

NOT TO BE READ.

Our Chancellor may wear an imposing hat, but he never talks through it.

THEY OUGHT AND DO.

First History Student.—Foot-ball players ought to sympathize with St. Lawrence.

Second History Student.—I should say so, if he was martyred on a gridiron.

When Macbeth cried, "Hang out the banners on the outward walls—the cry is still they come," he did not refer to the crush of profs to reach the chapel platform.

YET THEY MANAGE IT.

When students live twenty blocks far
Off from their U with no car
Line system at hand, yet must reach
Classes at eight or the teach-
er kicks, who their markings controls,
Such are times that try men's soles.

The editor of our esteemed contemporary has had "college spirit" preying on his mind for some issues. One would think it half starved by this time.

APROPOS OF EDITORIALS.

Know ye the omnipresent, chestnut reason
Which, whether mentioned in or out of season,
Whether dressed up in poor or lofty diction,
Ever, it seems, will bring complete conviction?
'Tis this—you need but tell—snap of bonanzas—
How things are done in Harvard, Yale or Kansas.

"You fellows must think I want the earth," said the half-back as for the seventeenth time in the game he was knocked prostrate.

VE BELIEVE?

Students have taken many things,
Yet through this mighty nation,
There's nothing quite so "taken" as
An average oration.

That German professor who declared that man was becoming a toothless and hairless race should take a look at some good foot-ball team.

THE WAY THEY DO IT.

"What is that thin little primer there on the table?"

"The book we just finished in history."

"And that enormous pile of paper beside it?"

"The outlines we made on it."

THIS IS SADDENING.

The steady geometrical progression in which a great family paper is reducing itself from a monthly to a bi-monthly and now to a weekly, seems to indicate that sooner or later—but the conclusion is too mournful.

REJOICE, EUTERPE.

Who saith that song doth fail?
Or thinks to bound
Within a little plot of Grecian ground.
The sole of mortal things that can avail?
Give the *Nebraskan's* muse a chance or two,
Prepare Parnassus for the shock, and you
Will see her scale.

THE TRAGEDY OF A SOUL.

Who wills may hear Sordello's story told:
His story? who believes me shall behold
The man, pursue his fortune to the end
Like me, and trace his fall. Believe you, friend?

Appears the foot-ball field. Sordello here
Has gained him honor, and for many a year
Developed sole and body until now,
A peerless full-back, other players bow
Perforce before him; for his great shoes thrust
The ball afar, while all the crowd stand hushed.
Appears the foot-ball field. The order's heard,
Sordello takes the ball, flees like a bird,
Then punts, or aims to punt. Alas, his sole
Now first has failed him; prone above a hole,
Upthrust, outstaggering upon the world,
Trampled upon and bruised, Sordello's hurled.

Like some thin seedling spice tree, starved and frail,
Sordello seems when, paralyzed and pale,
He gains his senses, and can quite recall
His fatal failure, the disastrous fall
Just at the crisis. Ah, his soul with dread
Contemplates his sole failure; with racked head
He struggles, plays it over, as he lies
Hospital-tended, then gives up and—dies.
To follow farther would be overbold;
Who would has heard Sordello's story told.