

Bixby's Retreat

Last year the fighting editor wintered in Siberia and returned by the way of the Fiji Islands. This year he will discover the south pole. Any wrath due him will be corked up until his return.

An open letter to Billgreen: Dear Billgreen:—
Where are your whiskers?
I hate to see those whiskers off
That undulating red.—
I fear you'll get the whooping-cough
And have wheels in your head.

Turn out and cheer the foot-ball men
Each sunny autumn day
We'll swallow Doane entire and then
Teach Denver how to play.
Why Pearse alone can vanquish Doane
And Shedd can handle Butte.
While Iowa Platz eats alone
And crys for more to boot.
Then Kansas and Missouri
I think I plainly see,
They'll leave to Harry Coury
And Wiggings—and to me.

UNCLASSIFIED.

We have traced the winter flowers
And the fragrant flowers of spring.
We have studied summers beauties
With the pleasures fond they bring
And we've also catalogued
Most of the autumnal blossoms,
But Dr Bessey says:—
There is no known nomenclature
That adequately classifies
A perpetual blooming idiot.

Well corporal Mumford you're a brick
To put the new men through.
To drill at quick and double quick,
The prompt way that you do,
A sprightlier man I've never seen,—
And all your troops are raw
Remember, use your discipline
Not "Whoa there," "Gee" and "Haw"
The air is filled with martial sounds
Since Mumford drills a squad,
Admiring co eds through the grounds,
While Mumford drills his squad.
Ambition swells anew in me,
Since Mumford drills a squad;
Prof. Davis stops his wheel to see
How Mumford drills his squad.

Dear Freshman, I am after you.
The good book says: "Thou shalt not steal."
I would have swiped those "Synonyms"—
The joke's on me, and so I squeal.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek
Five things observe with care:
With whom you hash, for whom you hash
And how and when and where.

"'Tis sweet to be remembered"
By the genial registrar.
There's nothing like a "notice" thence
To tell you where you are.

We've had our share of orators
Forensic, tragic, funny—
McMullen, Weaver, Barker too
Whose sweet words flow like honey.
The "Ideal" Wing, and Hadley Q.
McNitt, Hatfield—and all
Have charmed us by bewitching skill
Through many a weary fall
But there is yet a grander sway
Of which we never tire
It is the flowing eloquence
Of Otto W. Meir.

The tides of war come on apace
The fates can never stay them
The Bryanites have placed the chip
McKinleyites must slay them
Here's health to Watson's golden jaw
And Allen's quenchless smile.
The Killen Law schools' champion bluff,
Maguire's silvery wile.

(Communicated.)

IN THE LIBRARY.

She sat down in the library:—
She studied hard.
She read so very fast so very:—
She bent her head.

She was a girl who belonged to a "frat":—
She saw a man;
She didn't care a straw for that,—
She read again.

She looked up from her work once more:—
She saw him come.
She saw him wait there near the door:—
She knew him then.

* * * * *

She slaps her book shut as quick as she can
"Go to, book lore!"
She sits for an hour on a bench with the man:
She studies no more.

ETALE.

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