

BIXBY'S RETREAT.

Dr. Scott, that was a "rocky" pun the
Chancellor made for you.

THE FRESHMEN.

"We are coming 'papa Chancellor'
About five hundred strong;
From every sort of 'previous con-'
And have our gall along."

TO F. J. R. AND G. M.

Joys there which may not perish
There are flowers which cannot fade
There are fond retreats we cherish
As the wood-thrush loves the shade.
There are fires may not be smothered—
Do the clouds blot out the stars?
You may board up all the windows
And we'll court inside the bars.

PHI DELTA.

Disguised in big, black masks
That bold, bad villians wear,
Some small frat boys set out
To have a reg'lar tare.
They prowled 'round peoples' houses
And had the mostest fun—
But like all bold men they halted
In cover of a gun.
Somethings there are in this broad world
Like neither man nor goose,
Will some one phone the foolkiller
And tell him what is loose.

WORSE THAN PREPS.

The brooklet to the river flows,
The river to the sea;
The twig that by the wayside grows
In time becomes a tree.
E'en "Cholly" with his "cigooetts"
May turn into a man—
And every creature has been tamed
From B'ersheba to Dan.
But the same old group of co-eds throng
About the libr'ry steps,
And pose and smirk and "chin" the boys
And giggle worse than preps.

DO COME BACK BAKER!

We miss that clarion voice of yours
We miss that statesman pose
We miss that blooming smile of yours
As summer would the rose.

We miss you at the table, Baker,
When viands disappear;
We miss you, for you took the cake—
I s'pose likewise the beer.
We miss you in the alcove for
The books are now in sight—
Could you read all those books at once?
Now could you, honor bright?
Despite old tilts and "fam'ly jars"
We miss you Baker on the square
We miss you in—oh, bless your stars,
We miss you almost everywhere.

Well, Mister Readers:

I'm party much a stranger to you,
And I ain't no great sight to say, as yet,
Though maybe I've enough to do you.
Course my grammar's not as good
as some I've saw
But I'll git likelier as I go along,
There's lots no better'n I be, takin law.
They say down whare I live, on silver
erick.

That, when you're lookin out fur presi-
dential timber,
I'm the makin' of a first-rate stick.
I reckon that is why they made me
what they are pleased to call
The fightin' editor
When I come here this fall.

That pert young chap that scribbled
here last year
And then went off and died or somethin'
Did n't do much but talk about himself
I hear.

Now I'll be in my place at office hours
To greet inquirin frien's
And work the bellus fer the 'ndulgent pow'rs.
I'm here to let the public's virtues shine—
In all your deeds to find the good that must
be there
And to your faults (you aint got none) be
blin'

I never knowed a prof. to be a fizzle
Or do or say a thing that wasnt smart.
I never heard a false note in anybody's
whizzle.

I'll be all things to every man, forsooth
I'm docile, servial and obsequious
And I will always tell the pointed truth;

New and old students are invited to call
and try the R. & C. shop.