

## NONDESCRIBT.

## COLD FACTS IN FEARFUL VERSE.

Heark you now into this story,  
Dreadful legend of hard flunking,  
In the land of fair Nebraska,  
And the place they call a college,  
Where they study fittokill'em;  
Study till the eyes are weary  
Latin, music, elocution,  
And more stuff than we can mention.

In a room up near the attic,  
Room where sat a French professor  
There was sound of many voices  
Wrestling with the conjugations.  
For a term they had not studied,  
Nor was come examination  
And a gloom about them settled,  
Deep it settled 'round these youngmen,

There was one named Misterallen  
And another called Oldknighta,  
"Andy" "Wig" and likewise Barrett,  
Who with French verbs bravely tussled;  
Struggled hard to get more'n sixty,  
For these French verbs they are awful  
Twisted, snarled and so almighty  
Tough that he who gets 'em is a daisy.

But the bravest of these youngmen  
Bravest in the Frenchman's classes,  
Was a young man called Paulclarka  
Who this French before had taken  
One year since (grade, three pluss sixty)  
Who to raise his marks to ninety  
Studied hard again this winter,  
Studied with the Soph'more classes.

When the trying siege was over  
And the marks to them were given  
There was heard a mighty wailing  
In the lodges of these youngmen.  
For a few must takeitover  
And some more had a condition.  
But the saddest was Paulclarka  
Who to raise his marks had striven.

Striven with a mighty effort  
For a grade more'n three plus sixty  
To adorn the homeward record.  
Loud he cried to all his classmates  
When he found he had but sixty,  
That if they had enough to pass 'em  
Satisfied they should be with it.  
And they sadly smiled, these youngmen,  
Saying, (these who had not flunk-ed)  
Takeitover that they dared not.

## OUR PRIZE CONTEST.

A college song is *the* long felt want in this locality. For years we as an institution have yearned after a rousing throat-splitting song that would fuse us into a united body and wear out the ground with our enemies. We have watched for it, hoped for it, and even prayed for it, but nothing more mellifluous than the celebrated "John Jones" has ever deigned to come down and dwell among us. Since the suppression of that classical selection by the authorities the void has been aching harder than ever, and this paper is now engaged in the commendable work of filling up the vacuum. Some of the material used may cause a worse ache than existed before its introduction, but trifles will not deter us from accomplishing this great work. A first effort was made to secure the poetry. Scented notes were dispatched to each member of the Senior and Junior classes, offering a prize of five dollars for the best original poem suitable for our purpose. This was done immediately before the close of the fall term. Answers have

been coming in steadily during the vacation, and we are proud to place before our readers a collection of poetry that has never been equalled in any language except the Icelandic.

The first response came from Frank Wheeler. It is hinted by a friend that the young man had been laboring on this gem for four months, intending to use it for another purpose. Seeing a sure chance of taking a prize, however, he sent the beauty to adorn our collection.

## OUR UNIVERSITY

F. L. WHEELER.

O dear to our hearts is the school we attend here,  
With co-eds so beauteous, Professors so grim,  
And dandy warm halls where we loaf in the gloaming,  
And only four blocks from a place to get beer.

O, this is a boss place, a boss place for culture,  
For mental mansards and Corinthian columns;  
We'll bask in its shadow until we go busted,  
And then we will quietly slide to our hums \*

\*Homes.

The only objection to the above is the incidental allusion to beer; such a thing cannot be tolerated, as it will give York College and a few other denominational high-schools a weapon to use against the "Infidel University." It is true that morally this University is *absolutely on a higher level* than any college in the state, but the truth of this statement will never worry those who speak against us. They get around it some way. On account of that jocose allusion to the Teutonic beverage, the poem is rejected. However if Frank will eliminate the objectionable word the committee will again consider the case. The next response was as follows:

## A COLLEGE SONG.

BY W. S. PERRIN.

Hail to thee, college, hail  
O, University!  
Destined thy dying wall  
Never to be!  
So long as time shall last,  
We will to thee stick fast,  
Nor from thee flee.

This would undoubtedly be the winning article if it were long enough for the purpose. It has the true ring of a college song and can be readily adapted to any old hymn tune that might be selected. Another competitor for lyric honors is Cary Sigel Polk. His effusion is called

## THE RISE OF A GIANT.

When Freedom from her acclivity  
Winks at the Northern Star,  
And the sun from its high eminence  
Shoots beams at the Polar b'ar,  
There stands beneath the sunshine,  
Or where sunshine might want to roam,  
No sweller institution  
Than this our college home

This is the first stanza. On account of limited space we cannot publish the remaining fifty-two in full, but will have the entire poem framed and hung down in the coal house where it can be seen by the curious. Admission free and reserved seats thrown in. Let the entire college turn out and view the remains of the best specimen of brevity in the English Language. Here we have

## A COLLEGE SONG.

BY G. B. FRANKFORDER.

If you want an education  
Here's the place to get it;  
Finest place in all the nation,  
And don't you forget it.