

## BIXBY'S RETREAT.

Vale!

Natura non facit saltum!

Students who desire 'snaps' should ask for the 'short cusses' at the registrar's office.

Roper has been detained in school to witness the X-raise exhibition by the Senior class.

The English department would like to put the pigeon out to pasture for the summer at reasonable rates.

The fighting editor has just returned from the Fijii Islands to close the year's business. All grievances must be submitted in boxing-gloves in his alley on or before the full moon.

Comes to the upmost door hands in his pockets, Stands there a "jif" or more eyes agape sockets. Glowers from him who reads to the last chair Where the young ladies sit—back to his lair.

I sat within the meeting  
Of that august faculty,  
I thought Hade's rehearsal  
Was ordered on for me.

I yelled and cheered and threw my hat  
For warlike Company B,  
For they're the only company that  
Can drill on land and sea.

McLucas attends chapel regularly now.  
I always like to see you, 'Vic,'  
In every enterprise;  
This time I think I see, 'Vic,'  
Suspicion in your eyes.

Prof.—Any student who goes to camp will be held responsible for work gone over by the class in his absence.

Commandant.—Any student refusing to go to

camp will not be recognized in the distribution of promotions next fall.

Student (in quandary)—"I'm damned if I do and I'm damned if I don't."

I thought, now mind 'twas all a dream,  
That life's brief span was over,  
And by Elysia's lapsing stream  
I wandered deep in clover.

I saw the portals outward swing  
To greet each toil-worn stranger,  
I heard triumphant voices sing  
A victory over danger.

But some were there whom good Old Pet  
His voice with justice cracking,  
Turned short away for reasons meet  
Default sufficient backing.

Then came a burst of joy supreme—  
The bliss of heaven varies,  
To know the fate of talking fiends  
Who haunt down here libraries.

## IN SACK-CLOTH AND ASHES.

At last—I sigh—my tear-dimmed eyes  
Betoken my sweet will  
To gracefully apologize  
Before I drop the quill.

Old Ajax—ah! kind heaven forget  
The times that I have 'run you through'!  
An 'Pinkie' I am 'smoking' yet  
With incense-penance done for you.

Friend Q., you will forgive my slams,—  
For you have said I lie like sin,  
And that I'll pony at exams  
To cheat Saint Pete to let me in.

For 'Elsie,' I have one regret  
And miseries sore and woful ruth.  
In sorrow I am all upset  
Because I told unvarnished truth.

Accept these tears, potato-size,  
Which drip from penitence so rare,  
And note, dear friends, in glad surprise  
The beams of hope refracted there.