

The second Palladian preliminary debate is to be on the question, "Resolved, That Free Trade is the policy for the United States." This is even a better subject than the "Monroe doctrine" and we hope to see a brisk debate.

One of the subjects of Freshman essays is "Dean Stanley." Several of the dear little Freshies were seen in the library the other day, assiduously conning "Through the Dark Continent," by H. M. Stanley. They were looking up points.

One of the richest grinds of the semester is that perpetrated upon the honorable faculty by the Hesperian Association. They are charged 50 cents admission to the Charter day exercises this evening, while the regular admission fee is 25 cents, students, 15 cents.

The mouse that created such amusement and disturbance in Palladian hall at a late meeting, must be of strange tastes to seek such a barren place as the University for a home. What in the world does the poor thing live on, anyway? Prussic acid and Greek roots?

The smart young people who keep the bell ringing during the sessions of the societies are advised by the STUDENT to go slow in the future. A muscular young man has been engaged to guard the rope, with full authority to pitch offenders out of the third hall windows.

Messrs. Bross and Sheldon of Doane College, Crete, paid us a visit lately. They were both at the "Polygamy" debate in Palladian. Crete is just dying to have a contest with the University. The Palladian committee will see what can be done to satiate their gore. Doane't you see?

Front steps of the University and one of our girls, (i. e., University girl, no reference to the local editor.) Appear two strangers and stare around, up and down. Finally address our girl, "I—er—aw, beg pawdawng, er, is this a—the 'Sane Asylum, or—what?" Our girl, "I guess it's what?" Strangers go down town.

About the most shocking bit of obituary poetry we have ever been pained to read was sent out from an eastern home on black-edged cards, announcing the death of a little boy. It closes, "The Silver Cord was snapped,

"Then like the rocket in its upward flight,
With its ever varying and increasing light,
Rising far beyond the bounds of vision,
Leth nothing but the charred and broken stick
for contemplation."

That youthful sky-soarer must have been fooling with a can of dynamite—or a mule.

Commercial restaurant. Two flush students. First flush, "What's your check?" Second flush, "Seventy cents, is yours more?" First flush, "By the

exact sum of man's comprehension" Second flush, "A—hey, what's all that?" First flush, (with a gleam of superior knowledge) "Why, the five centses!"

Theodore Livingstone has packed his pocket book and hied himself to the bucolic regions of Plattsmouth, never more to be a Universitite. His loss is our—oh, no, we don't mean that,—his gain is our loss,—no that isn't it, either; but anyway we're just too awfully dreadfully sorry he's gone. And so are the girls, poor things.

Prof. Howard never handles a study but in an interesting manner, but if there is one class that will excel another in interest it will be the class in French Revolution, now well into the work. The system of study pursued is very interesting and covers a wide field. There are some of the best workers in the college in that French History class.

Students are quick to avail themselves of the new but long desired library hours, which are from 9 to 12 A.M. and 2 to 5 P.M. Librarian Howard is consulted constantly by students for this and that reference or book and seems to be always able to bring to light the required authority. He is invaluable to those who have not yet learned how to use the library.

Charter day at the University will be celebrated this time as it never was before. The boys have taken hold with a will to do honor to the occasion. On this Wednesday evening a very entertaining performance will be given in the University chapel, by gentlemen only. A stage is fitted up with all the latest scenic devices and there is no doubt but that the hall will be filled.

We print elsewhere the resolutions passed upon the death of Mr. Hutchinson. Among the many who have been cut from our ranks during the past twelve months, none bid fairer than "Hutch" to become one of our most valiant students. Young, full of life, a favorite among his fellow soldiers, he was just buckling on the armor of science when dread consumption shattered his youthful strength, made prisoner of him, and led him to the grave.

"Rum-ti-dummy-diddle, rum-ti-dummy-diddle, rum-ti-dummy-diddle da!" It was the ever cheerful janitor singing to himself as he transported the ash-bucket through the halls and deftly balanced a broom on his nose and a brush on one ear. "Clang te-clang, blank-te-blank!" It was the old bell on the roof, the rope pulled by the cunning little devils that inhabit the upper floors. Broom and brush fall and ashes are tipped over, while George starts for the bell rope, only to find it idly swinging to and fro and the spirits gone.

In a down-town store is the latest dance music, with Oscar Wilde's picture for a frontispiece. We looked them over with a young lady friend. There was the Jolly Utter Waltz, the Too all But Waltz, the Too Utterly Utter March, Dream of the Lily Waltz, Sunflower Polka and Oscar's Schottische. "Why," she exclaimed, simply, "I did not know that Mr. Wilde wrote all of these!"

They say that Livy Thedingstone is going to the Omaha medical college to finger stiff; that Bross, of Crete, writes very fair poetry; that Dannie puts on a clean collar every day and secretly waxes his [mustache; that Prof. W. faints now when he's taken for a student; that the "man who laugh's" mouth s'mile long; that the Lieutenant goes buggy riding; that Crete-onne is popular in the studio; that dear Myron's new uniform is just too cute; that the band will go to Crete, (Lord help 'em); that Barnard comes up here whenever he can get away; that Miss May is afraid-to-death of that horrid mouse; that J. Anitor George has lungs; that the STUDENT is a clipper, every time.

The student who goes outside of his text-book is the one who will have the widest knowledge of the subject under consideration at the close of the semester. In the modern languages is this especially true. Take German for instance. If you can read readily a newspaper article you can read any German. There is an illustrated weekly printed in New York "Um die Welt," which contains interesting matter. The German weekly of Lincoln "Stadt Anzeiger" well edited and will repay reading, not only for its thoughts but its language. In the French line students cannot do better than to subscribe to "Le Francais," published in Boston. It is spicy and original.

The Palladian prize debate which has been so long pending was finally tacked on to the regular programme of last Friday evening. The meeting opened with a "criticism on the Laocoon" by H. W. Olmstead. This was followed by a well delivered declamation, "Karl the Martyr," by Dan Wheeler, an impromptu by D. T. Smith, and "Oscar Wilde" by C. C. Chase. The music interspersed was a piano duet by Misses Doolittle and Fisher, and a vocal solo by Miss Kate Kimball. The debate was then announced, but although it was intended for the entire society very few were prepared to speak on the merits and demerits of the Monroe doctrine. The gentlemen who occupied the floor, however, discussed the question in an able manner and kept the audience interested until time for adjournment. The following marks were given the debaters by the judges: Ed. Yates 60; C. C. Chase 50; D. T. Smith 35; D. L. Clark 50.