

tion would feel itself lost if "headquarters" were elsewhere than in University hall. All these constantly bring the people of the state into closer and closer contact with the University; and bring the children of the state who are at the University into keener appreciation of what the best and most honest and sincere men and women of the state are trying to accomplish in their respective spheres. This recognition of mutual interests, this standing assertion of the dignity of labor, these repeated opportunities for actual contact with what is being accomplished in an industrial way throughout this state, must in the long run tell in a most helpful and inspiring manner upon the thought and lives of the youth of Nebraska. No other University has been so wise and active in these directions, and none has such a strong hold upon the confidence and esteem of what are sometimes called the common people.

And so this crown of the great system of public and free education is rapidly reaching the point where it will completely answer Ezra Cornell's definition of a University—"A place where anybody can learn anything." It stands today unchallenged as the center of the best thought, the most active intellectuality, and the most beneficent planning, in Nebraska.

## A BLIGHTED CHRISTMAS.

BY OLIVIA POUND.

This was the day of all days of the year when perfect rest and happiness should have been hers. She had looked forward to this Christmas during all of the slowly-passing hours of the fall term, while she was sitting in her recitation rooms waiting for the bell to ring. Even this morning she had greeted the rising sun without anticipation of the anguish that awaited her. Was this not vacation? Was she not at home among her friends? Yet already a cloud had arisen, as yet "no bigger than a man's hand," as she had said in all three of her last year's Junior themes, which threatened to ruin the whole day for her and leave her when evening came with brain exhausted and a torturing doubt still gnawing her.

The trouble had its source in an unlucky allusion to the woman question. Naturally, this was inseparably associated in her mind with certain scientific data concerning the relative brain-weights of the sexes—data still fresh to her because she had but recently cribbed them, and much of the articles containing them, for her required paper. Had the train of association stopped here, all would have been well. She might even now be gay and care-free, enjoying her Christmas as she had in her anticipations. But just here, suddenly, insidiously, came into her mind a question reminiscent of exams, of hated text-books laid aside for vacation, reminiscent of mental slavery and nights of anguish, but yet tenacious and persistent.

"You seem absorbed," said one of the family, noticing her careworn expression and knotted brow, "what's the matter?"

"I hate to tell you," she said; "it is something ridiculous, and something I ought to know, but it keeps bothering me. Besides, you couldn't any of you help me."

"Never mind, tell us," they said eagerly.

"Well," she said, "it's this. Don't laugh, please, because it's worrying me dreadfully. Suppose—suppose

you draw a diagonal from the corpus dentatum of the cerebellum to the superior frontal convolution of the left hemisphere—"

"Yes," breathed the family.

"Then suppose you let fall a perpendicular on this diagonal from the posterior lobe of the hypophysis—"

"Yes," queried the family anxiously, "What then?"

"The question is," she groaned, "and this is what troubles me, would this perpendicular fall to the north or to the south of the fissure of Rolando?"

The family were all sympathy, but as she had said, they could not help her. They told her to forget such things and talk of something else. She tried to follow their advice and felt a premature relief, as she did so for a while successfully. Then during a lull in the conversation she found herself repeating over and over again to herself,

"The fissure of Rolando lies between the frontal and parietal lobes, hence its direction from the hypophysis should be—should be southeast—unless—unless—"

She broke off angrily and darted rudely into the resumed conversation. Her parents looked at her with grieved surprise till she explained. Once more they were all sympathy, and she tried to divert herself by turning her thoughts resolutely towards other things, such as those drawings, their fond author, the professor, called them drawings, that sometimes take form and immortality on the blackboard behind his desk; such as the relative merits of idealism, "inevitable to the rationalist" versus materialism; such as the mysteries of life viewed from the point of view of a definite combination of heterogeneous changes, in correspondence with external coexistences and sequences.

Her efforts were at best but transitory. Do what she would, all roads seemed to lead back to the geographical site of the fissure of Rolando and its position relative to a perpendicular. Her day's happiness was slowly, surely, absurdly creeping from her. "Rolando had hypnotized me," she said to herself, and she tried in vain to throw off his spell. She rose and rushed out into the open air to search frantically over that town for books or people that might help her to an answer. O that she had brought along her Ladd or her James! Then she could pass the rest of this Christmas day in joy unutterable.

The afternoon found her at the matinee, whither she had allowed her friends to drag her, her brain dulled and wearied, her eyes red with vexation. All were anxious to divert her, as anxious as she to be diverted; all understood the travail of spirit which that haunting demon was to her, and wished to relieve her, though they could not. When the play started, she set herself to watch the actors and to untangle the plot, with an intensity of effort almost as exhausting as the problem with which she had been wrestling since that morning. She *willed* to be wrapped in them and in their thrilling histories.

A few scenes passed. She watched the hero with absorbed interest, an interest that became deeper and deeper till she awoke with a start to find that she had located in imagination every lobe and convolution in his cerebrum, from the medulla to the corpus callosum, and was even now fancying the effect on a section of his brain, were a perpendicular let fall from the pituitary body on a cerebellar and frontal lobe diagonal.

She looked around the theatre in despair. This was ludicrous, ridiculous, terrible. If this question were to haunt her like a nightmare, an incubus, could she nowhere get it answered? She caught a gleam of hope as she discerned a familiar face at the end of a distant row, the face of a last year's graduate, back, too, for the