

gue did for a moment falter let him stand forth and say it; if there be three in all your company dare face me in the lyceum hall, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus, a willing advocate, a ranting chief of a still more ranting sisterhood. My early liferan quiet as the wheel by which I spun, and when at noon I spread the family board and blew the dinner horn, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me at the garden gate. Together we sought the four-leaved clover and plucked the wild red rose.

One evening when the meal was ended, and we were all seated beneath the cottonwood that shades our cottage, my grandame, an old woman, told of Anthony and Woodhull, and how in old Connecticut a little band of Smith sisters, in defence of their rights, had defied the tax collector. I did not then know what "rights" were; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable woman, until my father, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old maids and shrewish wives. That very night the Suffragists convened in our town. I saw the eyes of my mother flash with a new-awakened sense of bondage; and the guilty gaze of my father as they hurled their burning denunciations upon him.

To-day I vanquished a man in the convention; and when he dropped his head and shrunk into his seat, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and wiped the perspiration from his brow;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in audacious boyhood, he asked if he might see me home from spelling school. I told the president that the defeated man had been my friend, gallant and devoted; and I begged that I might grasp him by the hand and tell him I meant not the half I said. Ay! upon my knees, amid the sneers and jeers of the convention I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled men and boys, and the graceless rabble they call "hoodlums," shouted in derision; deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see woman's fiercest advocate turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of masculine humanity!

And the president drew back as I were a lunatic, and sternly said,—“Let the dull creature fret; there are no noble beings but women!” And so, sister-women, must you, and so must I, steel our hearts to the shafts of cupid.

O Nebraska! Nebraska! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid, domestic maiden, who never knew a higher aspiration than to wed some man, cheeks of brass and a heart of flint; taught her to drive away all thought of love; to gaze into the beseeching eyeballs of the ardent, pleading suitor, even as a boy upon his little sister! And she shall pay thee back, until thy senate halls are filled with a noble band of women, and in their tender care thy prosperity lies assured!

Ye sit here like Amazons as ye are! Strong-mindedness marks your every feature; but tomorrow some love speaking Adonis, breathing sweet flattery from his deceitful soul, shall profess to lay his heart at your feet, and you'll "tumble to his racket." Hark! hear ye yon youth swearing in his rage? 'Tis three days since he has met a woman's smile; but tomorrow he shall feast his eyes upon yours,—and the greater fool you'll be! If ye are slaves, then sit here like brainless creatures waiting for the coming man! If ye are women,—follow me! Strike off the chains of man's tyranny, gain the ballot, and there do noble work! Is Xantippa dead? Is her old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins that ye do bow and smile and say "Yes, my lord?" O, sisters! women! Suffragists!—if we must love, let us love ourselves! If we must smile, let us smile in scorn! If we must wed, let it be with the understanding that our side of the house shall represent the family politics!

SPARTACUSA.

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Editorial.

It is sometimes a vexatious question as to how a class shall occupy itself when meeting for social purposes in the evening. A college class usually considers itself too literary and, if the Senior class, too dignified to indulge in the customary amusements of an evening company. Consequently a half-learned oration is stumbled through, a warmed-over essay is hastily read, or Shakespeare is murdered and Byron sentimentally quoted and the evening is considered to have been spent in an appropriate literary manner! We have no patience with the advocates of such class gatherings. The members had better be at home engaged in reading or writing than making themselves ridiculous over such entertainment and calling it literary! A student who does his duty during the month has a surfeit of literary work and needs at least one evening in the month for something else. Let us then have plenty of fun at our class meetings. Music and dancing and jokes and nonsense. Those who try to be always literary and stately and as a consequence are insufferably stupid are fortunate if they never know how many of the good things of this common, work-a-day, but after all gay world, they miss. Culture and the encyclopaedias, J. S. Mill and Balfour on Philosophic doubt are all well enough in their way, and indeed very necessary but have no business with a student's hours for recreation.

MANNERS.

True dignity is one of the rare gifts of nature. It will always assert itself when occasion requires, and in just that degree most spitable to the place and circumstance. It is as sure an indication of the true character, as the clear ring of the coin is, that its metal is gold. Never is it entirely wanting in the truly noble nature however contaminating the influences have been from youth up. But the same principle which preserves the excellencies that nature has given, against

the circumstances of life, provides the best ground-work for manners. As the polished coin shows best the true character of the metal, so good manners simply removes the rude actions and awkwardness that would hide the real value of the individual. An easy, graceful, self-poised manner, just deference enough not to cast a doubt upon one's independence, or to obscure his self-confidence, are unmistakable evidences of good breeding. The highest attainment of art is the ability to conceal the existence of art, and the best manners are those that make the little formalities of society appear natural. Trifling as these forms, considered in themselves, may seem, the fact that they receive the sanction of the best, in all classes of society make them imperative. They become a factor of civilization. No one but a genius can afford to be eccentric, and he who affects odd manners in order to appear distinguished, seldom deceives anyone but himself. The place where one would naturally expect to find the best manners, is among those who are spending a series of years together, for the purpose of culture. The dignity of their manners ought to correspond with the dignity of their common pursuit. It is not always to be found thus; a fact that has been forced upon our observation of late. Let each one who observes this statement apply the test of self criticism to find how far it is true.

The STUDENT's suggestion has at length been carried out and we are to have a contest once more. It seems to be the general wish of the students that there should be some decision rendered upon the merits of the literary productions other than the former verdict of the judges which resulted in a tie. To insure a decision one way or the other the orators should be pitted against each other, the essayists against each other, and so on through the whole class. This would compel the judges to decide for one or the other. It would be a personal decision and the result a personal honor. In former contests the judges have been left to make their decision upon the evening of the contest, having no knowledge previously of the productions they were to hear. It seems to the STUDENT that it would be well if the judges were given the productions beforehand and allowed to mark them upon style and thought and thus make their final decision to depend upon the delivery of the evening. This would make three points upon which a decision must be based and would be more just to those who are to participate in the contest, as some would have an advantage in delivery and others in style or thought, and by taking all these into consideration each one has a chance, by his excellence in one way or another, to redeem his failure in the other direction. It is to be presumed that each society will put on its best members allowing no party and consequently trivial reasons to prevent the selection of those who will be most likely to win and thus secure to their society an honor which will last until the next contest may transfer it to the other. It was a good suggestion of one of the Seniors that a silver cup be purchased which shall be given to the successful society and kept by it until the defeated society should

send a challenge to them for another contest the following year. It would thus inaugurate a pleasant custom of having a literary contest each year and the STUDENT trusts for the sake of good feeling and the best results that if the plan is eventually adopted the cup will be transferred each year. "May these things be."

The STUDENT has always been deficient in what has been a very interesting part of other college papers: a column of communications upon upon subjects of interest and importance to the students, a place to discuss the live questions of the college, giving all a chance to commend the fairness or complain of the injustice of regulations, customs, principles current in the school. Our first page we are compelled to fill up with an old oration which someone has kindly lent us, but which no one but the author ever thinks of reading, and not unfrequently the STUDENT taxes the good nature of its readers by publishing poems (?) which are enough to make even the ancient shade of Shakespeare rise in protest. The students should take an interest in this matter and send us in short breezy articles upon subjects which interest them and probably would us too. We know that we are reiterating the old cry, but in another key, for copy, more copy. The STUDENT as at present constituted is by no means an index of the thoughts and opinions of the students, but is simply the expression of ideas belonging to the editors of the different departments. It is as though the students said, when the present editorial corps was chosen, now that we have elected you, you are for one year to write everything for our paper, express our opinions and give your own ideas of things as though they were the sentiment of the whole school. The STUDENT is becoming more and more what the editors make it and the students as a class let the paper entirely alone. A college paper should be the expression of the views from all students as far as possible and not simply an opportunity for the editors to air and publish at no expense to themselves their favorite theories and possible one-sided views.

Clippings.

Dartmouth published the first college paper in 1800.

Harvard has made recitations for the Sophomores elective.

During the 242 years of its existence, Harvard has turned out 14062 graduates.

Cambridge College, England, has decided to drop Greek from the list of required studies.

Oberlin has 1000 students; Michigan University, 4368; Harvard, 1350; Yale, 1003, and Columbia 1436.

Prof. "What do you make it?" Prep. "I make it next." Prof. "Come into the ante-room after class and I will make it clubs."

Columbia has added to her numerous departments a school of Political Science and has also abolished the grading system. She is growing merciless withal. Out of one hundred applicants for admission, only twenty entered without conditions.