

certain kind of vulgarity, and lack of confidence in the imaginations of others, that leads a writer to end his book with the time worn formula, "They lived happy ever after." No doubt were "Passe Rose" to be dramatised, the end of the play would be weak, but Mr. Hardy has not professed to write a comedy. He is writing of a life as he imagines it to have been led a thousand years ago, and to have ended his book by a blaze of glory would have been out of keeping with the pure, sweet simplicity of the life he has portrayed.

"Passe Rose" is a difficult book to describe for it can not be "boiled down" without losing all its beauty. Mr. Hardy has made it as compact as possible. All one can say of his impression of it, is that leaving out details, he remembers only a mass of sweet faces, sights and sounds, and that he has spent a very pleasant afternoon with the story.

SONGS OF A WESTERN PRAIRIE.

A DAY.

Over the prairie, vast and bare,
Day dawns in varied light,
Leaving behind all thought of storms,
That raged and surged by night.

The level lands stretch to the sky,
In every way I turn;
They lie in lifeless quietude,
Motionless unconcern.

The weeds grow sere on heated plains,
Where no cool shadows rest,
No shrub, no tree, no living things
In sight from east to west.

A prairie dog is slinking south,
And there, up o'er the "swail,"
Far north, in the still empty air,
Slow sweeps a lonely quail.

At last, a change comes to evening,
The clouds turn red and gold,
The gaunt old weeds look beautiful
In light so bright and bold.

Now they are nodding sleepy heads,
As they're rocked to and fro
By winds which croon unceasingly
Some cradle songs they know.

And night shuts down on the prairie,
So still, and dark, and vast;
The wind dies out when work is done,
The changeless day is past.

A NIGHT.

Ah! the midnight is dark and fearful,
There's no light in the tempest, so harsh;
The rain sweeps bleak and wild and tearful,
Through the buffalo grass in the marsh.

There's a sob in the rushing river;
There's wail in the maddening air,
And the stark old sunflowers shiver
'Neath the weight of their cruel despair.

Now a shriek from a bird as it reels,
Downward hurled by the night of the gale:
Now a howl from a wolf, as he feels,
That his courage and strength must soon fail.

But the night long and bitter must close
When 'tis spent with its fury and rage,
Even now there are signs of repose,
In the war which the elements wage.

M. L. R.

Do not fail to send for catalogue and specimens of penmanship to the Lincoln Business College and Institute of Penmanship, Short-Hand and Typewriting, Lincoln, Neb.

HEARD HERE AND THERE.

Since the college Y. W. C. A. convention in Lincoln a missionary society has been organized in connection with the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. work in the school. All interested in the subject of missionary work are requested to join.

Some of the students wonder why the armory can be obtained for dances given by the social clubs of town, when the students, for whom the armory was built have not always been granted the privilege of using it for their own dances.

In the near future the exhibition will be given under the direction of the Haydon Art Club, of many American studies and works of art. The Century Co. and Harper Bros. will loan many of the original sketches for their illustrations and students specially interested in this branch of art will be given ample opportunity to study from these pictures.

The program given by the Kappa Alpha Thetas in the Philodicean society a short time ago is universally pronounced to be the best yet given by the respective fraternities. The music was furnished entirely by the fraternity. The vocal solo by Miss Sprague, the trio by Misses Loomis, Sprague and Latta, and the recitation by Miss Minnie Latta deserve special mention.

Will someone kindly urge the idle student, who clips articles from our exchanges, to wait until all the students have had time to read these periodicals? Nothing is more aggravating than to find an article cut out out of an interesting news column. Perhaps this student in his eagerness to secure the article for his scrapbook, has forgotten that other students are interested in reading, or at least glancing over everything in the college exchanges.

THE SENIOR THESES.

The Senior theses of this year are valuable records of original work. T. A. Williams has prepared a "Preliminary Descriptive List of Nebraska Lichens." This is almost entirely original work. Mr. Williams succeeded in getting hold of about 135 species of lichens, which is a large number for a state like Nebraska. These he has examined and described in his own language, thus making a perfectly authentic list based upon specimens actually seen by the cataloguer. This thesis will consist of from 16,000 to 18,000 words. As the title indicates, the list is preliminary and Mr. Williams expects to continue his investigations and enlarge the list as new species are discovered.

H. J. Webber has undertaken and brought to completion a very laborious task. It is nothing less than a "Preliminary Catalogue of the Flora of Nebraska." This consists of about 20,000 words and is complete so far as any collected specimens are in existence. About 950 flowering plants are listed and nearly an equal number of cryptogams. The list is founded upon herbariums actually examined, and the exact localities where each species has been found is cited. References are made to the specimens on which each entrance is made. Mr. Webber has been working for several years on this catalogue, and has himself done a large share of the collecting and identifying necessary. The lichen list of Mr. Williams and the "imperfect fungi" list of Mr. Pound are of course utilized. It may be interesting to note that fifteen of the plants are new to science, about half being discovered by Mr. Pound and half by Mr. Webber.

Miss Helen Aughey treats of the "The Structure of the Leaf of *Populus monilifera*." The gross and minute anatomy of the leaf of the cottonwood was studied with great care, resulting in a thesis covering about fifty pages of