

# THE + HESPERIAN

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

VOL XXVII

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1897.

No. 1

## The New Lochinvar.

[To the ghost of Walter Scott.—Pence!]

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
'Mong all the skilled servers her skill is the  
best:

And, save her good racquet, she allies had  
none;

She came unannounced; and she stood all  
alone.

So learned in lore and so win-some in war,  
There never was lady like young Lochinvar.

She staid not for names, and she stopped not  
at fame.

She came from the west-land all fit for the  
game;

And, when she alighted at Kenwood Club  
gate.

No mortal foretold what good fortune did wait;  
But no laggard in skill, or Craven in war  
Could win the white cup from young Loch-  
invar.

So boldly she entered the Kenwood Club hall,  
Among east-folk and south-folk and Chic-  
folk and all:

Then spoke the director, his pencil in hand,  
"Have ye come to play tennis?" his surly  
demand.

"Have ye come from Nebraska; from Lincoln  
afar,

To be downed by our skilled-ones?" Quoth  
young Lochinvar—

"I came to play tennis; the fact's not denied;  
From the land of Nebraska, my skill to be  
tried,

To play with your players, to win or to lose,  
Though to win is the fortune I cannot but  
choose."

"There are cups in your cupboards I'd carry  
afar

To a new home in Lincoln," said young  
Lochinvar.

The guage was thrown down; Lochinvar took  
it up,

And played with all skill for the free, silver  
cup.

They looked at the scores, and it caused them  
to sigh,

But a smile's on her lips,—no tears in her eye.  
She took the first cup,—no Miss A. could bar.  
"The other one also," quoth young Lochinvar.

So rhythmic her strokes and so steady the pace  
That never a court such a lady did grace;  
While the women did fret and the men they  
did fume.

And each game brought nearer the cup and  
the plume;

And the maidens all whispered, "T'were bet-  
ter, by far,

If Chicago but homed the brave Lochinvar."  
The ball she sent back,—though sometimes a  
Miss;

Pound-ed swift through the air, with a sizzle  
and siss.

The match was near ended; but one ball to  
play,

And swift as an arrow it sped on its way.  
It is won! and the cup will be carried afar,  
And "I'm coming next year," quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mourning 'mong folk of the Ken-  
wood Club Clan;

Craven, Wimer and Atkinson tearful and wan:  
There was rearing and tearing, but between  
you and me,

The lost cup of Kenwood they never will see.  
So learned in lore and so win-some in war  
Have ye e'er heard of lady like young Loch-  
invar?

HAL RYONER.

W. T. Elnore '96 spent his summer at home preaching at Sterling and Mt. Zion on alternate Sundays. He was a speaker at the Johnson County Sunday School convention and the Baptist association at Vesta. He is now standing up for Nebraska at Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.