

Bixby's Retreat.

Twenty to goose-egg—Hear the Doane
Owl!

Benedict and I played the game!

Dame nature, did you not forget
Your pattern box that day
When Hall and R. D Elliot
Were shaped from primal clay?

Would you know the whole distance the world has
progressed

Since the days when the Uni was young,
Just measure my verses in rhythmic flow
With those by Prof. Fossler sung.

I, mounted on Pegasus, vainly essay
To narrate the least pleasing feature
Of the banquet, but, lo the whole thing was too swift
For even that double geared creature.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West shows, the
Palladian Quarter-centennial celebration,
an athletic triumph over the 'little sister,' and
the continuance of bright, moon-light
nights have conspired to reduce the
amount of actual study to a minimum,
and have sprained the excuse fertility of
others than the foot-ball men.

There is no chance for Bryan now
Since Meier's turned to gold
The silver ship has lost her prow
Since Meier turned to gold,
The chiefest of the work is done;
McKinley's cause is fairly won
Mark Hanna shakes his sides for fun
With Meier turned to gold.

R. H. Graham listened to a joint-debate
on the issues of the day, delivered from
the front steps of the Library building.
An interesting audience assisted in this
pastime.

When men of wisdom deep expound
The current questions so profound,
I like to see you standing round,
Dear Bobby.

In revolution, brains, not brawn,
Weigh heaviest when the fight is on.
An honest man, when seeking fame,
May ride, until its halt and lame.
His hobby.

Amid the turmoils and the strife,
The deep vexations of this life,
When anarchy and fraud are rife,
Dear Chancellor,

I felt 'twould be so hard to grind
The mill without the master mind—
With no one here to lead the blind;
Dear Chancellor.

I feared the faculty would fight
Or Bryan make a speech some night.
Dark chaos all—no ray of light—
Dear Chancellor.

But Princeton called, and you have gone;
Our first "big" foot-ball game is won;
The merry wheels whirr smoothly on
Dear Chancellor.

But—please be not for long delayed,
In eastern glory proud arrayed—
Our warrants must be signed and paid.
Dear Chancellor.

An open letter to Sutton and Hollow-
bush—Dear Brethren:—You are hereby
presented with the entire frigidity of the
Seminar room, Art rooms, and Reading
room, with the appended sworn guar-
antee, countersigned by the Chancellor
and John Green, that you will need no
additional chill to supply your next sum-
mer's trade. Please be very careful when
you remove the air from the Seminar
room. The temperature has already
reached the absolute zero. Kuhlman is
still within in a torpid state. Latest dis-
patches tell us he will not return until
after the spring thaw. Matthews and
Rose are fossilized. The lady contin-
gents were saved only by the free use of
their warm affections. I escaped in the
heat of political excitement and so live
to tell the story. The devil himself has
made us a flattering proposition but we
propose to accommodate our friends first.

I'd sing of one of restless might
Who stops to make a gallant fight
For MAC and Hobart, Mark and all
Who answer to the slogan-call
Of money, sound, and hard, and yellow.
He quite upset the other fellow.
Hurrah for Fling, Professor Fling;
Let clarion voices loudly ring,—
Extol his patriotic fire:—
This man converted Otto Meier.

WATCH

for our
Palladian Number