BIXBY'S RETREAT.

You bet?

I'll bet—*nit!*

'Tis better to have bet and won than never to have bet at all.

TO RAG RILEY (confidential)

The Nebraskan is "uncalled for"
At your P. O. in the hall;
Your box needs overhauled, for
One should not have the gall
To ask your few subscribers
To glean their weekly news
From the myrid musty numbers
Which wiser folk refuse.

HAS GOT IT BAD.

Each day I see friend Reedy
Hurrying off to meet some train;
Carrying bundles, grips and boxes
Through the sunshine and the rain.

Sometimes he misses half his meals
In his accommodating hurry.
The great anxiety he feels
Saves many a fair one constant worry.

Oh is it true,—as rumors please—
That he at last has found a wife?
No, meeting trains is a disease
Which has possession of his life

A BLOSSOM.

His arm stole softly round her waist—
That light waist trimmed with red—
Her head—O could it be misplaced
To be *so* near his head?
I saw them there—
Enjoyment rare!—
And heard her heart play pit-a-pat
To hear him say such things as that,
While all enraptured there they sat—
And I didn't care.

KANSAS ETHICS—HER GAMBLERS DISHONEST.

Kansas is foxy but her *betters* have nerve unsurpassed, gall unthinkable, ethical dishonesty beyond kin. The Kansan who lost so heavily, placed his case in the hands of a down town attorney who serves notices on the boys to "refund" or stand trial for gambling."

I bet and won—
Sonofagun!
And chuckled to myself to think
How I should spend ill-gotten chink,
I thought
'Twas not
So hot
When caught;
And so I cashed up on the spot
As any honest person ought,
Because I couldn't stand the trial—
And didn't care to yet awhile.

FOUND.

I

Found—By merest accident
The Seniors' long desire,
A place to put the eloquence
Of Otto Wm. Meier.

II

Found—To deadest certainty
How wisdom may determine
The why the Chancellor sets his head
To preach that annual sermon.

III

Found—While conning mystic lore
As evening shades were falling,
Deep in a sulphurous-smelling grot,
Wind Wiley Woodruff's calling.

IV

Notice here is given
These items may be had
By dropping in my sanctum
And paying for this ad.

JOHNSON A HUMMER.

Prof. Johnson, entranced on your words I have hung
While rolled the hameters glib from your tongue;
I have heard you extemporized Latin and Greek
And other unnaturalized speech that you speak;
And, whether 'tis said to your face or your back,
I vow you're an A number one Cracker-Jack.

Mayer Bros.

FOR EINE TAILORING

Clothing Ready to Wear, Furnishing Goods

HATS and SHOES

G. W. KLINE and DICK REED, of State University in Shoe Dept.
HAROLD HEWITT, " " Furnishing Department.