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SHALL NATURE MOURN.

Shall nature mourn her west?
Go where the pine grew best,
Her forest giants tall
Have passed beyond recall.

Low thunder-humming saw-mills sing;
A hundred thousand hammers ring
And shrieking steam and whirring wheel
And myriad strokes of working steel
Attest the industry of man
Where in their freedom, red deer ran.

Shall nature mourn her west?
Go where the prairies rest;
Where bearded bison trod,
Their bones jut through the sod.

One rolling-ocean field of corn,
One great green garden, newly born,
Transplanted orchard, nurtured vine
Drink western air for western wine;
And in good time, their fruits, God-sent,
Are labor's western monument.

JOSEPH A. SARGENT.

She has Tantrums.

She is a queer girl. All the students know her name, but know nothing else about her except that she has a temper.

German is her favorite study. She thinks she is very good in it, and one may as well admit that she is. Only she won't stand being corrected. When she is reciting, if she is corrected for any small mistake, she gets mad, her eyes snap, she sits down, closes her book with a bang, and not a word more can the professor get her to utter. Yesterday she had been reading very fluently for several lines, when the professor asked her to translate "da" in a certain sentence "when" instead of "as." At once she grew red in the face, stopped reciting and sat down. All the rest of the hour, when a question was asked her, she refused to answer.

Try Again.

She walked back and forth in her room trying to think of a subject for an expository theme. Finally, when she was almost desperate, for the theme had to be written by the next morning, she went into the library. She put all the magazines and encyclopedias upon a table beside her, and commenced to read. At the last moment she found a subject. Then she neglected her lessons and worked faithfully all the evening upon her theme. When it was completed she counted her words. She had not the required number. Discouraged and angry, she sat in the library the next morning poring over a new theme, instead of going to classes. What a relief it was to her, when she had finished her second theme and deposited it in the little box on the door.

The next day it was returned to her, with large red letters written on the cover, "Not expository, try again."

A Change.

The room was so still. Except when the man rustled his newspaper a little, or his busy wife came in from the kitchen for a moment, it was so still. The man sat twisting his heavy black mustache as he read the paper. Suddenly he looked up and around the room. Then it seemed that the fire needed much poking. The big gray cat, wakened by the noise, rose majestically, curled and uncurled her spinal column, and stood looking sagely at the man while he poked the fire, slowly and meditatively as men do. Finally he laid the poker in its place and stooping down, began to pet the cat. "Kitty, pretty puss, poo' lil' tat" he said softly.