were gone. I crawled out from behind the log, but all that I could see of them was a lit-

tle violet of deep indigo color lying, all tattered and mussed, in a little sunny spot of moss. I recalled that in quaint Old England, violets used to be named "Hearts-ease," but that was silly.

Place of Banquet Changed.

The banquet in honor of Count Francis Lutzow has been changed from the Lindell to the Lincoln Hotel.

All holders of tickets and of invitations please take notice. The reception takes place in the parlors of the Lincoln from 6:30 to 7:30 o'clock, and the banquet begins promptly at 7:30 p. m.

A Timely Time.

Professors—"When was the revival of learning?"
 Bright Student—"Before the exams."



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