

STROMAN HEARD FROM.

OMAHA, NEB., May 5, 1894.

ED. ALUMNI COLUMN OF HESPERIAN:—It was in a moment of temporary mental aberration, induced by a remembrance of the time when the editor-in-chief used to inform me that "the printers are kicking and were short on copy any way this issue," that I promised to "write a letter for the HESPERIAN;" since which time I have had no peace either of mind or body. The ghost of that prospective letter has attended all my goings and comings, has rendered life a burden and reduced me to a mere shadow of my former self. A letter from you the other day recalled still more forcibly that unguarded promise; so I have decided to fulfill my contract, write that abominable letter and once again be free.

One among the brainy things that the class of '93 did was to enter into a solemn compact, on the first day of May each year, to write a "class letter." I have just finished writing my "class letter" and now propose to make it do duty a second time by practically incorporating it into this letter to THE HESPERIAN. Hoping this will partially excuse the all too personal character of this letter I proceed to incorporate; only adding that I believe this fact will prove a partial excuse to those at least who know me, for I have never pretended to be built on the plan of a man who writes two letters when one can possibly be made to suffice.

My career since we received our "sheepskins," and parted last June, has been rough, rocky and unromantic. After being two or three months at home, I thought I began to perceive symptoms that my father was getting tired of boarding me; so having nothing else to do I took a school and for seven long and weary months was engaged in trying to develop the gray matter that was popularly but erroneously supposed to be concealed somewhere in the craniums of the "young idea" who were so unfortunate as to attend my school. As school teaching

alone was hardly exciting enough, I took a little hand in politics and made the race for county superintendent of schools. Four causes contributed to my defeat: First, there was but one office while there were three candidates; second, the present incumbent had filled the place very satisfactorily for one previous term; third, the county is naturally democratic while I am naturally republican; and fourth, my well known prohibition principles did not permit me to use whisky to the best advantage in my campaign. When the campaign was over I had excitement and politics enough to last me for some time.

After my school closed I decided that I could best promote my own and the interests of the community in which I lived by leaving it; so I came to Omaha. Here, after I had loafed around the law office of Rich, O'Neill & Sears for a couple of weeks, my true worth began to be mildly appreciated, and I was given charge of their city collections. As this firm represent the Wilber Mercantile agency in this city I have plenty to do. At present I am studying law, running down "dead-beats" and (as usual) working like a horse. I will be found with the above mentioned firm in the U. S. National bank building at the corner of Twelfth and Farnam streets, where I should be very glad to see any of my old friends who may be in the city.

Very truly,

CHAS. F. STROMAN.

"Now do your best," they told him,
 "To the voice of duty hark,
 And if you work, you cannot help
 But succeed and make your mark."

But when he went to college,
 About in life to embark,
 Although 'twas he that labored
 'Twas the Prof. who made the mark.

Prince Besolow, the young African prince who is in the freshman class at Williams, has been called back to Africa to take charge of his kingdom.