

overlooked. For example take the debates preliminary to the final Kansas-Nebraska contest. In giving credit to the different departments of the University for the assistance they rendered the successful contestants, one department it seems, has been entirely ignored. We refer to the department of elocution. Of the eight men who secured a place on the final "local" seven either are now, or have been, students in this department. In interviews with these seven each stated that the training received there was of untold benefit. The work is different from that given in any other department, differing much even from the work in public speaking. Nowhere else can one receive such training in position, gesture, pitch and tone of voice.

#### Obituary.

THE HESPERIAN regrets very much to announce the sudden death by blood poisoning of Rev. W. H. H. Pillsbury a few weeks ago, at his home in Fullerton. Mr. Pillsbury was one of the strongest clergymen of the Methodist church in Nebraska, and his loss will be severely felt. Last fall he was elected treasurer of his county, but had not yet entered upon his duties when suddenly cut off. Mr. Ed Pillsbury, on account of his father's death, will not return to school this year, but the other children are continuing their studies.

Died, of consumption, January 4, 1896, at the home of her parents near Harvard, Neb., Allie Warren Noyes, sister of J. A. and G. F. Warren of the class of '97. The sadness of the death is increased when we learn that the only sister of Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Lizzie Warren-Renie, died at Sheridan, Wyoming, on November 18th of last year. In the double affliction that has fallen upon our fellow-students THE HESPERIAN extends its most heartfelt sympathies.

The faculty has decided that seniors have no right to vote in a junior organization.

#### Gone.

A flying whirl of leaves blown by—  
 Vine-leaves wreathed and twined—  
 A far-off wail in the west wind's cry,  
 Like a child that is left behind,  
 So the years that are fled from us  
 Flit before they are dead from us  
 Like the Vi-king's ship to the wind.  
 Oh the wail of the years that weep,  
 Waking us in the night,  
 Walking forever in all our sleep,  
 Weary and wan and white,  
 They are our children that cry to us  
 They are our visions that die to us  
 Left alone in the night.

—KATHARINE M. MELICK.

#### As Her Mother Had Said.

It turned out as her mother had said it would. Bert ought to have known. But she did not.

She was book-keeper and cashier in the one little jewelry store in the town. She sat very proudly behind her gilded railing. And she always tried to drink in the full dignity of the position when she signed her aristocratic name to the business papers, "Bertha Remington."

But she was not dignified at home. She made red flannel "maginties" for the little girl next door and smiled across at the three wicked little boys who lived on the other side of the street. Once she invited the dear little girl over to tea and gave her popcorn and peanuts afterwards.

She sat one spring evening on the front door steps. She could hear her mother inside rustling the leaves of the evening paper. And outside she could hear the chirp of sleepy birds and the whir of a solitary tree locust. The air was fresh and the scent of growing things made her somehow surer of happiness than she usually felt.

She told herself sometimes that she would never be really happy. She never had been. It had been lonesome when she was little because nobody had lived at her house but her mother and herself. Later she had been