

# THE HESPERIAN

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

VOL. XXVII

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MARCH 11, 1898.

No. 23

## My Brother.

It had been a gloomy day and the long twilight had set in. Belated battalions of clouds were hurrying across the sky, and the splash of the few scattering raindrops was painfully distinct as I sat in a huge arm chair in the library, staring at the live coals. I had lost the place in my book and forgotten to find it, when my brother Donald opened the door and said shortly, though gently enough, "I won't be back until late, Floss. Don't wait"—and passed on down the hall.

Mother used always to wait for Donald, but now for three years I had been waiting. There were many things I could not do for him that mother used to do, but this one thing, this waiting to say "Good-night," I could do.

Donald had grown very quiet in these last three years, for there was no longer one to whom he could talk freely.

I went to his room at about ten o'clock to lay another stick on his fire and light his lamp. There were some quaint old letters on a chair by the window and some on the floor with the discolored ribbon that had held them together, and a pink card.

I picked up the card to tuck it in his card case, when I thoughtlessly read the name, "Dorothy St. Bride," and underneath, written in a girlish hand, "Thursday afternoon at three, June 4, 1863."

The name was one that Donald never spoke to me. It was mother who had told me about Dorothy. I even remembered a day in summer—perhaps that very one designated on the card—when I had gone to ride with Donald and Dorothy, and sat on her lap and played with her gloves, and the pretty, bright ring on her finger. It was all so unusual, and we were so happy that I never quite forgot the ride. Dorothy's dress was white, and ever so soft and thin. I noticed it because it was so much thinner than the stiff, little, white frock that I wore. I thought her face was beautiful because she was good to me, and after-

wards mother told me that her face was fair, with great, innocent, blue eyes.

Dorothy died in November. I knew nothing about it, but mother said it was the same week that word came that father was dead in an army hospital in the south. I remembered that for Donald, who was always busy, and half the time whistling,—great, tall Donald, sat for hours at father's desk with his head on his arms, and sometimes his whole frame quivered and shook. Then, too, mother cried. Yes, indeed, I remembered, and felt heavy-hearted for my big brother—the only lover I had ever loved.

I was still standing with the card in my hand, when I heard Donald's step on the stairs. I met him and said Good-night, and kissed him twice—once for mother and once for Dorothy—and I think that he understood.

ELSIE MAE BLANDIN.

## The Frying Pan.

It is too bad that the U. of N. students can not claim the credit for that shocking piece of originality perpetrated by the Pennsylvania students. To refuse to lift their voices in chapel to sing the "Spanish Hymn," to stand there dumb, and let the cracked voices of the faculty swell the anthem alone, was rather cute. If Spain should try to retaliate by demanding that we remove their music from our hymn books, we should be punished, for *Spanish air* is written over some of our most beautiful common hymns. But neither such a calamity nor war is likely to come from a college prank of this kind. Just a smile all around.

"I told you so" is the meanest sentence in the English language. The Frying Pan abhors it, and wouldn't use it for the world. But it desires to have you hereafter read the daily papers for rather full and undoubtedly warranted accounts of student performances down town, which are participated in by the city "coppers." The Frying Pan won't have

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