

liberal and radical than they were immediately after the civil war. Prejudices are beginning to wear away and men begin again to think for themselves instead of allowing others to do it for them. They are ready to assert their individuality, and for this we offer our enthusiastic praise and support in their behalf.

As the national election approaches the interest and zeal that has been manifested throughout the campaign on all sides, deepens. As students, we naturally affiliate with the party of our choice; but, is our choice based upon prejudice or conviction? This is a question we should ask ourselves in all seriousness; and answer it candidly and promptly. In such an election as this, enthusiasm is apt to lead us farther than we should really like to go. This is invariably the case when there are more than two candidates in the field, with a possibility of electing but one of the two leaders. Men who naturally believe in the doctrines advocated by the weaker parties will desert and ally themselves with a party that stands some chance of being a winner. They either want to be on the popular side, or else prejudice for a rival prompts them to desert the party of their choice. They do not stop to debate the question with themselves, but guided by the impulse of victory they seize a torch, don a badge and begin to shout. In such an age as ours, when prejudice and ambition rule, to a great extent, we need honest, intelligent, thinking men to battle in the political arena. We do not want such men to manipulate our political parties as were represented in the recent republican congressional convention. Let us then, as students, make up our minds to vote for principle, and if we differ from our neighbors let us have the satisfaction of knowing that we differ honestly.

SKETCHES.

From the way that the smallest senior of a lately departed class said good-bye to his dearest, it is not too much to say that he is built somewhat upon the principle of a steel trap. No further remarks are necessary for those interested.

My suspicions have been aroused by the number of students who carry colds on Saturday morning. Something must be the matter. Moonlight, apparently, is not conducive to good health. Either the gates have refused to shelter the star gazing couples or else someone hears the clock strike twelve before the front door closes. Some one should rise up and explain. The circumstances attending Saturday morning colds, are to say the least, suspicious.

During the summer months it was not an uncommon occurrence for an affectionate couple to swing themselves in a hammock beneath the shadow of the trees on the campus. Of course a hammock is endurable to an affectionate couple only in the evening.

It is rumored that the janitorial force of this institution have a particular dislike for swinging in a hammock. It seems to be an inconsistent dislike however, for a week after the beginning of warm weather the hammocks swung in peace upon the campus, but one evening the senior officer of the janitorial force went upon the warpath. He whetted his knife upon his boot-leg and stealthily approached the nearest hammock. Apparently the center of gravity was in the centre of the hammock, at least, it was not at either end. The rope suddenly parted at the end nearest the wrathful janitor. The couple in the hammock seemed to have a "falling out." That hammock ceased to swing.

Farther on was another hammock. The senior officer of

the janitorial force approached on tiptoe. He caught a glimpse of the fairer one in the hammock. His wrath for the hammock was directed against the other occupant of the hammock. "Git right out of this hyar hammock," he blurted; and by the aid of a grip on the coat collar he jerked his apparent rival out of the hammock.

A moment later the respected senior officer of the janitorial force was seen snugly ensconced in the hammock but not alone. "Consistency thou art a jewel." Evidently our senior officer of the janitorial force places an equal value upon consistency and a pretty girl in a hammock.

A great invention was recently patented. It is an article hitherto unknown in some buildings. The invention has not been offered to the public for the lack of men to handle it. It is modeled after a peacock—at least it has feathers. It is a very desirable article. The inventor calls it a dust brush. In conversation with the chief engineer of a big brick building north of R street, he stated that if the proper officials would furnish a dust brush and a man to wield it, it would be a possible task to reveal the true and original color of desks and chairs. The advent of this needful article and a proper attachment will be hailed with joy by 389 persons who would like to make the acquaintance of Job and compare notes.

HOW THEY SPENT THEIR VACATION.

M. I. Bigelow.—In Minnesota.

Tingley.—Compromising with Satan.

Pound.—Making nocturnal pilgrimages.

Professor Edgren.—Lecturing at Chautauqua.

Professor Barber.—Camping with his family at Milford.

Everybody.—Acting as witnesses on the chanc.-ante chanc. fight.

Conway McMillan.—Going out to West Lincoln at mid night.

E. H. Eddy.—Singing "The Bull Dog Over the Garden Wall."

Professor Fontaine.—Holding down a dining room chair at the college farm.

Professor Bessey.—Traveling in Europe, spending the most of his time at Kew.

J. G. Smith.—At the college farm investigating the chemical composition of the yellow on the back of the potato bug.

C. W. Bigelow.—On the banks of the Antelope as the moon rose over the street-car stables; also playing lawn tennis.

Dales.—Making people hunt for him, and preparing to "buzz" the next legislature for a boiler house and a library building.

John Green.—Swearing at the boys, especially "Bob and the Kid," for playing ball, with the end of the cannon shed for a back stop; also putting in window lights.

Fifer.—Living in peace and brotherly kindness with the world until fair time, when he was hauled up and robbed of a pewter watch, two meal tickets and thirty-seven cents.

The Regents.—Getting convinced that the university could do without a chanc. Also putting sand burs under the tail of the contractor for our new buildings to make him hurry up.

Dr. Billings.—Lassoing the germ of swine plague, and getting out his bulletin, which, by the way, is the finest production on that or any kindred subject ever presented in the United States. The great demand exhausted the edition