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'92 IS DEAD.

THE SOUP AGAIN SURROUNDS THEM AND THEY CEASE TO BREATHE.

Excessive Waste of Brain Power the Cause of
Death.

The Funeral will be Preached in the Police
Court Monday Morning.

'93 AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

An invitation having been received from the Orphelian Literary Society at the Wesleyan University, the class of '93 decided to accept. The night of Nov. 15th was decided upon for the visit. It soon became noised abroad and at all times of the day squads of festive Sophs and Preps were laying diabolical schemes designed to frustrate the contemplated trip. The class of '93 was so very frank to to that aggregation of "brains," known as the class of '92, that they made them acquainted in detail with all their arrangements.

Not only did the Freshmen have to contend with the opposing classes of the State University but also with the rival societies of the Orphelians at the Wesleyan. As the unmixed and mixed societies are at sword's point at that place, the unmixed societies did all in their power to prevent the Orphelians from entertaining the class of '93. They even chartered all the cars at that end of the line; but '93 was equal to the occasion and a car was obtained from another line. This scheme having failed they next sent a telephone message to the effect that there would be no program at the Orphelian that night. Of course the Freshman readily understood that this was but another freak of the superior intellect of their adversaries.

The ride of about 40 Freshmen was without any incident of excitement. The University yell was freely indulged in, but not an enemy was in sight.

After a program exhibiting much literary and musical talent, '93 proceeded to find their car for the return trip. Here at least was the result of a week's

severe mental labor on the part of '92 and '94. The would-be "bad men" had taken an evening walk of four miles, carrying several coils of rope with them for the purpose of tying straggling Freshmen and street cars. Having reached the cars and noticing that they were entirely unprotected save by the driver they began to disable the cars, but had not proceeded far before they found that a stool in the hands of the driver was more than a match for "Sophmorian brains." Having failed at this point, their next brilliantly conceived campaign was to throw up embankments across the track at intervals. They further proceeded to entrench themselves and lie in wait for '93 at Dead Man's Run. When the car appeared at this obstruction it was stopped, and '93 with the assistance of the marshal of University Place succeeded in capturing two of the would-be wreckers, one of whom was retained for '93's entertainment. After he had been thoroughly tortured he bought his release by giving the names of his associate villains to the marshal; and the last heard of him was the patter of his feet as they hit the sidewalk.

The marshal now having the names of the conspirators, announced that they would be compelled to make reparation for all damage done to property. In consequence of this '93 will have the extreme pleasure of witnessing the appearance of '92 in the police court, where they will certainly need all of their "superior intellect" and surplus change.

The one redeeming feature of the class of '92 is the vacuum which holds its head above the tureen.

CLASS OF '93.

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