

each time. This was before the faculty had countenanced the "hashing together" of studies and so it was the result of individual meanness. If it is necessary we can not complain of the faculty for doing this kind of thing, but let them remember that it is a great inconvenience.

THERE seems to be a lull in the discussion of woman's rights, so we shall employ that lull to discuss man's rights as far as the University is concerned. The western states are more progressive than the older settlements of the world, accordingly western colleges have placed lady students upon an equality with the male students, but it seems to be a tendency of human nature to rush from one extreme to another. From being the favored sex, the male students are slighted. The ladies have a finely furnished room in which to hang their wraps etc., while we can not afford even hooks to hang our overcoats and hats on, but must dump them in a heap underneath the stairs, or carry them with us to the recitation rooms. In the good old days when some of the alumni were undergraduates, and we had no gymnasium, they exercised themselves by kicking down the hooks, and the fund for incidental expenses being exhausted, they have not been replaced. If we cannot have a room to hang our clothes in, let us at least have clothes hooks.

THIS paper has watched with friendly eye the University Conservatory of Music since its organization, three years ago. The department opened most auspiciously. The number of students and outsiders who availed themselves of its advantages was most satisfactory, and a prosperous future seemed assured. In this we have been grievously disappointed. From term to term the registration in music has decreased until not enough remains of the department to deserve the name. After a careful consideration of the causes leading to this state of affairs, the STUDENT now states frankly that nothing short of an early change in management will save the Conservatory of Music from an untimely grave. If it is in good hands, why in the name of all that is good and sensible do dozens of students leave it every year to enter the classes of teachers in the city? One teacher alone has given instruction during the present year to between thirty and forty former students of the University conservatory. To-day the number of pupils taking lessons in the University building is less than six. The regents should make a change at their next meeting.

It is said that the reason scientific men are certain that they have discovered Noah's Ark, is because they have found the grease spot where Ham was stowed.—*Ex.*

The Students' Scry Book,

ONLY.

Only the smile of a little child—
To a sin stained soul was given,
With the smile came hope, that soul was saved
And there was joy in heaven.

Only a tear on a coffin fell
When somebody closed the lid,
Yet it gave me strength to do and dare
When the form we loved was hid.

Only a word, a cruel word
And the love of two lives was slain
Sad hearts walked in a shadowy path
And joy was turned to pain.

Only a word, a poisoned word
From the lips of a tempter fell
And a pure young soul was lost in shame,
And life was dark as hell.

Only a yes when it should have been no,
And a youth was lost to fame:
He raised the cup to his ruddy lips,
And died—a death of shame.

Only a kind and loving word
It knew our hearts were tired and sad
Only a clasp of a friendly hand,
All these have made us glad.

IVT.

J. G. HOLLAND.

The sculptor, ere his cunning hand touches the marble block, studies long and carefully that which he would reproduce. Every lineament, every curve is fixed upon his mind. And when at last he stands, chisel in hand, he sees not the rough outline of the passive block before him, but looks within at the beautiful figure hidden there. He labors not to create the graceful image, for that he sees already. He but tears away the covering that hides it from other eyes.

The artist would idealize a landscape. He selects a scene for his foundation, studies it faithfully, then sketches its features, remodelling them as fancy dictates. This unsightly marsh is replaced by a silvery lake, where birds dip their dainty beaks in its sparkling water. Those narrow hills in the distance rise into majestic mountains, while the stunted forest beneath yields to the towering oak and the wide-spreading maple. Upon the canvas appears everything in its completeness. Not a defect mars the harmonious blending. But the sculptor who moulds, not crumbling clay or stone, but the heaven born-intellect,—the artist who sees in man an ideal, and labors, like the philanthropist that he is, to bring out his highest capabilities, subduing this passion and cultivating that,—has a task to which the former are strangers. If they must needs possess a critical knowledge of their subjects, he must be absolute master of his: for his material is not the passive marble nor the unresisting canvas. He moulds in human character. His study is human nature; and success means years of patient toil, and a heart full of sympathy and charity for the weaknesses of its kind.

To no man in American literature are we more indebted for the high standard of social morality than