

that is wisest and wittiest, and kindest and not lose their birth-right and inheritance. The literary balance of trade shall not be long over the sea.

But whether Holmes was English or not does not matter so long as we can appreciate what he wrote. He belongs to every man who can read his meaning and feel it. And it will be a long day before we forget "The Last Leaf," and "The Chambered Nautilus."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out grown shell by life's unresting sea!

This poem by Mr. Martin, was to have appeared in the Junior Annual of last year, but owing to the fact that the copy of it was lost as the literary matter went to press it was left out. We are glad to see this recognition by THE HESPERIAN.

SOMBRERO EDITORS.

ACROSTIC.

Heaven directed, the sons of freedom came
Across the dark expanse of untried sea,
Inspired with hopes of finding once again,
Like Phoenix raised, their long-lost liberty.
Away from tyrants, greed and selfish might,
Long hampered thought awoke to broader view,
Man claimed equality his inborn right,
And valued most the power to think and do.
More freedom still from prejudice to gain,
Again the men of broadest minds went forth,
Transforming forest into fields of grain,
Evolving character of truth and worth,
Restraining not the sons of lowly birth.
Then the oppressed of every clime and land
Heard invitation given to build their homes
On fields that never knew a plowman's hand,
Under a sun whose rays ne'er kissed a throne.
Pressed on by population's quick increase—
Unto Nebraska's plains there came those who
Resented most the bonds of prejudice,
Expecting here to build their homes anew.

Scarce had they broken up the native sod,
Prepared rude shelter from the stormy blasts,
Remembering freedom's long and treacherous road
In schools they sought to place their trust at last,
Nor were their labors idle, or in vain;
Good Alma Mater this thou makest plain.

Oppression could not thrive along with thee,
For all conditions thou wert ever free.

We look to thee, O Alama Mater dear,
In all the darkest trials of our state,
Send out thy light and make our duty clear,
Dispel our fears and gloomy darkness break.
Onward then shall thy steady progress be,
Making thy glory known from sea to sea.

S. H. MARTIN.

WHAT YOU WILL.

It is a great pity that Prof. Lees did not bring with him from Paris or the Pope an official mandate with a guillotin for the seal, forever forbidding the youths of this institution or any other from abjectly parting their hair in the middle. The craze has gone about far enough. It isn't so bad if a fellow is curly headed or has time to use a crimping iron. But when his long, greasy, stringy, tawny locks hang down in his face and over his ears and into his eyes, it is a little more than our sight can bear, to see his misery quadrupled because he is the victim of fashion. We've tried to fathom the reason for this phenomenon—the strong, unfrivolous, unfettered half of humanity voluntarily enslaving themselves to the old dame or the old monsieur of fashion. But we can't. There isn't any reason; it is all unreasonable, unsensible and ridiculous. We've taken minute observations, and we know there is not a single devotee to this fad of fads who improves his looks thereby. So if it is increase of beauty they are after, they are employing very strange means. And they can't be doing it because they wish to be eccentric. It takes considerably more to make an average University boy eccentric than the difference of an inch in the part of his hair. They are all too charmingly commonplace to be eccentric under any conditions. If they do it because they wish to look ugly,