

**BIXBY'S RETREAT.**

Stand up for the Uni.

Where's your college spirit?

Have you bought a season ticket to the five football games? What are you good for? *I* have.

Have you registered for the preliminary debates? Have you begun your oration for the oratorical contest? What are you waiting on? *I* have.

This department desires to make one addition to the very excellent Monday morning chapel address of Dr. Hastings. I heartily commend the sentiment that would exclude professionalism from the gridiron, the diamond, and in short, from all our inter-collegiate athletics; but I would reprehend, as I am sure the good Dr. intended to do, that growing menace to a time honored sport, the professional equestrian.

**WHO AM I?**

I am neither "barb" nor "frat." I am the personification of a righteous purpose. I don't belong to the Y. M. C. A. either, by the way, for the practices of that institution reveal huge microbes to my microscopic eye. I have been wronged, mistreated, maligned, libelled, trampled upon, betrayed. If you don't believe it you're a liar.

I want to be a mogul  
And with the moguls stand.  
"A boss" stamped on my forehead  
Athletics in my hand.

**JONAS LIEN RETURNS—SOUTH DAKOTA MOURNS  
HER LOSS.**

Strike loud the cymbals, beat the drum  
Our brave "Boy Orator" has come;  
And now  
Since he has won the people's cause  
He'll civilize the Junior Laws  
I trow.

Dear South Dakota, dry your tears  
Alay those bosom heaving fears  
And pine  
No more with vain regret  
Because Lien isn't talking yet,  
But line

There are no shoes fit like those at the Foot Form store 1213 O street

Up all your forces for the fight;  
Pull every string that's in plain sight  
So when

We grant to him a P. B. K.  
And Ph. D. and A. O. A.,  
Tis then

We'll send him back, again to save  
Your state from a disastrous grave.  
Meanwhile

We'll send you as a "taker"  
Our matchless, speechful, R. S. Baker.

**A LA SHUFF**

I tell you, boys, this talk is bosh  
That pulls are in frat care.  
I have the warmest little scheme  
On earth or anywhere.  
You simply have a senator  
And, too, a State House man  
To phone that you're the hottest thing  
Since God devised the plan.

It may not move the Commandant  
But still it is the stuff.

I'll bank on it e'en though I lost,  
Sure as my name is ———

Firm in this faith no axe I'll grind,  
Though all my hopes have died,  
Content to know my scheme was hot,  
I'll rest me satisfied.

**HOWARD WILL DRILL.**

The breezes gently whisper  
Thro' the tall grass on the hill  
That rear-rank private Howard  
Will continue work in drill.

**HASTINGS INSPIRED ME.**

"Athletics, ours to defend  
As sacredly as home and wife  
And half a dozen little ones,  
And dear to us, indeed, as life."

My church subscriptions I will raise  
With diligence as heretofore  
To spend upon half-holidays  
To watch our boys spill Kansas gore.

And how my lungs will split to cheer  
Our "Amateurs" with great edat \*  
If at the close the Uni. wears  
The golden pennant in her hat. \*

\* This jingle was gotten from the coin in the College Settlement box. N. B. This is not an executive pun.