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OLD MICHIGAN.

In calm, thy waters kiss the pebbled strand,
Great pines gleam green in thy untroubled breast
Tumultuous brooks rush forth to greet thy rest,
And peace is law throughout the bord'ring land.
In storm, thy billows dash against the sand—
A restless, seething sea of green distressed,
Whose anger bursts in roars from crest to crest,
And stills its passion but at Gods command.
I love thee in thy calm and quiet play,
When thou dost sooth the wearied heart of all;
Dost lift man's song in restful melody.
But when majestic rage controll's thy way
I love thee best—'tis then that Nature's call
Awakes in man heart-music wild and free.

A Scrawl in Blue.

My head ached. I was morally certain that I had failed in that examination and all night I had been dreaming of the Tartarian dungeons prepared for those who have "flunked." So, over my boarding house coffee and melancholy pan cakes, I decided to go to church.

The frosty, scattered boards of the walk were melancholy reminders of dismal hearthstones warmed by ~~sidewalk~~ ^{sunlight}. But such gloomy thoughts were soon scattered by the gorgeous costumes floating along before me. A little maid of seven was walking with her chin very much elevated; so much that over her white hood I caught a glimpse of her small nose, like a strawberry in a dish of ice-cream. By her side walked a timier Miss who carried a small muff swung with pink ribbons from her shoulders. They both looked curiously at a boy who was crossing the street before them. A boy who held his bare hands in the pockets of his corduroy coat, but who wore a fresh paper collar. Even the high board fence at the corner was covered with a fresh poster where a remarkably

high stepping young woman in sky-blue knight errant costume was holding up for inspection a dainty blue handkerchief.

But the little maids in their downy hoods were even now disputing the respective merits of their patent leather shoe tips. And as the boy passed it was painfully evident that the paper collar encased a grimy neck. I wondered if the young woman in blue hid under that profusion of dainty frills, guilty remorseful thoughts.

I went into the church and sat in a gallery seat, where the reflected glory of the windows would not cover my head with ghastly green and crimson. The minister announced as his text, the book of Job. There was a solace; but "Job was a *perfect* man." There could be little in his philosophy for those who "flunk." He could afford to be a philosopher; in fact he couldn't be anything else. I dismissed Job, and listened to the three friends. The young man who spoke when the three were tired was dwelt upon at length by the aged speaker who called the youth a "strut" and held him up to such scathing contumely that I concluded that the good old man had probably been discussing Jonah and the whale, with some University freshman. Then Job's defense was treated; a good man had a right to defend himself. A christian had a right to vindicate his good name. "by force if necessary—by physical violence."

I looked at the minister, gray-haired, erect, his hand on the Bible,—at the great congregation, from the two white hoods on the front seat to the green hat with green plumes that topped the high-