

only with a pitchfork, and for the good of the University THE HESPERIAN proposes to undertake the handling whenever occasion requires.

As to Mr. Smith and his attitudinous pedestal, he is not a master to the controversy. That gentleman simply let out his "ring rule" periodical yawp when there was no occasion for it. He did it because of disappointed ambition and blasted hopes. Inasmuch as his vocal gymnastics pleased him and hurt no one else, THE HESPERIAN forgives him. Only we would add this appendix. He said what he knew was not true. The barbarian ticket was a representative barbarian ticket. It represented the three societies, the Maxwell club, and outside barbarians. It was nominated as the result of the concensus of opinion of over two hundred barbarians, and the concensus did not "concede" Mr. Smith. So, logically, Mr. S. argues that we are all rascals; and "F. T. Riley" chimes in with an unabridged "me too!"

The faculty and students have arranged to open a reading room at Eighth and W streets. A neat four-room cottage has been rented and is being fitted up. It will probably be opened Saturday evening. The current number of several newspapers and magazines have been promised besides a small collection of books. It is also proposed to use one room for games and amusements. In another some of the students will conduct evening classes. The faculty represented by a committee consisting of Professors Wolf, Fling and Hodgeman have received subscriptions enough to pay running expenses. They have also given much of the necessary furniture. The students part of the contract is to take charge and do the work.

Seniors are being measured for caps and gowns but they don't appear to be getting around very fast. If you are a Senior and have not been measured the committee wishes you would see to it at once.

#### ANNE.

In the distance, the bold coast of Sweden, dimly outlined against the sky; nearer, the shining sea, thinly dotted with the little boats of fishermen, and just at hand the wharf of the island village, white sand to the water edge. To the right and left and even here and there in the village itself trees in the richest of autumn foliage, groups of children gathering the fallen leaves into bundles as big as themselves.

The village was not pretty; yet there was an air of thrift and hospitality about the place which was pleasing. The brick houses with their low frowning roofs never seemed uncared for, nor did the tiny stores, each with a single line of wares ever seem too humble.

There was but one main street, in which two large wagons could pass, the "Markt Gade," leading to the wharf. At the base of the hill it narrowed down to a path and disappeared at the brow by a turn between two stately beech trees. Behind these, each day more plainly outlined, stood Anne Lowe's little cottage, dismal without, yet homelike within. The thatched roof showed evidence of repair and signs of labor were visible in the little garden extending to the stone wall on the right of the beech trees.

Looking in a front window, a room tidily arranged. The home-spun bed clothes, well filled with eider-down—the pride of every Danish house wife—were the result of the efforts of years. On a side wall just opposite a little cradle, was the picture of a man with a large beard. Every evening before little Valdemar was put to sleep his mother asked "hvor er Fa'er," (where is father), and the little child pointing its thin finger towards the picture uttered that one dear word, "Fa'er," (father.)

A muffled, almost rythmical sound strikes our ears—the busy hum of the old-fashioned looms. Many a time have I been in this weaving room or "Væve-stue" as Anne was wont to call it.