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## THE MILL.

Baptized with sunlight, time rained, stands the mill.  
Here hopper tilts with broken leg—and bold  
The mill-stone's flinty face defies the gold  
Which floods all else. No roof—a rotted sill,  
Half buried floor. Leaning on the hill  
The wheel, deep clothed in mosses fold on fold—  
Crush'd in the rain,—the buckets do not hold  
The stream, which seeks in truant path the rill.  
King Rust has claimed the gear, once worn and bright.  
Deep-crumpled lies the meal-spant; 'neath its bail  
A wren has built, and now with parlance shrill  
Instructs her brood, in science of the flight  
From tall box tree, and scolds with jerk of tail.  
As blatant stands the calf beneath the hill.

STEVE J. COREY.

## The Frying Pan.

I know he is a long-headed fellow because it is such a great distance from his cerebrum to the tip of his tongue.

We didn't call him the "Old Prof." because we loved his mathematics, but because we loved him. He knew, I suppose, all that the best mathematicians of the day were accomplishing, and he changed his method if he found another which seemed better. He was a perfect instructor, and the fellows all worked hard for him. But we liked him better when we found him at some leisure moment and let him talk to us, or when, as we stood in the hall or on the steps discussing college politics he would come up, join the group and enter into the contest with his usual heartiness. He never deemed it beneath his dignity to make himself one of us. If he met us on the street and walked our way, what a jolly observer he would be for the time being, never talking either his shop or ours. But one thing that the boys loved to do the Old Prof. despised. Only once, when we were celebrating some event did we toss the Old Prof. When we brought him down he said simply "Boys, I wish you wouldn't, I wish you wouldn't. My

brother was crippled for life that way." And it was several years, after all of us who heard him say that had left college, before anyone was tossed again in our college.

## THE COOK.

"Bobe" looked out into the yard and screamed, kicked his little feet against the door joint and laughed and screamed until the chickens ran and cackled. Then he climbed on top of the little gate which barred his passage and rolled down on the outside. He plucked a great, fluffy dandelion and stuck it in his mouth. He grinned as it tickled the roof of his mouth then pulled it out and thoughtfully plucked it to pieces. He toddled across the yard to the pig-pen and crawled through a crack between the rails. The big white sow came up to him and grunted. Bobe tried to crawl up on her head as she stuck her nose into the mud in the bottom of the pen. She shook her head and he rolled over and over in the mud. He sat up and surveyed his black, dripping hands then applied one to his face. The old sow rooted up the mud at his side and lay down, and then Bobe made mud balls and piled them on her back.

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