

**BIXBY'S RETREAT.**

WOODRUFF WILEY GRANDILOQUENT DOCTOR.

I suggested it before,  
     Wiley Woodruff,  
 So you needn't feel so sore,  
     Wiley Woodruff,  
 That your dwellers by the Kaw,  
 Might get it in the jaw,  
 So you needn't be so raw,  
     Wiley Woodruff.

You may tie old Pennsylvania,  
     Wiley Woodruff  
 But, however much it pain ye,  
     Wiley Woodruff  
 It's a fact beyond a cavil  
 That your fellows bit the gravel,  
 And you didn't need to travel  
     Wiley Woodruff.

You may work the paper gag  
     Wiley Woodruff  
 Till your backers hold the bag  
     Wiley Woodruff.  
 But for one who knows his job  
 And is not an inch the snob  
 You're not in it with our Rob  
     Wily Woodruff.

WATCH MY SMOKE!

Poor R. P. Teele is married now,  
 His troubles have begun,  
 And ours have ceased, for he has gone  
 To dwell in Washington.  
 Yes, gone and married is R. P. Teele,  
 We've nothing here to get books with—  
 We should call back I really feel,  
 The shades of time-worn "Elsie" Smith.  
 For we must have at our command,  
 Someone who truly understands  
 The caucus system which I fear  
 Has raised the library this year,  
 And one who really will not shy at  
 A well developed alcove riot.

\* \* \* \*

Then congratulations hearty, Teele,  
 With wishes for a prosperous life  
 And salary big enough to keep  
 Yourself, your *troubles*, and your wife.

The game with Wesleyan has been postponed on account of the death of Commandant Jackson.

R. & C. stands for Richerson & Cole, the popular barbers at 1144 O Street.

**Lieutenant Jackson is Dead.**

Lieutenant Jackson died very suddenly at St. Elizabeth hospital, 12 & South sts. at 8 o'clock this morning. Owing to his sudden death a post mortem examination will be held as soon as Surgeon Bache U. S. A. Medical director of the Dep't of Platte, of Omaha arrives. Mr. Jackson had an operation performed last Wednesday for appendicitis. Dr. Giffen says he did not die from the effect of the operation, hence the post mortem. All connected with the University and especially the military department are pained to hear of his death. A more detailed account will be given in our next issue.

**THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD.****James Whitcomb Riley's Highway In An Early Day.**

Last September a literary friend found the Hoosier poet critically inspecting the first copy of his new volume, turning the pages and glancing at them in that peculiar way he has, as if he might expect the printed words to bid him some cheery good-by before they went out to his innumerable friends over the country. His thumb rested on the frontispiece, the old Riley homestead on the National Road at Greenfield, just as it was in "The Child World," at its loveliest to him when the caravans of canvas-topped wagons went past the house over the great National highway that led away out west.

"It was a great highway to me in those days," said he, lifting up his eye-glasses for a moment and peering retrospectively out of the window. "To us children it was the highway that led to all the wonderful places on the inhabitable globe. Our childish imaginations did not carry us much further than the reaches of that old road. It was the main artery of the whole living world. Children nowadays, and even the grown folks, know but little of the part that the old National Road played in making our mighty west. You know it was constructed by the government from Cumberland, Maryland, and in the early days the settlers traversed it overland to "The Illinois" and the territories still beyond. As late as the days when I was a boy, the wagon trains went by, and what wonderful sights they were to us!"

Scott & Shannon, tonsorial artists, S. E. corner 12th & O sts. Give us a call

We do not break collars: they are turned by hand. The Best Laundry, 2249 O street. Tel. 579.

Just received 200 pairs of ladies' university gymnasium shoes which we are selling at 75c. Sanderson, Schureman & Davis, 1213 O.