

*Bixby's Retreat.*

Be happy—look pleasant!

Bury your troubles—but don't sit on  
their grave to be haunted by their ghosts.

## WEATHER A LA NEBRASKA.

I take up my pen while the beautiful snow  
Whisks in, and the glad sleighbells ring,—  
But—there gleams in the heaven's coronal bow,  
So I write a poem on spring.

## DUTYS 'CALL.

I hear, oh clearer than words can call  
The crash, bang, whang of the old call bell,  
As the hour draws round,  
My nerves are shaken and shattered, unspun;  
I am summoned to answer for deeds left undone  
At the old bell's sound.

## MASCOT FOR PONCE DE LEON.

The old sage who sought for that bright "fount  
[of youth]"  
And to find it the broad ocean crossed,  
Might have realized hope had he seen Howard's  
[flask  
Concealed down at Paradise Lost.

The following diligently solicited answers have come in response to our circular question, "what is a kicker?"

R. S. Baker: It is an inspiration to good.

J. E. Pearson: A kicker is a long-eared beast.

J. F. Boomer (from observation): A disappointed office-seeker.

H. Parmalee: A commissioned cadet.

L. E. Mumford (from experience): A number eleven shoe.

Geo. Shedd: A sure-goal half-back.

S. W. Pinkerton: I agree with Pearson.

J. W. Searson: It is a much feared politician.

E. B. Perry: A silent, patient, fore-hearing philosopher.

F. T. Riley: A dissatisfied advertiser.

J. H. Lien: A House of Representatives.

H. Hollingsworth: Can't justly judge all by the few I have seen.

Shortly after the "Songs of Exile" tried the experiment of existence, the English Department delivered itself of

another volume of poems, "The Substance of His House."

Now one would know to read these rhymes  
Where pessimistic daemons yawn,  
That they were writ for other climes  
Where men had all their wits in pawn.  
May next the book that swells the pile,  
Belched forth into our literature,  
Sing sweet the message of a smile  
And loud extol the 'Laughter Cure'.

## REEDY MOURNS FOR BOOMER.

Farewell,—companion of my heart—  
Thou sharer in my fondest joys,  
Now who will rise my fire to start,  
Or who will start to fire the boys.

Farewell—companion of my life,  
For thee I shed remorseful tears  
The while I hunt another wife  
The thoughts of thee shall bless my years.

## SYMPATHY SWEET SYMPATHY

I saw that face with its miser frown—  
With its flood gates of feeling all shut down,—  
Eyes barren of meaning and empty their glare  
The form bowed, secretively, and weighted with  
care,

The soul in its prison may languish and sigh.  
The soul-light for want of true sympathy die:  
'Who is it?' you ask—ah, dear student let's own  
That in vain we have tried to bear burdens alone  
Let us smile as we pass—may our sympathy  
warm

Prove the true burden-bearer, the student-life  
charm;

Let us mirror our sunshine with joy all replete  
In the faces and lives of the students we meet.

## SWEET CHARITY.

Few there are of all I ween,  
Whose Uni. course has reached its close,  
But one day sat in room eighteen,  
And saw the dust on Caesar's nose.

Once Caesar's wars had charms for me,  
But my ardor it has froze,  
To sit before his bust and see  
The smears of dust about his nose.

There's dust about his face, that's true;  
There's also some on Cicero's;  
But worst of all the dust in view  
Is that which covers Caesar's nose.

Perhaps there'll come a time some day—  
It may come soon, who knows—  
When Uni. can afford to pay  
To clean the dust from Caesar's nose.

But if the time shall never come  
When this fair state can spare the dough(s);  
And fortune should upon me smile  
(As I have reason to suppose.)  
I'll set a half a million by  
To wipe the dust from Caesar's nose.