

*Bixby's Retreat.*

This department wishes to give notice to Prof. Bruner that a new bug has made its appearance in the city. It is the connecting link between the gold-bug and the silver-bug. It is commonly called the "snapper beetle" because of its great fondness for snaps. The thing may be found in great numbers about the capitol; the janitor reports their crawling to have loosened the tiling in the corridors.

The Senior class, it seems, has the audacity to demand a say in the choice of a Class Day orator. There is no effrontery a senior will shrink from. If I were the Chancellor I would teach the children to know their place.

I'd choose the garb that they should wear,  
I'd teach them how to part their hair  
And have their pictures taken,  
Their orator should be Dr. Clark  
Or "me" and I would have them mark,  
My rules should be unshaken.

In the dim future, when the paternal scales have fallen from our eyes, and the paternal shackles fallen from our wrists and we have the free and untrammelled choice between going to chapel or studying in the library, we will sing the praises of Burleigh and Philbrick.

There'll be more joy in service then,  
Because we'll feel more like free men  
And less like driven cattle.  
Prof. Wolfe will venture from his den  
And Frye will come to chapel when  
They hear the old bell rattle.

The hat thieves are with sometimes,  
And sometimes they are not;

But the long-eared tribe—the book thieves  
Are forever on the spot.

Prof. Johnson, the speed that you whip us along at  
Would weary the supplest of sprinters;  
Even those who have shown that in Virgil they're  
strong at

The bizness, like Griffith or Wise or Miss Stratton.  
But mind, if my flunks are all counted  
I'll bring from his stable Old Barebones and fatten  
And groom him and th' rest of the year I'll go  
mounted.

They say that Pete is coming back,  
Is coming o'er the waters;  
I notice too that he will pack  
Off one of Berlin's daughters.  
We hail you, Pete, with thrills of joy  
For your scholastic feat,  
But still some sad regrets must cloy  
For our own girls, dear Pete.

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