

BIXBY'S RETREAT.

Spring?

Basket-ball— *me too!*

A man may die laughing.

"Etwas zu wohl ist ungesund."

"What in thunder does he do?"

Exhaustive observation is an element of all great success.—Spencer.*

NOT CATALOGUED, OR PARADISE REGAINED.

[Advance seee. from the senior Play.]

St. Peter:—Who comes? Alack, who busters there
To seek in Heaven a cushioned chair?

Rip Van Winkle:—'Tis I, a Lord myself, a King,
A monarch, despot, anything,—
Swing back those gates sir, I say *swing!*

St. Peter:—You Rip? and you not catalogued,
Not checked, not listed? I'll be dogged!
A duplicate? No, that won't do.
We only ordered one of you.

R. V. W.:—Avaunt, ye serf, ye lazy slave,
Base villain, scoundrel, duplex knave—

St. Peter:—But stay, dear Rip,—repress your pride
And have a seat down there outside.
Here, take that *index* on your right
Then look for "Speech," and "Swear" and
"Spite,"

And "Outrage," "Insult," "Disrespect"
"Incompetency," "Derelict"

"Unbusiness-like," and "Lazy," "Lax"
"Dead," "Fossilized" and "Battle-Axe"—
What! Heavens, Rip! Can't find the word?

Tut tut, your *marmor* is absurd—

I think I know, Sir, by your looks
You've slept among old masty books
And now this *index* cannot use!

I swear, want in? Well I refuse!

[Rip rises, batters down both gates with his fist,
throats Pete,—and—the curtain falls.]

THE REASON

I have feed my fond readers on viands,
In the kitchen of fancy prepared,
On sweet and delectable viands
In the cook-room of fancy prepared.
I have hung the pomegranates of beauty
On lines heavy-laded with praise,
The orient fruit of pomegranates,
On lines overburdened with praise,
Oppressed with delightful praise.
I have poured out the nectarine juice,
From stanzas a-scented with love,
Hebe's nectareous juices,
A scent with the attar of love—
Roumelian attar of love.
But they turn from my viands delicious
In the kitchen of fancy prepared,
From my nectar, pomegranates and attar,

They turn with impatient disgust,
With impatient and sneering disgust;
And they vow as they're munching the mutton,
Prepared in the cook-room of fact,
As they're tearing and munching the mutton,
Prepared in the oven of fact,
In the iron hard oven of fact:
There is nothing so sweet to the eater
To the famished and gluttonous eater
There's nothing so rare as a roast
As a cold slice of oven-brown roast.

A PASTORAL.

Every straying amorous zephyr
Venturous harbinger of spring,
Twangs a vibrant chord of feeling
Bids the heart awake and sing;
Hangs before the pensive fancy
Canvasses retouched by age,
Sets in pictures panoramic
"Snaps" from memory's kodak page.
Then we see the green a coming
Underneath the orchard trees
Where the clover is providing
Forage for the bumble-bees;
Then we hear the hens a-cackling
On the straw roof of the sheds
While the pigeons, hawk awatching
Sky ward turn thier burnished heads.

Days like this the cattle wander
From the stalk fields to the sod
Down among the roots of stubble
Sniffing every other rod
Days like this the careless farmer
Sorts among his bolts and screws
Gittin' that old cultivator
Some how or other, fit to use.
Days like this the solid couples
Take their 'ternal taffy-talk
From the library study tables
To the benches by the walk.

P. S —

But the blizzard drives the zephyrs
Straying to the north too soon,
To the land of rice and cotton,
Regions of perpetual June;
All those visions fade and vanish
And the heart its singing stills
While another vision rises
Of the coal man with his bills.
All the kodak snaps skedaddle
To their long forgotten nooks,
While I turn to fruitless hunting
For the hygiene doctor's books.

L'envoi—

To the dreamer who is drifting
Where the sward is getting green
To my fellow fool a looking
For those books in hygiene.

It is currently reported that W. Judson Hunting,
formerly 1917, has been promoted to advanced
standing in *child study*.