

**BIXBY'S RETREAT.**

Is it oratory?

Prudence is a master virtue.

An owl rests solely on its reputation for wisdom.

It is currently reported that Prof. Jay Amos Barrett author of the revised edition of Barrett's "Nebraska" attended the mayor impeachment trial in a body.

**HE HELD HER HAND.**

I watched them saunter slowly by  
While Zeno held her hand.  
She did not cringe, or sigh, or cry,  
As Zeno pressed her hand.  
I kind o' wished that it were I  
Who held her willing hand.

[From "Amorous Observations" by Chas. Kuhlman—8th ed.]

**WILLING BUT HELPLESS.**

With my thoughts immersed in study  
And my work away behind,  
I cannot roast anybody  
For my "grinder" will not "grind."

**CITY WONDERFUL.**

I have heard of a wonderful city  
In some heavenly realm, I am told  
Where the excise-men are all angels,  
With no tell-tale "Pops" in the fold;  
Where the streets are all paven in splendor,  
The side-walks in model repair,  
Where the gas-meters while they are resting  
Did not puff away on fresh "air;"  
Where jobs were not bought at a "bargain"  
Or contracts to ward-healers let;  
Where the pumps don't go dry on short notice  
If the whole city policy's "wet;"  
Where the Boards, the Police and the Mayor  
Were not trained by the "swag" to "forget."

**HAD WHEELS IN HIS HEAD.**

I heard a scream, heart-piercing cry  
Look! there a couple gliding by—  
But Congdon's wheel was on a "shy,"  
And hence her scream—Good Heavens! Oh my!  
Just missed—safe now—on either side  
Before, behind, the scorchers glide,  
And Congdon pale from head to heel  
Dismounts, disheartened from his wheel.  
Her scream still echoes in his ear—  
He swears he'll ride no more this year  
Two at a time, till he can "steer"  
The *darned*\* old rampant running-gear.

**ABBOTT'S REPUTATION COMPLETE.**

His home papers have lauded Fred Abbott

to the skies for a recent measure of soul-music he set for them. We reproduce his gem here gladly, calling suggestive attention to its merits in literary analysis:—

"I bask (1) in a hammock (2) of daisies (3) With cushions (4) of violets sweet; A canopy blue (5) where my gaze is, (6) Prof. Randolph's big dog (7) at my feet. In fancy (8) I catch a sweet vision Of her face, of her soul, (9)—every charm Imprinted with sharpest incision (10)— Hello! (11) Here she is on my arm!"

*Literary analysis:*—1 Note poetry. 2 Is the author accustomed to a hammock? 3 Show author's character from his favorite flower. What time of year is it? 4 Author adroitly leads us on. 5 What hour of the night is it now? 6 Is he star-gazing, or is this expression used for effect? 7 What art shown in introducing so big a dog? Would the picture be intensified if the scene were a watermelon field? 8 Note power of imagination. 9 Note keen penetration. 10 How he swears she was beautiful. 11 Note characteristic art in pretended innocence. *Question for general discussion:*—Show that it was not Smalley's cat on his arm.

**BETTER DO IT BAKER.**

The world would lose its steady jog  
If Baker fell in love;  
And Spring wouldn't slip back one full cog  
If Baker fell in love.  
The alcove quiet wouldn't be "all talk"  
If Baker fell in love.  
Prof. Epes might make them all "walk chalk"  
If Baker fell in love.  
Kind heaven could locate here to bless  
With quiet and peace and loveiness  
Instead of fiendish soul-distress  
If Baker fell in love.

\*The editor apologizes for this direct quotation.

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