

BIXBY'S RETREAT.*

Squelched!

Exams. are over.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

I HEARD HER SAY IT.

Oh I joy in my heart just to think exams are gone,
And to know the sweets of conscience clear.
The pony I prepared had its trotting harness on.
Dear Ma may proudly read my grades this year.

MRS. MANNING SUBDUES THEM.

A football farce—sing not to me
Of football's brutal cruelty.
The stage is here—the grandiron bare
No more invites the cruel player
Now not on scores or boot—bent—
Play for the College Settlement.
Taen every muscle boldly strain
Use every resource of the brain
And train, and train, and train, and train
To shed around our pennant rare
The benediction of a care
For those whose darker sha lowy hours
We brighten with a smile, or flowers.

DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

Kind heaven look down in mercy rare
And hear a supplicants fervent prayer.
Oh may my soul the fullness see
Of genuine sincerity;
And may my life work out His plan
Who lived and taught and died—a man.

KIOTE.

All ankle-deep in dew besprinkled blades,
On prairie's rim, thy wild and doleful cry,
And, through the gloom, the hermit owl's reply,
Or dove hailed from far mysterious glades;
Or when in winter midnight's starlit shades,
The desert's winged blasts on-rushing by
Or sudden wails adown the gullies sigh,
The boundless wilds in clanging cavalcades—
Thy note revealed the wilderness to me
All Nature's larger music taught my soul—
Pervading strains each at and never end;
On other prairie's rim removed, to thee
I greeting send, the while I mark the roll
Of nature in thy voice and hail thee friend.

*Not meant to prove fatal.

Program-Characters.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

University chapel, Saturday evening Jan. 29 '98.

"Aux Dames" (a burlesque)

Juliett (married to Romeo).....Margaret Custer

Portia (married to Bassanio).....Mary Wallace

Ophelia (married to Hamlet).....Lina F. Cutts

Lady Macbeth.....Katherine Warfel

Recitation "Aithae Parvolovaa" F. B. Aldrich

Margaret Custer

Recitation "Finnegans," Fenays m. Rosa Alderman

"The Revolving Wedge" (a football farce)

Mr. Martin, of Cambridge who objects to football

J. P. Rowe

Bob Martin, his son, Harvard's famous half back

Geo. Shedd

Nell Martin, } who are fond.....Jessica Morgan

Mrs. Martin } of the game.....Katherine Warfel

Dr. Geo. Brown, brother of Mrs. M.....Carl Randall

Ned Biddel, from Philadelphia, a graduate of Uni.

of Penn.....John Boose

Mike Dolan, a policeman.....Geo. Bartlett

Nora the Maid.....Lisle Wilkinson

Scene, Parlor of the Martin House at Cambridge

Mass. The entertainment will be one of a high

character. Mrs. Manning has spent no little time

and energy in preparing her students to give this

entertainment. It is given for the benefit of a worthy

cause and is deserving of the support of the student

body. It is to be hoped that the chapel will be filled.

A Few Notes on Kioteic Anatomy.

The Kiote has howled. In the words of our text, his "long silvery-sad ululation has shivered the silence of the pent-roofed night," which is supposed to reign in this vicinity. We are henceforth to listen to his "blithe notes"—hither-to locked in Room 29, or thereabouts.

Seriously, however, the first number of the *Kiote*, in spite of a dozen typographical errors, comes to us in a very attractive form. The managers are to be congratulated upon their choice of type, paper and form.

The initial story certainly deserves its place in the Magazine. To appreciate its fidelity requires no fine-pointed literary acuteness. It is a pretty little story prettily told.

That "well looking" is good. I shall immediately set about to mend the error of my ways. Methinks I can see the wonderment on my best girl's face when I compliment her upon her "well looks." And you might have spared us that last "of course," Miss Pound.

Sargent's resounding pentameters well express his "ful-throated anger"—after one has read them two or three times to find out what he means.

"The White Glory" is a good study. A fellow is slightly bewildered by the way Mr. Abbott juggles with his tenses, and one notes some superhuman qualities in the "doctor," who says "By thunder!" and calls a man "a—" with "gentleness of voice." As a whole, however, the sketch is drawn with careful attention to light and shade.

Mr. Alexander's *Kiote* is a Jackel, and lifts his voice by the side of the mighty Nile.

When I read "Down in Egypt" my wrath was exceeding great, and I said to myself "Forsooth, this small boy wandereth too far from his mother. After I had read the poem through, I was ready to grant *imperium sine fine*.

Miss Green seems to be thoroughly at home in the daisy dialect. The idea of "A Belated Convention" is novel to say the least.

The "yelps" are rather well written. Even the thick-bided "Bull of Basnan" should wince at such a thrust as he gets in "yelp" number two.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Wohlenbergs tables are "as over-lasting as Aetna's smoky crest." Personally I had some doubts on that score.

The writer of this shorthand report is evidently not much given to angular utterances himself, for he is able to get in only three-fourths of his damns.

But that "a long silvery sad ululation snivered the silence of the pent-roofed night" scoops the deck!

Be it known that the responsibility for this disjointing, disjointed production rests wholly and solely upon

THE FLEA.