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When We are Gone.

They will walk every day on the three-board-way,
They will flock when the chapel bell rings;
They will stand in their place with a long drawn face
When the *high-choir* solemnly sings.

They will stand in a row when *Admit Ones* go,
They will pin on the Scarlet and Cream, [door
They will sweep by the score through the *Lausing*
When our days in the college are a dream.

When we wander away from the owlets grey,
When they look on our faces never more,
Others stop for a sup at our old-tin cup,
Others look in our letter-box of yore.

KATHARINE MELICK.

He Didn't Want It.

I am naturally tender-hearted; or, perhaps I should say unnaturally,—unnaturally used in the sense of superhumanly. I cannot see a man beaten senseless by a brutal policeman, or a horse whipped till the blood comes, or the inveterate yellow dog with a tin-can tied to his tail, or a small boy crying because he can't have what he wants, or a man with the seat of his pants worn through. I cannot see any of these things without strong feelings of pity and compassion. I'm so full of pity that I've got into the habit of pitying everything, and wear a pitiful expression continually,—I mean pitying expression continually.

It was a pity that I pitied so much one night last school year, however. I'm afraid I must try and subdue my humaneness—to harden my heart, at least occasionally. It's too expensive, otherwise.

I was coming home to put on my drill suit. When about two blocks from home, I saw a man lying on the grass near the curbing, with his face buried in his arms. Poor fellow! Something was troubling. Possibly I could help him.

"What's the matter, my man?" I asked as he turned slowly over at the sound of my footsteps. I saw tears on his cheeks, and my heart began to overflow.

He tremblingly wiped the tears away, blinking hard to keep the others back.

"I'm—I'm drunk. Tha's wha's—wha's 's matter."

I was rather taken aback.

"Its a pity, I—"

"Wha's a pity, damn you? I d'want yer damn pity. Hell!' and he got up unsteadily but quickly. He did more than get up. He hit me on the nose, and broke my glasses. I hate to be hit on the nose, and I told him so. He didn't seem to care much. I told him he'd have to pay for fixing my glasses. He intimated what he'd do, so I hurried off to get 'em fixed myself. I'd get reported if I skipped drill.

NORMAN SHREVE.

The Yellow Ribbon.

Mary walked along the frosty side-walk with long steps that jerked her small skirt and let her see flashes of red stocking. She could see red edges, too, sticking out at her stubby toes. But she looked from them to the big yellow ribbon pinned to her waist, and her blue eyes danced.

Her father had laughed so hard when he gave it to her, and he said it would bring good times. The man at Tom Reider's had told them so. Mary could see the other men coming from Tom Reider's now. They were all laughing and talking very loud. It did not look like church, if it was Sunday, but they all had yellow ribbons and that made Mary feel very important.

She held the corners of her black shawl over her head with both hands, as she walked faster and faster. When she turned the corner and saw the white door of the Mission open wide, she twisted the ends of the shawl around her red fingers and ran.

The wind blew back the stray locks of yellow hair, over the curious green and blue and crimson figure in the middle of the black shawl. Her cheeks grew redder as she ran, her blue eyes shining when the yellow ribbon danced above her face.

M.