## BIXBY'S RETREAT.

I have lately spent a great deal of my valuable time in musing and I am free to confess that it is a very unprofitable job. When my musing machine is at its best, I suddenly wake up to find myself paying my last dime over the counter of some sloppy chop house in order to continue this dreary existence. Such is the fate of genius. We must live. There is no legitimate way of escaping it. But when the last shuffle, that my friend, Bill Shakespeare, mentions, does come, and I am planted 'neath the weeping willows, etc., I hope the managing editor of the Hesperian will have consideration enough to swipe a two by four from some lumber yard, drive it in at the foot of my grave and inscribe thereon with an indelible pencil:

"Here lies Bix, last of his name;

His life was simple, unknown to fame.

He labored hard at others' call,

He lived, ate, drank some and died: that's all."

If any light-brained freak attempts to write poetry on my death for the daily papers, I'll send my ghost around to do business with him. Or if any goggle eyed fool with his hair combed in the middle, attempts to write verses on my tombstone, let him beware.

I have lately mused a great deal on what a genuine education is. I wonder if my philosophic friend Blackledge isn't

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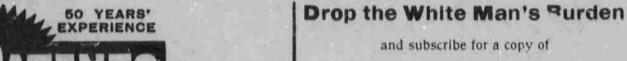
about right when he says that most of it is a d——d humbug? I wonder if my friend Lincoln, who is studying for the priest-hood, absorbed much genuine education as he pressed his short haired bull dog to his "frat" breast and sucked his Harvard pipe? I wonder if the girl in short skirts is getting her education as she parades up and down in the library to make the boys in the alcoves "rubber neck?" I confess that education is a very complex affair. I have seen fellows come here who worked day and night and yet never get educated.

I have seen fellows as popular with the girls as Pugh; as great orators and politicians as Chauncy Warner; as sentimental as Piper; as wise as Doc Landis; as babyish as Ed Henry, and I have wondered whether any or all were educated. It's a tough problem. Yours, until next time,

BIX.

## Y. M. C. A. Opening.

The new parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association were formally opened last Saturday evening. The rooms have been thoroughly overhauled, and now present a very neat and cozy appearance. About two hundred young men dropped in during the course of the evening and all seemed to rejoice in the attractiveness of the new rooms. A short program was given, consisting of music by the Darling Mandolin club, and short speeches by Messrs. Tobey, Boose, Dr. Ward, Chancellor MacLean, and Dr. Paine. In the Y. W. C. A. room refreshments were served by Misses Ferrand, Neidhart, Henry, Lowrie, Hutchison and Payne. After the refreshments and program, a present of \$25 was given the Association by those present, to be applied on new furniture. When this is added the Association will have one of the most attractive quarters of any similar organization in the west.



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