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Wandering.

What though the path lead drearily
O'er lonely wilds? though skies be gray?
I'll tune my harp and cheerily
Go singing on my way.
My harp still sings of southern grace
While through the northern isles I stray;
My heart yearns for one lovelit face
Long, long, so long away.

E.

Hallowe'en Sketches.

Now, boys, let me give you some fatherly advice. Of course I know that you're going to have great fun tomorrow night. You've been very quiet about it, but I know all the "fixins" you have back there in the shed, and I've heard you talking nights after you went to bed, for the last two weeks. Well, have all the fun you can but don't have too much. And just to help you out, I'll tell you a few things you may do if you have time. You know "old Griggs" sidewalk down on the the corner needs to be taken up very badly. Then there's old Haggerty's front fence in an outrageous condition, and her "dawg" don't bite if you don't get near him. She herself would enjoy seeing one of your pumpkin "horribles" very greatly I'm sure. Then there are some half dozen cows in the neighborhood that don't have much fun in life. They would help you wonderfully to make a noise. If you have any time to spare before the moon comes out there's Padeboosky's back yard where the gipsy women said the money was hidden. You might dig holes there. Why, you might put all your time in there; it is great fun to dig holes when you don't have to. And then you might get a big pile of money, too. Anyhow enjoy yourselves. I was young once and know just how you feel. Only, mind, you don't monkey with *my* sidewalk.

II.

A crowd of little boys are sitting on a fence under the electric light. They are swinging their black stockinged legs meditatively. They are very quiet, very. They jump down now and then apparently to dare each other to some feat of arms. And then they get up on the fence again and knock their feet together as they swing them vigorously. They grow very quiet—for little boys. Then like a flash they are up and off, tearing down the street, yelling like a pack of Comache warriors. I wonder what small boy deviltry they are up to, anyway.

A crowd of big boys are lying on the grass under another lamp-post not far away. They are smoking cigarettes and talking so quietly that you hardly know they are there. By and by they slip softly away.

In the morning I find my sidewalks gone and my piled up kindling wood strewn all over the neighborhood. And I do not know whether that has any connection with the crowd of little boys or the crowd of big boys, but I have my suspicions.

A. B.

Mr. Thomas Doane the founder of Doane college at Crete, died at his home in Townsend, Vt. last Friday.

J. A. Sargent writes from Montello, Wis.: "The HESPERIAN is a better paper than it ever was before," and yet Joe always did think that the HESPERIAN had no rival in being what a University paper should be.

The Professor of American history has added a case prize of \$10.00 to the silver medal which is given to the writer of the best paper in the local contest on "The Principles Fought for in the American Revolution." There is also a gold medal, valued at \$200, given for the best paper in the national contest.

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