

HESPERIAN STUDENT.

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

VOL. X.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, FEBRUARY 1, 1882.

No. IX.

Miscellany.

THE JUNIOR.

Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,

Over many a small but awful volume of the German lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some second Prep," I muttered, "come to read his Latin o'er,—

Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

And in the German class each member a lengthened visage wore.

Terribly I feared the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow

From my pony ease from sorrow, sorrow for my sinking score,—

For that low and beastly marking, which an angel'd call a bore,—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the oil-cloth, blackly shining from my dictionary's binding,

Thrilled me, filled me with a dread of German I had never felt before;

So that now to stop the throbbing of the genuers wildly bobbing

Through a cranium full of endings—cranium level full and more,—

"'Tis some second Prep," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:

That it is, and nothing more."

Presently the blows grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

"Prep," said I, "or Freshman, truly, your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is, I was cramming, and so wildly you came jamming,

And so fiercely you came slamming up against my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I wish'd you—enter now and shut the door."

Silence there and nothing more.

Fiercely of my German thinking, long I sat there, winking, blinking

At my dictionary's binding which the lamp light gloated o'er;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only words there spoken were the whispered words "a bore!"

These I whispered, and an echo murmured back the words, "a bore!"

Merely this and nothing more.

Back unto my German turning, with my foot the coal-hod spurning;

Soon again I heard the pounding, muchly louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "Surely that's a *bona fide* caller,

Let me see who *dort heraus* is, and throw open now my door,

Let my German rest a minute, and this mystery explore;

'Tis some Prep, if nothing more.

Open here I flung the portal, when in stepped a grinning mortal—

In there strode a lordly Junior who had been there oft before.

Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped or stayed he,

But sans mein of lord or lady, perched before my chamber door,

Perched upon a rounded chair back just before my chamber door—

Perched and sat and grinned galore.

Then this lengthy chap beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the wide and awful chasm in the countenance he wore,

"Though thy grin be grown and growing, thou," said I, "art mighty knowing;

Spite of all thy gas and blowing 'bout this awful German bore,

Tell me what my future fate is, shall I pass in Dutch some more?"

Quoth the Junior, "Nevermore."

Much I trembled this facetious youth to hear discourse so plainly,

Though his answer weighed but little—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being,

Ever yet was blessed with seeing Juniors 'fore his chamber door,—

Junior on a rounded chair-back, just before his chamber door,—

With such a grin as this one wore.

But the Junior sitting lonely on that chair-back answered only

That one word, as if in that one word a joke he did out-pour.

Nothing farther then he uttered, to the floor my scratch book fluttered,

And I something more than muttered, "These Prof. hates he's bounced before!"

On the morrow he *will* pass me; other fools have passed before!"

Grinned the Junior, "Nevermore."

Then methought the air grew denser, filled as from an unseen censor,

Scattering round exceptions to the rules I'd learned before.

"Wretch," I cried, "the Prof. hath lent thee, by the great John Smith, he's sent thee,

From the 'torture room' he's sent thee, just to make us study more;

Stop, oh, stop this ghastly joking and forget this German bore!"

Quoth the Junior, "Nevermore!"

"Man," cried I, "foretelling evil, grinning still like any devil!

Whether malice prompts or only a desire to bore, Hopeless now, yet all undaunted, tell this brain

by German haunted,

By each twisted phrase enchanted—tell me truly, I implore,—

Is there, *is* there hope of passing?—tell me—tell

me, I implore!"

Grinned the Junior, "Nevermore!"

"Man," cried I, "foretelling evil!—grinning still like any devil!—

By the fate that's hanging o'er us, by that grade we both implore,

Sooth this brain with German laden, say that by some hook in tradin'

Latin, learned a whole decade in, I may dodge this German bore;

Dodge this great and dire affliction, dodge this fearful German bore?"

Grinned the Junior, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word," I shrieked upstarting, "be that word our sign of parting;

Get thee hence, and get thee hence, through this town's madonian gore,

Leave no hoof-track as a token of the lie thy lips have spoken!

Leave my cramming spell unbroken!—quit that chair before my door;

Take thy hoofs from out that chair-seat, and thy ears through yonder door!"

Grinned he muchly, "Nevermore!"

And the Junior still me twitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,

On that rounded, sharpened chair-back, just before my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a teacher who is scheming

(While the Devil's on him beaming), where he dare cut down our score:

And my "card" to what I want it, and my grade the fifties o'er

Shall be marked—Nevermore!

Palladian Absentee.

A REMINISCENCE.

How dear to my heart is the school I attended!

And how I remember so distant and dim,

The red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended

And carefully put on the bench under him!

And now I recall the surprise of the master

When Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin

So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster

Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.

That active boy Billy! that high leaping Billy!

That loud-shouting Billy that sat on a pin!

The *Omaha Herald* has the following summary of the U. S. census "Table of Illiteracy: " Of those over ten years of age who cannot read, Nebraska has the smallest percentage, 1.73; New Mexico the highest, 44.31, while the average is 9.82, which Virginia approaches nearest with a percentage of 8.41. The percentage of the population over ten years of age who cannot write is lowest in Nebraska, being 2.55; while New Mexico has 47.80 and West Virginia again strikes nearest the average with a percentage of 13.80, the average being 12.44.