

BIXBY'S RETREAT.

When? _____

Is there any hope? _____

An echo has virtues! _____

Wisdom displays itself only in discrete silence.

Literature is congealed silence.

A WAIL FROM THE SEMINAR.

I have wandered, in the winter
 When the rabbit tracks were new,
 Till my feet were dead as lumber
 And my ears were "sleeping" too,
 I have battled with the blizzard
 As he scampered o'er the plains
 Till I've felt my body needied
 With those sharp mysterious pains,
 But no cough ere fell upon me
 And no symptoms of catarrh,
 Such as seize unwary students
 In our frozen seminar.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

All heard
 His word
 The while he purred
 And noisy students rankly slurred.
 All eyes
 Devise
 Cast iron surprise
 To see him in his wrath arise,
 And loud applause
 Attests the justice of his cause.
 * * *
 All silent now, in fearful dread,
 Around, below, and overhead.
 * * *
 I used to think those teachers lied
 Who say the spirits round us glide
 Of those who long ago have died.

OF SPAIN.

She has spilled the blood of thousands,
 In the hunger-stricken glades,
 Where unconquered sons of freedom
 Lie in fens and fevered shades.
 She has spoiled the helpless planter,
 Seized the fruitage of his toil,
 Mixing murder with the pillage
 On that blood besotted soil.
 Foreign fiends, who gloat on bull fights,
 Captive women held in thrall,
 Adding Hell's unspoken torture,
 Till in welcome death they fall.
 Must Columbia recreant falter,
 Laggard justice ever sleep
 While the bones of slaughtered seamen
 Call from yon polluted deep?

RHYME OF THE COPPER MAN.

Enthusiastic Garringer
 Sat looking on at Faust,
 Not dreaming that a "copper man"
 Was standing by to oust
 The players played, he raised a shout
 All other shouts to drown;
 Then come the burly "copper man"
 And made him summer down.

"THE PREACHERS AT THE SHOW."

Up in "Niger Heav'n" I sat
 Working "Lehrer" yes for you,
 While I saw the preachers' "frat"
 Holding down a "cushioned pew"
 We saw Satan, Faustus conquer
 Win for him Marg'rite so fair
 Cause the death of her dear mother
 Bringing ruin and despair.
 We with Faustus viewed the roarings
 Of the "dear ones" there who fell
 Leaving earth with all its cravings
 For another place in—well,
 While we saw the roaring fire
 Raging fiends in fierce combat,
 What amidst such anguish, ire,
 Thought you "preachers" there of that?

Grace Lyons spent Sunday with her parents in Fairbury.

Ethel Masters is again in school after an illness of several weeks.

Oliver Chambers' brother is down from Omaha for a few days.

Miss Elsie Schwartz, of Omaha, is visiting her sister, Edith Schwartz.

The registrar sent out last Monday all notices of incompletes, conditions and failures in the work of the first semester.

The batallion has formed a special squad for those students who cannot afford to purchase uniforms.

Chancellor MacLean and certain members of the faculty have been engaged to lecture before the Lincoln high school history classes.

Mr. Eppes, the acting librarian, gave a little talk to the students in the reading room Tuesday morning, making a plea for better order and regard for the rules of the library.

Manager Bischoff has received a letter from Mr. F. H. Yost of Amos W. Va. applying for position as coach next season. Mr. Bischoff has given the letter and recommendations to the athletic board.