

The same upholstered furniture, but no piano. In the room adjoining the parlor a long table set, awaiting its occupants. The little woman with the curls, paler and more careworn than of yore, bustles about, putting this and that in place. Her husband sat looking gloomily on the floor.

"I think you might help me, Randolph," said his wife. "Oh, Sis, don't bother me. Don't you think I have enough to worry me?" Mrs. Gray opened her mouth to speak, then closed it again.

It had been over a month that she had struggled on unaided to support the family, and to parry inquisitive questions. "I don't know what we are coming to," she said to an old family friend, with tears in her eyes. Randolph doesn't do anything but brope and brood. If he would only talk to me I could stand it. He does not act like a man. Do you know, I am almost afraid sometimes that he did do it."

And so things went on, until one day he told his wife that he could stand this no longer. He was going away. He didn't know where, and he didn't care. "I am only a burden, anyway. You and Daisy will get on far better without me."

There was no change in the house on the corner, except that the little woman grew paler and thinner. But when her friends inquired where her husband was, she would answer with a smile, that 'he thought of securing a position out West—that she thought the climate would be good for him. He needed a change.' There were not only inquisitive neighbors and inquiring friends, there was also her little daughter—who was always questioning her, if not in words, with her wistful little face,— "Mamma, when is Papa coming home?" Then she would assume a cheerful look and voice, saying: 'Pretty soon, dear, I hope. We must do thus and so, to be ready for him.' But the child seemed only half convinced. Many times her mother, wondering where she was, would catch a glimpse of her through the parlor door, perched on a

chair, under a large portrait of her father, looking up at it and saying, over and over again: "I want you to come home, Papa. I want you." Then her mother would tip-toe away: for Daisy had never spoken of this to anyone—not even to her mother.

Three months, and still no word. Daisy had ceased to sit before her father's picture and ask him when he was coming home. She had almost ceased to talk of him. There was a shadow on her face now. She had grown more quiet and thoughtful. "My little woman," her mother used to call her.

One day her mother found her crying as if her heart would break. "What is the matter, dear?" she said, stooping over her. In answer she only threw herself into her mother's arms, crying "Oh, Mamma, I am so sorry for you."

She understood it all at last.

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#### AN OPEN LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HESPERIAN:

You have asked me to publish my views in regard to contemplated reforms in University athletics. In simple terms you have asked my opinion as to what are the leading defects in the management of athletics at the University of Nebraska, and what, in my opinion, is the proper remedy for those defects.

Most willingly I respond to such a request, because my past connection with the University has made me feel almost like an alumnus. I love the University of my adopted state almost as an alma mater, and two years of close companionship in joy and sorrow has awakened within me a feeling of comradeship with very many of its present students.

What I may chance to say upon this subject, I foresee, is likely to be personal. My excuse, if any is needed, is that this letter is written to friends who know me well.

I select for my immediate text an article published in *The Nebraskan* of Dec. 7, last, entitled "A Suggestion," and known com-