

Bixby's Retreat.

Hes-Perry-an.

Smile innocently—Exams are here.

Ideas are formidable weapons.

Doane College sends the right kind of
representatives to debate with the U. B.
D. C.

With Reed to lead and J. H. Harms
To delve in logic free,
And Fisher quick, right up in arms—
And long haired Editor Lee.
The Doane boys made an able team.
They set our boys on fire,
But they can't talk right thro' their hats
Like Baker and Maguire.
I felt quite sure when Baker rose
And I heard his eloquence ring,
That his gestures, logic, matchless pose
Are worked by a secret spring;
For he stood erect, each eye a moon,
And it must be confessed—
Doane touched the button. Very soon
Our statesman did the rest.

MUSEUM SLUMBER—A SONNET.

I stand within that silent hall,
While over all dark shadows fall.
The dead are there; the shadow pall
Wraps all in sombre shadows tall—
Oh, I wish those cats would caterwaul
Or the golden eagle scream and squall;
And I long for the notes of the mummy's call
Or the raging buffalo's angry bawl:—
Yes to hear the hum of the insects small
As they quietly rest on the grimy wall,
And to see those slimy serpents crawl—
To hear the roan neigh in his stall.
But alas, alas I can hear them all—
They are training the Band in Memorial hall.

The board of control of the college set-
tlement confirmed O. T. Reedy as a
member of the board to fill the vacancy
left by J. F. Boomer. Elder Reedy has
also inherited the title, place, perquisites,
and serene, heavenly expression of the
departed Presiding Elder.

I noticed, and I thought it strange—
There came o'er Reedy such a change.
So quiet, tender, quick to please,
The thick dust gathered on his knees,
And in his eye, bright, radiant, rare,
A glimpse of heaven lies imaged there.

But when I saw those curtains drawn
And Reedy with his best clothes on—
So silently he knelt as there
He worshipped at that shrine so fair—
'Twas then I understood it well,
And so I promised not to tell.
For Elder Reedy may incline
Again to worship at that shrine.

GLORIA DEI.

We know our ideas are narrow,
Our utility systems are rude,
For exploring a system our systems
Are distressingly narrow and rude;
We are thankful that "Chapel is better
This year than ever before,"
And we fear that with much more improvement
To a place *ex courpectu* 'twill soar.
Then we'll reach the acme of culture
Of which some fair sisters are proud.
I suppose 'tis a proof of advancement
That for chapel is weaving its shroud.
Yet I find that my soul is repining
As drops in a cage a poor pigeon,
For it still hopes to find in the chapel
A trace of its old time religion.
So our hearts are still longing and hoping
For some good old-fashioned devotion,—
Of the brand that our mothers were famed for,
Not fixed up by new-fangled notions.
We'll accept the account of creation,
Or the story of Eve and the apple,
But, O Lord, we beseech thee to spare us
From a "poly con" prayer in the chapel.

The university is forging to the front
in development of force in debate. We
are glad to announce the formation of a
new club, known as the "Webster and
Hayne Debating Club." This organiza-
tion is but the continuance of a similar
one in the Lincoln High School.

A few days ago a worthy Pall, while
listening to the echo of his own voice as
he practiced his masterly oration, was
surprised by the Chancellor and several
visiting legislators. They were so im-
pressed with the young man's eloquence
that no amount of pleading excused him
and he was compelled to make a speech.
The result has not been made known,
but the next legislature will undoubtedly
have a university student from Falls City.