

ILGUPs
1892

CLASS MOTT

"This one thing we did not do."

— THE —

SOPHOGRAPH

OF

'92.

"TH' RALE STUF"

SECOND EDITION

1890.

C
Ilbu P3
v. 9a

CLASS * GROUP.



To the Public:

We have been compelled to leave out the customary class group for various reasons:

- 1st. The wild Irishman could not be kept still.
- 2d. No solution would fix McCartney's face on the negative.
- 3d. The girls wanted the three seniors in the group and the boys kicked.

RABID WRIGHT,

Business Manager.

PREFACE.



For the ninth time in the history of the U. of I. the Sophograph makes its annual appearance. This is really the second edition or strictly speaking Vol. II of this year's annual.

Other editors have always seen fit to apologize for their work, but looking *backward in retrospect* over my work and over the results of it I feel no necessity for apology. There is no question whether or no my Sophograph surpasses its predecessors.

I know it does. Never for a moment have I been fearful that it would not be a perfect success.

I am satisfied because I did nearly all the work myself and I know it's fine. Some of the class wanted to help me but they didn't know nothing about it so I shut them off.

Now Hart and Miss Hill wrote a history and thought it was great because it was a parody on James Whitcomb Riley's "Hiawatha."

But when it came in I found that my parody on the same poem was so much better that I fired their's back and printed mine. (Their history has been rewritten in biblical form).

I also refer my readers with pleasure to others of my writings of which I am quite proud, and which you will find in the following pages. Among them I mention particularly the beautiful ditty "Maud Muller" and its companion piece "A Wish" also that graphic description "Irish Schools and Irish Teachers."

Knowing that no sensible person can find fault with my book I am

Yours for an Editor,

STEELE.

history of the Class of '92.

BY ALL GAB HILL.

REVELATIONS 9-2.

1. Verily, verily I say unto you that those most wise of all men—Juniors—did cause to be cast abroad a small parchment in which one Chester did herald unto the world of the class which he doth own.

2. But be it known that Chester is not the only man who doth own a class, for forget ye not that Jehu Steele owneth that class called Sophomore which has been plagued and famined (financially) but being not wise taketh not warning.

3. Aye, I say unto you said Steele of Ireland is even the class itself and all that in it is. But be it even thus, still do I proclaim that we are "The Chosen People."

4. For have we not among our numbers yea, even as husbandmen of the tribe: Morehouse who owneth the University; Bacon who doth count the earth among his possessions; Rabbi Wright who hath charge of the shekels of our tribe and doth hold the deed to Urbana: Hart who hath neither of the above mentioned things and verily must I add that he has not ability to write even a parody on Hiawatha for know ye I did it all myself.

5. But as it was in the beginning even so it is now and we are all still the serfs of King Solomon Steele.

6. But I must not tarry but shall seek to set forth that in which ye are interested, ye who contemplate buying one of Me Lord Steele's Sophographs.

7. But it has come to pass that ours the Tribe of '92 have been sacrificed as a burnt offering.

8. For Samuel hath said; What hast thou done? And fifteen of us have answered, flunked in Caleulus even is it so.

9. And the Sophomore horse hath stampeded to pastures new, and hear ye my classmates, make ye yourselves ready, for I fear some of ye shall be left even unto the ranks of '93 and '94 and shall then step forth and take only Certificates.

10. But hearken ye further while I rehash to ye again and even thrice again the conquests(?) of our clan.

11. "Know ye firstly that we as a tribe did congregate together and our chief did rise in our midst and say; "Let us take courage my children, and have a freshmen sociable for the moon is in her fullness" and it was so."

12. And because of our timidity divers of us did quake in our sandals and sack-cloth and the time drew nigh.

13. And we did muster our courage and for protection did expend our shekels and behold by dust of brothers and parents and spears and javelins and fire arms, did we at last congregate at the tabernacle of the Caldwell's in that portion of the earth owned by our most holy and sanctified business manager Rabbi Wright of whom ye have heard heretofore even how he did capture a sevine on Halloween and seek to offer it upon the alter of our chapel, but it could not was, for verily did his head swim and his feet interlock and did he seeth things manifoldly for he had brake bread and imbibed wine even unto excess.

14. More over take unto your memories the fact that our most wise and witsome of all kings, Solomon Steele did at that time even such a wonderful thing as to steele his room-mates sack cloth and seventh day raiments for those which did rightfully belong unto him could not have been for they were not at that time. And I am well pleased for hath not our illustrious chief told ye all of this even until ye did longer fail to understand his mirth Aye, verily he hath repeated it in the Philomathean hall alone thirteen hundred and forty three times, and even will he do so again.

15. And next we did gird up our loins and we did hold our chief on a shatter over our heads while he did grab his goose quill and most gloriously roasted the class of '91 even unto burning and when he was done he did smile with satisfartion and he did poke his business manager in the ribs and chuckle for he felt himself full financially and spake unto Rabbi saying, Behold our "Stolen Sophograph" art not she a daisy, will she not sell for a quarter and am I not as a *Moses* sent to the class of '92 for I have guided ye all through the wilderness unto victory.

16. And Rabbi did take from his gown his snuff box and they did partake and were moved to tears of joy.

17. But divers of these twenty-five cent roasts did suddenly disappear even unto three score, and great was our consternation and the wrath of our Rabbi, for he had thusly parted with success and lost Peter's money.

18. And when things were come unto this state even did we feel almighty and our beaves did jingle their lucre and they did thirst after more fame, and the lucre did burn their fingers and they counseled together and saith Let us go down and visit the chiefs of that new formed tribe of Freshmen who knoweth not of our ways, see the manner thereof, and ally ourselves with them for we shall be in dire need of friends and funds, and it was done.

19. And the freshmen knowing not what they did accepted, and in Danville did we banquet. They paid the expenses and furnished the good sence and we did act foolish and make dry toasts and managed affairs to suit ourselves. Verily we are a swift gang but how we did weep, as sentiment from home came floating through the hall. And verily I could see plainly in the hazy atmosphere these words "An eye for and eye" and I knew that it was so, for though I could not see—I felt.

20. And I remember "this one thing I did." I swored, I did, at the junior exhibition, and so it came to pass in that day that I burst my bonds and strangers were astonished. But believe, my classmates, time for thought hath wrought within me a great change and I now blush for my actions.

But I cannot refrain from repeating once again my Philistine war-cry
Soup! Soup! Soup! (now for '92.)

POEMLET.

BY W. P. McCARTNEY.

Now lend me your ears,
Kind friends one and all,
While to you a strange song I will sing
Of the world and its ways,
Which we see every day
That hasn't much filling between.

Thus the tall man we see
As he goes on his way
From the scoffs of the world I would sever
But his coat is so near
From the front to the rear
That there's not much filling between.

Thus our knowledge indeed
Of the studies we take
Of their purports and teachings we glean,
Did it ever occur to you,
'Tis but a topical review,
There isn't much filling between.

Now thus the club pie,
Which we get every day,
Its rather an affectionate thing
For they have a queer notion
Of using great caution
And not getting filling between.

There's the punster so sharp,
Who we hear every day
And no matter how stale it may seem
He goes into fits,
At his own scattered wits
He hasn't much filling between.

And there's our best girl,
Who we see every day,
She smiles with countenance serene,
An occasional smile,
Delights us the while
But she hasn't much filling between.

And so with our lives,
As we pass through the world
The land marks are plain to be seen
There's our joys, and our cares,
Our happiness and tears,
There isn't much filling between.

McCARTNEY.

Autobiography of a Pin.

BY SUSY THOMPSON.

I cannot, of course, recall the time when I was a long piece of wire, but as a person knows perfectly well that once they were a baby, I am aware I was once a formless piece of wire. What I first remember is, boiling in weak beer. When I was taken from this vat, with a great number of brothers, my dress was like gold, but this seemed not to satisfy the manufacturers, and we were washed in a solution of tin. When we came from this we were like silver. Then we were rolled in fine sand, and became from that finished pins. But still we were to pass through more machinery. By means of an automatic machine, we were thrown into a paper, 360 of us constituting one paper.

My metamorphosis took place in New England. In great boxes, millions of us were shipped to far-famed Chicago. The box I happened to be in was sold to Marshall Field & Co. My stay here was short for I was not in the pin counter fifteen minutes when I was sold to a smiling C—y, and for some time I reposed in her hand-bag. When I was taken from this my surroundings were quite different from any before. The gas was burning most brightly, and my chip was attired in an exquisite white garment. She hastily thrust a number of us in a cushion, and as the fates would have it she plucked me up, and with me fastened wonderful pink roses on her dress. I was most happy to be there. Soon I was in a most brilliant company. I was not aware of the lapse of time. But alas! This I do know: my beautiful Chip was promenading with a gentleman (Mr. Waite) quite alone. When she pulled me from her dress and pinned the rose to a black coat. I thought I must certainly have grown dull, by the length of time it took her to get me securely fastened. What I next remember is lying on a marble table. Where the roses were I am not prepared to say. Soon a young girl came and as she cleared dishes away, she plucked me up. I stayed just where she stuck me until that afternoon, when she was dressed for the street, she took me and instead of sewing a ruffle pinned it. Soon I felt myself slipping and on the

cold pavement I went. The ruffle went more or less too, I am inclined to think. Here I stayed until the next morning, when a sorry looking school girl stooped and picked me up, saying "all the day I will have good luck. I do hope so." It was examination day and at noon with me she fastened her finely written sheets together. These sheets were piled, with a great number of others for the space of ten days, when the school-master corrected them. When he accidentally, of course, made me stick him he remained perfectly mute. But he did not put me back in the sheet but left me on the table. The dust gathered around me but no good wife came to dust up. I had been here a long time, when a small boy came in sniffing and grabbed me and began picking at his foot. The thorn was deep in, and though I was a superfine pin, it might have been better had it been a needle. Finally he got it out and thoughtlessly let me fall on the carpet. More dust gathered. At last it came cleaning up day, and Dinah came with a towel around her head and broom and dust pan and carpet sweeper and dust rag in her hands. She flung open the doors and windows and just as she commenced to wield the broom she picked up and said, "Like as not master will be showing missus the cushion, so I'll put back a pin I took out" She took from a drawer a blue pin cushion with the name Mary, formed by the head of pins. In she put me as a missing head. That night when the master came home company came with him, and during the evening he showed them the cushion of which I am now a part, saying "this was my darling Mary last work. I have never allowed a pin to be drawn out.

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED

That Belden got stuck on the Galesburg Chippy.

That McCartney's hair reflects only the red rays. (Use Ag NO 3. Mack.)

That Miss Hill snores.

That Susie Thompson's twigs aren't long enough to keep up with Sis Bennett.

That "Knucks" Butler didn't "lay down on the track and let the train run over him."

That Kiler paid three fares from Danville.

That Jehovah Steele couldn't go to the Freshman Sociable without "her Pa" nor to the Banquet without "her Ma."

That Hart wet his clothes.

That Gunn is a muzzle-loader.

That Gates should stoop to kidnapping.

That the banquet was held at a 3rd rate hotel (Poker joint.)

That Jackal Steele swore before the ladies at the banquet.

That Lieut. Hopplin don't resign in favor of Seaman.

That Wilder wears his eyebrows on his lip.

That our Prof. and D. D. should stoop to drink to the health of a pugilist

That Dr. Peabody is not here to attend to the regent's duties.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY SARAH BENNETT.

At last I was off for the vacation I had so long promised myself. My friends said it was none too soon that I was growing prematurely old and undermining my health by too constant application to tedious columns of names and figures. But I was ambitious to rise above my present position that of book-keeper for one of the most extensive hardware firm of New York and in such a city ambition without application counts for nothing. I was now 30 years of age and had graced the same desk for one-fifth of that time without so much as a week of continuous recreation.

The entreaties of a fond mother and two devoted sisters at last prevailed, and I soon found myself making for the old world as fast as the "John Hopkins" could make her way over a wonderfully rough and uncomfortable sea. To be perfectly frank, there had been a little occurrence a few weeks before which had by no means retarded my rather unexpected departure. I had been disappointed in love, Louise Marley, daughter of my employer whom I had imagined to be the very personification of all things good and beautiful and true had scornfully rejected my proffered escort through this checkered life and I was left in the rather embarrassing situation of trying to imagine I didn't care I mentally exhausted my stock of complimentary adj's on the obdurate fair one, and was not sorry to be sent abroad on purely hygienic principles.

A fortnight later found me comfortably esconced in a charming little Swiss village at the foot of the Alps. Here thought I looking from the vine covered window of the little inn, a few hours after my arrival, is a very paradise for a broken heart. That night with the aid of an expert guide I planned a week of mountain climbing and riding, and rambling. With this delightful prospect before me I fell asleep somewhat discomfited at the discovery that I did not feel as miserable as was becoming one struggling under so great a disappointment.

But *alas* for my hopes of peace and forgetfulness, the morning sun brought with it an unwelcome visitor, a severe twinge of rheumatism in my right leg attempting to rise I found myself powerless rubbing was of no avail and there I lay for 24 precious hours with nothing to do but to think of Louise. This was indeed a poor beginning but I felt sure that another day must see me in my usual condition.

The next morning I grew worse gave up in despair, racked my brain for amusement and asked hopelessly for something to read. I preferred something in my native tongue as I understood no other but a mass of printed characters would be better than my own thoughts, and a certain face which rose continually before me and which I proudly imagined I hated. Yes I gathered from the old dame who attended me, there was one English book in the house left by a queer old visitor she doubted if she could find it but would try. Before long she returned brushing the dust from an old torn magazine. My hopes rose at this munificent store of literature and I settled back to drown it eagerly advertisements and all. It proved to be a Psychological Journal of old date I perused drowsily several treatises on the various properties of the human mind finally becoming quite interested in an article describing the exchange of the physical conditions of the bodies containing two congenial spirits by the means of the concentration of thought. Closing the book I lay musing on the apparently reasonable argument, the more reasonable it seemed I determined to make the experiment. But having always been considered rather eccentric I could think of but one person who had ever been thought in the least congenial to myself that was Miss Manley quick as the thought flashed

over me I tried to banish it. It would be too despicable to inflict pain on one I loved but too late. Try as I could I could not repress my thought of her. My mind was as thoroughly concentrated as anyone could wish, I awaited developments fearfully and anxiously, going to sleep at last with a decidedly uneasy conscience. The next morning I awoke with a general feeling of depression I moved my limb carefully and found the pain entirely gone somehow the discovery did not affect me as it ought. I did not care whether I rose or not nor did I feel anxious to begin my delayed travels. My whole system seemed to have run down to a low point, and my physical condition was such as accompanies mental depression and deep remorse. I continued in this somewhat lethargic state for nearly a fortnight scarcely ever leaving my room and feeling not the slightest interest in my surroundings. About that time came a letter from a younger sister. One passage in that letter roused me completely. Louise had not been well she wrote for some time after you left she was quite unstrung and suffered from extreme nervous depression but strangely enough she awoke about two weeks ago to find her nervousness all gone and a severe twinge of rheumatism in its place. In a second the whole truth flashed over me Louise and I had exchanged places and I had possessed her feelings for the last two weeks. If she felt as I did it seemed to me that she would not refuse a little judicious sympathy and I felt an inordinate desire to make another experiment with the hope that it would be as successful as the first. The next steamer found me starting homeward as eager as I had left, and suffice be it to say that the next time I visited Switzerland I was not alone.

MISS SARAH BENNETT.

SOPHOMORE SLUSH.

BACON.—“The proper name for a dressed hog.”

BAINUM.—“The loudest bagpipes of the squeaking train.”—*Dryden*.

BELDEN.—“Wash in wild riot what your land affords;
Then ply the early feast and late carouse.”—*Pope*.

BENNETT.—“Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,
And she submits to be Pete Nesbit's bride.”—*Pope*.

BUTLER.—“Thou runaway! Thou coward! art thou fled?
Sneak under a wagon wheel and hide thine head.”—*Asen*

CARNAHAN.—“At home surrounded by a servile crowd
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
His very state, acknowledging his fears.”—*Prior*

GUNN.—“That thou mayst better bring about thy wishes
Thou art wickedly devout.”—*Dryden*.

HART.—“Who knowest himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.”—*Shakespeare*.

HILL.—“The worm of conscience shall begnaw thy soul.”—*Shakespeare*.

HUBBEL:—“The man that blushes is not quite a brute.”—*Young.*

HUFF:—“Catch on to my shape.”—*Anon.*

KELLOGG:—“A great big job of nothing.”—*Anon.*

KILBR:—“Some are bewildered in the maze of schools
And some made coxcombs nature meant for fools.”—*Pope.*

LEWIS. (Chicago)—“No ear can hear no tongue can tell
The tortures of this inward hell.”

MAXWELL:—“We cannot fight for love as men do
We should be woo’d, and were not made to woo.”—*Shakespeare.*

MCCARTNEY:—“How well such hair becomes a fool and jester.”

MILLER:—“An ass is an ass for a’ that.”—*Burns.*

MOREHOUSE:—“Who dare think one thing and another tell
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.”—*Pope.*

PASFIELD:—“I’m a gentleman of blood and breeding.” (Rats!)—*Shakespeare.*

PEARMAN:—“Fairest piece of well formed earth
Urge not thus your haughty birth.”—*Waller.*

PHILBRICK:—“Visits, plays, and powdered beaux.”—*Swift.*

PHILLIPS:—“But let the bold conspirator beware
For hell makes such its peculiar care.”—*Dryden.*

PIERCE:—“A sweeter and lovlier gentleman
Framed in the prodigality of nature
The spacious world cannot again afford.”—*Shakespeare.*

PILLSBURY:—“His givings out were an infinite distance
From his true meant design.”

PULLEN:—“Is yellow dust the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripas, or on Gripas’ wife.”—*Pope.*

SARGENT.—“First in the council hall to steer the state
And ever foremost in a tongue debate.”—*Dryden.*

SEAMAN:—“Horribly stuffed with epithets of war.”—*Shakespeare.*

STEELE:—“Poor poet ape, that would be thought our chief
Whose works are e’en the frippery of wit
From brocage has become so bold a thief,
As we the robbed leave rage and pity it.”—*Ben. Jonson.*

THOMPSON:—“Little but all mine.”—*McCauldless.*

TSCHARNER:—“Nature made every fop to plague his brother
Just as one beauty mortifies another.”—*Pope.*

TOWNSEND:—“Madam, this is a mere distraction
You turn the good we offer into envy.”—*Shakespeare.*

TUNNELL:—“Flirt—flirt—flirt.
My labor never ends.”—*Song of the Spin.*

WILDER:—“You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you will, there’s nobody at home.”—*Pope.*

WRIGHT:—“Wright is my name
Urbana is my station
Steele owns our class
I own creation.”

MILES STANDISH.

BY JAMES STEELE.

T'was in gloomy February
On the great Longfellow's birthday
That we held a celebration
At the high school N. of Henry
And the B. Class played a drama
Called the courtship of Miles Standish
Showing how the gallant captain
Had no time to go a courting
Nor to woo the fair Priscilla
Fairest maiden in all the village
Out sent his clerk John Alden
Otherwise called Alden Calef
To propose unto the maiden
On behalf of valiant Standish
But the maiden answered sweetly
That she liked to see a fellow
Who had some sand about him
Who would press his suit in person
Who would speak out for himself, John
Who would quit tobacco chewing
In devotion to his sweet heart
Then John Alden marveled greatly
At the words of fair Priscilla
And he told it to Miles Standish
Word for Word as he had heard it
But the captain grew indignant
When he heard he got the mitten
And he thundered forth "John Alden"
Your a villain, you've betrayed me
Me and also Willie Fosdick
Who last winter wooed Priscilla
With sleigh rides in the moon light
To the Lyceums in the country
Tis but a year since at the river
That I shot John Moon, the druggist
What prevents me now from shooting
Him who stole from me my sweetheart
Here you see I've got the gun, but
Mr. Gouch wont let me load it
Lest perchance I'd shoot the audience
In an accidental manner
And to this you owe your safety
At this point came Hiram Clisbie
Better known perhaps at Friggly
Saying that the indians mustered
In great numbers at Crow Meadow
Then the captain left John Alden
And strode forward to the council
Where sat Vernon and Faseliek
Talking on the indian question
And silent in the chamber
Stood the dusky warrior Russell
The great war chief, Edward Russell
Smeared his face was with the war paint
On his head a feather duster
And across his dusky shoulders
Hung his bow of supple hickory
While his arrows in a stocking
Hung dangling at his girdle
On his face the same fierce frown hung
As last fall with shout and gesture

When he chased the flying foot ball
 O'er the Muskaday, the meadow
 Or when he with mighty prowess
 Paralyzed the giant Otto
 The great giant, Otto Friggly
 And then took his books and faded
 Down the wide deserted stairway
 Softly whistling Yankee Doodle
 As he strode forth in the moon light
 Now stood he at the council
 Looking sullen and defiant
 And as motionless and silent
 As in class, when Mrs. Henwood
 Asks him to recite his lesson
 But his fierce look and his challenge
 Failed to move the gallant captain
 The great captain, Freddie Deyon
 Representing Captain Standish
 How said he you dusky devil
 Take you THIS unto your people
 And he filled with lead and powder
 The old stocking of the warrior
 Which before was filled with arrows
 Now get you to your kindred
 To your brethren of the forests
 And linger not or tarry
 On the pathway to your people
 Fly as quickly through the forrest
 As if Dover the fierce watch dog
 Followed quickly in your footsteps
 In the darkness down the railroad
 And Russel seized the stocking
 And departed from the chamber
 Like the ghost of a Giraffe
 Sped he swiftly through the wood land
 Then Miles Standish took his broach
 And his breast plate made of tin foil
 And the pistol which last summer
 Pierced the thick skull of the druggist
 And he took the tail of Russell
 Through the underwood of briar
 Leaving Alden and Priscilla
 To make mashes in his absence
 Then John Alden whispered to her
 You observed to me one evening
 At the Y. P. A. that a fellow
 Who wishes to win a maiden
 Should speak for himself, John
 And not leave such serious matters
 To the bungling hands of others
 That gently he should woo her
 Leaning on the pointed pickets
 Of the front gate in the Moon light
 With half uttered sighs and kisses
 Now I'm not much good at sighing
 And I never tried to kiss one (?)
 So I'm sure that I should spoil it,
 Even had I cheek to try it,
 But now that Miles is absent
 If you are content to take me
 For the worse or for the better,
 I'll get Vernon Kline to-morrow
 The white robes of the preacher
 The ordained preachers vestments
 And he hitch us in a second
 And Priscilla answered gently
 But I heard not what she answered
 Yet she leaned upon his left arm

Looking so content and happy
That I knowed she had consented
And the preacher entered forthwith
In the borrowed state and vestments
A broad grin sat on his features
Two by six was its dimensions
And with hands extended hell-ward
Did he bless the happy couple
But scarce had the benediction
From the preacher's lips departed
When across the threshold stepping
Came the leader Captain Standish.
And he took the hand of Alden,
Saying, John, I do forgive you,
You have won the maiden—take her
Though myself and Willie Fosdick
Shall toil through this life so lonely
Since we lost the fair Priscilla
Fairest maid in Marshall County.
“And you other fellows,” said he,
Speaking to his chums and classmates,
“When you meet a girl that suits you
Don't forget to tell her of it.
Don't dispute that pleasing duty
Like some fellows, like Alden Calef
As Tom Garman did last winter
When he wanted Lizzie Werner
To go coasting to Wolf Hollow
To the bluffs across the river,
But speak gently to the maiden
Saying, “My Dear may I this evening
Have the pleasure of your company?”
And should she answer “No sir”
Go straight way and ask another.
You'll get someone to say “Yes sir”
And since one's as good's another
In the end it don't need matter,
Never try to bluff or threaten
As did our class mate Butler,
When he wished for a fair maiden
To go with him to the banquet
But press your suit in person
And the girl too if she'll let you
And you won't get left as I did
Between Alden and Priscilla.
Now good by and joy be with you
Thus ended the great Drama
Of the courtship of Miles Standish
At the high school north of Henry
On the great Longfellow's birthday
In the month of February
In the year of '87.

HOG CALL.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Egg-sucker—Aranda | Easily Kaught—Nelson. |
| Chippy Hunter—Bacon. | Japanese Warrior—Page. |
| Corn Shucker—Bainum. | Great Liar—Pasfield. |
| Jolly Kid—Barker. | Wooden Leg—Paul. |
| Ever (Loving) Sarah—Belden. | Jerked Dog—Phillips. |
| All-fired—Beuthien. | Conceited Idiot—Pierce. |
| Ass—Bevis. | Absolutely Sunny—Pillsbury. |
| Woman Courter—Blaine. | U Son (of a) Gun—Plank. |
| Just Escaped—Bond. | Runt—Pullen. |
| Would (die on the) Track—Butler. | Williamson's Enchanted—Sanford. |
| Just wanted—Crissy. | Egotistical Tongued—Sargent. |
| From God—Carnahan. | Ever Loved—Scheidenhelm. |
| Cut Wrong—Cross, | General Wart—Seaman. |
| Rum Hustler—Forbes. | Sucker—Smith. |
| Woman Hugger—Foster. | Wicked—Snodgrass. |
| Early Bird—Funston. | Jack-ass—Steele. |
| Awful Windy—Gates. | Jelly Toe-Jam—Stuart. |
| Christian Advocate—Gunin. | Fanny Palpitated—Tscharner. |
| Rotten Wad—Hart. | Brainless Addled—Wait. |
| Wanted Calculus—Harvey. | Cut Throat—Wilder. |
| Just Plucked—Hubbel. | Hands Off—Woodworth. |
| Great Ass—Huff. | Ruined—Wright. |
| Eternal Flunker—Kellogg. | |
| Cussed At (Danville)—Kiler. | |
| Gally—Lewis. | All Mighty—Barber. |
| Jug (of) Wind—Lockhart. | Soft—Bennett. |
| Ferry Man—Lockwood. | Caught—Boggs. |
| Windy Puke—McCartney. | All Gall—Hill. |
| Couldn't Do it—McClane. | Awfully Mashed—Maxwell. |
| Run Away—Mather. | Loving—Merritt. |
| Whiskered Ape—Martin. | Married—Pearman. |
| Anna Wingard—Merrifield. | Morehouse—Philbrick. |
| Whimpering Glutton—Miller | Jerk Around—Spencer. |
| Mud Sucker—Morehouse. | Seldom Equaled—Thompson. |
| Bloated—Morse. | Moore Catcher—Townsend. |
| Just Got (it)—Mosier. | Aesthetic—Turnell. |

TEACHERS.

BY JAMES STEELE.

Teachers are persons who teach. There are two kinds -- bad teachers and good teachers. Bad teachers should stand first because they are most numerous; but as nearly all school teachers belong to the other class, we will confine our attention to these alone.

A person who does his best at all times, and who tries to teach well, and to do it under all circumstances is either a good teacher, or else he is capable of becoming one, with proper training and study, and proper training and study are just as necessary to make a good teacher as to make a good doctor or lawyer. About the first thing that strikes the young teacher who wishes to do good work, is the discovery that he does not know how to do it. He started out with a good deal of theory and enthusiasm imbibed at institutes, or other places of amusement; but at the very outset he meets with something so intensely practical that the institute teacher forgot to mention it, and then he has to depend on his own ingenuity alone. Of course he will solve the problem somehow, but out of one hundred trained teachers there may not be two who have the same solution. Of course every teacher will do his best under the circumstances, but as there can be but one best, 99 will be only second or third best, and perhaps no one will be just right. Twenty-seven years ago, three hundred thousand men of this nation went out to set up the fallen banner of their country in the South. But did each man straggle off by himself until he got to Dixie and then fire away at the rebels on his own hook? No, there were a few men in the land who were experts in the art of Murder, and they took these three hundred thousand men, and trained them until they all moved, walked and handled the weapons alike, and this is what teachers require. They should know the best methods.

They have a greater work to do than any army ever had. An army can only save a nation by force of arms, but teachers preserve and govern the country without arms of any kind. It has been said that "teaching is training the young idea how to shoot." The person who does this ought in the first place to have a mark to shoot at, himself, and in the next place he ought to shoot at that mark. In the third place he ought to be able to hit it. If a teacher does not keep firing in one direction, but keep shooting at everything and hitting nothing in particular, he is not likely to make a very good marksman of his pupils. All teachers ought to be required to take a course of professional study to fit them for their work. Of course they are required to know the three R's and some of the other letters; [Irish joke] but a person who knows this alone ought hardly to be called a teacher anymore than a man who has gathered the materials to build a house ought to be called an Architect, for he has only gathered the materials to teach, when he shall have learned how to do it. The first thing then that a person needs after a knowledge of the studies, is to learn the method of imparting that knowledge to others. The best way to acquire this is to study the art of teaching at a practical school, and after a thorough course of training in method, he can go into the school room and practice the studied art until it becomes a habit and "Habit is Education."

The famous Mr. Squeers, in *Nicolas Nickleby*, united theory with practice in his excellent school. He taught the first boy that W-i-n-d-o-w, window was a casement filled in with glass, and c-l-e-a-n, clean to make bright or to scour. The boy was then set to clean or scour the window, so that the definition was sure to be impressed on his memory. The second boy went through a similar practical experience with the word botany. This is something like the normal methods of training teachers at present, and although open for many improvements, has some good results.

Many people have become good teachers by experience, but we all know what a dear school that is, and life is too short to learn much by that means in this age of electricity and steam. With a little time spent in careful study, we can become acquainted with the experience of others, and thus learn more of the art of teaching in a year, through profiting by the experience of others, than we might in a life time if left to our own recourse. The great advances that have been made in all branches of learning and industry during the last hundred years, have been traced to many different causes, but if they were traced to their true source that source would be found in the teachers. “Men do not light a candle to put it under a bushel.” Neither do they acquire great learning, and spend a lifetime on study and research without bequeathing something to posterity, some thoughts or observations, which help to unfold the secrets of nature. The same things are observed in the school when a boy solves a hard example he is very ready to show his superior acumen by explaining it before the class.

Truly “the child is father to the man,” the only exception to this rule is woman (Whoa! Ho! Ho! that’s a joke).

The school teacher should strive to teach all things in order to develop the mental, physical, and moral nature of children. if this were always done there would be less need of doctors, preachers and lawyers, for what are they but physicians of the body and mind, while the teacher is the cultivator and trainer of all.

Very few people realize the power that the teacher possesses. What made this country the greatest among nations? It was her schools and teachers and the importation of Irishmen. What makes the people of America able to govern themselves? and their country better, wiser and stronger than any other in the world? Her schools and teachers. (The editor broke a rib here). What inspired half a million of her sons to volunteer for her defence in the hour of her darkest peril, eh? It was the lesson learned by the teacher from the patriotism and devotion of the teachers.

This have the teachers done, and also much more of the same kind that we need not mention here, because of the weariness of brain (always weak in the Sophomore) gizzard, and reflex action of the backbone, (of which we have but little.)

Gentle reader:—It is with much regret that we have conducted you through these pages of repetition and nothingness and we are sorry that we have not more ability; however we assure you that throughout the entire history of the world, the ape-like handprints of Jalep Steele and the footprints of God’s hand may be traced, so let us say with G. Washington, “The Statue of Satan still enlightens ’92 and her Irish pedagogue.



POEM (?)

Listen good people and I will tell
 Of the cussedest sneaks this side of H—1.
 They're in the Uni.—of '92—
 And scarcely a student but will rue
 That we have a class that is such a sell.

There's Steele, the wild Irishman, straight from Kilgare
 With a red flannel mouth filled with nothing but blare.
 He's editor in chief of the class sophograph
 But hasn't half the brains of a six weeks old calf,
 And will bellow far worse at the least little scare.

Then Wright from Urbana, who's called the Bulldog,
 But reminds one I think of a pot bellied hog.
 He's the class manager and, with the Irishman, rules
 The rest of this crowd of thick headed fools,
 Who stick to these cranks like bark to a log.

Hart, the big bully, has quite a big gut,
 But lacks the few brains to keep his mouth shut.
 He robs the table at Layfield's club,
 And can't see a joke when he gets the rub
 And works his mouth until it goes off with a sput.

There's Kiler too—a cunning Kid,
 He's surely a light that can't be hid,
 And though he is little and may not be seen,
 And to tell the truth is horribly green
 Of the sound of his mouth you can never get rid.

And Wilder—What the deuce can you say
 Of a fellow that just grows up that way,
 Without brains or good looks to carry him through
 And nothing at all is fitted to do:
 But all the class bills and expenses to pay.

McCartney from Egypt, I'll surely give place
 For good heavens people! just look at his face.
 But do not get scared when his mug he sticks out.
 For all he can do is stand up and spout
 And make folks ashamed of this grand human race.

There's one of whom I never should speak,
 But for his desire deep vengeance to wreak,
 For he swore that he his fool life would take
 If the sensible girl their engagement should break.
 Yes it was Butler—you know his brain's weak.

And Gunn, the long gander legged jap,
 Needs in his back bone a little more sap;
 For to go with a girl with a lead loaded cane,
 And a big umbrella to keep off the rain,
 Doesn't look as brave as as he thinks perhaps.

Belden would like to have folks think that he's tough
 And on all sporting subjects is just up to snuff.
 But when he chews, and swears, and gets drunk,
 And then in Calculus just misses a flunk,
 We all admit that he's pretty hot stuff.

There's some of the class, like Sanford and Cross,
 Who don't seem to fall down and worship the boss
 And for these fellows its useless to look,
 For they'll not be mentioned in *Steele's Sophograph Book*.
 But it's quite certain they'll suffer no loss.

There's Thompson and Maxwell, Misses Hill and Turnell
Of whom we'll say nothing but what will sound well,
For ladies are ladies if they do go to sleep,
And in public places snore long, loud and deep.
As to which one did this—No, we won't tell.

But Sarah they say is surely engaged,
At least she seems to have little Pete caged;
For he pays her car fare and calls every night
While for a sucker she plays him quite right,
And smiles at another to get him enraged.

And Morehouse, the *smooth man*, we like to forget,
The sneakin'est coward of all the lot,
That carries a gun wherever he goes,
And an orphan moustache on his upper lip shows,
Such fellows as he it's not hard to spot.

Others there are we'd like to take through,
But have something far more important to do
Than to sit and write about sophomore classes
Whether the subject be slick boys or fair lasses
And will write no more about '92.

A SILENT MEMBER.

THE TWELVE STONES IN THE WALL OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Rev. XXI, 19-20.

BY ALICE M. BARBER.

This crimson that lies at the beginning, it is the color of passion and suffering. Out of the crimson we climb into blue—that is truth and calm. Beyond is the white glistening chalcedony, for purity, and next flashes out the green—the hope of glory.

Then they mingle and alternate, the tenderness and the fair and purifying, it is the veined sardony stands for that, the life story. The blood red card is the sixth stone,—the triumphant love that contains and overwhelms all passions, the blessedness intense with its included anguish.

It is the middle band, the supreme and central type crowning the human, underlying the heavenly. Then the tints grow clear and spiritual; Chrysolite golden green, touched with a glory manifest; the blending of a rarer and serener blue—the wonderful sea-pure beryl.

Where the sun filled rapture of the topas and chrysophrase, where flame and azure find each other, the joy of the Lord, and the peace that passeth all understanding.

In the end the jacinth, purple and pure amethyst, into which the rain bow refines itself at last hinting at the far distance of ineffable things. For it is the story of the rain bow, too.

A WISH

BY JAMES STEELE.

At the corner stood the pop-corn man
Shaking his cackling hopper
Said a pretty prep who came that way
I wish I was a popper.

Time passed and soon the pretty prep
Into a senior grew.
A pretty little maid he met
With eyes of sunny blue.

He often took her to the show
And lots of candy bought her.
She won his heart, he told her so,
And thus he was a popper.

At length her father he found out
That the sad senior sought her,
And with his gun, he went for him
Pop! pop! oh he's a pop-per.

At length they wed but in a year
A stranger came, a whopper,
With ruddy cheeks—he weighed eight pounds,
The prep was now a pap-per.

His stilish wife soon spent his tin
In vain he tried to stop her
To pay her bills it made him ill
And now he is a—pauper.

Now all you preps be warned by this
You have a girl—drop her,
For if you spark with her too much
You may become a popper,

OR

Mind what I say—you'll curse the day
If you become a papper.



QUEEN ROSE AND HER COURT.

BY ALICE M. BARBER.

All who have plucked for love's dear sake; a rose or lived to gather up its ashen petal when love and rose were dead read unprompted the language of sweetest mortal passion written in its hues.

Fair France has given us the story quaint and mystic of the matchless Bon-Silene how an old Roman statue of Silene's stood with heathen grace in a grim monastery's garden much to the unrest of a good monk who while his well ordered conscience demanded its removal from the cloyster grounds valued it for its antiquity.

One day while still delaying to order its removal he took his afterdinner stroll with an Irish ecclisiast. As he approached the statue with pricking conscience lo—he beheld the Silenus rent in twain while between the fragments broched a rose tree who's silent growth had cleft the marble God. A single bud had perked up its fragrant head for greeting, but no one knew the stranger's name and none had seen its fellow. It was like a new love in its delicate beauty; the same yet not the same. The Bishop reached his hand above it in blessing and said "It shall be called Le-Bon-Silence." So it was named for all years and lands and is ever the emblem of first-love.

Fair are the flowers but their subtle suggestion is fairer. luxurious legends and metaphor in prose and verse cluster around their brave bright faces.

To take from literature all that has been inspired by or associated with some surpassing flower would rob it of more jems than all the world could furnish forth with settings. One faded leaf some times—no more—the incense of whose remembered fragrance rises to our highest thoughts and draws them back to youths-abandon of innocense passion. They blossom in the shadow of life's gloom and glorify for ever Gods brown dust.

The Arabic flower fore tells of Eve knealing at the gate of the closed Paradise beseeching from the sentinel with flaming sword only one flower, one—"a bud from all those unkissed blossoms of the first fair garden."

And the angel looking on the flower of her face was wrought upon by sorrow for the exile which must ever shadow its beauty and that of all her daughters, to grant her prayer.

He plucked for her one crimson rose from the meeting of the four rivers of Eden and flung it into her frail imploring hands: And the legends goes on to say ("with Browning) that to each woman "once and only once and for one only" breathes the entrancing fragrance of the Eden rose. The world may bring her content or joy, fame, sorrow or sacrifice; but the love that brings her the scent of the rose. She lives in Paradise.

The Marechal Nell Jacqueminot are named from officers of high repute in France. The story of the Nell, a tale of romance, runs briefly thus: At the battle of Magento in 1859 an Irish officer by the name of Nell, commander of the third army corps which distinguished itself, was ill with marsh fever in Italy. His wife attended him and one day a peasant woman brought him a basket of roses, of which flowers he was extremely fond. When all their short lived charms had faded, one stem commenced throwing out new shoots. Examination discovered a bit of root imbedded in the rose about its stem, which was that of a yellow marsh rose with single petals. It

was preserved and in the spring rewarded its caretakers with three rare pale buds quite unlike those of the parent stock. About this time the officers were summoned to court to receive the crown of the legion of honour of France.

After the imposing ceremonies the new Marshall approached Eugenie in zenith of her power and beauty and presented to her a curious yellow rose, telling the story of its mysterious birth. "Monsieur Le-Marechal," said the Empress graciously, "I shall name it for you," lightly touching it with her lips, she continued, as he bent before her, "it is named for the soldier *sans, peur et sans reproche*, as gallant in the salon as on the field of battle. the Marechal Neil!" In the joyous impulse of his Irish heart at this graciousness, the Marechal besought her to wear it one evening as his gift and then return to him "the happy rose." With surprised dignity the Empress drew herself up as he craved her pardon in confusion. Notwithstanding this he was seen next day to take from an envelope just delivered to him a faded rose whose perfume betrayed the first Marechal Neil who's daughters since that time have been the tribute flower to beauty.

The history of the jacquiminot runs thus grimly. The general of the French in this case was a fiery West Indian by birth, with one only child, "another ill-fated Marguerite" left much alone to the care of an old nurse. At sixteen she was beloved by the son of a neighbor who was two years her senior, who loved honorably with youths impassioned and unquestioning faith. The general returning unexpectedly to his home from his far distant post inquired in vain for Marguerite. The nurse in terror of his rising fury unwisely denied all knowledge of her whereabouts. Without further parley the frenzied man seized a slender rapier from the wall and rushing forth into the garden came at once upon the lovers sitting side by side, his arm about her waist. Innocent, yet alarmed at the deadly weapon in her father's hand, Marguerite threw herself instinctively before her lover. With as ready intuition the boy drew in self-defence his own weapon which all gentlemen wear (Jonny's gun) with little chance against the skill and deadly purpose of the old soldier. A few rapid passes and young *Hubbel* lay pierced and lifeless at his feet. As the scene progressed honour deepened and congealed in the young girl's eyes till with a cry of repulsion and agony as her father uttered his name she swooned at her dead lover's side. She died with the summer, never once breathing her father's name. From letters found in his innocent missal the father learned how loyal was the love that but awaited his return and sanction. His whole nature was from that day softened by his remorse. Against the garden seat which held the lovers when discovered had twined a pale pink rose whose stems were stained with his victim's blood and the general ordered it cut to the ground. In the spring from the buried roots new shoots came forth and one bore a single perfect rose, not pink, but glowing velvety red, a royal rose full of passionate beauty. When called by his gardener to view the miracle the stricken father buried his face in his hands and wept aloud. "Shall I cut it down, my master," said the old servant, anxious to spare him pain. "No" was the answer, "it is the flower of God, let it grow," and the rose was named for the hand that spared it Jacqueminot. There is no blossom grown, no leaf, of shrub or tree, but by association somewhere, somehow with a subtle thrill can dim some laughing eye or brighten like a flash the saddened face we know at the sight of its familiar curves or but the passing fragrance of its parts. But though we know all this our own dear memories seem a sweet passion all unshared as each heart whispers to itself peace and yet, and yet say what you will,

Laugh if you please at my lack of reason
For me wholly and for me still
Blooms and blossoms the sunny season,
Nobody else has ever heard
One story the wind to me discloses
And none but I and the humming bird
Can read the heart of my crimson roses.

MAUD MULLER REVISED.

BY JAMES STEELE.

A school-girl, once on a summer day
 Walked down in the meadows amongst the hay,
 She wore a veil around her hat,
 So you couldn't tell what she was looking at.
 But she looked at all things sweet and fair,
 And she thought of others that wasn't there.
 Her shape was disguised as well as covered
 For she wore a graceful *Mother Hubbard*
 Which quite concealed every motion and grace
 As the veil I spoke of disguised her face.
 So don't ask the name of this maiden fair
 For I cannot tell you, although I was there.
 Soon she reached the river where glassy and cool
 The water lingered in many a pool.
 Here she dallied a while on the reedy bank
 'Till at length right down in the grass she sank.

* * * *

When next the picture opened to view
 She had thrown one shapely shoe
 And oh! what a vision of youth and health
 And—something else I was watching by stealth
 A foot, an ankle, a leg so round
 Right in the water, hung dangling down
 And above her knee of course came her dress.
 As I watched the view in the water bright
 I heard the twigs snapping towards the right
 And there with his usual run of luck
 Came my friend (Fan Harvey) a hunting duck,
 His stooping figure, his lengthy stride
 His hulking form which he tried to hide
 And his slow approach to the wooded spot
 Showed he was still looking out for a shot.
 Till at length he saw near the river bank
 A form in the water that rose and sank
 And his fingers close to the triggers clutched
 As he muttered "A musk-rat! well I'll be goshed."
 But fear and horror struck me dumb
 When I saw to his shoulder the shot gun come
 A loud report; a flash, a scream,
 The shot made foam of the glassy stream,
 And the pretty girl, all dripping and damp,
 Went swiftly up the river bank.

UNFINISHED.



PAT. O'CONNOR.

BY JAMES STEELE.

"Wud ye be wantin any more hands to-day?"

Mr. Bond looked up from a column of figures to see a sturdy, bright eyed, brawny armed, son of the Emerald Island standing before him. "I am afraid not my man said he I do not like your countrymen they are all lazy and quarrelsome."

"Well! Well! I think everyone is agin me in this big city. I can git never a job at all, at all."

"Do you know much about the business; asked Mr. Bond."

"Shure and I wont be tellin lies to yer honor I niver worked in a shop like this, but thin I know a dale about tin and I would try to learn."

"I am afraid you do not suit me," said Mr. Bond as he prepared to leave the shop.

"Och shure an am I niver to see thim again? Am I niver to bring thim across the sea to me as I promised?"

"Bring who across the sea?"

"My wife Nora and little Jamsey," replied the tender hearted fellow, drawing his hand sadly across his eyes as he turned to go.

"Stop," said Mr. Bond, "I will try you although remember I do not think you will suit me."

An may the blessings of the mother and God be about ye every mornin. Shure an its little the likes iv you knows what it is to lave all ye love to wander in a strange land wid yer heart in the ould home among the ould friends, far away in Ireland.

The next day found Pat established at the bench in the shop, where he was obliged to endure for a time the jokes which are always played on a stranger and foreigners; but in a short time his steady ways, good natured jolly temper began to gain on the boys and they grew more friendly. Even the roughest would listen to Pat. O'Connor talk of the day when he expected to have Nora and Jamsie by his hearthstone. Again months rolled on and at length one pay day Pat after counting his earnings tossed up his cap and shouted, "Huroo byes I've got it! Here it is! The money that will bring me darlings across the ocean." And the boys crowded around and congratulated him on the near accomplishment of his hearts desire.

That night the innocent fellow told his fellow lodgers about the money and the purpose for which he intended it, and on awakening the next morning he found it gone.

At first he would not believe that it was gone but the truth at length forced itself upon him and he asked in a husky voice. "Byes could anyone be so bad as to stale? Could any iv ye have the heart to take the money that was to bring Nora and Jamsie to me? And the honest fellow broke down and wept because Nora and Jamsie had been put "months away" from him.

Great indignation prevailed among the boys at the shop when the news reached them, but Pat was at his accustomed place with a new determination that he would have Nora and Jamsie by him sooner or later.

After this he worked early and late and the boys helped him all they could. Many odd jobs were given him yet it was noticed that he never had anything but bread and cold water for dinner. He was ever ready to accept with thanks an extra job but nothing could induce him to share the food or drink of his comrades. It looked too much like charity and was a humillating thought to his sturdy independent nature.

At length he had once more the sum necessary to buy the tickets and this time he did not make the fact known to anyone but his friends until the papers were on their way to Ireland.

The days seemed long in which we waiting and they passed slowly to Pat O'Connor as he waited for Nora.

At last however the ship came in and with a few of his friends he went down to the warf to meet his wife and boy. He waited at the landing but they did not come ashore. "Sure an Nora would niver lave the ship till I came to her," he said as he ran hastily up the gangway. She was not among the passengers on deck.

You ought to see the captain suggested one of his friends. Pat sought out the captain who was a bluff old seaman. "What is your wifes name?" he asked, as soon as Pat made known his errand. "Nora O'Connor your honor and me boys name is Jamsie." "Sit down my man" said the old salt kindly enough now. "I am afraid I have some bad news for you." Pat looked at the captain while a shadow crept slowly over his face.

"We had the cholera on board" said the captain, "when we were only three days out your boy took sick and died. We buried him in the ocean. I have witnessed many such funerals, but it went to my heart to see that poor woman look out on the waters where her darling was hid from her eyes. The next day your wife was stricken down. She sent for me to her bedside and said, "Captain tell Pat that I spoke of him the very last thing. Tell him that Jamsie and I will wait on the other side till he comes. "And God help us," said the captain with tears in his eyes she never spoke more.

Pat had risen and trying to steady himself by holding to the railing. "Nora and little Jamsie both in the bottom of the sea," he moaned in a slow desolate voice as if he was trying to understand what the Captain had said and then turning to his comrades he exclaimed like a man who had received a deadly hurt. "Byes I've got my death," and fell to the deck.

They carried him home and laid him on the bed where Nora was to rest after long journey. When he opened his eyes he found the sympathetic faces of his comrades and employers around him. "I feel a dale better he said with a wan smile. Byes, God is good to me after all. He would not let me bring Nora and the bye to me here, but he is taking me to them yonder. You see where she stands waiting for we to come over. Byes ye have all been good to me so have you master and I thank you all but now I must be goin—ver--to—Nora. And he was dead. Few of those who read on the simple monument the inscription, "To the Memory of Patrick O'Connor, By his fellow workmen," knows this honest tragedy. But fewer graves hold the ashes of a manlier, warmer and ki der heart than that which rests in the tomb of Pat O'Connor.



Editor Steele.

CANTATA.

THREE SLICK MEN.

[Three Blind Mice.]

(SUNG.)

Three Slick men,
Keene, Mack and Pete
Each one of them's gone on a Sophomore girl,
He'd give up his life for one little curl
Did ever you see such fun in this world.
Three slick men.

(SPEECH BY KEENE.)

I'm one of these *three slick men*,
I'm a senior too you know,
If one ever gets stuck it's then
And Myrtle's not very slow.
It's true my eyes are light green
And my hair decidedly red
But the girls all delight to be seen,
By reflected light from my head.

(SUNG.)

Three slick men,
Keene, Mack and Pete.
They all think they are pretty boys,
No doubt they are their mammas' joys
And down through the ages will make a great noise
For they're—three slick men.

(SPEECH BY MACK.)

Look at me if you want to see slickness
For I'm a senior too,
But somehow I feel a faint sickness
When I think of my little Sue
I've heard she's going back on me
That sounds too awful thin,
I can't see how it can possibly be
Unless it's my devilish *chin*.

(SUNG.)

Three slick men,
Keene, Mack and Pete,
They go back on their friends at every chance
Don't do anything but monkey and dance
Did ever you see fellows strut so and prance,
As these *Three slick men*.

(SPOKEN BY PETE.)

That I'm handsome I'd like for the girls to think
But I'm afraid I can't fool the poor dears,
For as Limburger cheese is known by its stink
So I am known by my ears.
I'll stick to the girl from down at Mattoon
She belongs to the Sophomore class,
They don't get on to things very soon
And perhaps with her I can pass.

(SUNG.)

Three slick men,
See how they smile
They helped to write up a bogus program
On the Sophomore girls their affections to cram
And I'll take this chance to give them a slam,
Three slick men.

(JOINT SPEECH BY KEENE, MACK AND PETE)

We are surely *Three slick men*,
Just look at our forms and features,
Size us up well and tell us then
If you can place us among Cod's creatures.
Here's hair and moustache of a vermillion hue,
A chin thirteen inches long,
And ears that for any donkey might do,
Now listen, we'll sing you a song.

(SUNG.)

Three slick men,
Hair, chin and ears,
They belong to Keene, Mack and Pete,
You'd know them sure if you should meet
For I vow for humans they're hard to beat,
These—*Three Slick Men*.