

DRAMATIC CLUB AT ASHLAND. AT THE TOUCH OF A SONG.

Last Friday the University Dramatic Club accompanied by Miss Manning and some members of the Tri Delta fraternity went to Ashland to give its initial performance. There has been an immense amount of interest attending this performance and the many friends of the club will be glad to hear of its great success.

The club arrived at Ashland at three o'clock and were immediately taken to the beautiful home of Miss Nellie Dean where they were tendered a reception by the Tri Deltas.

In the evening the Opera House was filled with a jolly, appreciative crowd of Ashland people, and scarlet and cream ribbons shone from every corner of the house.

"The Open Gate," the one act drama which opened the performance went with a smoothness which rarely attends an amateur performance. The many dramatic little scenes were breathlessly followed by the audience and the players were greeted by a perfect storm of applause at the fall of the curtain.

This was followed by "Chums," the ludicrous college play. The five boys in this play kept the audience in convulsions of laughter from one end of the play to the other. The female costumes worn by Abbott, Tucker and Shears took the house, and Farmer Breed's cowhide boots and butternut jeans were a comedy in themselves. One funny scene followed another until the house was in a perfect uproar and the players had in several instances to suspend the dialogue until the house got quiet enough for them to be heard. When the curtain went down the only criticism seemed to be that the performance was not longer. After receiving the congratulations of a large number of Ashland people the troupe took the night train for Lincoln. The two plays will be produced at the Funke shortly where the club will be certain of a packed house after their success at Ashland. The company is greatly indebted to the Tri Deltas and Superintendent Crabtree for the pleasant time its members enjoyed.

THE BANJO CLUB.

The "University Boys' Mandolin Club" has been organized this year with a view of producing something first-class in the way of concerts and musical entertainments. F. M. Planque, of the University Conservatory, is director, and under his leadership all the talent among its members will be brought out. R. Thorp, jr., is manager, who expects to secure some dates for concerts in the smaller cities of the state. If all is harmony the Banjo club will accompany the Glee club in its tour this spring.

The members of the Banjo club are: F. M. Planque, banjeurine; A. R. Chapman, banjeurine; R. Thorpe, jr., Robert Manly, first banjos; E. Franklin, jr., piccolo banjo; J. A. Bailey, jr., Wm. Clark, L. R. Packard, second banjos; Foster J. Beach, Albert Picketts, guitars.

In the great First church the chandelier threw a broad cone of rays around the middle of the auditorium, the light blazed down upon the organ where the organist played and the four singers fanned themselves lazily; it lit up the placid, shiny face of the minister, as he sat with his fat fore finger between the leaves of his hymn book, waiting till the voluntary ceased; it searched out every nook and cranny in the faded summer hats directly below it, and caressed eagerly the round, brown cheek of a girl that sat to one side; but it touched not so tenderly the face of the young man who sat with her. Perhaps the chandelier half envied him that he could look unabashed into the clear eyes turned now and then to his face.

Further back there sounded faintly a painful little cough, and the light peered curiously in under the gallery. But it could not reach the face that it sought—a man's face that looked pale and drawn in the dim, flickering rays of the gas jet behind him. It was he who had coughed, and he coughed again still more painfully. His eyes were shut now, but they had been open and had seen what they had long expected to see, the little round-checked girl come in smiling and happy with somebody that he did not know, but plainly the little girl's lover. When they had come in the little man under the gallery had trembled and grown even paler than he usually was. In the next moment it seemed his eyes, that were shut, saw the girl as she had looked days ago when he had asked her if he might love her.

And she had answered him, laughing as if it were all a joke, that he might if he wouldn't bother her with his love. He hadn't bothered her, though it had been a year ago; he hadn't even spoken to her except at church or when they happened to meet on the street. He had known there was somebody else then, though she hadn't told him so, and ever since he had looked forward hopelessly to the day when he should see her with him. The time had come, but the little man was not ready for it. He had thought that maybe he would not care. But he did care; he loved her yet.

He opened his eyes in utter discouragement and almost against his will sought her out where she sat. As others rose to sing, he rose too, not to sing, but because he could not see her if he remained sitting. Even standing he was not tall enough, but by a twist of his head he could catch sight of her chin and her hand and the hand of the man beside her, as they held the hymn book together. While he looked the chin turned away from him up to the other, then the wind fluttered the leaves of the book, and to put them back the girl's hand touched for a moment the larger hand beyond. Her fingers trembled and the eager watching eyes back in the darkness of the gallery flashed suddenly with tears. She had never touched his hand like that; she had never cared for him, never.

His head dropped forward. He dimly felt that the minister was praying, praying for the welfare of the nation and the rulers of the earth; for the friends of the church and for its enemies. But the man under the gallery prayed for himself, all for himself. His