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## INACTIVITY.

Sweet is the meadow's breath in June,  
And sweet on tangled grass to lie;  
And sweetly sad, the solemn tune  
Of the slow stream that ripples by,  
A slumber lure monotony.

And sweet, across a lonely wild,  
To foot the winding grass-grown path,  
Dreaming the day-dreams of a child,  
Unmindful of the storm-cloud's wrath,  
Of rusted sickle, wasted swath.

E. F. PIPER.

## *From a Girl's Diary.*

April third.

Oh, but something embarrassing happened today! My uncle came home from out in the mountains where he had been working with a surveyor's party. We knew he was coming this week, but we did not expect him so soon. He came up to the university to hunt me out, and, as it happened, met me right in the hall before everybody. But he forgot that he is a young man and that nobody knew he was my uncle. When I shrieked and rushed towards him with a sentimental whisper, "O, my beloved" he seemed bent on taking things in earnest for he stooped and kissed me enthusiastically. Then he laughed and I blushed. What under the sun will people think who heard my exclamation and saw us. I have sworn to have my revenge, if I can think of anything bad enough.

April sixth.

If you want to enjoy a week of solid comfort, have the measles the second time. I came down with them yesterday. The first time you didn't enjoy it at all. But this time! First of all you have the pleasure of being compelled to believe a thing against your will. This can't be the measles, you argue; you've had the

measles before. Perhaps it is scarlet fever or the small pox. But no, the opinion is forced upon you. It is the measles all right. You recognize the same old fever dreams when you wake at night and think you are petrified. When you feel yourself rolled up in a paper wad, you remember old times; and when you slowly smother under a thousand pound weight upon your chest you cry out in frantic haste to admit the truth; "It is the measles."

Then there is the comfort of comparing these measles with the others you had. You have time to meditate. How do you feel that you didn't feel then? How did you feel then that you don't feel now? How did you feel then that you do feel now? You have something pleasant to think about.

Another pleasure is the opportunity you have of furnishing amusement for the whole family for two weeks at a time. You know you don't look pretty; but you can't see exactly why it should be so much fun for everybody to tell you about it.

Then your little sister offers to come to school and tell your teachers. You give her minute directions. She is to say merely that you are sick. She tells them all about the measles and wants me to guess how long they laughed.

April fifteenth.

My eyes have been too bad to write lately but I have to scribble down my jubilation. "All things come to those who wait;" "Revenge is sweet;" "E unibus plurim" and so on. Both my uncle and my sister have taken the measles from me.

"A."