

seemed rather queer to me for I had never been bothered with nerves. I told her so, but she said that I was sure to have them some day and she wanted to prepare me. I hate tea, but since the old woman had been so kind as to make it, I gulped it down and wondered what was coming next. I waited patiently for my hostess to speak. Finally my patience was rewarded.

"Ah! I knew that you were a stranger or you would not have stopped. Most of them run on with a kind of skip and pretend not to hear. I had a daughter with it once. They called out at her too. She was so scared she fell in a faint and never came to any more. I have looked up the history of your kind and can tell you a good bit of a story about it."

Well, I thought anything better than that crowd again, so settled myself to hear her story. I did not know yet what was the matter. Was this a community of hoodlums, or was I a hoodlum myself! You, my friends, may have had an inkling of the situation already, having seen such a scene many a time on your own city streets. As for me, remember I had never heard of such a thing before, and excuse my seeming stupidity.

The old woman rambled on. Every now and then I heard a word or two; enough finally to give me an explanation of the affair. She was a garrulous old woman, and it took her several hours to tell the story which I will give you in a few words.

Long, long years ago, long before Columbus ever thought of discovering America (probably long before he was even born), there was; near the Atlantic coast, a small island, whose inhabitants were supposed to have reached the highest point of contentment. The women were celebrated for their virtue, for their wit, and for their long, beautiful hair which rivaled in color the glory of the sun. Everything that could be desired was given to those islanders. Why should they not be contented? Their island was indeed a second Garden of Eden! The inhabitants were few; fifty men and twelve maidens. There had been nineteen maidens but the other seven had married and gone away. As all things have an end, so this state of contentment became a thing of the past. The maidens grew tired of the young men on the island. They saw these youths every day and wanted novelty. One day their wish was granted. A boat was drawn up to their shore and a young stranger leaped out. The serpent had come into the garden. He was not especially fine-looking. He was far from graceful, but to the girls he was a god because he was new. While the islanders dared not lift their eyes to the faces of their loved maidens through awe of their glorious hair, this young man not only looked, but he smiled also. This pleased the vanity of the eleven maidens. When he smiled on one, the others grew jealous. The whole eleven wanted one man, I say eleven for the twelfth only stood aside and looked on. As was natural the man was drawn to her. He chose her and they were very happy for awhile. At last the eleven grew desperate. They vowed that, if they could not have him, their more fortunate rival should not. One night they carried him away and buried him in the deep sea. For this crime both their locks and their milk-white ponies were changed to dusky colors. Conscience-stricken they rode out through the shallow waters to a distant island.

In the meantime, number twelve, wondering at the long absence of husband and companions, found her only consolation in the company of her little white pony. She took it everywhere, and the men, having only one girl left to love, idolized both the maiden and her steed. They could not bear to have either out of their sight.

The eleven heard of this adoration and grudged her even this simple pleasure. They returned and reconciling her to the change in their appearance persuaded her to ride with them.

Reaching the sea they held the maiden back and drowned her pony before their victim's eyes. There they left her mourning for her lost pet. When, towards dusk, they saw her come back, the eleven called the men out and pointing to the advancing figure called out, "There's your red headed girl, but where's her white horse?" The men, irreconcilable at the loss of one of their idols, scorned—but there I missed the connection through a slight doze and did not hear the rest of the story.

When I awoke the old woman was still talking, and I aroused myself sufficiently to hear the origin of the question to-day.

It seems that after Columbus had discovered America, and the continent had become thickly populated, this chronicle was found among some ancient papers and was published. Everybody read the article, and was amused with the whole story. Some brainless fop, thinking to amuse the populace, called out after a "strawberry blond," "where's the white horse!" He did amuse the populace, they all took up the cry, and the poor girl fled through the nearest doorway. For a while it was so popular that girls with the least tinge of gold in their hair dared hardly to look outdoors. Finally the people grew tired of this amusement, and it only burst out occasionally. I happened to be here on one of these occasions. "To be sure," said the old woman, "yours is such a bad case they could not help themselves."

The only way you can find out the rest of this story is to visit the old woman herself. I am sure it would afford you great pleasure. If you wish I will give you her address. She does not live very far away.

I forgot to say that when I went out again the streets were quiet, and that I made my way to the hotel without further trouble.

C. C.

ALUMNI AND FORMER STUDENTS.

Mr. Will O. Jones, of the class of '86 of this university, for a long time assistant editor of the *Lincoln State Journal* and a well known alumnus and friend of the institution, was advanced on the first of January to the position of managing editor of the *State Journal*. He has won his way by industry, pluck, good judgment, and general manly independence of character. No one will rejoice in his advancement more than those who knew him in past years as a university student and those who still keep close to him because of his many admirable qualities. This includes all former students and very many of those who are in the institution to day. One of the first acts of the new managing editor was to call to the position of exchange editor another alumnus, Mr. Holmes, of the class of '90. Mr. Holmes has already had considerable experience in editorial work in this state, in which he has acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of all interested parties. He will be an acquisition to the *State Journal*. Of course all university men are glad to see the alumni coming back to Lincoln and occupying positions of such importance. It is a recognition of the worth of the men and of the value of university training, which cannot be passed by without notice. The souvenir edition of the *Journal*, which is almost entirely the product of Mr. Jones' labors, has met with universal praise. In its entire make-up it is all that can be desired, and will certainly bring to the institutions represented, to the capital city, to the *State Journal*, and to Mr. Jones himself, very great credit, and it is hoped even more substantial returns. One can easily imagine the sensation created by such an edition as this when placed in the hands of some of the people east of the Alleghenies, than whom none are more thoroughly provincial and limited in their