

## BIBBY'S RETREAT.

Welcome, thrice welcome!

"Good morning, I'm glad to see you."

The race is to the *smooth*: I would rather be *smooth* than President.

Have a definite purpose in life—if its only to raise whiskers or get on the foot-ball team.

Chapel Decorations:— During the first week all students are requested to familiarize themselves with the scroll work, blind arches, and bust in the foreground during the morning exercises. If time remains, study the aristocratic Professors' entrance and speculate on the probability of the faculty attending chapel during the coming semester. The second weeks work will include ceiling decorations and the ladies' gallery.

## NEW STUDENTS TAKE NOTICE.

Don't "hitch your wagon to a star,"  
For college paths are stony,—  
'Twill prove more practical by far  
To hitch it to a "pony."

## YOU CAN MAKE IT NOW.

Console yourself, new student,  
That though you've just begun,  
If you are fully registered  
Your hardest task is done.

## THE PRODIGAL RETURNS.

Nebraska stretches forth her arms  
To welcome Jonas Lien,  
Gets out the band, blows fire alarms  
To welcome Jonas Lien.  
For Jonas won in righteous cause  
And helped make South Dakota laws,  
Nebraska echoes loud huzzas  
To welcome Jonas Lien.  
Now, Jonas, very soon you'll hear  
How Weaver saved the state last year,  
How Baker's voice, convincing, clear,  
With Graham's rent the atmosphere,  
And how we triumphed far and wide—  
I spoke a little on the side—  
But yet we'll welcome Lien.

## PLATFORM OF THE EDITOR.

My virgin pen shall never gain  
Its laurels wreathed in others' pain,  
Nor shall it enter in the fight  
For other cause than truth and right.

Be this my aim, whate'er annoy,  
To seek alone for others' joy:  
And may my loudest heart-throbs be  
The throbs of kindly sympathy!

Sometimes, indeed, I'll cease my song  
Of joy and peace to laymen wrong,  
I scarcely know just what I'll say  
If Pinkerton gets P. B. K.

Or in what dialect I'd swear  
If they should charge for baths this year,  
Or whether I shall change my style  
If Mumford doesn't shrink his smile,  
Or with what eulogistic fire  
I'll treat of Otto William Meier,  
Or with what vehemence I'd roar  
If Kring were chosen chancellor.

But this I know, whatever fate  
Awaits our great and glorious state  
On gridiron or in joint debate—

I'll shout and sing—as you'll see later—  
The triumph of my Alma Mater.

\* \*

Ring the old chapel bell,  
Ring for the changes,  
Ring till the campus shows  
Nothing that strange is:—  
Ring out the a tuning horn and grub,  
Ring in the lank and starving club,  
Ring out the moonlit hours late  
And spoony talk, ring in the slat ;  
Ring out the summer girls we've known  
Ring in the co-eds all our own,  
Ring out the son of "Uncle Shake"  
Ring in the profs with reps to make  
Ring out the senior, debonaire  
Ring in the "fresh" with foot-ball hair,  
Ring out your blatant bard\* of yore  
Ring in myself of wiser lore.

\* \* \*

Here's a sigh for those who leave us  
Here's a smile for those who come,  
With your "subs", now do not grieve us,  
We will make this paper hum.

\* \* \* \*

Lien and Miller, Brown and Dungan  
Are with us sometimes and sometimes not,  
But like our old Friend Mac Farland  
Kring is always on the spot.

\* Not Tennyson but the champ who wrote last year.