

BIXBY'S RETREAT.

Merry Christmas!

Misfortunes are married.

"Credit is the bulls-eye of the University."

You ought to study during vacation.

Your best girl would appreciate a copy of Bixby for a Christmas present.

A genuine poet is the noblest, scarcest, least appreciated work of God.

WILL TELL IT STRAIGHT XMAS

Around the fireside at home,
Released from student care,
I'll sit and tell the dear old folks
What I have done this year—
How I have labored o'er my books,
And burned the midnight oil
To cram my intellectual nooks
With reproductive soil;
How when my class-mates soundly snored
I toiled the mid-night hours away,
And dug, and dug, and vied (Oh Lord!)
With Pinkerton for P. B. K.
How all my money I have earned
In "slinging hash" with good intent;
How parties, dances, "bums" I spurned
With not a single sou misspent—
Then mother's face will quite surpass,
The noonday sun in beaming joy;
Then father, too, will think he has
A dickens of a cultured boy.

HAVE NO DELILAH.

I like to see a man who wears
Locks like our John Maguire's;
To think that Denison offered prayers
For locks like John Maguire's.
I joy to view that shaggy mane
Which crowns a Daniel Webster brain
And only wish McKay could train
Locks like our John Maguire.
Alack, debaters speak their fears
Of locks like yours, Maguire;
Brave Kansas, even, bathes in tears
At thought of you, Maguire
They'll tremble at your football hair,
Debating brains and plenteous air—
For they have no Delilah there
To roach your mane, Maguire.

THE WEATHER.

The weather man with ear a-ground,
Has caught the coming clatter,
For mingled with the blizzard's surge,
Is heard the eloquence of Berge,
And all the ponderous thoughts profound
That Denison may scatter;
With Bakers "pose," Maguire's "mien"
And Harry Sackett's talk machine,
And E. F. Warner's logic keen
Confronting that of Jonas Lien;
And fifty other braves, I ween,
Such blending makes uncanny sound
That might Acolus' self astound.

A HALF SONNET + 1 LINE.

In 1632 they published Shakespeare's art,
But never dreamed of a people so smart
As to get the meaning from every part,
But now we've got them right here at home,
And Shakespeare's secret they see alone;
For over his pages in bouyant hope
Doc Peterson's students, without a nope,
Pore hour by hour with a microscope.

CAN IT BE RIGHT?

Dose poys, dose poys
At saints retreat
Oh, let me at dem mit poth feet,
Dis life am pliss ven dey peen deadt,
Dose schumps, dey hear dot softest tread
Ven ever I makes dot usual gall,
Undt pitchers in hand dey tramp der hall
Undt meet me under der lamplight glare,
Shust like some voole dey greet me dere;
Undt into der parlor dey sit undt josh
Undt clank dem pitchers, Shimmony gosh!
I vish dot Frenzel or some such vight
Vould got dose rascals last Saturday night;
Ven dey croze dem vindere undt strapped dot
door
Undt would not let me go home some more,
Dey bost dose dables of caller's laws
Undt ring der pell, undt vag der jaws
Undt vow dot I must say gudt pye
Right under der lamp mit dem to eye—
Bestiferous villians! My sorrows swell
Till I vish dem all der paugs of—vell dats all.
From Poems of Passion by Allen Congdon.
F. T. Riley will go to Plattsburgh to take
charge of the business end of a daily paper.