

Bixby's Retreat.

Wanted: Snow shovellers. Inquire at this office.

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All parties wishing to apologize for sins bro't to light in this column, please arrange to see us in our private office.

* *

Lost: Between the hours of five and six post meridan, the control of the class in hygiene. Finder please return same to Dr. Clark (P. B. K.) and receive reward.

* *

Contributions to this column are charitably considered. Already so many 'gems' of sparkling wit have been received that ye editors have not been able to read even the climaxes. Please bear in mind that the department editors are forced by the terms of the contract to write all jokes on love and the Profs.

* *

When the grave-yard books are balanced,
And the death rate's increase seen,
Who will be to blame for killing
Off those classes in hygiene?
Or who will stand to answer
For those skulls from English 3?
I'll do it if I can, sir,
But you should not count on me.

* *

The heaven's gleam with fadeless light.
Four hundred rainbows span the sky.
I stand enraptured at the sight
As comet tails go sailing by.
With such an incandescent glare
Orion's blaze cannot compare.
Lo, as I look again the while,
I see 'tis only Hoagland's smile.

* *

His "plots" of the strata though "rudely"
designed
Might have carried the truth to the cloudiest
mind.
His "polyps" and "crinoids" were clearer
than talk.
As he "sketched" them out quickly with pied
bits of chalk.

But he said when I asked him my "standing"
today,
You flunked "in a purely conventional way."

* *

For lo, these many moons Prof. Sweezy has
been working
To ward the winds of winter off—not once his
duty shirking—
He's had his signals floating out "to every
wind that blows"
And saved us all from death by flood; like-
wise from drifting snows.
But why he let that "duster" slip I'm at a loss
to see—
Most likely some assistant chump had carried
off the key.

* *

Olympian Zeus arose—
That warlike eye, that pose—
Affright and stillness reigns.
The heavens abashed withdraw,
The trembling earth in awe
Recoils. Lord Zeus explains:
"I know no more 'imaginative scheme'
Than this last incubated dream
Olympus to defy.
The Greeks for years have asked for naught,
Except—for what they gladly fought;
You forced 'em to, or die."
O, Storm-king, from thy brothers' eyes
You, thrice-doomed martyr, plucked the mote.
You saw all your "hot schemes" capsized
In that unanimous vote.

* *

Oh, that Lincoln Saving's Bank
Is gone down, is gone to—smash.
It had hold von all I had.
Nun I got to schling some hash.
Und wenn ich's will wieder sehen
Muss ich selbst zur Holle gehen;
Aber nein, das thu ich nicht,
Lieber sheid, von ihm, auf ewig mich.

JERRE REBMANN.

Now Jerry, my friend, don't yield to despair.
This world is a tomb of sorrow and care—
'Twill do you no good to worry and swear
In rhyme.

So brighten your face and smile away pain,
As sunshine in April bursts forth after rain.
Five chances to ten you will meet it again
Sometime.