

WOODEN MEN'S TALK.

The Red Dude has not been well this week. He has had very little to say. All day Monday the dust kept blowing in his eyes, and ever since he has been kept busy picking it out. Yesterday he was particularly surly.

"Yez needn't talk ter me erbout anythink," he said. "I'm dead sore on de worl' dere's no two ways erbout it. It's no odds ter me if de Lincoln club is winnin, er if wheat is up ermong the stars, er if de wedder profet says dere is goin ter be er flood. All dese t'ings cut no ice wid me. I aint playin in de game at all, see? I hev gathered up me chips, an' I am goin ter stay out, dat's wot."

"Wot's de matter wid me. Well I'll yez. Ita like dis. T'ings is goin' plumb ter—well, yez know w'ere I mean. I hev been t'inkin over things an' I hev erbout made up me mind dat I am wot yer calls er pessermist, dat's wot. I tell yez t'ings is purty blue w'en some fellers begin ter shut of on cigaroots an' take ter eatin' gum drops; an' den look at de way some fellers is doin'. Dey're actually stan'nin' treat at dem W. C. T. U. one cent merchines, fellers wot used ter take it straight over de bar. It looks as if t'ings wuz on de down grade, an' no mistake. Wy, D. G. Courtney hez gone an' had his head shaved, an' Jake Oppenheimer hez bought er rag baby ter play wid. Guy Huribut hez taken ter appearin on de street widout gloves, an' I know er feller wot's takin ter drinkin de water in de pos' office square.

"I t'ink I will go away fer de summer. I would like ter give t'ings generally de shake an' get out inter de green fiel's w'ere de bumble bee bumbles, an' de grass hopper hops, and de pine tree pines. I want ter git away from dis man's town, fer from de maddin' gang, an' the worl's infernal racket, jes ter joy de music uv de breezes among der tree tops an' lissen ter de woodpeckers peekin, an' de whipperwill whippin. I want ter go w'ere dere ain't no rattle of wilk wagons, an' noise uv drays, w'ere de cows all give pure cream, an' cob pipes grow on every corn stalk. I want ter get away from dis town wid its prize fights an' de udder t'ings wot hev cum in since de doors wuz opened wide an' bask in der sunlight, or dally in der lap of natur, an' let de red ants run all over me. I want er change an' I'm going ter hev it if I hev ter go ter Crete ter git it."

KODAKS.

In the thronging halls of the state university may be seen many pretty sights. With my kodak I will walk through with you and we will take a few little pictures. Not anything ambitious, but just dainty little miniatures taken with the camera that takes color as well as form.

See over there against the dingy gray wall. What a lovely picture they make. Two young girls with their heads close together talking earnestly. One of them is a pronounced brunette. Her hair is black and glossy; her complexion is pure olive and her eyes are black and flashing. The smiles play about her mouth continually. She is never still. She is vivacious, piquant and dainty. She perches her head on one side like a bird and talks and laughs with all the intense feeling in her soul. The other one is exactly opposite. Her head that bends down is almost white. Like golden snow it shines as the sun strikes across it. It flies around her head like a halo. Her complexion is creamy white; her eyes are calm and blue, and she is sedate and calm and deliberate. She

speaks slowly but she is nevertheless enthusiastic. These two are always together. They come down the long hall together in the morning; they sit beside each other in chapel. They recite together, they walk home together at night. We will call this picture "Night and Day."

And now we must have a background of black, for the picture we now take is gray and red and white. It is of a youthful looking girl, slight of build. Her hair that has once been black is covered with a fine frost of white. Her cheeks are red and her lips scarlet and full. Her complexion is clear and dainty. Her eyes are earnest and blue and she looks the world in the face independently. It is an odd picture though; it looks like roses and snow, like the union of youth and age, of winter and summer. The red of her cheeks, the fire of her eyes, and over all the white frost of her hair, make a striking picture that will cause many a one to stop and look at it more closely.

Now we have the picture of a fair haired young man. He is tall and well proportioned. His complexion is delicate pink and white, his eyes the color of the deepest turquoise and his hair is gold intermingled with threads of brown. From out of his noble face looks a soul as pure as that of an angel. He looks more like a Greek god stepped down from the heavens than a human being. In his eyes may be read an earnestness that is rarely found in one so young. One who looks at this picture will look again and again; it is not striking, but beautiful, and good—a picture to hang in your home amidst the treasures that you love.

Against the dingy wall again we find a striking picture. It is of a girl bending over her books, deep in study. Her head is wrapped in a glory of red hair. It looks like flames of fire flying all about, as the sun's rays touch it. Her face is pale, her eyes are clear and gray and full of suppressed feeling. She has an intense soul back of those eyes. As she sits there now, she is dreaming out some story or poem. Her mind is as odd as her face and hair. She writes wierd, pathetic things, and again she writes the funniest things that are brim full of laughter. The sun's rays move from off her hair and it takes on its own deep shade, a riot of color, warm and wonderfully striking.

Here is another picture that has gray for its predominating color or tint. It is of a young man leaning against the side of the hall. He is slight and tall, graceful and well poised. His eyes are blue and earnest and he has a frank look that is pleasant. Here too age has set its crown upon youth and his hair is touched with the snows that come usually with years. His appearance is striking, with the curls that lie on his low broad forehead, half black and half white, a covering of silver and ebony that crown his well shaped head.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

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