

THE HESPERIAN

BIXBY'S RETREAT.

The other day I fell to musing and mused of the fair co-ed. I thought how Mary Jane Smith, a modest maid from a country village, hither came; how she went her way with a dozen or two red-edged books under her arm; how she came regularly to class and sat demurely in the back row and how coy modesty painted roses on her cheeks when the rustic prep blundered out her first compliment. But now 'tis otherwise. Although in days gone by she drove the cows afield upon her father's farm, she's now above the common herd and moves in "hupper suckles," because, forsooth, she's joined a two-bit fret. She passes me by on the other side afar off, and watches some little' dude shorten the noisome cigarette or suck the esculent end of a cane.

I learn that in the celebration Saturday the new building will be handed by the governor to Regent Morrill, by him to Chancellor MacLean, and by him to Dean Bessey. I hasten to assure the public that special precautions will be taken to prevent the building from dropping on the spectators while in transit.

My attention was attracted lately by observing Prof. Frye with no cigarette between his ruddy lips. Upon inquiry I find that he is about to present the world with an epic poem.

The assistants in the English department, and others who have enjoyed peeps under the canvas, say that the new epic wears whiskers.

It is hoped by all friends of the present Senior class that it will not fall a victim to the cap and gown evil when commencement time comes around. The graduating class last year reminded me of nothing so much as a lot of monks and Sisters of Charity attending the funeral of a Catholic priest. Even a pretty Senior girl loses her charm when attired in a black mother-hubbard; but when I see a number of the male sex in such an outlandish outfit—rented for the occasion—well! I feel instinctively that there are occasions when sharp-toed shoes are useful as well as ornamental.

Bix.

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That we beat you last November,
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