

Bixby's Retreat.

Watch for the bound volume of Bixby's Retreat. It will be dedicated to the solid couples.

Have you read the latest publication of the Bryan Club? It is entitled, "Through the Floods and Over Meir."

* * *

I think I'll join that chorus class
Since I have heard you tell,
Prof. Hodgman, how it saved you from
Old bachelor-dom and—sell
My last year's shaves to buy a voice
To match my mug, by jing,
So I'll become a "legal soof"
Like you or Doctor Fling.
And when I own a cosy cot,
Upon my favorite writer
I'll bring up Prof. Caldwell and you
As my "before and after."

AFTERWARDS

(Communicated)

"In maiden fair, with radiant air,
So light, so bright, so pretty—
To you, I'll dare,—since you don't care,—
To deduce this airy

Perhaps your eyes, in mild surprise,
(Dark eyes I once thought tender)
Will grow in size,—will quite despise
These poor words that I render.

Perhaps you knew, my dearest Sue,
The proper time to audience;
But ah, 'tis true, it was for you
I twisted hard-earned laurel.

Be as it may; I'll not gainsay
The words that you have spoken—
It does not pay to sigh all day
Because a faith was broken.

He may have gold,—have wealth uncounted;
He's not a busted student;
But you've been sold, and I'm consuled—
I'm glad you were so prudent.

MARS.

An open letter to A. S. Johnson: Dear Johnson:—Reported dispatches reach this office daily saying you are striving to spank yourself. Please do not do so. The Omaha Bee reports that you made up three hours German at the University in three days, and that the Registrar fears that you will graduate last June, if you keep at it. Allow me to remind you that you entered this old think-mill with the

class of '98 in its First Prep. year. At that time you were obscure and of a rather drouth-stricken aspect. Your first greatest achievement was to break the world's record in the surprising intellectual vault of translating Prof. Bates hieroglyphics on your "prep." themes. Your second and greater feat was to secure membership in the Palladian society. That was the making of you. Since then, your astonishing Latin and Greek translations have become celebrated wherever you pay your honest debts. The "Registrar" has enrolled you in the heaven of her affections; and you are blest. Don't let this exaltation inflate you. The fact that you could graduate now (but don't out of respect of the rest of us) need not warp the lining of your affections. You will ever remain the "Noblest Roman of them all."

I wish my mental wheels could whizz,
Like A. S. Johnson's own;
For if I had a head like his
I, too, should be a man.
But one thing, Johnson, you are lacking
I can promise once for all,
You'll miss the Chancellor's and my backing
If you howl down our foot-hall.

She is all the motive power
For ten thousand different wheels,
You can see her every hour,
As so quietly by she steals.
And that falcon eye revealing
Depths of energy within
And a deep-determined feeling
To make things run like sin
Heaven be thanked we have her presence,
Cush and organizing power!
For if we hadn't the Pal 'Quarter Centennial'
Celebration would have been held
In "any old place."

If Stephen Douglas could arise
And sweep the dirt out of his eyes,
And see our brave debators,
Or hear their gushing rhetoric flow
And find how much they really know—
Why he'd lie down again immediately.

Remember the preliminary debates are
almost at hand.

Did you attend the mass meeting?