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HOME OF THE WILD WIND.

The wild wind said to the winged flower seed,
"Come wanton with me o'er the grassy mead.
Wild is my heart with love's passionate thrills,
Fly with me to my home on the hills."
She yielded. She trusted. Away with speed!
Now, caressed to a blossom, her fragrance fills
The wild wind's home on the beautiful hills.

E. F. PIPER.

Wild Daisies.

Only yesterday Margaret had been happy, happier than she had dreamed she ever could be. Every now and then she would drop her sewing, slip up the stairs and into her own room. There upon her bed lay a beautiful white swiss dress and beside it a pair of white gloves, a white fan, sprayed with sweet wild daisies. These were her wedding clothes; she blushed with happiness.

Today, he was dead. The white dress still lay upon the bed, with the fan and gloves beside it. The muslin and lace had fallen from Margaret's hand and lay in her lap unnoticed. He was dead and she could not mourn—she had no right to. She could not as much as lay a spray of wild daisies against his face. Today was much the same as yesterday, only he was gone, and Margaret knew that she would never look at daisies any more without feeling cold. She would never wear the white dress.

A. B.

Excuse me!

She is the first one out of the room when the bell rings, not that she has anything important to attend to, but that she may take up her station in the hall windows where she can see and be seen.

She evidently is on familiar terms with most of the "frat." boys, for she greets

them by their given names or by very suggestive nick-names. This morning, a smiling little fellow with a carnation in his button hole came along, "Hello there Shorty, how are you this morning?" He halts with evident reluctance.

"Come be chummy." She makes room for him beside her. "What's the use of always being in a stew. That's a warm posy you have; becoming to me don't you think?." taking it out of his coat and deliberately pinning it to her own gown.

"Did you have a good time last night? You didn't dance with me and I don't think your nice a bit; you didn't do a thing but chase that little yellow-haired—"

"Excuse me, I have a class this hour" he said, as he went on up the stairs.

SMTX.

The Fourth Year.

She could never be a divinity in white; nor could she affect Grecian drapery without appearing very droll. She is simply a short little girl, in a tailor-made gown of coarse woven brown wool flecked with tiny dots of white; and she has a mass of soft brown hair carelessly arranged on the back of her head.

Tom believes she is always thinking very hard, for although she is a sorority girl and talks and laughs a great deal, he sees that her eyes are very wide open and are always very serious.

Tom is big boned and awkward. No one knows that better than he. Even though he has been in college nearly four years, he is acquainted with but few girls, who give him polite nods for the sake of boarding-house acquaintance-ship.