

Sand Burrs.

The chill December winds now blow
The cold gray clouds upon us frown,
The price of coal doth upward go,
As mercury creeps slowly down.

The youth now hies him to the creek
Doth smile and freeze and linger late,
As on the ice so clear and sleek
He buckles on some co-ed's skate.

His Pater—Since George has gone to college he writes very touching letters.

His Mater—How's that?

H. P.—He touches me for a hundred every time he writes.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

When he was choosen nominee
From all the seeking clump,
"I am an orator" said he,
"I'll go upon the stump."

Now when the fatal play was made
He failed to hold a trump,
"I am no orator" he said
"But still I'm 'up a stump'."

A PATERNAL DEGREE.

If a college confers upon a woman the degree of M. A., why shouldn't they confer upon a man the degree of P. A.?

NOT RECIPROCAL.

I sat down to dine in a big fine hotel,
The waiter was slower than was needs be,
So I feed him quite well, yet I am sorry to tell,
The wretch did not more than half feed me.

Biggs— Is Jones much of an artist?

Higgs— No, Why?

Biggs— I heard him say he was a winner in a grand drawing at New Orleans.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

When our college has an Annual
Wrought by boodle, brawn and brain,
That by mental work and manual
Year by year our deeds enchain,
Filled with college wit and beauty
Bright with comic cuts and song
If the Juniors shirk this duty
Is Or, is
it it
right? wrong?

When, in foot-ball, our eleven,
Climb the rugged steps to fame,
Work and train six days in seven,
Spread abroad Nebraska's name;
Days, they give us like metayers
Night, finds study doubly long,
If Professors flunk the players
Is Or, is
it it
right? wrong?

"Blessed are the Meek in name, for they shall bask in my sunshine forever, yea even though the fragrance of the Rose enticeth me."—*A Senior Statesman.*

What thunder in the Senior camp
Causes such commotion?
'Tis only an emphatic stamp
Upon a former barbarous notion.

When Seniors of yore, thirsting for gore
Adopted the Oxford costume,
Yaps looked their eyes sore,
Upon such a deception.

When ninety-two in joyful mood,
Ascended to this high pinnacle,
The Goddess Fame they wooed,
And suits selected quite distinguishable.

But their successors gallant and noble
In minds are not so supple,
Hence the aforesaid conclusion
Has caused the lamented trouble.

Ye martyrs of the foot-ball team,
Who longed to win an heroic name,
Come, listen to a prophesy bold,
Measured in a prophetic mould.

A future still lies before you,
Full of hopes, and full of fame,
The time may come in the glorious hereafter,
When you will win every game.