

# THE \* HESPERIAN

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## Where Corn is King.

In restful homes our people dwell,  
On furrowed slope, by woody dell,  
Begirting orchard's laden toil,  
And scarlet trophies lavish fling,  
And Ceres crowns a virgin soil;  
But Corn is king.

Here grazing herds in sundown shades,  
Pour aimless through ten thousand glades,  
A mingling flood of richer gold  
Than hides in Klondike's boasted spring  
Or southern Africa's mountains hold;  
But Corn is king.

Here science carves enduring stone  
And every hearth is virtue's own,  
A realm where manhood holds in fee  
The scepter and the signet ring  
And bows but to his own decree,  
Where Corn is king.

The dews come softly down at even,  
On clover fields the moonlight sheen;  
Low-spoken love, through odorous lanes  
Where locusts trill and night-birds sing,  
Leads forth the watchers from her fauces,  
Where Corn is king.

JOSEPH FRANCIS BOOMER

## WINTER'S BIRTH.

'Tis Winter's wild birth in the blackness of mid-  
night,  
The storm-wind is driving with furious speed;  
The breakers boil white as they boom on the lands-  
end,  
And bursting rash o'er it with devilish glee.

STEVE J. COREY.

## FLORA.

Flora, flashing summer girl,  
Goddess of the wheel, doth whirl,  
Ere the day is well begun,  
Full aflame in morning sun.

Rose of morning, breath of dew,  
May your life be ever true  
As your fleet, unswerving pace  
And the roses in your face.

## SUNRISE.

The east, ashiver with wind and cold,  
Feels the first faint dawn-thrills run;  
The gray wanes white then flushes gold;  
Up leaps the kingly sun.

E. F. PIPER.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

May 10th, A. D. 1898.

His heart is cold; his soul has passed from earth:  
The world is mute in reverential awe;  
Great Commerce lifts a hand in her thronged marts,  
And at the sign, the voice of greed is hushed;  
The marching thousands pause; the nervous drums  
Forget to call their followers to war,  
And lords and kings bow their bared heads and  
mourn.

No more his surging spirit shall be chafed  
By storm-worn crags within one nation's bounds.  
Firm fixed, afar his beacon soul shall shine  
High in truth's heaven, lighting paths of men.

J. A. SARGENT.

## SUS AETERNUS.

A suckling pig is caught beneath the fence,  
He cannot wriggle through nor yet draw back;  
His pink-white snout is lifted to the sky,  
And frantically he squeals  
The placid sow is feeding from her trough,  
And frantically he squeals.

The farmer leans upon the fence and thinks:  
'I, too, am like the suckling. I am caught  
Beneath the fallen bars of railed-off time;  
I cannot wriggle through nor yet draw back;  
I raise mine eyes unto the blue-domed skies  
And frantically squeal.

The placid One eats from his a-ther trough  
Unmindful of my squeal

H. B. ALEXANDER.

## THE ABSENT ALUMNUS ON ALUMNI DAY.

Homeward, O Tender Mother,  
Are thy children's faces turned,  
They seek thy glad caressing  
With hearts that long have yearned  
For thy tender touch on the forehead  
To smooth out marks of care,  
And to feel once more thy heart beats  
And to walk in thy gardens fair.

And when once more thy children  
Are met 'round the festal board,  
And again from thy generous store house  
Is the wine of mem'ry poured;  
May thy love, still true and tender,  
And still, like the sunshine, free,  
Flow forth to thy absent children  
Whose hearts still turn to thee.

Their paths lie far from thy shelter,  
They wander through valleys strange,  
But their love for thee, Tender Mother,  
Knows never a shadow of change.

EDNA D. BULLOCK, '98.

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