

THE † HESPERIAN

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

Vol. XXVII.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, NOVEMBER 19, 1897.

No. 10

Two

Two chubby hands the pickets grasped;
Two laughing eyes mine met;
Two little feet in scuffed-out shoes
Were dancing in childish fret.

Two little lips upturned in glee;
Two little arms wide spread;
Two strong ones around her thrown,
On my breast a curly head.

Two little eyes are closed in sleep;
Two little hands are still;
A growing pain consumes my heart,
The world is cold and chill.

A Song of the Drouth.

"I thirst for rain." Nebraska's swollen
tongue

Could scarcely aid the utterance of the words,
As bound to earth by Famine's cruel lords,
The outcry from her parched lips was wrung,
"I thirst for rain, as flowers thirst for dew,
When scorching sun of summer's day is set;
As fox-hounds for the cooling brooklet fret,
When unrewarded chase is worried through."

"I thirst for rain. Beside the sunrise gates
Is it fancy tells me cooling waters flow,
And vapor-sated clouds are hanging low?
For one cool drouth my thirsting spirit waits,
Oh, God of Waters, hast thou left me here
An exile? Hast thou turned thy stormy face?
Oh could this famished soul thy presence
grace,
And win from thee one moist and saving
tear.

STEVE J. COREY.

Sketches.

His sister died of the fever a week ago and the same disease has left him pale and thin. His large brown eyes are larger, and his laugh once so bright is now feeble.

He is a patient little fellow. He is content to sit by the stove in the little low kitchen and build cob houses for his baby sister. "She

is the only sister I have left," he said to me and put his long bony fingers in her yellow curls. She laughed and turned her head around but he only looked at her.

"Water-lilies, water-lilies, five cents a bunch," called out the bare-footed urchin as the train pulled into the station. His hat was pulled down over one ear and his disengaged hand thrust deep into the pocket of his ragged trousers.

"Only five cents a bunch, fresh from the pond." Then he stood with shining eyes, before the window, holding out the waxen flowers to me. All the other rag-a-muffins around the station were collected about him watching eagerly.

I tossed him a nickle. At once there was a scramble. The little fellows were piled on one another like so many football players after the pig skin. In a moment it was over and he, triumphant started down the platform whistling, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye." Soon I heard his shrill voice, "water-lilies, lillies fresh from the pond only five cents."

The joint debate between the Delian boys and the Normal boys will take place at the Lincoln Normal Saturday evening. The question for discussion is: Resolved that the United States should adopt the initiative and referendum. Messrs Andreson, O'Connell and Boomer represent the Delians. The Delian society will go to shout for the boys.

Again the HESPERIAN desires to call the attention of students to the fact that James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, will read at the Lansing Nov. 22. Bringing Mr. Riley here is not a money making project. Mr. Riley will make his appearance under the auspices of the Lincoln Woman's Club. This will be the literary treat of the year. No wide awake student will fail to "hear and see" America's greatest living poet.