

are compelled to make their way as they go, contrary to the condition of many students in eastern institutions. There are a great many students in eastern colleges that do not aim at higher education, and perfect scholarship. It is necessary therefore to contrive some means of rounding out a character as far as it is possible with strict regulations and stern discipline. We have in this institution experienced its evil effects as well as good, for some of our best students have been compelled to leave school on account of the strict regulations in this department. It seems to us that it should be tempered with a little leniency so that we can experience all the good and none of the evil.

The Students' Scrap Book,

OH, SENSE OF RIGHT.

Oh, sense of right! Oh, sense of right!
Whate'er my lot in life may be,
Thou art to me God's inner light,
And heavenward led I follow thee.

Oh, sense of right! Celestial ray!
The end is sure, whate'er betide:
I cannot always know the way,
But I can always trust my guide.

—*Youth's Companion,*

TO THE LADIES OF LINCOLN AND NEBRASKA.

Director General Burke, of the world's industrial and cotton centennial exposition to be held in New Orleans, this coming winter says that doubtless the national exposition of woman's work will be one of the most interesting features of that wonderfully magnificent scheme. The women of Nebraska are invited to take part in this exhibition. Let every woman respond by sending something of the best of her handiwork. Loyalty to your state demands this of you. Let us be well represented and show the world that even we of the prairies can appreciate the beautiful with the useful. At a meeting held in Lincoln which organized the state association for the exhibition of woman's work at New Orleans, I was appointed State Superintendent of Fine Arts. I now call upon every lady in the state who is interested in art work of any kind—painting in oil china color, water color, pastel, crayon, and charcoal-drawing, modelling, woodcarving, hammered metal, or any other art work to send samples of your skill to this exhibition. Lincoln and Omaha have been chosen as general receiving points to which exhibits should be sent, where great care will be exercised in packing and reshipping to New Orleans free of charge. Exhibits must be sent from shipping points by November 15. For further information address Mrs. S. C. Elliott, 1212 O street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

NOT MUCH OF A CLERK.

Notwithstanding the number of Universities that exist in this country, our general public know very little of what a University is, and the kind of work done in it.

We have often called attention to this fact in regard to our own University, but the following clipping from a Milwaukee paper in relation to the University of Texas, which is only a year old, needs no comment:—

One of the wealthiest and most intelligent ladies of Austin entered Mr. Conover's grocery establishment, on Austin Avenue, and pointing a jewelled finger, said to the new clerk, a graduate, by the way, of the University of Texas:

"Send me home a bushel of them pertaterses."

"I suppose you mean a bushel of potatoes," said the clerk, smiling in a supercilious manner.

The lady founced out of the store gritting her teeth. When the proprietor heard that he had lost one his best customers he, too, gritted his teeth. At first he thought he would discharge the clerk, but on reflection, as clerks were scarce, he contented himself with telling him that his business was merely to sell goods, and not to correct mistakes in grammar.

"All right, sir," responded the graduate of the University of Texas, "I will not seek to enlighten your ignorant customers."

After that things went on smoothly. The proprietor noticed customers just flocked to his new clerk. He was kept busy all the time. The customers did not care to have anybody except that particular clerk to wait on them. At the same time he could not help noticing that the amount of cash taken was not as large as the run of customers seemed to justify. One morning the proprietor seated himself near the clerk and pretended to be reading a paper. A colored woman came in and made some purchases. When it came to settling she counted up.

"Ten pounds of coffee at twenty cents a pound makes forty cents; ten cents of soap, ten cents for blueing, and thirty cents for starch makes fifty cents" and putting down a dollar, asked for thirty-five cents change, which the clerk promptly gave her.

"Hold on there; that's all wrong."

"Of course it's wrong," responded the clerk calmly, "but I don't consider it my duty to teach your customers arithmetic. I did start out to teach them grammar when they asked for 'them pertaterses,' but you told me all I had to do was to sell them goods. If you are not going to let me correct their grammar, I don't see why I should correct their arithmetic."

"That's the last graduate of the University of Texas that I'll hire for a clerk," remarked the proprietor when he got through putting the ex-clerk out into the street.—*Texas Siftings.*

COLERIDGE.

As each succeeding century rolls around, we observe in literature some new phase of verse or prose. The eighteenth century is not behind the others in literary development, although during the early part the outlook was discouraging. The age was one of utility and practicality, and it was the mechanical-sided philosophy which prevailed. This mechanical system was based upon the Understanding, but one far better arose which recognised pure Reason and Faith also in its foundation. Two seers, to whom England owes more than she can ever repay, effected this wonderful revolution,—namely