

With the motto "Culture and Agriculture" came a number of little things which mean advancement, but there is one thing which has been discontinued apparently; which, as it seems to us might be included somewhere under this motto. We refer to the course of short chapel addresses which were so much enjoyed under the old regime. By a little foresight an interesting scholar from some other institution could occasionally be arranged with for a half hour address which would be highly appreciated by the students. At every such address last year standing room was even sought by those professors who had never before found time to attend chapel.

Let us have a few bright, snappy talks, it will do us as much good as the regular exercises.

Died—on Wednesday, March 10, at his home in Abingdon, Ill., W. R. Hardy, formerly of U. of N. but at the time of his death a student of Ann Arbor, Mich., '97.

The upper classmen and particularly those who knew him best will learn the above with much regret.

The deceased entered school here at the Uni. in the spring of '93, and returned again in the fall when he was made business manager of this paper which position he held until his departure some months later for Ann Arbor, which school he entered at the request of his parents. Late last fall he accompanied the Ann Arbor foot-ball team on their trip to Chicago, and visited his parents while there. On the trip he contracted a severe cold which later attacked his lungs and so affected him that he fell a victim of the fever which terminated his life.

While here he was known as a promising student and valuable friend. In business matters he was most sagacious, and gained the good will of the best merchants of the city, through his keenness and integrity.

The relatives of the deceased student have the deepest sympathy of the HESPERIAN and of his many friends in the University of Nebraska.

A Woman's Condemnation.

A woman, I must watch; and seeing,—feel
 What he—my friend—can only learn.
 I saw you, when you spoke smooth words to him,
 Hide in your eyes the light of greed:—
 I saw you; and knew you well for what you are.
 You bought my friend's good will
 With honeyed words. Sincere they sounded—
 strong.

You said you were his friend;
 And he believed you: he is but a boy;
 He does not know true words from false.
 He thought me weak when I would try to warn
 And tell him of your lying ways.

You said you were his friend;—
 Then sold him in the mart of politics
 For less than Judas sold the Christ;
 And he,—your faith-blind friend cannot believe
 You guilty of a trust betrayed.
 Great God! Were I a man; and this
 The Age of Chivalry, not an hour would pass
 Before I challenged you to fight
 A death-fight,—knowing well your cunning would
 Give way to fear and you,—branded
 What you are, would shrink away and hide,—
 Unable to deceive with words.

—J. A. SARGENT.

CASTOR-TALLMADGE.

Chester L. Tallmadge, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Tallmadge, of Geneva, Nebraska, and Carrie I. Castor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tobias Castor of this city, were united in marriage March 11, at noon, by the Rev. F. S. Stein, at the home of the bride's parents in the Salisbury block. In addition to the parents of the bride and groom there were present a number of relatives from out of the city. At 2:15 the bridal pair took the Burlington for the east, and after a brief tour they will return to this city, which is to be their future home.—*State Journal*.

The groom in this wedding has been well-known as a student in the University and at one time had the misfortune of being business manager of THE HESPERIAN.

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