

The final election of the Senior class resulted in the choice of the following officers: President, A. W. Martin; vice-president, G. M. Castor; secretary, Miss Davison; treasurer, A. C. Mayer. Tom Hall was nominated for sergeant-at-arms but, like Cæsar, refused the honor thrust upon him. The chair ruled that in-as-much as the constitution provided for no such office the nomination was out of order.

BIXBY'S RETREAT.

Did you read the *Nebraskan's* head lines?
 Who got that type so sadly mixed
 Spirit of good or evil
 Was it, I pray, the editor,
 The printer or the "devil"?

R. S. Baker insists that he couldn't take a young lady to Doane. He feared that her charming conversation would so divert his mind from the subject that he would fail in debate. This self-denial on the part of R. S. is to be commended. "No cross no crown."

SPRING.

(Contributed.)

When the blossoms on the maple
 And the cherry and the pear,
 And the buds upon the apple
 Spread their fragrance through the air;
 When the birds are in the trees
 And the grass begins to grow;
 Then comes spring with gentle breeze,
 And all creatures seem to glow;
 Then the mellow, spring-time beauty
 Wraps the earth in heavenly love,
 And young lovers think their duty
 Is to get right in the shove.

A prof. may "trip it" at the dance,
 May bet on our foot-ball 'leven,
 May scuffle and scrap at the Lansing door
 For a seat in the 'Nigger Heaven.'
 Or he may even chew and smoke,
 Work votes on election day,
 Or part his hair as he pleases
 And I have little to say.
 But when a prof. forgets his class—
Of course it's not his fault—
 While talking sub-rosa to some pretty lass,
 Then I say we should call a halt!

ANGEL'S BOWER.

I love to sit, while shadows tall
 Grow dim at twilight hour,
 Within that silent, mystic hall
 The 'Saint's call 'Angels' Bower.'

Light tapestries with dainty fold
 Adorn those shadowing walls.
 The chandelier's effulgent gold
 On Fairy beings falls.

'Tis there my thoughts in placid stream
 To voices sweet respond—
 As sorrows flee in heaven's gleam,
 I catch a glimpse beyond.
 Let 'Saints' in 'Paradise' anoint
 Those who our lives inspire!
 How kind of Heaven to run a joint
 Down here—to lift us higher.

Disturbed one night from a pleasant sleep
 By an owl's "egoic" hooting,
 My first impulse was to load my gun
 And finish the night, owl-shooting.

But ere I had opened my drowsy eyes,
 I knew by the boastful tone
 That, somehow or other by witches' spell,
 I was spirited down to Doane.

I've learned wherever I find myself,
 However unholy the place,
 To hope that things are not totally bad,
 And look for their brighter face.

I peered about for that noisy bird,
 With its sickly, sallow screech,
 But never a feather nor fowl descried
 As far as the eye could reach;

But instead of the bird with the knowing
 glance,
 On the roof of inflated Doane,
 In the hard disguise of gentleman
 Sir House sat hooting alone.

All lighter pleasures I forego
 In striving for the bay,
 I'm loathe to take a girl to Doane
 No matter what you say;
 'Twould dissipate my mental force
 Her rambling conversation,
 So I am bound to go alone—
 It is self-preservation.