

A Vision.

As I lay on my bed in the quiet of night,
And the fire through the room shed a faint, flickering light,
My mind into dreamland away took its flight,
And I saw a delectable vision.
I thought that I died and to heaven I went.
Moreover I died e'er I'd time to repent,
So up to the great pearly gates I was sent
To abide by old Peter's decision.

I entered the boat with the ferryman grim.
I was seized with the thought that my chances were slim.
But out over Jordan I paddled with him,
And soon I was safe on the strand.
I took a street car for the portals above,
The region of pure, unadulterate love,
Where only he enters who's pure as a dove,
And there I was met by the band.

The sight of the angels dispelled all my care.
They played "Annie Rooney," my favorite air,
And conducted me up to the portals so fair
Where I met old Saint Peter the guard.
Then I wrung Peter's hand and in friendly way said:
"Ah, Pete, glad to meet you; how long you been dead?
And-ah, have a cigar, Pete?" but Pete shook his head,
And I knew that with me 'twould go hard.

Then Pete said, "I don't know you." "Why—is my name,
I'm a Hoosier by birth, from Nebraska I came,
And though I'm not boastful I think I may claim
That I have a record quite fair;
I never swore, Peter, and never did steal,
For the woes of humanity ever did feel,
And for other kind acts I don't care to reveal
Why you just better let me in there."

But he said, "I can't do it, but don't drop your chin,
Just sit down and wait there until I go in,
And look up your record; you're not a 'has been'"
If you've told me the truth all along."
Then he went for the ledger; you bet I was sad,
I had told him some lies and I knew he'd be mad,
And give me the very worst dose that he had,
And make that bad dose doubly strong.

Soon Peter returned with a very big book.
His face wore a scowling and terrible look,
He eyed me so grimly, I in my boots shook,
I was scared so I hardly could stand.
Then he said: "We will hunt up your record, my son,
We'll look into those kind deeds you say you have done,
I know you'll enjoy it; 'twill only be fun;"
And his smile was sarcastic and bland.

And he read: "As a boy you were wicked enough,
When you got to be eighteen were terrible tough,
Swore, drank, lied and gambled, but strangely enough
You, in some way, kept out of the pen,
You stole crutches from cripples, you cheated the poor,
You married ten wives, and you tried to allure
One to poison her husband, of that I am sure,
And you went to the old U. of N."

"And so I guess, Charlie, that down you must go
To the fury depths of the regions below,
Where the chances are small that you'll e'er shovel snow,
And the joys that you'll know there are few.
They'll roast you by night and boil you by day,
They won't give you water, they'll make you eat hay,
And down there in hades forever you'll stay
With the rest of your class, '92."

And then of a sudden my heart gave a bound,
I felt the true explanation I'd found
As to why they would send me so far under ground
With nothing but brimstone to chew.
'Twas because in my case they had made a mistake,
They thought I belonged to that monstrous fake,
With the brains of a shrimp and the heart of a snake,
That scab of earth's scabs, '92."

Then I told the old saint all the facts in the case,
I belonged to the class there, the pride of the place,
Compared with whom, others were not in the race,
Our fame goes from sea unto sea,

Our members are leaders wherever they go,
Our boys, they are fast and our girls are not slow,
To the '92' dead-heads we're ever a foe,
To us '94' bends its knee.
Our ladies, the beauties of parties and balls,
Our men take the lead in congressional halls,
To rule this great nation the country now calls
That *ne plus ultra* class, '93."

And then, of a sudden, the gates open flew,
Revealing to me a magnificent view.
I saw then the holy, the good, and the true.
All the glories of heaven above,
And Saint Peter said, "Charlie, we made a mistake,
You didn't belong to that '92' fake,
You belong to a class that a record did make,
So enter the portals of love.

Then heaven I entered and looking around,
Beside me each one of my classmates I found,
In white robes they were clad and with pearls they were
crowned,
All others to them bent the knee;
And so up in heaven forever we'll stay,
We'll wear robes and crowns and on golden harps play,
Receiving all homage forever and aye,
We, the world-ruling class, '93."

C. F. S.

STRAY PICK-UPS.

- Call on Sayer & Sawyer for the blue books.
And the band played "thirty two to nothing."
New students have been registering all through the term.
University boys acted as ushers at the M. E. church
recital.
Many a prep. turned pale when he saw the examination
schedule.
Dr. C. E. Spahr, 1215 O Street, eye, ear, nose, and throat
specialist.
E. A. Rockhold packed his grip and went to Kansas City,
December 5.
Neat cheap binders have been procured for preservation
of magazines.
Miss Grote has scarcely been able to attend classes the
past few days.
Mr. Bentley recently spent a few days in Butler county on
a business trip.
The announcement of the "Lasso" board of editors was
a double surprise.
Ask Marley if the invention of the compass led to the
discovery of America.
O where was the wheelman who started on the broncho?
The broncho kicked up.
Ask Marley about invention preceding discovery as
applied to political economy.
On account of sickness Miss Rose was unable to attend
class Monday, December 14.
Two of Skiles' Eagle girls came up to visit the university
and take in the benefit concert.
E. O. Barr, 94, was out of school a day or two after the
cane rush on account of sickness.
Yates is one of the many who hung from the pinnacle of
the east gate by the tail of his overcoat.
The first thing that Hoagland did when he arrived was
to scratch the slate; the next to register.
Professor McClatchie, '90, of California, has sent to the
botanical department a box of aquatic and terrestrial plants,
collected by himself and wife in the sweet days of courtship.