

Bixby's Retreat.

If you would be well informed, read 'Drift-wood,' the Journal Almanac, and last week's Nebraskan.

This column will be henceforth assiduously retained as advertising space. All grievances consequent thereto must be respectfully submitted to the fighting editor who will return from Siberia later in the season.

Of all the games of folly that ye scribe can call to mind
A lot of hatless co-eds play the most outlandish kind.

I saw a group of co-eds come, tossing their bare heads naughtily
A little senior led the troupe a junior followed with a whoop,
As down the walk I saw them swoop, scorning the north wind haughtily,
And each one munched her chewing gum.

After, a troupe of spectres came dancing a cancan spitefully,
A doctor's figure led the van and after him a druggist ran
While foll'wing these a coffin man dallied at ease delightfully,
As if convinced he'd win the game.

ELSIE'S CONFESSION.

I.

My name is pretty Elsie; my brain is like a brick;
My pet name, you may well see, is "I, je, ego, Ich."
I once had heaps of "Courage;" I did my very best—
I sawed the air with ardor and won the "Pal" contest.

II.

I next unreined ambition in the P. B. D. C.
Where clearly 'twas my mission to lead to victory.
So gaily did I lead the 'ring' in fiendish joy and pride,
When lo! my latest born offspring in health and vigor died.
And I confess that since I left the Pal Boys Club alone,
The club revived, of me bereft, and lord how it has grown.

III.

I then took the Hesperian and pushed its pointed quill
And as high chief agrarian, indexed barbarian will.
I dipped my pen in bitt' rest gall—that gall was all my own—
I saw my fiercest foemen fall—I viewed the field corpse-strown.

'Tis true some shadows crossed my path, as fast
I rode my hobby—
I had to vent unrighteous wrath, by swearing loud at 'Bobby.'
So when election day recurred—in Union-Delian dearth
Of able men—if friends preferred—I'd try to get the earth
I was defeated in my plan. Oh! 'twas a bitter pill,
For they didn't think I was the man again to steer the quill.

IV.

When last year's barb-frat fight drew nigh, we reckoned vengeance sweet.
We barbs, with leaders such as I, must get there with both feet.
Each night in evening's gathering gloom, as I was "Fifth Ward Boss"
Two other braves stole to my room to help me stew frat sauce.
We placed a ticket in the field, nor could we now turn back
Against the Greeks I would not yield, while I could hold the sack.
Then came the day—I see you frown—that day of strife and gore,—
Those Greeks in fiendish glee stood round and licked their chops for more.
Defeat inspired relentless blues, for I was on the shelf,
I wore out three new pairs of shoes, with which I kicked myself.

V.

Bright hopes the darkest blues survive, and sunlight gilds each dream.
So I thought once more I should strive to promulgate a scheme.
With joy ecstatic was I filled, my wounds to pour sweet balm on,
If I could get the barbs to build a fine large hall in common
The hall once on the campus, as majestic'ly it stands,
No struggle then can dump us—the bird is in our hands.
But when that plan required hard work, my love grew strangely cold.
I still regret I had to shirk—there was no sack to hold.
Now other hands the project push, with treasury depleted.
Me thinks I'll get back in the rush, before the scheme's completed.

VI.

This year the fight occurred again, but I was not consulted,
The barb ranks sought more loyal men, and barb triumph resulted.
I now confess it boys to you, you have me on the rack—
But I wouldn't feel just as I do, if I had held the sack.