

The Ravens.

Who come like the wind when the chapel-bell rings,
With a rush from afar like the waving of wings?
Who gather together, a flock dark and dun,
Like the black clouds of evening that darken the sun?
Who hunt, in the twilight, each lone, silent spot,
The dim, darkened shadows of things that are not.—
The spectres of Sophomores, silent and wise,
The spectres of Freshmen with wondering eyes,
The ghosts of last Juniors, all weary and pale,
Forevermore lost in that black, shrouding veil,—
The sad, silent mourners who wander away,
And bear a tear-casket of sable away,
A casket that crowns like a helmet each head,
When the cold, shining tear-drops in secret are shed.
They are ravens that hover afar from the slain,
They would tell us of death that is coming again,
For soon in the halls where their glory was shed,
The records of fair ninety-five will be said.

Stars.

Twinkle twinkle little star
The student wildly cried
As on the glaring ice he took
A fearful jarring slide.

Political Economy Club Meets

The regular meeting of the Political Economy club occurred last Wednesday. A very able address was delivered by Prof. Caldwell on "Proportionate Representation in Government." The professor briefly discussed the ancient and modern methods of voting, the growth of the ballot system, and laws passed for purifying elections.

The evils of the existing "majority rule" were then pointed out and illustrated by diagrams in a "gerrymander" were a surprise to many. Prof. Caldwell believes that a true representative government should represent the views of all the people and not of the majority. The minorities as well as the majorities should be represented.

He proved conclusively that our present system of representation did not represent the people accurately, that a great number of voters are either misrepresented or not represented at all. He then advocated the proportionate representative system. By this system in electing, say congressmen, all districts are abolished and the congressmen elected at large. Each party may nominate as many candidates as there are congressmen to be elected. Every voter then votes for the required number. He not only gives his first choice but also his second and third choice, so that if his candidate is not elected his second and third choice may not be thrown away but will go to some other candidate.

The professor does not claim that this system is faultless but he thinks it is just and practical and much better than the present method. Therefore it should be given a fair trial.

Nebraska State Historical Society.

An adjourned session of the nineteenth annual meeting of the Nebraska State Historical Society will be held on the evenings of January 15th and 16th, in the chapel of the State University, at 8 o'clock with the following program:

JANUARY 15.

President's annual address, "The Pioneer Populists and their Finance in the Territory of Nebraska in 1855, 1856, and 1857, and the results: A Parallel between Past and Present Fallacies," J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska City.

"Some Unpublished Material on the Sioux Indian War, 1891," L. W. Colby, Beatrice.

"A Memorial of L. B. Shryock," J. N. Johnson, Lincoln.

Some Extracts from Early Documents, prepared by F. Ball.

JANUARY 16.

"Freighting in 1856," Moses H. Sydenham, Kearney.

"Reminiscences of the Third Judicial District from 1857-1861," E. Wakeley, Omaha.

"The Ponca Indians," J. Amos Barrett, Lincoln.

Reminiscences by Old Settlers. Election of Officers and transaction of such other business as may come before the Society.

The State Horticultural Society will hold its sessions at the State University on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of January. Its sessions will be held only in the forenoons and afternoons, beginning Tuesday afternoon and ending Thursday forenoon.

Their Wedding Trip.

Mercedes McQuinn was the beautiful daughter of a Wesleyan merchant prince.

Patrique Donald was a student of the great university in that suburb.

Mercedes was the belle of the village. She had beauty. She had riches. What more could be desired. Patrique was the pride of his parents. He, too, was handsome, light hearted and blithesome. His parents, on the contrary, were poor.

He had never known a sick day in his life until he met Mercedes. He was in love. So was Mercedes. It was love at first sight.

A year passed. As before stated, Mercedes and Patrique were in love. At this juncture in our story her father discovered their love. He immediately threatened to disown his daughter unless she would give up Patrique. But she refused. She had the blood of old Irish kings in her veins. Give up Patrique? Never!

It was moonlight on the banks of Salt Creek. Ever and anon a fleecy cloud blew across the face of the moon. Standing on a bridge Mercedes and Patrique were talking. Mercedes tapped the floor impatiently at times with her foot. It was rather cold. Suddenly there appeared down the road a solitary traveler coming toward the bridge. It was Patrique. The lovers flew to each other's arms and wept for joy.

But Mercedes recollected something and drew back.

"Patrique," she said, "I cannot marry you to-morrow!"

"Why not?" gasped Patrique.

"Patrique, I know how poor you are, but that makes no difference to me. I could live in a sod-house with you and be happy!" "But what then can hinder our marriage?"

"Patrique, it is this. I can not bear the idea of marrying and having no wedding trip; and unless you can find some way of taking a wedding trip I can not be your wife."

The blow was a fearful one. What should he do? He had no money, no way of raising any. He was in despair. "Oh, Mercedes!" he cried, "take back your request! I cannot grant it. Unless you do I will throw myself over this railing into the raging torrent beneath!" But Mercedes was firm and as there was a foot of ice on the stream Patrique remained on the bridge.

Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain. "Mercedes!" he cried, "lend me twenty cents!"

"Certainly," she said, "But what good will that do?"

"Mercedes, tomorrow we will take the street car from Wesleyan. We will be transferred to Western Normal. We will return and be transferred to Wesleyan again, all for twenty cents. That will be our wedding trip!"

"Patrique," she exclaimed in tones of joy, "I will be yours to-morrow!" And there on the bridge enfolded in each others embrace, they stood. And faintly through the midnight air came the sound of a sweet bell. It was the last car leaving University Place. "Darling," he said softly, "those are our wedding bells." And she smiled sweetly.

The end.

L. H. R.

An Impression.

Algernon Prettyface and Eleanor Lillylocks had quarrelled. It was over nothing too, as lover quarrels generally are. Eleanor had paid a little too much attention to a new student and Algernon said something about it, that was to say the least, impertinent, and of course Eleanor resented. And after all their vows and tender messages to one another, they had begun to pass each other by with a cold stare. Eleanor had sent back the pretty little turquoise ring she had worn for a year, and she cried a little when she took it off too and I am not sure but that there was a suspicion of a mist in Algernon's eyes when he received it back.

But they had both sworn that they never would make up again, although their hearts were both sore and bleeding. Each one had confided in the nearest and dearest friend, and it was a settled fact that henceforth they were to be as nothing to one another.

Alas, for human plans! Fate had something to do with this love quarrel, and this how it happened. On Christmas day the Hayden Art Exhibit opened up, in the Armory. Now these two silly lovers were both very fond of art. So on Wednesday morning bright and early they both wended their way from different directions to the art gallery.

Algernon had no idea that Eleanor would be there, and Eleanor was totally ignorant that Algernon was in the city. They both were soon interested in the pictures and were lost to all their surroundings. They unconsciously walked nearer to each other.

Suddenly Algernon stooped down to see the number of a picture that was hanging quite low, when his head came in contact with another head that had bent down for the same purpose. Algernon started back and began to rub his head when he saw that the owner of the other head was none other than his former sweetheart Eleanor. They stared at each other a moment, frowned a little, and then both burst into a hearty laugh.

They grasped hands—a resounding kiss told that their quarrel was at an end. An art critic who was standing near and had seen the whole proceeding, remarked "How impressionistic!"

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

Miss Jones has secured several copies of the "Chap Book" for December. It is certainly the literary curiosity of the age. One verse from one of its poems illustrates the general tone of the publication:

"We-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo?
We are the brothers of ghouls and who
In the name of the Crooked Saints are
you?"

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