

The Old Zimmerlein.

R. B. MORGAN.

Old room mate, have you ever known
a more inviting place
Than that old musty den
of yours and mine?
It always seemed to welcome us
like some familiar face,
Our college room
we called our "Zimmerlein."

It was in the upper story
of that mediaeval hall
That we used to say
was built for the insane,
And in further sport we'd argue
if, in fact, that wasn't all
That its present purpose
answered, in the main.

We had to climb two flights of stairs
to number twenty-six,
Those battered stairs
of roughened, splintered pine,
(Which, like the college sidewalks,
were quite often out of fix),
But what cared we,
in our old "Zimmerlein!"

For when we turned our footsteps
toward that upper southeast room,
Our thoughts would always
beat us up the stairs,
And the picture of the "Zimmerlein,"
like light dispelling gloom,
Would banish quickly
all our youthful cares.

I think you'll not deny it
if I say the room was small,
With furniture that
was not extra fine,
And instead of hanging paintings,
we drew pictures on the wall—
It suited us
in our old "Zimmerlein."

And yet we lacked not ornament
to grace our calm retreat,
Altho' we had no
bric-a-brac to spare,
But we agreed that bird's nest
in the corner hard to beat,
And likewise the butterfly
suspended there.

Then we had two horns, a banjo,
a battered old plug hat,
Some Indian clubs,
of heavy, rare design,
Some boxing gloves, a college flag,
and a cane to go with that—
O, can't you dimly see
the "Zimmerlein?"

Again it seems to me I hear
the merry laugh and shout
Of the students as
they scattered for the day;
And again I hear some fellow ask,
"What's all that noise about!"
While we blew our horns
to drive dull care away.

Ah, room mate, we heard voices
then that we shall hear no more,
While Time is ticking off
your life and mine,
But after that I wonder
if we'll hear them as before,
As we used to hear them
in our "Zimmerlein."

It's not so very long ago
that you and I were there,
Yet things have come
we little dreamed of then,
And I wonder whether joy or pain
'twill be our lot to share
As future years shall
come and go again.

But we can scarcely hope to find,
old chum, a dearer place,
Than that old musty den
of yours and mine;
It always seemed to smile at us,
like some familiar face,
And I think worlds
of that old "Zimmerlein."

Belinda.

Belinda was the smallest cat
That ever you did see.
One day Belinda met a rat
Quite twice as big as she.
Now what are you to do
When a rat's as big as you?

Belinda said: "I'm not afraid
Of any rat alive.
I'd swallow any rat that's made,
Or two, or four, or five."
Now, how could she do that—
Such a very little cat?

The rat replied: "I never knew
A cat as brave as I.
But as for such a cat as you,
I'll make you into pie."
Did you ever see a rat
Dine off a pussy-cat?

Belinda said: "Superior cats
Think fighting only fun.
Just call a lot of other rats;
I'll eat them, every one."
Now, don't you think that that
Was a most courageous cat?

Then other rats joined in the fight.
Big, little, short and tall,
Gray, brown and brindle, black and white—
Belinda ate them all
D'you wonder how I know?
Belinda told me so!
—Eric Parker, in Jan. St. Nicholas.

High School Notes.

Tuesday evening the interscholastic debate took place. Lincoln, Crete and Nebraska City had the affirmative and Omaha, York and Beatrice the negative. Although the negative had the best side the affirmative offered the best debate. The question was "Resolved that the English are justifiable in their action toward the Boers." It was not decided which side won. The visiting high schools had good representations and they carried on a conversation with the Lincoln boys in the gallery.

The Lincoln Athletic Association is contemplating going into a league with Omaha as the most northern point and St. Louis as the northernmost.

The Browning Club will keep open house, at the home of Miss Celia Loomis on January First, 1900. This has been the custom of the club every since its organization.

The Crokinole Club met with Le Roy Ludden on Wednesday and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

The N. N. G's., a club of twelve senior girls, held its regular meeting on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. H. M. Benedict, formerly of the L. H. S. but now of the Omaha High school, were here for the debate.

Dialked Her Red Waist.
The other day at Brighton, N. J., a bull that was being led along the street by two men caught sight of a very red waist worn by a young woman as she sped past him on her bicycle. The bull started on the rampage, scattering pedestrians right and left. He owned the streets for a time until he was lassoed and subdued.

It Has Been Done.
"Well, there was a bit of a knack in mounting the old 'ordinary,' but with these safeties there's nothing to learn. The hardest part is getting off, and that's not the easiest thing when one is going at a good rate." "Not the easiest? Surely you don't mean that it's difficult? Why, my dear fellow, I could do that on my head!"—Monshine.

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