

friend *High School*, for it has long since become a foregone conclusion, that nothing good or true can come out of the Omaha Nazareth. You better head your column "some playful falsehoods about our state institutions," for you might innocently deceive some unsophisticated individual ignorant of your *pouche* for romance.

It gives us a severe pang of real sorrow to chronicle the decease of the *Owl*. This venerable and classic bird records his own premature demise. In true orthodox and patriarchal style, he calls his friends and patrons around his dying couch and blesses them, bequeathes his worldly possessions to the university, to establish an annual "prize," serenely indites his own obituary, calmly composes his limbs to rest, and then suffers his shade gently to wing its flight to the "ble. sed ilses." No cause is given for this sudden dissolution—perhaps domestic infelicity. Farewell, Sapient Bird! Death might have chosen more wisely.

The *Niagara Index* has made its appearance, well filled with its usual quantity of good sense, and spicy editorials. The *Index* alleges that sixty-one of its sixty-six columns of original matter, in its monthly issues, are written by the editors. This is doing good work considering the excellent quality of the matter. We apprehend that many college editors, with ourselves, can heartily sympathize with the *Index* in its lack of literary support.

A writer in the *Trinity Tablet* has a rather weak plea for the moderate use of tobacco. He says that "mankind have discovered a new pleasure so great that it tempts them to overcome an instinctive disgust so genuine that the first cigar makes everybody sick, do not see any counterbalancing evil, and will not be lectured into giving the pleasure up." That expression, "instinctive disgust," is very significant. The sewer cleaner and the stable boy each has, at first, an "instinctive disgust" at the nauseous nature of the work in which he engages; but, though he may by too great familiarity, grow unconscious of the loathsome odors which surround him, and even learn to enjoy the fetid atmosphere, he has no right to impose on decency by carrying it into the drawing room. It is very difficult to use moderation in an indecent and filthy vice. Imagine a man, whose tobacco soaked anatomy breathes pestilence, in the society of a fresh and beautiful girl! Ugh, the very thought is "instinctively disgusting!" Yet much of the burden of this evil lies at the doors of these same sweet maidens. If a reformation is ever wrought here, the girls must do it.

The following, clipped by the *Harvard Advocate* from the *Buffalo Express*, we commend to the earnest perusal of the several pairs of turtle doves of our institution:

"When a young woman at Vassar sees another whose appearance, general style, talents, especially the latter, she admires, instead of seeking her acquaintance in an orthodox manner, straightway she announces to her friends and cronies, with the most mysterious and confidential air, that she is hopelessly, completely, entirely utterly 'smashed'—in fact 'dead gone.' Then follows a series of the most idiotic performances. 'Smash' notes are written; elegant flowers, boxes of candy, costly books, etc., are sent by the 'smash-ee' to the 'smasher'; appointments are made in dark corridors to kiss each other

good night; smirking and ogling are in vogue in the dining-room and the chapel. This state of affairs is kept up for some time,—length of time depends upon the violence of the attack. Then the 'smash' develops into an astonishing friendship, or the parties drop one another by mutual consent. It is not uncommon to hear some bright girl say, 'O, I am so smashed on Miss So-and-so. I just adore the ground she walks on. I have the 'palps' so when I see her that I can scarcely stand up.' I have known girls whose power of intellect could not be denied, who stood at the head of their classes, to make absolute fools of themselves over other girls. I have seen girls cry themselves sick because their loved one smiled more favorably on some rival than on them. I have known of six dollar boxes of confectionery, and fifteen dollar bouquets being sent through some zealous friend by the victim to the victor. And speaking of these tokens of pure unadulterated affection reminds me of something quite funny. These offerings are often more practical than poetical. Dishes of pine-apple, hot lemonade, fried oysters, etc., are common; and one young woman of an intensely practical turn of mind sent to her adored one a hot boiled sweet potato! I apprehend that in a few years it will be no uncommon thing to express this holy emotion by means of a raw onion, or, more appropriately, a cabbage head. It is quite the thing at Vassar to have the reputation of a successful 'smasher.' One enterprising young woman boasted of her 350 victims. She was a Maine girl, and her charm lay in the fact that she was quite gentleman in appearance. But she was a notable exception. Very few reach the zenith of two dozen."

(For the Student.)

Cloud Phantoms.

I saw six angels fly athwart the west,
Yestreen, at sunset, as the day went down;
Toward me one was turn'd: a blessed rest
Sealed his peaceful features, glory crown'd
With a bright halo of long flowing hair—
A stream of silver, through the purple air.
Seem'd as the impulse of a high behest,
Urg'd their broad pinions to their swiftest
speed;
They near'd a quiet city: was their quest
To aid a parting spirit in its need;
While yet the mortal clay about it clung,
Ere the immortal to full being sprung?
I bless'd them as they pass'd and look'd aside,
Then sought the vision with new questioning
ken:
Angels had vanish'd, down the wind did glide
Six demon shapes of sad and boding mien;
I sigh'd, I smil'd: thus passeth faith's ideal,
Thus evil comes to life—evil and life, how real!

OUR COLLEGE NEWS.

—Who killed the *Owl*?
—Frost has killed the flowers.
—Somebody got his foot in it.
—Underwear and Hosiery at Sheldon & Son's. (tf)
—There are 152 students enrolled up to date.
—According to the *Teacher*, there are 133 students at the Normal School.
—Gloves! Gloves! Gloves! all kinds at Sheldon & Son's. (tf)
—Hohmann's mammoth advertisement is a true index of his prosperous business.
—Baggage is always safe in the care of Keyser & Honeywell. Students, one favor deserves another. Leave your orders at Zehring & Harley's.

—"Meet me in the Adelphian Hall at the close of this recitation period: the music is so nice."

—What fun to watch the boys and girls cast "sheeps' eyes" at each other during chapel exercises!

—Horwitz and Davidson have a complete stock of Gents furnishing goods and are old patrons of the *STUDENT*.

—Students in need of anything in the line of Groceries and Provisions should go to W. W. ENGLISH. (tf)

—Energetic agents wanted for the *STUDENT* in every town in the State. Cash premium paid. For particulars address business manager.

—We understand that student only stuck his toe through our ceiling. If his toe makes such a hole, how thankful we are he did not push his whole foot through.

—'73. Rumor hath it that "little Prof." has robbed some unfortunate swain of the tender glances of a blushing maiden. Will, we "wouldn't a thought you'd a done it."

—The shelving of the library has been increased, so we presume where books have been packed away in double rows, they will now be brought to the light of day.

—Boys, when in the gymnasium, please do not jump on the floor directly over the *STUDENT* office. By heeding this small request, you will gain our everlasting friendship.

—If you want a shave that will cause your weary physical nature to lapse into dreamy elysiums of bliss, go to Hollinger's, the 11th street barber. He is the man that can do it.

—Ladies are generally noted for their ability as fluent conversationalists; but we know a Soph who appears to keep two young ladies quite busy writing *billets doux* during recitation.

—Prof Thompson is having a new dormitory building erected at the farm 36x36, two stories, to be finished by the last of this month. The old building will not accommodate all that wish to take the agricultural course.

—Only twenty-five students out of the one hundred and fifty in attendance are subscribers to the *STUDENT*. What does this mean? If you do not appreciate your college paper, tell us so, and if you do, show it by helping to support it.

—We copy the following from the *Nebraska City Press*, in regard to our friend and former fellow student:

Mr. Amos E. Gantt, son of Judge Gantt, is now practicing law in this city, and that he will succeed there is no doubt, as he is a hard student and a young man of talent and ability.

—We visited the photograph rooms of Mr. Cline, a short time ago, and were surprised to see the elegant manner in which he has furnished his new apartments. Mr. Cline is prepared to take pictures in any style desired, and offers special rates to students.

—Can not the library be opened every afternoon as heretofore? We went into the reading room the other day and found about twelve or fifteen students assembled, searching very diligently after information, and all they had to read were a few county papers, two back numbers of the *N. Y. Tribune*, three or four numbers of *Harper's Weekly*, about a year old, and a few magazines. Should this be the case, with one of the best selected libraries west of the Mississippi River locked up next door?

—Reverend looking senior to Prof. during the recitation in English Literature—Prof., what kind of a book is Boccaccio?

Prof.—I would advise you not to read it, Mr. —. It requires a man of pure morals to read that class of literature.

One of the Juniors remarks, "That is the book for me."

—That was a good joke on the student, who having engaged the company of a young lady for church, on going to the usual abode of the fair maiden, found that she had moved to other quarters. He wouldn't have it known for the world, and we—we'l, we would not mention it for the world.

—The Palladian Society was favored with an oration by Miss Ara Williams on the 29th inst. It was one of the finest productions we have heard in the University. It was delivered in a clear, voice, and easy, graceful manner. The speaker appeared to understand her subject thoroughly, and expressed her ideas clearly.

—This issue of the *HESPERIAN* makes its appearance two weeks later than it otherwise would, on account of an unavoidable delay in the press work, arising from an accident to the steam boiler of the *Journal*. The press work of the first forms was finally executed on a hand press which will account for the inferior appearance.

—An ex-student of the University, who fills the honorable position of "judge," recently tried a criminal case, in which the defendant was a young lady charged with forgery. Judge dismissed the case. The attorney for the prosecution said, he could not see on what grounds.

Judge: (musingly) "She's a mighty good-looking girl, anyhow."

—One of the young ladies is contemplating painting a keyhole view. The central figure will be a noble looking Soph, with his feet, encased in No. 11's, gracefully resting on the top of a table, and a pack of cards, with which he has been playing a game of *solitaire*, strewn at his right. When completed, we are assured it will be one of the finest productions of art in the city.

—It is really affecting to see the two young hearts that must part every morning at the campus gate. We could not imagine how their loving souls could be parted through the long weary hours of the forenoon; but the other morning, on passing, the mystery was explained by his handing her a letter, with the following remark: "Here, my dear, read this during my absence."

—Not only the University, but the entire State, has sustained a great loss by the death of Professor Dake. There was probably no one in the State better versed in English literature than the Professor. The more he was known the more he was loved and respected. In his classes the students honored him for his kind and jovial disposition, and all extend their sincere sympathies to his bereaved family.

—We were struck with the beauty of the sign on the transom over the front door of the State National Bank. It is painted in burnished and Etruscan gold with blended shadings. It is certainly the finest piece of work of the kind in the city, and reflects great credit upon Messrs. Bailey & Manning, the artists. We also noticed a carriage at the stable of Gran. Ensign, belonging to C. H. Gould finished in a very artistic manner by the same firm. (f)