

selves for the admiring gaze of the public, and all our nonentities always conceal themselves and say nothing for fear of giving the school a bad name—NIT!

We don't howl down eminent orators; We don't drink beer for two consecutive years and "ox it" to graduate. Over at Yale, you know, the whole school turns out, occasionally, to insult a prominent man. The whole school must have turned out, "digs" and all; for the noise indicated it, so of course Yale, Old Yale, did it all. That is logical. In Germany, the students do little but drink beer; and slice each other into sausage.

How glad we are that we are not as they are.

MY LOVE.

O sing ye birds! O burst, ye buds!
O wing, ye trembling dart!
O dance, ye fairy papery poppies,
To the music of my beating heart!—
My love is near.

If all the birds in all the world
Were singing on one bough,
They could not sing the madding joy,
My heart is knowing now—
My love is here.

THE PASSING OF SCYLD.

Scyld, son of the sea,
Cradled and rocked to rest
On her drowsy mother breast,
Lonely thy craft came in;
Lonely thy sail had been;
So should thy going be.
Pale under thy crown,
Lulled by the dizzy reel
Of the wave beneath the keel,
Strange that you wished a grave
Rocked by the changing wave
Out on the sea alone.

None could thy coming trace;
None knew thy home or kin
Thou that the tide swept in;
Thou by the sea wind blown
Out to the wide unknown.—
There is thy resting place.

Scyld, son of the sea,
Cradled and hushed to rest,
On her drowsy mother breast,—
Lonely my craft came in,
Lonely my life has been.
How shall my going be?

ANNIE PREY.

Athletics.

The foot-ball season at this place will open at M St. park on Saturday Oct. 17, at 3 p. m. The Doane team will be here in all their glory and with all their usual confidence. We know what it is to be beaten by Doane and our boys will exert their brain, muscle and ingenuity to the utmost to avert such a catastrophe. We will have no walk-a-way however. Doane is fortunate in having most of her old men back. Lee, Fisher, Reasoner, Houston,—you know what they generally do on the gridiron. They will do it on Saturday if we don't play ball. Then they have our old coach Thomas and he will make a desperate attempt to show us a good time. Our boys are doing good work now. Several new men have been coming out this week. The mighty Turner was seen in the push the first of the week and a shout of joy went up from the throats of the on-lookers, and the coach chuckled. It was announced last week that Hansen would probably have to leave school on account of the failure of his father's bank, but arrangements have been made for him to stay, and he is still filling up a pretty large gap in the line. Votaw is another new man who looks powerful but the best thing is, he's twice as powerful as he looks. If you stay away from the park on Saturday you'll miss a pretty game and a close game. There is but one thing that would make the boys play harder and the management feel happier, than for every man in the Uni. to turn out. That thing is, for every man to turn out and bring a fair admirer of the game with him. Now don't you be out of your proper place the 17th.

At a meeting of the team Wednesday evening, Orlie Thorpe was elected captain. The selection is a good one. Thorpe is one of the best players we have and keeps his head remarkably. He has been playing on the team for two years and first distinguished himself by his magnificent run in the Kansas game of '95.

Come to the game.

Will Dungan, one of our last year's heavy men is in town and will take in the game.

Doan' yo' stay away, now.