

## NONDESCRIPT.

## THEY WON'T BE MISSED.

Now some day it may happen that a "subject" must be found,  
 (All of you keep whist. Let everybody whist!)  
 So we'll make a little diagram, and pass the same around,  
 Of those who'd not be missed—who never would be missed.  
 There's the Junior always twisting an invisible mustache—  
 And the tutor in the corridor who's looking for a mash—  
 And the man who "hasn't studied," but recites the lesson pat,  
 ("For we know he's worked like blazes or he couldn't answer  
 that!")  
 And debaters who will spout away till from off the floor they're  
 hissed—  
 They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed.  
 There's the Prep who drags his mud-hooks all along the  
 stair-way mats—  
 And the Freshy with the single sole ejaculation, "Rats!"—  
 There's the co-ed who pretends to be too swell to like the slate—  
 And the pomp adoring idiot with that stiff hair on his pate—  
 There's the prodigy "so brainy" who of his marks is proud—  
 And his opposite, the flunker, with his lying statements loud—  
 And the rough and ready medic who's so handy with his fist—  
 They'd none of 'em be missed—we're sure they'd not be missed.  
 There's the man who ha: to hem and haw before he can begin,  
 And the one who'd swallow poison fore he'd stop his  
 wagging chin,—  
 And the man who gets off chestnuts 'bout the size of people's  
 feet—  
 And the thing with nothing to him 'cept his horrible conceit—  
 And the Prof. who gives you fifty 'stead of sixty for a mark—  
 And the reckless boys and girls who like to teeter after dark  
 And the sentimental masher who calls himself a Platonist,  
 We don't think he'd be missed—we're sure he'd not be  
 missed.  
 There's the Preppy who imagines he will mash a Senior girl—  
 "Rushers" who will argue till your head is in a whirl—  
 All cranks who question Profs. and mystify the class—  
 All persons who enjoy the trick of turning off the gas—  
 There's the girl who "leaves you" with a letter so polite,  
 That you think she doesn't mean it and get left another night.  
 There's the "towny" who will cut you with a penetrating gaze.  
 There's the awkward stair-ascender who keeps dodging differ-  
 ent ways,  
 And who never can be missed,—we've got him on the list.  
 There's the man who from the book-shelves steals away  
 all works of reference—  
 All wicked chaps who for your hat and rubbers show a pref-  
 erence—  
 All Profs. who are disposed to pun, and those who at them  
 grin—  
 Allimps who in the reading room keep up that horrid din—  
 All girls who seem like the sport of sliding down the stairs,  
 And those who sit in groups thergon and block the thorough-  
 fares—  
 All funny college poets who are "by the muses kissed"—  
 They never will be missed—they never will be missed.

Foretelling the weather has become a regular profession. Not to be out done in such matters THE HESPERIAN has made arrangements to give prognostications. We have a special line to Washington and our news can be relied upon as the latest and the most correct. The forecast for the coming term is as follows: In Junior Physics, Sophomore History and Preparatory Latin, a higher temperature will prevail, but with occasional cold snaps followed by a few flunks. In Germany the weather will remain unsettled and unsatisfactory, but generally cold. In France extreme cold for a few weeks, causing much exertion, some swearing, and perhaps a little study. The Freshmen may look for a mild but continued cold spell in mathematics, and in History will be certain to get thunder, lightning, hail, and perhaps ice-bergs. The Seniors will meet a heavy fog in psychology. The Sopho-

mores will find the Old English weather cold, with winds shifting to the South, and but little sunshine. Precisely one week before the close of the term the Registrar will hang the cold wave signal on the bulletin, and for several days a howling blizzard will prevail. Then will come sweet peace, ditto Spring, and the congregation will rise and be dismissed. See if it don't.

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The medics are a good looking lot of fellows and this paper likes them, but our veneration for the truth and the whole truth wrings from us the admission that they have no sand. If they were brave, why did they hurry out with such frantic haste when that radiator in their lecture room began "thumping?" If they had sand why were they so anxious to look at the front steps on the day that John was testing the safety-valve? Why did they fairly fall over each other in their efforts to get away from the hiss of that innocent steam? Answers solicited.

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He was a tramp. He limped into the office, wiped his boots on the brussels carpet, and grinned as though he expected to be recognised. But he wasn't. The Nondescript sized him up as a needy typographical tourist, and after giving him a few forcible directions as to the distances and best walks to the city printing offices, returned to the weary task of deciphering Grossie Polk's last joke, with the aid of diagrams, an atlas, and two lexicons. His trampship watched the painful proceeding for some time with a languid smile and finally broke out with "Say, you're the fellow who got up that alleged chestnut that appeared in the exchange column of your paper last time aren't you? Well I thought so. I was down at Kansas University when it appeared, and came right up here to look at you. Proud of the thing, are you? You ought to be! But why didn't you label it? One man thought it was a turnip, another swore it was an onion, and a third thought that it was made to represent a broken heart. I knew what it meant at once because I'm a chestnut myself—'College Chestnut' is what they call me. My business is to work for the college press. Yes, its a pretty good business, but a little over done just now. Annual crop is pretty large, and then no one ever retires, as a chestnut never gets too old to get a job on some fool college periodical. How many of us are there? Well about five hundred in active service I guess. You see a college paper is a queer thing anyway and different from any other kind. New editors are elected every few months, and they are as green as grass. They'll print anything they come across—think that a thing is new because they haven't seen it before. In that way the oldest and most worm-eaten chestnuts find pretty regular employment. For instance look at old FirstpaperpublishedatDarmouthin-1809withDanielWebsterascontributor. He is as bald as an onion, hasn't a tooth in his head and is too decrepit to ambulate, yet he appeared fifty-six times during the last year, and in some of the best papers too. Now you needn't smile, for he's been engaged on THE HESPERIAN at six different times, and you hired him yourself once. Who am I? Not an ordinary plebeian chestnut, not much! I'm THE PARODY, that's what, the most popular member of the family that works in the college world. I have more than I can do, and would look a little more respectable if the walking was better between colleges. Well, guess I'll mosey down to Crete and tackle the Owl folks for a job. They need something to liven 'em up. Next time you fellows do a rope act send for me and I'll come and immortalize the thing in verse. So long."