

Chorus.— Here we have fossils of dogs and cats,
Pliocene Monkeys and Tertiary rats,
Acids and beakers and all such stuff free,*
And a jolly professor of chemisteree.

*Except \$5.00 a term to "cover breakage."

As the above seems to have a leaning toward the Scientific course it must be thrown out. Nothing with any kind of a bias on can serve as a song for the whole great and united University.

A POINT OF ORDER.

J. R. FOREE.

I like a game of foot ball
With medics on the Green.
I like to play with paper wads
Whene'er a Prof. is seen;
But of all the things that come about
To make the dead alive.
It is to hear the Prep girls sing
A song in number Five.

This hardly rises to the dignity of a college song. We fear that Mr. Foree has mistaken his calling. His strong point appears to lie in the management of Hesperian boards, boarding clubs, etc., and he might as well understand that to dabble in poetry is a dreadful waste of the time that he should spend in thinking up a scheme for next Hallowe'en.

The following is a store-house of literary treasure. Mr. Frost should continue in this line, as his high imagination or exuberant fancy, or something, like that will certainly give him a place among English poets. We deeply regret that the Literary Course has made it impossible for him to leave out an allusion to History, as it makes useless a poem that would otherwise become our shouting song and endure as long as the University.

THE DEVELOPEMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY IDEA.

BY A. L. FROST.

When Greece and Rome were not so
Ancient as at present, could be seen
Far down the vistas of the past
That strewn with wrecks the pathway
Of Time, germs, like seeds to grow,
Of a grand institution. Romulus
And Remus, when brother smote with brother
And laid low, knew not that here
In prairie West was to be reared an
Edifice wherein is taught the use of brain
Rather than brawn; else would they throw
Aside all hate, embrace, declare "we care not
Rome to build 'ere we historical lore
Deep imbibe in Nebraska University,
And thus learn how a city, a great state,
To found."

The remaining members of the classes competing have sent in articles, but in each case the request was made that the poems be returned to the writer if they were rejected. Nothing so far has been received that will fill the bill, and we now open the competition to the entire University. Another special prize of one year's subscription to the HESPERIAN is offered for a specimen worse than the ones given above. None but Freshmen will be allowed to compete. Write on but one side of the paper and address (with stamp,) Musical Department of Hesperian, University.

Miss Cora White, who was elected last spring to the position of assistant principal of the high school, tendered her resignation last week on account of ill health. Miss White proved herself a pains taking and intelligent teacher and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.—*Ashland Gazette.*

CAMPUS CANARDS.

The walks are muddy.

Our office is now adorned with a cat.

There is an "Ernest" mash in school.

"White how about your sixty-five cent haul?"

Miss Lantz spent Christmas with friends in Plattsmouth.

G. W. Gerwig took in the sights of Omaha during vacation.

The campus trees are now labeled with the Botanical names.

W. S. Perrin went to Roca to spend vacation. He traveled *incognito*.

The societies will not be obliged to pay for the gas consumed by them.

J. R. Foree and Miss Sarah Daley spent the holidays at Palmyra, Missouri.

Miss Emma Lasch, a former student of the University, spent the holidays at the home of Miss Nora Gage.

Roy Codding went out to western Kansas to hold down his homestead, instead of visiting under the parental roof.

Announcement of the marks of the Soph. French class and Freshman German, came very near creating a sensation.

H. T. Conley, a one time eighty-sixer, Christmased in Lincoln. He is now principal of the Beaver Crossing schools.

W. F. Wiggins, once a member of '87, shed the light of his countenance around the building and campus during the vacation.

The crowd at the M. E. Sabbath school last Sunday was unusually large owing to the fact that Fulmer and Knight were not in the orchestra.

The specimens of art exhibited at the close of the musicale, were such as anyone might have reason to be proud of. Such a display certainly reflects credit upon Miss Moore as a teacher of art.

We are anxious to wager half our income (38 cents) that nineteen twentieths of the work that has been planned by students, to be done this vacation, will at the expiration of this period still be untouched.

Dave Forsythe went to Kearney to hang up his stocking and dig out a railroad debate. David is one of the hardest workers in college and whenever the Palladians have a debate that requires grinding he is invariably selected.

We are sorry to state that Miss Hattie Babcock has returned to her home in Denver. Miss Babcock made many friends during her brief stay with us, and it is to be hoped that she will return to Lincoln sometime in the near future.

H. P. Barrett is sinking in the social scale slowly but surely. He was seen coming out of Moses Oppenheimer's saloon a few days before Christmas. His explanation is that he was collecting, and that it was much better to be seen coming out of the saloon than going in. Too thin.

Cheney's silver medal, the joy of his heart and the pride of his vest front, was taken away from him at the Christmas rifle shoot by a man who wears dirty overalls and doesn't know the difference between a verb and a horse block. Education sheds salt tears and the University hides its head at the sight.

The librarian was recently shocked so badly that his hair is still on end. An absent-minded co-ed member of the Sophomore class drew a book and signed her name on the ticket as "Edith Fulmer." The young lady was sent home in a hack while the librarian went down and attempted to jump into the furnace.