

ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

This organization has gained the reputation of always working in "harmony" and "peace." Its deliberations are marked by the dominance of feelings unlike any other body. Its annual May day "love feast" is always looked forward to with great anticipation, especially by those wishing a finger in the pie. However, the storm which so disturbed its quiet surface last year has now lulled and peace reigns.

At the first meeting of the year, the burden of supplying the reading room with material seemed too great and by a unanimous vote the Association swore off all allegiance to that duty. A. S. Chapman represented the organization at the Topeka conference for the selection of judges for state contest.

In the local contest John Quin easily carried off first honors, Fielden L. Cox securing second place. In the state contest, March 7, at Winfield, our orator represented the institution in a very credible manner, winning second place with his

oration, "Italy's Greatest Son." Mr. Quin deserves the praise of every loyal student for the effort and devotion to duty which he has manifested in keeping the University's record higher than any other representative. Mr. Quin was a delegate to the inter-state contest at Minneapolis, Minn., May 30. A. B. Newell and S. E. Hargis were the delegates to the state meeting. C. W. Van Cleve was elected Vice-President of the State Association.

Although the inter-collegiate debating is not conducted by this Association, yet it has the attention of the members. Arrangements have been completed for a series of three debates with Baker University and William Jewell College. The debate with the former college will be held at Ottawa May 19 and the latter debate will be held at Liberty May 8. Greater interest is being manifested in debates each year and the institution has a good record in that work.



JOHN CHENOWETH QUIN.

OLYMPIAN SOCIETY.

Motto: *Sapientia Mundum Regit.*"

The year's work has been both pleasant and profitable to every loyal Olympian. All the programs have been prepared with care and very few non-appearances have occurred. The members have worked faithfully and earnestly to maintain the high standard of former years.

Discussions of current events and debates have kept the society in touch with the questions of the day.

Messrs. Chapman and Van Cleve conducted parliamentary drills which were both interesting and instructive. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of this kind of work. Every student should have a thorough knowledge of parliamentary law.

The Olympian Folio has been the most interesting feature of society work. The editors, Misses Leah Thompson, Gage, Kime and Mr. Braden deserve commendation for their excellent work.

September 21st Miss Norris favored the society with a humorous reading which was highly appreciated.

A number of programs were devoted to special topics, such as the "Mark Twain" programme. The "Thanksgiving" programme was especially good. A story in rhyme of "Thanksgiving in ye oldene Tyme," by Miss Meeker, and an

ode to "Olympia," by Miss Stahl, showed talent and originality. Within the past year the Academic Division of the society has made great progress. The membership has increased four-fold and the usual enthusiasm has been maintained throughout the year.

Mr. Norman Wood has distinguished himself as a writer of fiction. One of the pleasing features of the programs was an original story in five chapters, written by society members.

Mr. Craig wrote an interesting paper on "Foot Ball."

During the winter term both divisions of the society adjourned until the close of the revival services, held at the Baptist church. The work has begun again with renewed interest, notwithstanding the depressing effect of spring weather.

Olympia's ideal is to secure the greatest possible development of each individual member. While social intercourse holds an important place in this development, it is not made the chief aim. All knowledge is of little use without the power of expression. The opportunity to develop this power as well as to cultivate a refined literary taste is cultivated by the societies.

A CLIPPING FROM THE OLYMPIAN FOLIO.

Leah Thompson, Editor.

This afternoon while delving in the rubbish of the garret the editor found, besides unmentionable things, an old almanac bearing the date 1640. Among other legendary lore at the bottom of each page was an allusion to the antiquated expression, "Go way back and sit down." Incidentally the article explains why Neptune is farther from the sun than any other planet. For the benefit of readers of the Folio we reproduce it from memory with proper apology to the editor of the almanac.

Shortly after the formation of the solar system a quarrel arose between Neptune and Mercury, and this is how it came about. Neptune had a pair of loud hose, louder than the O. U. senior boys wear. In point of art, modern patterns would not compare with them. Gaea, Neptune's grandmother, had given them to him for a birthday present. She had spent many weary days and nights knitting them. They were a brilliant cerise, with green silk polka dots, yellow fleur de lis, and streaks of black lightning at intervals. Neptune was not a swell, consequently the gift of his gay old granny did not exactly coincide with his modern taste. On a certain occasion Neptune, in company with Mercury, was invited to spend the evening with Venus, who, being the goddess of beauty, was very fastidious. Neptune knew this well, but fate and a

break in the machinery of the steam laundry necessitated his wearing his new lightning streaked, polka dot creations or none, and he chose the former. He hoped, however, to be able to conceal them from the scrutinizing eye of the critical Venus. On the way, foolish boy, he related his bad luck to Mercury, who as soon as the opportunity presented itself, after their arrival, gently pulled that unsuspecting youth's trousers up a few inches above the tops of his shoes. Alas! Venus was on the alert. She dismissed them both immediately, declaring that her sensibilities had received a fatal shock. As soon as the boys were well on their way home Neptune proceeded to avenge his wrongs. He made several passes at Mercury, finally landing a blow directly between the eyes. Father Sun, seeing the difficulty, and fearing that Mercury would not be able to withstand so fierce a foe, came up from the East and said with some warmth, "Neptune, Mon garcon, retro i, et sitzen sie," which, being interpreted, is, "Go way back and sit down." And Neptune did. That explains why Neptune is farther from the sun than any other planet. Though his father entreats him with ethereal smiles to return to his arms, the once injured lad will not forgive, but ever moves on in space far from his father's house.

THE PHILALATHEAN SOCIETY.

Board of Trustees.

Robey G. Banta President
S. E. Hargis Vice-President
R. H. Barrett Freshman Member

The Philalathean Society keeps apace with the school. Due emphasis is placed upon this kind of public training and under the presidency of T. A. Ebaugh, Miss Fear, R. H. Barrett and N. L. Provost the society has been well directed. Parliamentary law occupies a prominent place on the programmes and it is the aim to give constant drill in this part of the work. Messrs. Bell, Banta and Rankin are our parliamentarians.

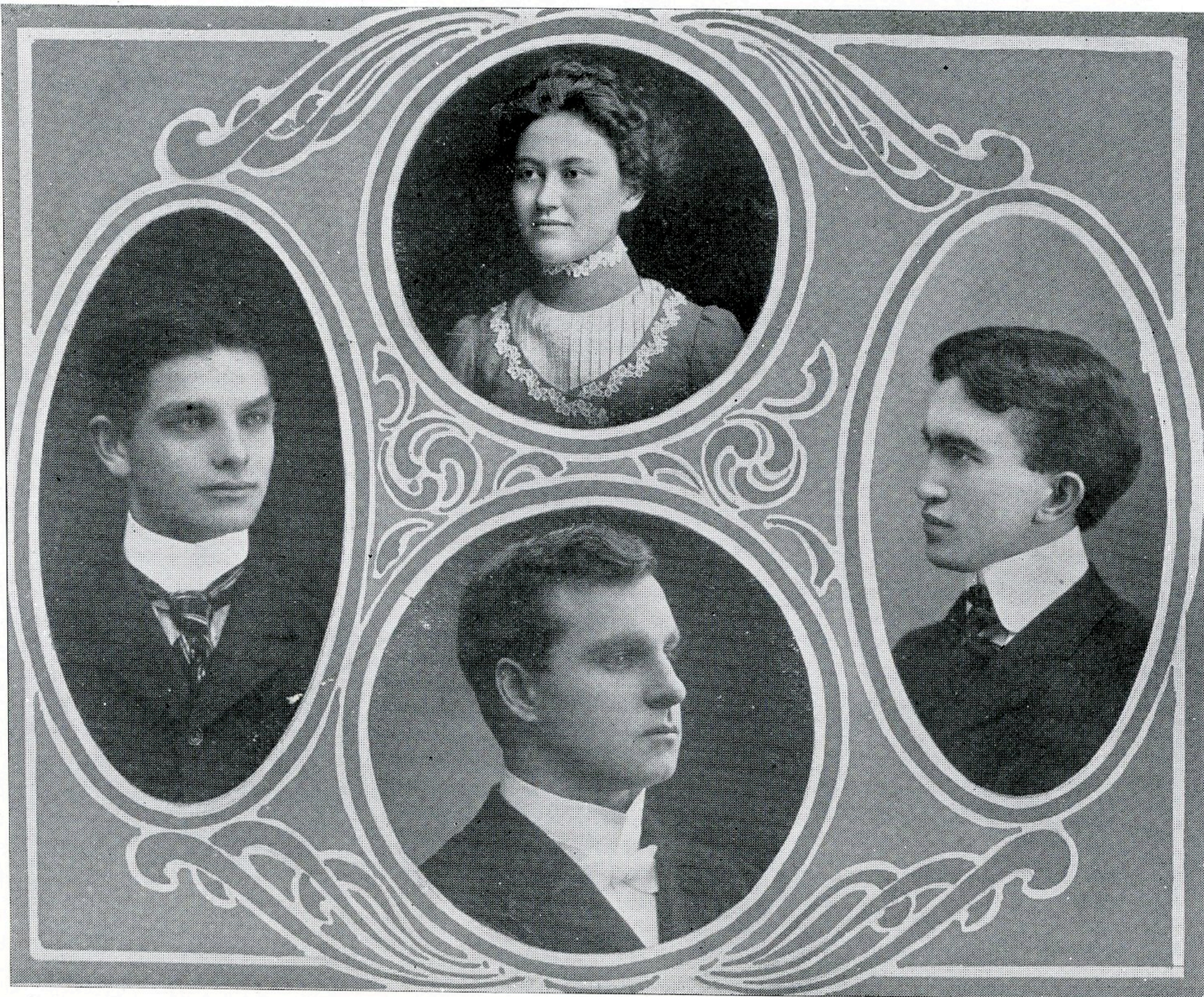
The Philal "Buzz Saw," the official and unofficial organ of the society, has been published regularly throughout the year and it has still the hearty support and approval of its readers, and its appearance is always greeted with delight. It portrays, with due reverence for truth and piety, the joys and sorrows, successes and failures, hopes and ambitions of all loyal Philalatheans and bespeaks for them a safe journey to the happy hunting grounds. Mr. P. C. Rankin, Miss Sadie Kidd and Mr. T. A. Ebaugh have been the efficient editors.

The importance of debating has not been overlooked by the programme committee and all the public questions of the day have been enthusiastically discussed by the members. The society is represented by four debaters in the inter-collegiate debates. Mr. P. C. Rankin and Rev. W. D. Goble will represent the society in the annual Olympian-Philalathean debate, discussing the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt the system of compulsory voting."

The programmes of the year have been varied. On November 23 an old-fashioned spelling match was engaged in with much interest by the society. Christmas was celebrated in an appropriate manner by a Christmas tree and programme.

Useful presents (useful to others) were distributed, gladdening the heart of the giver and the receiver, especially the giver. Music for the programmes has been cheerfully rendered by the pupils of the conservatory, whose services are appreciated by the society.

The addition of new members continues and with the removal into more commodious and better fitted rooms the society will take a coveted place in college activities.



E. S. ABBOTT, OLYMPIAN.

MISS MAUDE SHOCKEY, OLYMPIAN.

W. D. GOBLE, PHILALATHEAN.

P. C. RANKIN, PHILALATHEAN.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATERS.

CLIPPING FROM THE "BUZZ SAW."

Sadie Kidd, Editor.

"UP THERE WITH THE PHILALS."

People had a lot to say,
Sneerin' like o' Philals,
Students wand'ring up that way,
Came to see the Philals;
Air just full o' slander darts,
From the lower, darker parts—
'Nuff to break most any hearts,
'Cept the plucky Philals.
Now its come their time to laugh,
Them folks they call Philals,
Givin' enemies the gaff,
'Bout affairs with Philals;
Business bustlin' in the air,
Happiness found everywhere,
All that's true and good and fair,
Up there with the Philals.
Just a gettin' quite a puff,
Are the busy Philals,
Seems we can't get chairs enough
Fur to seat the Philals;

'Ort to see the members grin,
Faces shine like burnished tin
When the names come rollin 'in,
Up there with the Philals.
Just the place to learn a lot,
With the eager Philals,
All debates and essays wrought
By the striving Philals.
Bashful girls learn how to talk,
Awkward boys learn how to walk,
Fined a quarter if you balk—
Up there with the Philals.
When the cares o' day is done,
Visit cheerful Philals;
Count yourself with them as one;
Look for waiting Philals.
Seek the ones with steadfast aims,
Strive to win the greatest gains,
Others are with other names,
But they're not the Philals.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

The Science Club is one of the youngest organizations in Ottawa University, but is one of which great things are predicted. The club was organized in order to promote interest in the study of science and to keep in touch with the advancement which is being made in the various departments of science.

Not only the faculty and members of the science department of the university, but all collegiate students who are interested in science and who make a grade of ninety per cent or over in their science studies are eligible to membership in this club.

The Science Club was organized November 17, 1901, and at a meeting held on the 27th the following officers were elected:

President—Prof. M. L. Ward.

Vice-President—Prof. J. A. Yates.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Helen Bell.

Sergeant-at-Arms—C. A. Neighbors.

It was decided that the club should meet every third Friday night during the school year.

The committee to prepare programs for the meetings during the year consists of the following members:

Prof. Yates, Prof. Barker, Wilson Kline, Myrtle Kime, Helen Bell.

The programmes have been of unusual merit and great interest in them has been manifested by the student. The following lectures have been given before the club:

“Liquefaction of Gases”.....Prof. J. A. Yates, O. U.

“Commercial Museums”

.....Prof. W. H. Olin of Manhattan Agricultural College

“Matter” Prof. Blake of K. U.

“Law of Psychic Phenomena”..Prof. R. A. Schwegler, O. U.

Among the most notable of the papers given by students are “The Transmission of Fevers by Mosquitoes,” by Miss Fowler; “The Cause of Sunset Colors,” Mr. Neighbors; “Animal Intelligence,” A. B. Newell; “Some Revelations of the Spectroscope,” H. C. Bell; “Wireless Telegraphy,” W. O. Myers; “Agents on Bacterial Life,” Miss Alice Dillon; “Progress in Electro Chemistry,” C. J. Barker.

Among other things the society has taken up the responsibility of collecting funds and equipping the reading room with necessary reading material and a very marked improvement is the result. The Science Club is engaging the attention of many of the prominent students and no doubt will add much interest to that department.

THE BIBLE CLUB.

The University Bible Club was organized on December 13, 1901. The purpose of this organization, as stated in the constitution, is "to encourage the investigation and free discussion of Biblical questions and the review of such new Biblical material as may from time to time be brought to light." The work of the club is intended to supplement the Bible study of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., but in no way to take its place, since the daily study of the word of God is necessary to proper spiritual growth. Aside from the work of the individual members, different phases of Bible study are presented through lectures by outside speakers who have made this a special study. It will not be so much the endeavor to acquaint the student with the facts, as to create a sympathetic appreciation of the Book, through the kindling of his imagination, the stimulation of his reasoning powers and the awakening of his feelings. To assist in this work the club will establish a Biblical library in a room in the dome of the new wing.

Any student of the collegiate department is eligible to active membership in the Association, on recommendation of the executive board. The associate membership consists of all others who may be recommended by this same board. The Association now numbers a majority of the student body on its roll, while its associate membership includes many of those directly interested in the work.

The sessions are held on the second Wednesday evening of each month. The first meeting was addressed by Dr. W. R. Wood on the subject of "Prophecy." At the March meeting Prof. Schwegler gave an illustrated lecture on "Assyriology and the Bible." The April and May programme are equally strong. The executive board has arranged to have annual address during the week preceding commencement. The club is filling a long felt want and promises to be a permanent part of Ottawa University.



J. C. QUIN.

A. S. CHAPMAN.

O. C. BROWN.

C. W. VANCLEVE.
J. O. EVANS.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATERS.

RECORDS IN DEBATE.

1898. O. U.-William Jewell, April, 1898, at Ottawa.

"Resolved, That a single land tax would be better than the present system."

Affirmative.

William Jewell: W. D. Lewis, G. L. Burrough, Mr. Anderson.

Negative.

O. U.: A. D. Wilcox, M. P. Cannon, and H. O. Castor.
Ottawa won.

1899. O. U.-William Jewell, April 10, 1899, at Liberty, Mo.

"Resolved, That the evils of competition are greater than its benefits."

Affirmative.

O. U.: W. M. Eby, H. L. Tripp and C. A. Barnett.

Negative.

William Jewell: Julian Bretz, E. V. Lamb, and W. O. Anderson. Ottawa won.

1900. O. U.-William Jewell, April 13, 1900, at Ottawa.

Resolved, That party allegiance is preferable to independent action in politics."

Affirmative.

William Jewell: D. J. Evans, P. W. Stockdale, and R. J. Spickerman.

Negative.

O. U.: A. B. Newell, A. S. Chapman, S. J. Sample. O.
U. won

O U.-Park College, April 30, 1900, at Parkville, Mo.

"Resolved, That the benefits of trusts outweigh their evils."

Affirmative.

O. U.: Geo. Hess, W. P. Lambertson and J. C. Quin.

Negative.

Park: T. A. Prouse, E. M. Patterson and F. W. Bible.
O. U. won.

1901. O. U.-Park College, April 15, 1901, at Ottawa.

"Resolved, That United States senators should be elected by popular vote."

Affirmative.

Park: L. C. Orr, E. M. Patterson, and H. M. Course.

Negative.

O. U.: W. P. Lambertson, R. G. Banta and A. C. Hough,
Park won.

1902. O. U.—William Jewell, May 8, at Liberty.

“Resolved, That the protective tariff has had a greater effect on trust formation than the economic savings of the same.”

Affirmative.

O. U.: H. C. Bell, A. S. Chapman, and J. C. Quin.

Negative.

William Jewell: R. G. Spickerman, D. M. Proctor, J. C. Cox.

O. U.-Baker, May 19, at Ottawa.

“Resolved, That the U. S. should subsidize her merchant marine.”

Affirmative.

O. U.: J. O. Evans, C. W. Van Cleve, and O. C. Brown.

Negative.

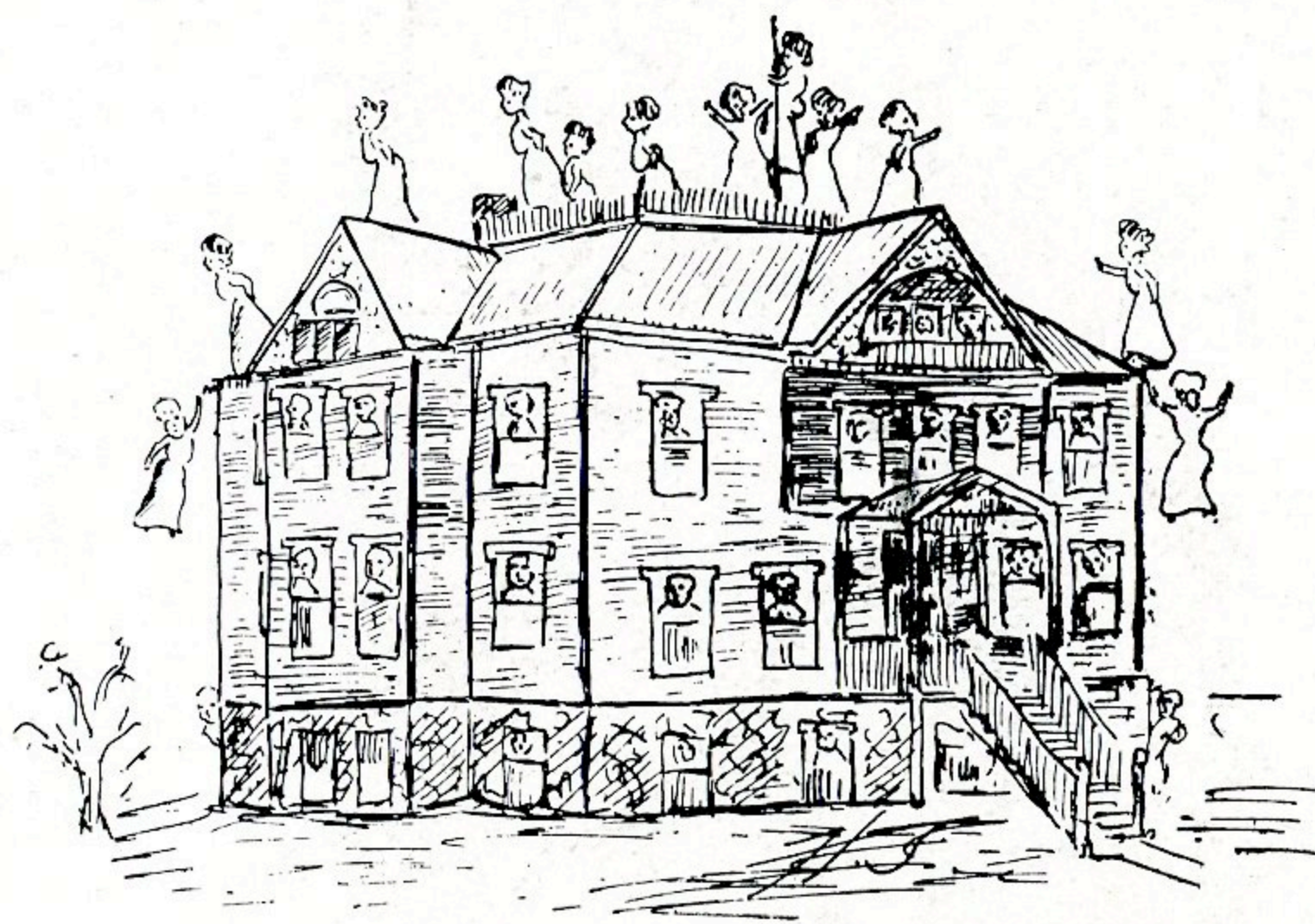
B. U.: S E. Bedford, R. B. Hayes, and F. L. Geyer.



BANTA PERFORMS BETWEEN ACTS.

COTTAGE

WITH APOLOGIES TO MOTHER GOOSE.



There was one time a lady
Who lived in old O. U.,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
Sometimes they'd go to parties
And stay out after ten,
And then when fun was ended
Come home with some young man.
But this displeased the lady,
And then she'd call them in,
And say they must come early
Or it would be a sin.

And then they'd vow they'd mind her,
And keep it up a week,
When off they'd go so sudden,
The lady would grow weak.
Sometimes you'd hear a rattling,
Unearthly, thrilling noise,
And looking out the window,
Expect to see some boys,
But only a grocery wagon
Apast your window whirls,
Just packed up to the driver
With laughing Cottage girls.

Some evenings they would gather
In groups out in the hall,
And set to merry music,
They'd have a fancy ball.
And then without much warning,
Down banisters they'd slide,
Which feat so shocked the lady,
That she with horror cried.
At midnight, tall and ghostly,
They'd slip out of their door
And come back from the store-room,
With apples by the score.
One night without announcing,
The lady thought it right
At ten o'clock quite promptly,
To turn off all the lights.
To say the girls were angry,
Would put it down just right;
They straightway got their coal oil,
And burned their lamps that night;
And now the lady's waiting,
Her heart quite full of woes;
She wonders what will happen
Before the year shall close.



	REMINGTON—MRS. MARTIN.	STICKLER—FOWLER.	
GRAY.	VEEH—McCUNE	WILKINSON—PEASE.	HALL—FEAR.
HAHNENKRAT—KIDD.	PEASE—MARTIN.	NEWCOMB—FIELDS.	PREUSS.
			WADE—GASSAWAY.

COTTAGE GIRLS.



BOARDING CLUBS



THE CRATER WHOLESALE NUTRIMENT CO.

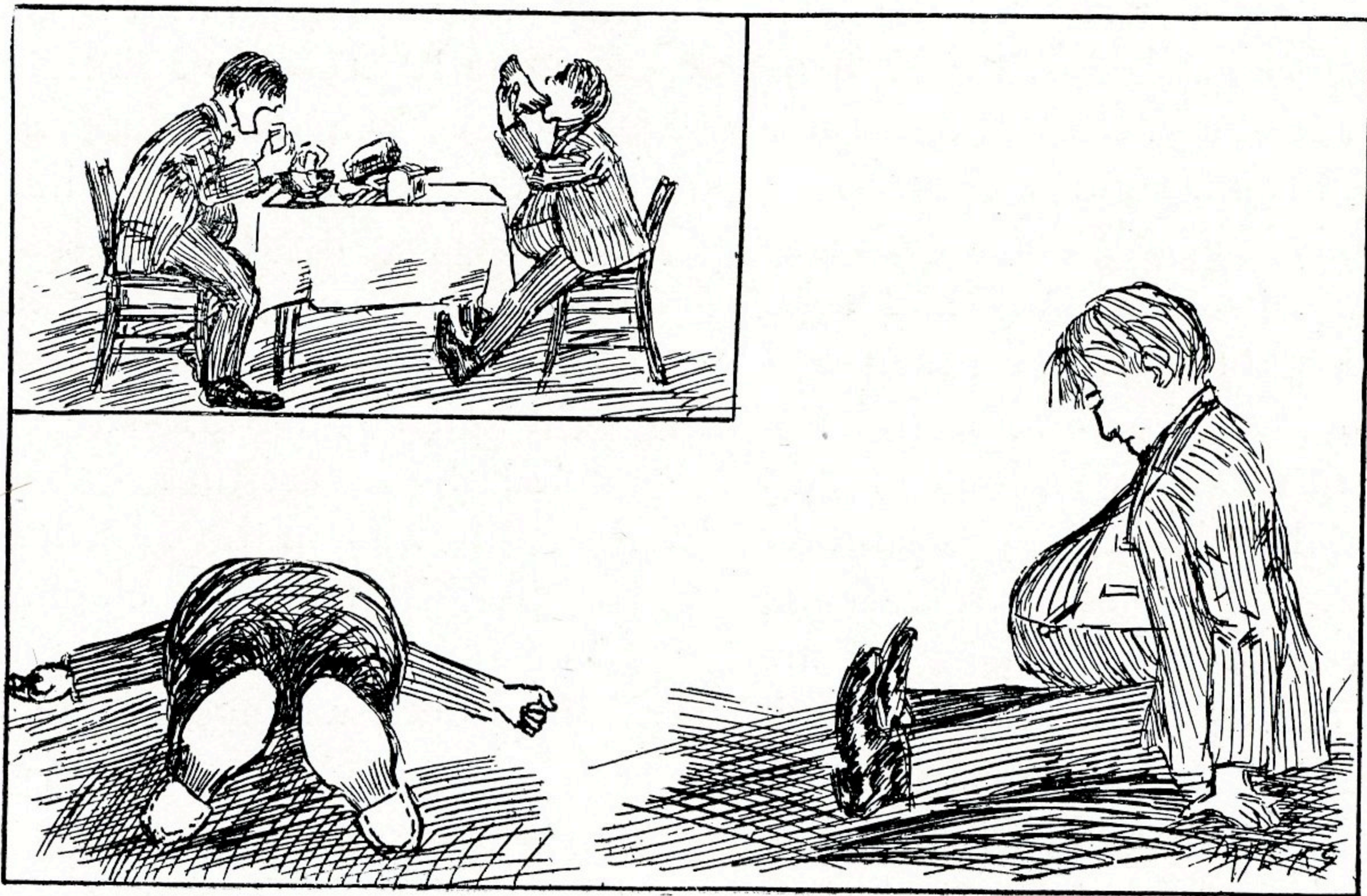
The Crater Wholesale Nutriment Company has been in existence several years and has become one of the best known organizations connected with O. U. Always fortunate in the choice of manager, it has been built up from an humble beginning to its present proud standing.

This year has been one of the most successful in its existence. Under the firm but gentle rule of Manager Neighbors, the hilarity of the members has been held in check to a reasonable extent, although the club would never allow a manager to trample under foot their inalienable right to a jolly good time at meals. It is at this club that the most common topic of conversation can be taken up and made to glow and sparkle with life by the brilliant wits at either of the two tables.

Around these tables, three times a day, gather some of O. U.'s most celebrated men. Here we find Neighbors, the oil

magnate—Walker, of annual fame—Cunningham, the famous tackle—Jones, the artist—Morse, the heavy plunger—Newell, the foot ball manager—Trueblood, the hungry man's friend—Daniel, the heartiest eater in seven states, who for a purse of one dollar won out handily over all contestants in the bread and gravy one hundred yard dash (or eating contest). Other celebrities board here too numerous to mention.

The quantity and quality of fare is unexcelled and the table service without reproach. Manager Neighbors is always on the look-out for fresh vegetables in season and spares no expense or trouble to make the menu all it should be. Wienerwursts and sorghum served in season and out. Crackers on toast with rabbit track trimmings to order. The club expects to go on from year to year, prospering and expanding and remaining ever the popular resort for lovers of fun and athletic fans.



DANIEL AND NOBLE GRAVY CONTEST.

HANSON BOARDING CLUB.

Solemn was the scene when the rustic representatives of twenty Kansas farms thrice daily assembled around the well filled tables at the Hanson Boarding Club. But few and fleeting were those dejecting days nor was the parting sad. Their rustic robes they dyed in Cosmian bronze, and serious sedation gave way to jocund strains. With mighty mien the veracious versionists related stories true, because they had seen them with their own ears. So merry became the mood and healthful the heart that the quinine seller quivered, and the piller pined away. In this salubrious state frivolous fancies were gulped into oblivion's maw, and ratiocinatory reasoning revealed to them some of the pragmaticalnesses of life. Some had pedagogical predilections, and were absorbed in the arduousness of their calling; some were legislatorially inclined, but alas! while all was placid, appalling was the perturbation when Cupid furtively hurled his fatal missile, and Viola's saintly son was marooned with the married. Matrimony mystified the matron's mind also, and Joy jailed her. A

stranger's voice the frustrated flock would not follow; each turned up his nose and sped away.

The histrocity of the club is unmediocracal. Chronoscopy periodizes the illustrious Normandian and Plantagenetarian waiterage as follows: The formational era was advantageously served by the fostorial scupulocity of Henry I., whose unrobustious corporeity inadequated the emergency. Henry II was the titular appellation of himwhosenomenclaturology could add no lustration to his benignity. No coronalities attended the investituration of Henry III., yet under his reign the club was in its zenithal glory. On his salver he bore tropological fruitage, elephant's feet, Irish earth-apples and other rare stomachal passion pacificators. Henry III. was still on deck whence all but him had fled.

Courses.

First Course—Potatoes.

Second Course—Po-tatoes.

Third Course—Po-ta-toes.



SCENE ON THE MARAIS DES CYGNES, OPPOSITE FOREST PARK. FAVORITE BOATING PLACE.

THE IVY VINE.

If when coming up the side-walk,
Feeling blue and out of sorts,
Thinking that the world existed,
Just to mock you with its sports.
Did you ever stop and notice
How the sunbeams rise and fall,
Gloriously among the ivy
Growing on the college wall?

If you'll only pause a moment,
Looking at the tinted leaves,
You will find your little sorrows,
Leaving you by sure degrees;
While you listen to the red-bird,
Sending forth his merry call,
As he sits among the ivy,
Growing on the college wall.

Would you like to hear the story,
How the ivy first begun
Sending forth its tiny tendrils,
Just to greet the morning sun?
Well, 'twas long ago it happened,
When there scarcely was at all
Anything of grace or beauty
To adorn the college wall.

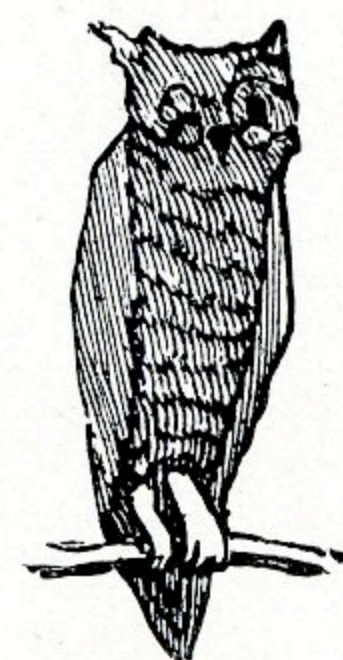
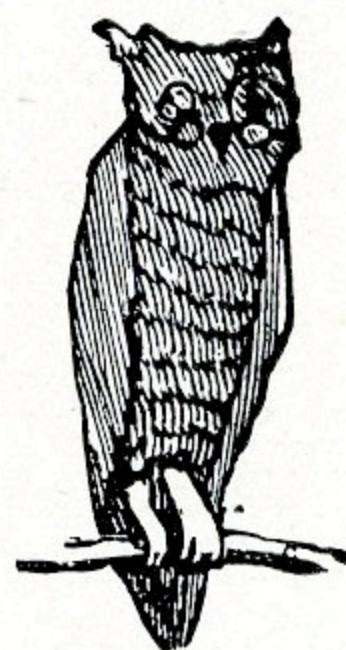
When the charms of spring awakened,
And the birds and flowers were seen,
Then each class that graduated,
Would assemble on the green,
And with grave and fitting service,
Plant some ivy by the wall,
Leaving it to grow and flourish,
As it climbs the college wall.

So when all the leaves have fallen,
Shaken by the winter storms.
You will find the vines still clinging
In their odd fantastic forms;
Stretching forth their slender fingers,
Just to measure last of all,
How much farther they had progressed,
Growing on the college wall.

So the ivy gives a lesson,
Teaching us to hope and smile;
For there's beauty in the morning,
Although darkness reigns awhile.
Thus when many trials beset us,
Striving hard to make us fall,
May we rise just like the ivy
Growing on the college wall.

—S. M. K.

MISCELLANEOUS





PITCHER. GOBLE. FRASER. NUSBAUM. ALEXANDER. AYERS. WILLIAMS.
 SHIVELY. KRUM. WOOD. WARD. PUGH.
 PRES. RIGGS. MAJ. COLE. ELLIOTT.

MINISTERS OF THE CITY AND LEADING WORKERS IN THE REVIVAL.

THE "VILLAGE BLACKSMITH" REVISED.

Under the sway of college walls,
The O. U. student stands;
The student, a mighty one is he,
With soft and tender hands;
And the convolutions of his brain
Continually expand.

His lessons are tough, and hard, and long,
But he digs to keep in the van,
With cramming, straining, aching brain;
He learns whate'er he can,
And he looks the profs right in the face,
Nor fears he an exam.

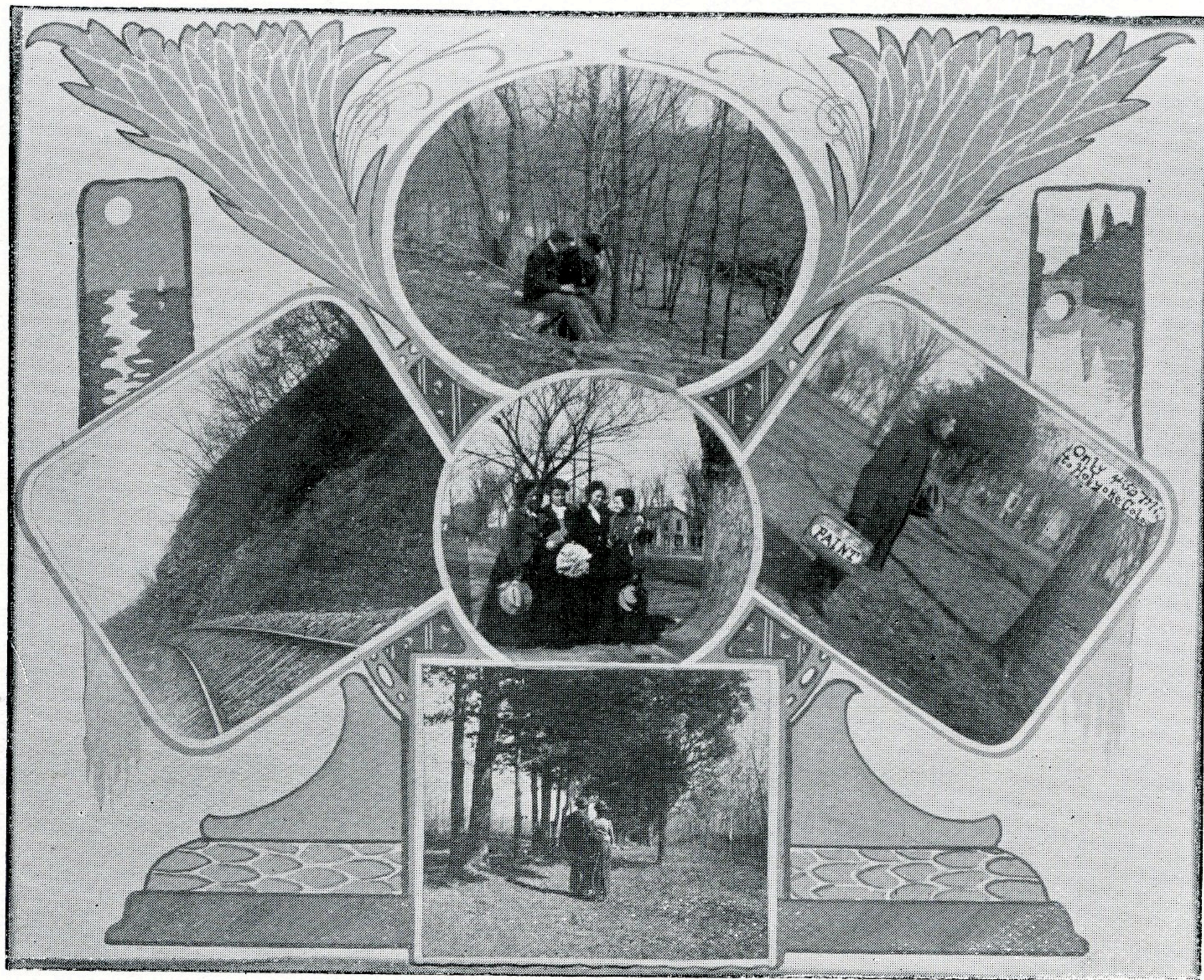
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can see him come and go;
You can hear him treading down the walks,
With measured heel and toe;
And he quickens up his pace—
When he is late, you know.

And profs a-passing on the street,
Look in at his study door;
They like to see the books and books,
Piled up six deep or more;
But as they gaze they "thank the stars,"
Their student days are o'er.

He goes each week to literary,
And speaks among his peers;
He hears the eloquent debates,
And then the critics' jeers,
A-chiding and a-picking flaws,
And it makes him "feel like Sears."

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through school he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has gained a "sheep skin," he knows.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my student friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus in the raging school of life,
Each diamond must be sought;
Thus through difficulties and strife,
Our fortunes must be wrought.

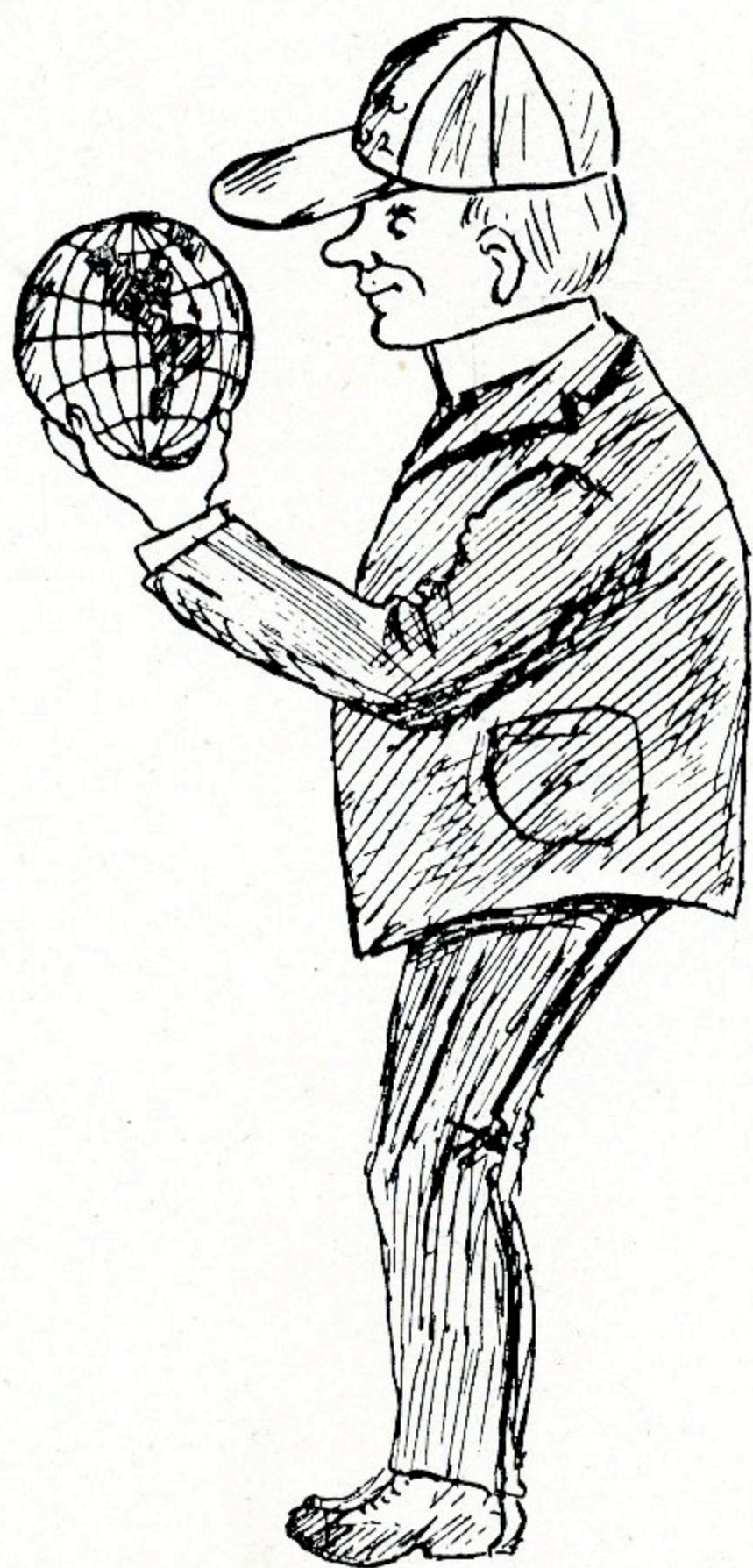


MISSOURI PACIFIC CUT.

NEAR ROCK CREEK.
COLLEGE GIRLS.
LOVER'S LANE.

DANIELS BOUND FOR
COLORADO.

SNAP SHOTS BY OUR ARTIST.



SENIOR AND THE WORLD—GRADUATION AND ONE YEAR AFTER.

LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE.

It has been proudly affirmed that Ottawa University has no secret organization. In fact an act has been passed forbidding such societies and heretofore this order has been kept to the letter. However, necessity is the mother of invention, and when the members of the literary societies had been disturbed several times, and when at last their hats were taken and thrown into a locked room, the time was ripe for action.

Accordingly, one night in December, a motley array of hatless students, with bandanas tied on their heads and coat collars turned up, assembled in Miss Norris' room, bent on vengeance. The meeting was called to order by the most stalwart member and furious philippics were hurled against the unknown miscreants. A complete organization was soon effected with the avowed object of raising the standard of

morals in general, and inflicting suitable punishment in particular.

The members were all sworn to secrecy by an oath, the breaking of which meant a dire calamity on the offenders' head. A password and handshake were adopted as tokens of comradeship in a common cause. By a sign indicated by the apparel of the president, that officer might call a meeting at any time for summary action. Their meeting place was the loft of an old barn, which was stealthily approached from the alley. No meeting was to be called earlier than 10 o'clock p. m. Various modes of punishment, such as ducking in ice water, free hair clip, etc., were decided upon should the culprit be apprehended. On a whole the organization has the hearty approval of all good students and lovers of order and will no doubt accomplish its purpose.

A PARODY.

Once upon an evening stormy, while I pondered quite forlornly,
O'er the mem'ries of my classmates and college mates of yore—
While I pondered, nearly weeping, suddenly I heard a squeaking,
As of some one gently creeping, creeping, to my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " coming to my chamber door—
Merely this, and nothing more."

Ah, how clearly I remember, it was in the cold November,
And each flaming, burning ember cast its shadow on the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly had I tried to borrow
Freedom from my thoughts of sorrow—longing for the days of yore,
For the happy, happy, college days I spent long years before—
Past and gone forevermore!

And the sad and mournful moaning of the wind as it went roaming
Through the forest thrilled me—filled me with a nameless terror
never felt before;

So that I to cease the squeaking to myself aloud was speaking;
" 'Tis some visitor who's seeking entrance at my chamber door,
This it is and nothing more."

Resolution then grew stronger, doubts and fears were felt no longer,
As I seized the broom which stood behind my chamber door;
And with this to still the shaking of my steps which still were
quaking,
I walked boldly up and opened wide the heavy oaken door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness gazing, I stood and thought of the amazing
Sounds which filled me with a terror I had never felt before;
As I stood there what should walk in, but my faithful old grimalkin,
He laid the cause of all my terror at my chamber door—
A little mouse and nothing more.

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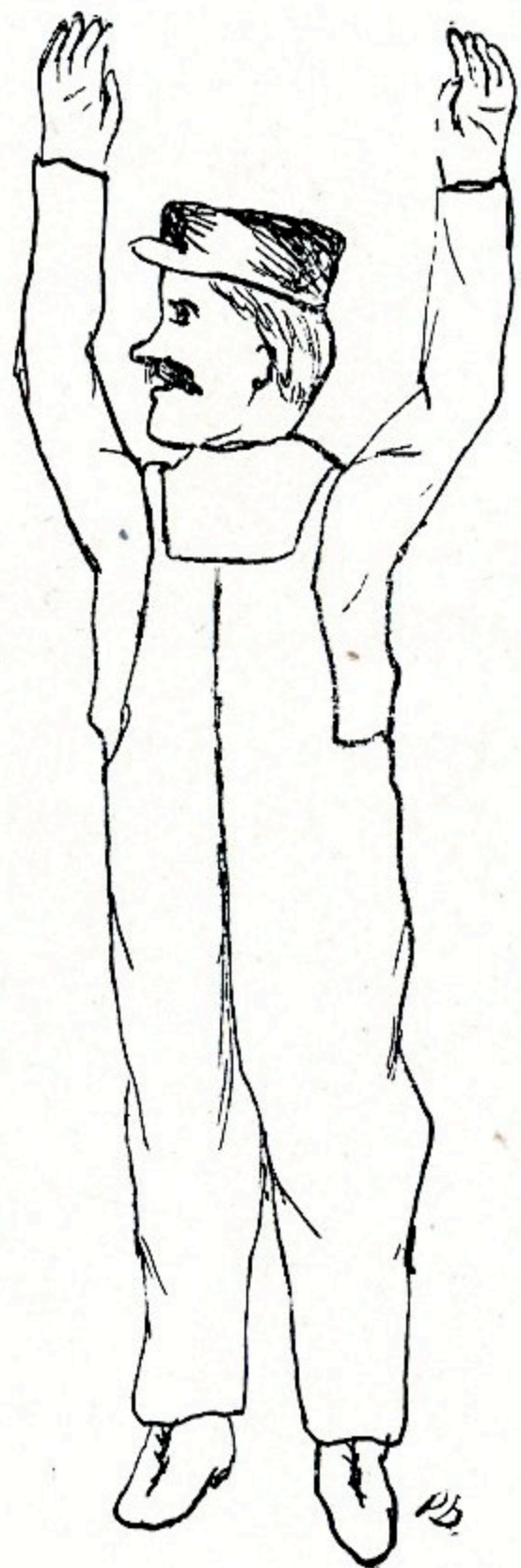


SNIPE HUNTING.



Two little girls in blue, lad,
 Went out to hunt some snipes;
 Some other girls went, too, lad,
 To see it done up right.
 Two little girls held sacks, lad,
 For full half hour or more;

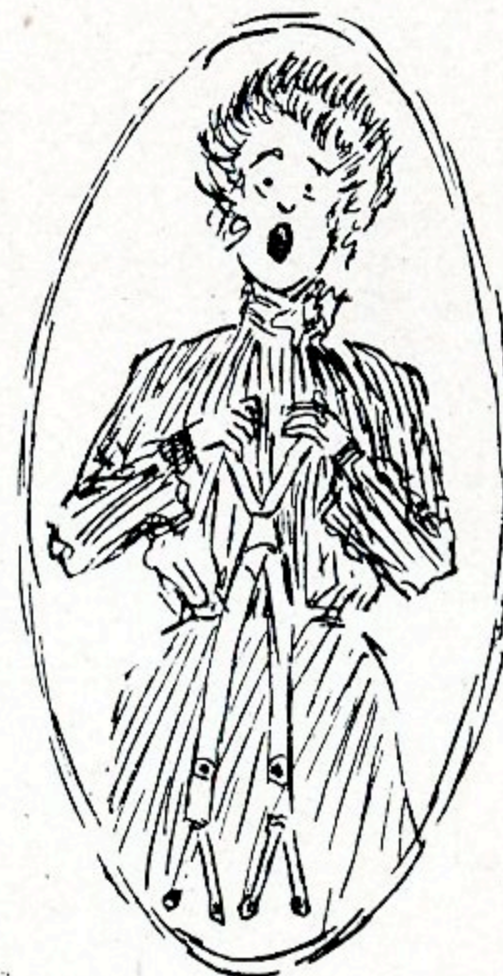
The other girls made tracks, lad,
 To reach the Cottage door.
 Two little girls were sad, lad,
 To think they bit so hard;
 The sacks were all they had, lad,
 And candles, black and charred.



MULKY VIEWS
BOILER.



GREEK
AFTER PROF'S ANNOUNCEMENT



TWO NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE YEAR (THE FREEZE-OUT AND PHILAL XMAS).

WHEN THE "WIFE'S" AWAY THE BOYS WILL PLAY.

Mr. A. loves his "wife" all right, but he also likes variety—so when "his wife" left town one time, he came home a trifle excited. "Hoop la!" he shouted—(then softly) "kind 'o hated to see her go," (louder) "but now she's gone, I'm goin' to have some fun"—and this is what happened:

(To a boy passing his room)—"Hey, you kid! Do you want to earn a dime good and easy? All right, come in here and wait a moment. Sit down." (Takes pen and paper). "Let's see—um—n! There's that social at the church Thursday night. I'll take Miss B. to that—and Friday, that play at the Rohrbaugh—I'll take Miss M. to that—I'm glad things come different—and, Lord, I do hope it won't rain, for I haven't any money for hack bills"—(writes rapidly). "Now, boy, take that to Prof. Ward's and this to the Cottage. You needn't wait for an answer. I know it's all right, for I'm a lady killer if I'm nothing else."

Thursday—the Chapel—Found Mr. A. scratching his head in dejected agitation. The following announcement had just been read: "The social to have been held at the church this evening has been postponed until to-morrow, Friday evening. Come early and have a good time."

Later—Mr. A. soliloquizing: "Now, that's a dickens of a note. What in the name of mercury am I to do? Am I going

to tell one of those girls that the change of date has befuzzled my plans? Well, I guess not! I'm too proud for that! Am I going to get these favorites together and have them draw straws or flip pennies for the evening? Well, no!"

Still later—Mr. A. with a light on his face like unto the glowing sunrise of an Indian summer—still soliloquizing: "I knew I'd get it, if I kept thinking! That announcement said to come early. The face of time is never too old for new wrinkles and I'll put on several to-night. You watch my smoke!" and he smiled as he lighted a General Arthur.

Thursday evening, 7:15—on the way from the Cottage to the church—Mr. A.'s walk, usually one of slow, easy, moonlight dignity, was now a feverish half run. She—"I say, Mr. A.—are you—in a very great hurry?" He—"Oh, no, indeed, but really, Miss M., I have had so much on my mind to-day, and have been so busy that I am somewhat nervous. They work a willing man to death in this school! You'll pardon my forgetfulness, won't you? She—"Yes, certainly—if you will remember that although I'm from Kentucky I'm not a race horse."

8:00 p. m.—At the Rohrbaugh—the first act over—Mr. A.—"Miss M., you will pardon me, but I must leave you for a short time; our papers were late last night and I must go

to the depot and see that mine are properly cared for. Will you excuse me during the next two acts?" One warm look of gratitude and he was gone.

8:45—At the church. Mr. A. with a long face—Miss B. speaking—"Why, Mr. A., where have you been? I haven't seen you all evening." He—"Oh, I've been out in the air; this church is so stifling. This is the slowest social I ever attended." Miss B.—"You're not sick, Mr. A?" (using inflection). Mr. A.—"Oh, no not very." Miss B—"Well, I'll get my wraps immediately. I'm sorry you don't feel well."

9:45—At the Rohrbaugh. Mr. A., his attire immaculate—his smile serious, walks into the pit and takes his seat by Miss M. "Now, tell me about all I have missed," said he, with his happiest smile, and during the remainder of the evening he was irresistible.

After he had reached his room that evening Abe was silent longer than usual, but finally said: "Well, those were pretty close calls," and after his accustomed, "Now I lay me" he retired.

Saturday—at Chapel—Miss M. and Miss B. meet—both talk at once. "Such a nice time at the social." "The play was lovely." "The refreshments were exquisite." "The music was grand." "Who did you go with?" "Mr. A.——!!! "Miss B., I always thought you were truthful!" "I told the truth!" "You didn't. I was with Mr. A. myself!" "Oh, I know it is not true!"

That ended their friendship until they bought their new hats this spring.

Moral—Cut out the new wrinkles.



WHERE IS THE FALLACY?

One of the logic students, after chapel one morning, thus syllogized: The leader of the band said it (the band) was the baby of the institution. The same leader said that those

who bursted the head of the drum were babies; therefore those who bursted the drum were members of the band and the charge to the whole school was unjust.



THE GIRLS' THEATRICAL COMPANY.
FIRST APPEARANCE, CHAPEL, HALLOWEEN.

HALLOWEEN NIGHT.

Lo, it was the hour of eight! If it were not so, why would the Big-Eared Goblin have blown the bugle that called his tribe together. They glided in through the cottage doors and windows on the gentle zephyrs that Big-Eared Goblin had ordered for the occasion. Perching themselves through the hall in every crook and corner, they folded their gauzy wings and listened in suppressed excitement to their leader's commands. They were in the best of spirits, for this was their annual All-Saints' Day, which means about the same to the Goblins as the Fourth of July means to human beings.

All day they had sailed about in a little silver-lined cloud, whispering in the ears of the girls of the university that it was very necessary that they should all be present and participate in the sports of Halloween that night. With a malicious grin they put it into the girls' heads that the members of the sterner sex should not be included in the list of the favored. Thus it happened that when the clock sounded eight and the little cuckoo jumped out and crowed, the girls all with one accord gathered themselves together in the Cottage Hall. It was a time mysterious and secret, very secret. The whispering and subdued laughter sent the Goblins off into wildest ecstasy and their glee knew no bounds as they examined the odd, fantastic and often ridiculous cos-

tumes of the girls who had consented to join their wild carousals. Little Merry Eye Goblin, slid down the banisters and landed with a great jolt against the head of a girl dressed up to represent a dude, and when he saw her glasses fall to the floor, he fled to the long square piano and danced the light fantastic toe on its green cover.

Another Goblin slipped up behind a little darky girl and tickled her arm until she fairly went wild, for she dared not touch her white waist with her hand for fear the black would rub off.

But at last they had all assembled and in a long procession wended their way over to the college chapel, where they locked and barred themselves in. The Goblins had never seen so much fun since the last time. Songs and cake-walks were indulged in by the colored population, and two black ladies gave a short minstrel. Then followed a thrilling farce in which figured a beautiful drooping heroine, a dark villain with a fierce black mustache, a brave and manly hero whose heart was bursting with love, and a haggard, old witch with her sleeping potion. However, in the most tragic part, Little Merry Eye Goblin would persist in pulling the villain's false mustache, making him clutch wildly at it.

Thus the evening passed away.

With a last song and dance the Goblins threw open the doors and led the way out into the silvery moonlight. Big-Eared Goblin had telegraphed to the Man-in-the-Moon to be on hand, and there he sat smiling in sky, as the merry girls proceeded on their homeward way.

As each girl expressed half audibly the wish that when she combed her hair and looked in the glass that night, she might see the face of her future husband, the Man-in-the-Moon looked down at Big-Eared Goblin and laughed, and every star winked. And it was ever thus.



THE DAY THE FLAG WAS RAISED.

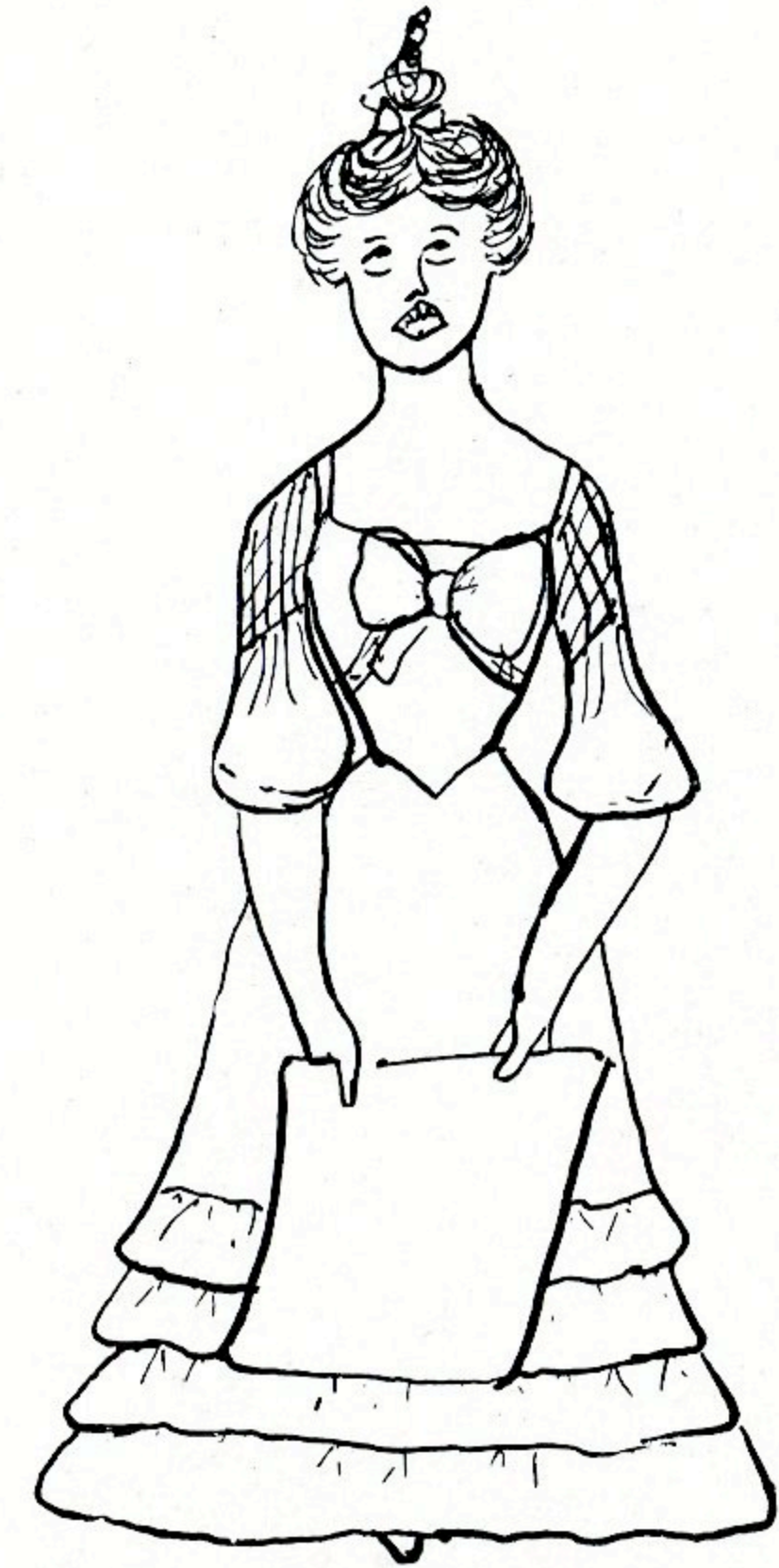
We gathered on the Campus green,
And shivered in the cold,
And sang and yelled until quite hoarse,
Just as they did of old.
All knew how proud and glad we were,
And how we cheered and praised
The man who gave us our new flag,
The day the flag was raised.

It was a signal of success,
That meant a victory won,
The new part now joined on the old,
The middle wing was done.

No wonder then we were so glad,
And all our voices raised
To sing "My Country, 'tis of thee"
The day the flag was raised.

Alas, one day it disappeared,
And hanging there instead
A cheese-cloth flag of pink and blue,
The Freshies' little shred.
The times were hot and cold by turns,
Until that flag had blazed,
And our new flag waved free as on
The day the flag was raised.

COLLEGE CHARACTERS.



Ah! Here's our little "sojer boy,"
He's papa's pet and mamma's joy;
With sword of tin, and suit of blue,
He thinks he's a little tin god, too,

The boy of muscle and brawn and skill,
Who is always active and never still.
He performs great feats with incredible ease,
And after the game is as calm as you please.

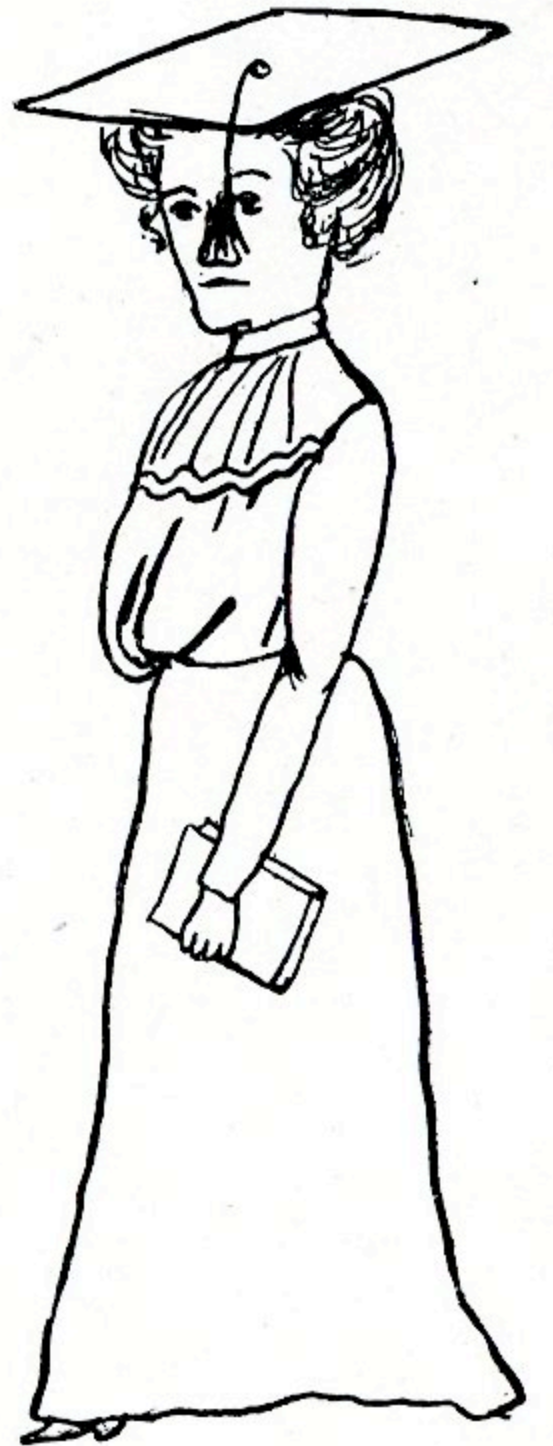
Here is Hobbs who for fun
Stole some cream and away run,
But after him ran Naughty Eight,
And here you see his wretched fate.

Our conservatory girls so musically bent,
May be seen with her harmony all intent,
She labors studiously the whole day through,
And finds at night there is yet something new.



Behold the Junior as he sways the house,
And all his hearers are as still as a mouse;
He finally ends in long drawn tones,
And his hearers assent with muttered groans.

And here's our Senior girl serene,
She wends her way across the green,
All wrapped in thought of the coming exam.,
And thinking of the time when there'll be no cram.



Cane in hand walks the Professor,
With a pleasant walk before him.
The Prep. looks up as he passes by,
And thinks, "My! how I adore him."

And here's a blower of the horn,
Who blows with might and main,
And if he does not cease his blow,
We'll go and ne'er come again.



"WHEN I GET HOME AGAIN."

Today I hate the thought of
 School,
 With its stern realism;
The sight of books contracts
 My brain
 With mental rheumatism.
I mope around my room and
 Sigh
 And wish it wouldn't rain;
While o'er and o'er I count
 The days
 Till I'll be home again.

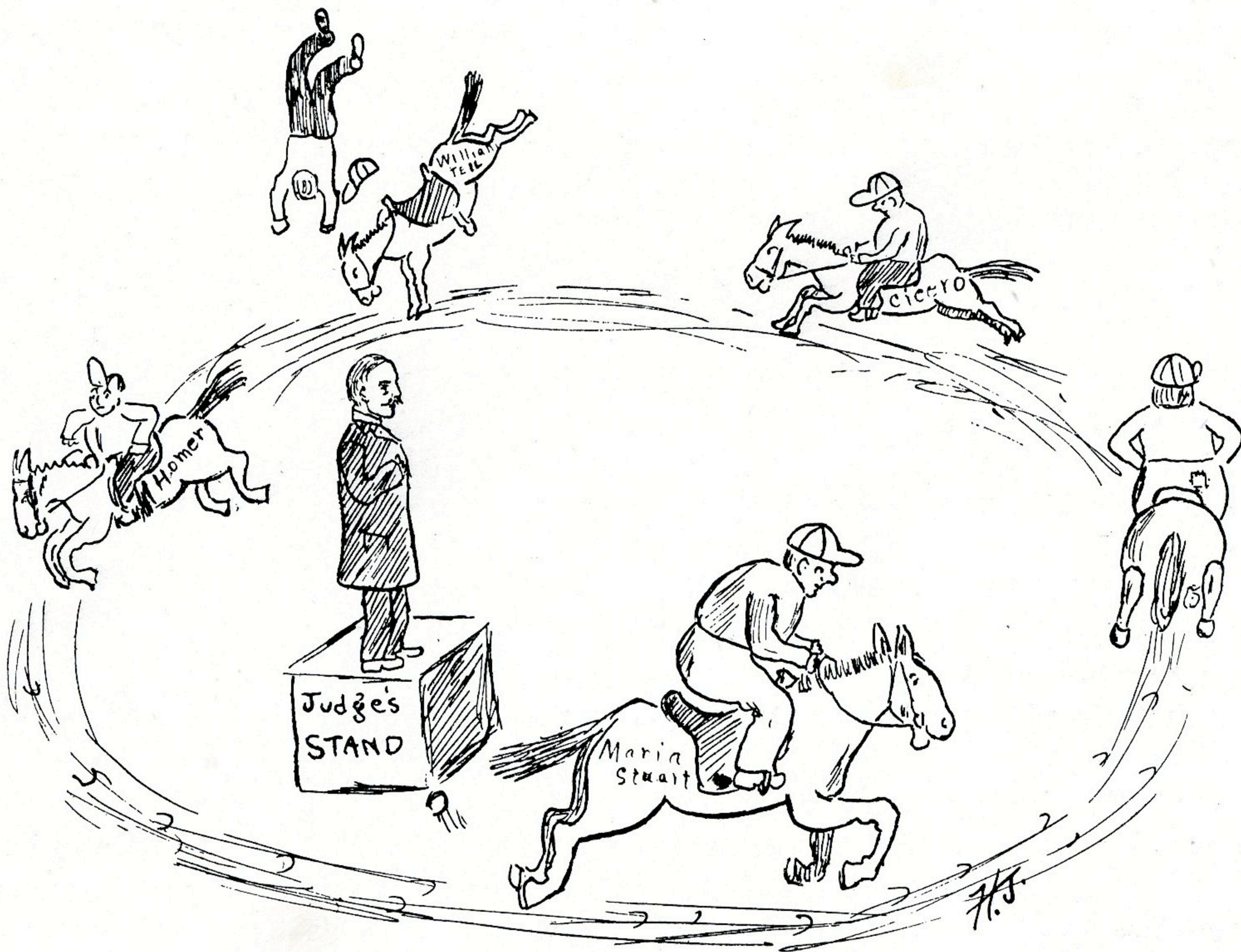
I always thought it would
 Be nice
 To get away from home,
To go away to school some
 Place
 And paint the college dome;
But now "I've been there," and
 My heart
 Throbs wild with joyous pain,
As with each day I realize,
 I'll soon be home again.

I wonder how the farm will
 Look,
 With green fields all about;
I wonder if the brook's the
 Same,
 With just as many trout;

I wish I was at home tonight,
 To help them with the chores,
And see when coming up
 The path,
 My mother in the door.

I even think I'd like to work
 With father in the wheat;
To smell again the new
 Mown fields,
 Would be a glorious treat;
But best of all will be the
 Meals;
 I'll tell you very plain,
No one knows how much
 I'll eat
 When I get home again.

Of course I'll miss our club
 Of boys,
 The jolliest lot around,
And worst of all I'll miss
 My girl,
 The sweetest to be found.
But when another fall
 Arrives,
 I'll see them all again;
So now I'm waiting for
 The time,
 When I'll be home again.



THOSE SENIOR CAPS.

A STUDY IN BLACK.

“Away down South in Spring,
When de birds begin to sing,
And de sun shines gently ober de Ohio,
When de darkies all am gay
A singing——”

The voice suddenly ceased and the owner of it, a small colored boy, as suddenly snatched off his hat and darted across the road over to the barb-wire fence.

“Aw yo, po’ little bird,” he said, as he gently loosened a small yellow canary from a sharp barb. “By Jingo, it’s a dandy tho’, and I guess I’ll dess take it right ovah to Mandy. She’s been wantin’ one fo’ a long time, an’ she’ll take good care of dis un’ case its done got its leg broke.”

So saying he put it carefully in his straw hat and closed the ragged brim over it. He walked on down the hot, dusty road, whistling and kicking up the dust at every step. His scanty clothing was very much worn and patched, yet was clean and showed the touch of a mother’s hand. His face was remarkable for its brightness and intelligence. To-day he walked quickly along, breahting the fresh spring air with a sense of freedom and delight. Occasionally he stopped to watch the small inhabitants of an ant hill or a spider mend-

ing its web. Once he gathered a handful of daisies “to take to Mandy.”

At last he reached the suburbs of the town and was about to turn down the little street where Mandy lived, when a shout from the next street arrested his attention. With a quick cry he ran around the corner and came to a crowd of colored boys who had surronuded a litle girl with a very big basket on her arm. She was crying, for the boys had taken taunting her about her “ol father who wuz in jail.” The largest one, urged on by the others, was just picking up a stone to throw at her, when one of the others said warningly, “Say, Pete, yo’ sho’ had bettah stop. Dar comes Henry Clay.”

In an instant, Henry Clay, who had approached unseen, after placing his hat carefully on the ground, sprang at the boy called Pete. He had seen on coming nearer to the crowd that it was Mandy—his Mandy—who was being persecuted. At once he was seized with overwhelming anger and had

Pete been a smaller boy, he would have fared seriously in Henry Clay's hands. The other boys and Mandy stood around in terrified silence, for they well knew that the two best fighters in the neighborhood were clutching and rolling on the ground before them.

At last Henry Clay succeeded in geetting the best of Pete, and with a powerful grasp pinioned him to the ground, while his terrible anger found vent in words: "Yo' great, big, ovah-grown niggah, ef yo' wants ter fight, I'll teach yo' how; yes, I'll teach yo' mighty well, ef I evah ketch yo' runnin ovah any gal again, especially ef that gal be Mandy. Do yo' hyeah? What ef huh father is in jail? He's a whole lot bettah than yo' all are, 'case yo' all are gwine dar befo' yo' is haf ez old ez him. Dar, now, go, and don' yo' let me see yo' cutin' any mo' such capahs."

With a last vigorous shake, he loosened his hold on Pete, who arose with difficulty and shambled away, followed by his allies. Henry Clay stood very straight and watched the muttering crowd until they turned the corner. Then he turned to the trembling Mandy and all the anger died out of his face.

"Come 'long, Mandy," he said, as he picked up his hat, "an' don' yo' cry no mo'. Dey think they is awfu' sma't, but don' yo' min' dem. I'se gwine t' take care ob yo', 'case yo' is my gal an' I'se gwine to marry yo' some day when I gets t' be a rich doctah an' we'll live in a big, fin' 'ouse like Jedge Prewens. So don' yo' pay any 'tention to dem oder niggahs. I'se got a bird here, an' I don brought it 'spressly fo' yo'.

It's done got its little leg broke on de barb-wire fence, so we'll haf to doctah it up."

So saying they turned into the yard, Mandy with her tears all dried and a delighted smile on her face. The two children found an old bird cage out in the shed. Then Henry Clay whittled some small pieces of pine and taking the strips of cloth that Mandy brought, carefully bound up the broken leg. Some water and lettuce leaves and a piece of apple were next put in the cage. Then they took it in the house and hung it upon a high nail.

When Henry Clay started home he assumed an air of great importance and gave Mandy instructions "not to let de cat in, an'—I'll be back dis even'n' wid some bird seed an' will call aroun' twict a day aftah dis."

In a few minutes he arrived at his own home and went whistling around to the kitchen door. There a large colored woman was bending over a tub, from which clouds of steam arose. "I decla' fo' goodness!" she said, as she emerged from the steam and saw the boy. "Henry Clay, yo' hev done ben fightin' agin. Jest look how yo' shirt is torn. Tell me, hev yo'?"

"Yes," responded the boy laconically.

"Very well, yo' knows the punishment. Bring me de stick," she said as she wiped the suds from her arms on her faded blue apron. Without another word, the boy brought the stick and unflinchingly received the blows vigorously dealt by his mother.

A few minutes later he was disappearing over the back yard fence, just as a woman with an apron thrown over her head and her sleeves rolled up, came hurrying into the kitchen.

"Aw', Mis' Clay," she said, "yo' hev done whipped dat blessed boy and me jest a runnin' wid all my might to tell yo' not to. Don't yo' know he wuz fightin' fur Mandy—my Mandy, 'case some dirty nigahs wuz teasin' huh 'bout huh po' ol' father?" And the woman sat down on the steps and burst into tears.

"Dar now, Lize, don' yo' take on so. Huh father is a lot bettah den dey are. But dat boy ob mine! He's de

beatenes' chil' I evah laid eyes on. What wid his strong notions about bein' a doctah, and his savin' up of weeds and herbs and a doctahin' up every animal he finds, and' what wid all his fightin', I decla' I don' know what to do wid him. But I mo' den haf believes dat he only fights jest to help dem dat is weaker den dem cowardly niggahs. He's jest like his po' father befo' he died."

"Listen!" said the woman on the steps. Clear and sweet the well-known voice reached their ears, singing:

"Away down South in spring,
When de birds begin to sing."

K——.



THE WAY THEY KISS.

The Freshman girl bows her stately head,
And fixes her stylish lips,
In a firm, hard way, and lets them go,
In spasmodic little sips.

The Sophomore says never a word,
And you'd think her rather tame;
With her practical view of the matter in hand,
She gets there just the same.

The Junior girl, the pride of the world,
In her clinging and soulful way,
Absorbs it all in a yearful yawn,
As big as a bale of hay.

I have sung a song of the girls who kiss,
And it sets one's brain in a whirl:
But to reach the height of earthly bliss,
You must kiss a Senior girl.

—Ex.

COMMENCEMENT, 1902.

Program.

Saturday, May 31.

Inter Society Debate.....8 p. m.
“Resolved that the U. S. should adopt the system of
compulsory voting.”

Affirmative.

Philalathean: P. C. Rankin, W. D. Goble.

Negative.

Olympian: Maude Shockey, E. S. Abbott.

Sunday, June 1.

Baccalaureate Sermon.....10:30 a. m.
Rev. J. R. Comer, Atchison, Kansas.

Annual Address before the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.
of University.....8 p. m.
Rev. J. T. Crawford, Parsons, Kansas.

Graduating exercises of Senior Academic Class, 10 a. m.

Monday, June 2.

Graduating exercises of Senior Academic Class, 10 a. m.
Orations by selected members of the class.....

Dobson Declamation Contest.....3 p. m.
Drusilla Moses, Ida Shive, Mary Smith, Tina Newcomb.

Hageman Oratorical Contest
“The Cost of Liberty”.....May Beatty

“The Scottish Reformer”.....E. S. Abbott
“The Magic of the Living Voice”.....Maude Shockey

“The Hero of the Reformation”.....Owen B. Young
Class Day Exercises at Rohrbaugh.....8 p. m.

Tuesday, June 3.

Alumni Open Meeting.....10 a. m.
Oration.....C. E. Flannigan

PoemA. B. Way

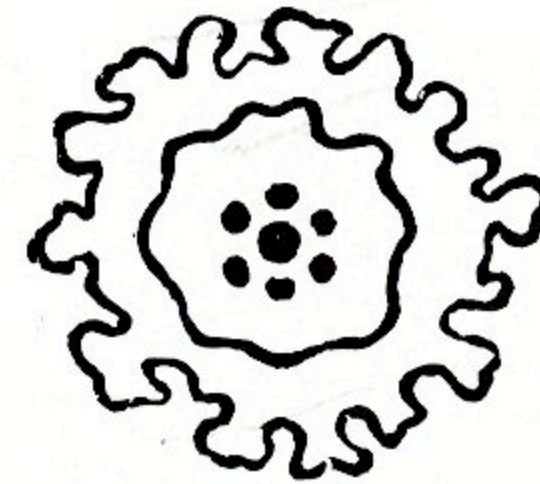
Annual Meeting of Board of Trustees.....2 p. m.
 Recital of the Conservatory of Music.....8 p. m.
 Annual Alumni Banquet9 p. m.

Wednesday, June 4.

Commencement Exercises of the University.....10 a. m.

Address.....Rev. Johnston Myers, D. D.
 Pastor of the Manuel Baptist Church, Chicago.
 Subject—"The Personal Element in Life."

President's Levee.....8 p. m.



TIT-BITS.

Intellectual progress, separated from moral progress,
 gives a fearful result—a being possessing nothing but Brains.

As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is knowledge in an ex-
 amination.

Cramming for an examination is better than not passing
 at all.

Cannot some wise one tell us,
 To ease our wandering minds,
 Who is it loses all the fault
 That other people find.

Do unto others as they do unto you, but do it first.

CALENDAR.

September.

- Sunday, 1. Citizens enjoy their last night's rest.
Monday, 2. '05's appear on the horizon.
Tuesday, 3. Boarding clubs rustle.
Wednesday, 4. The Campus alive with students.
Thursday, 5. Society enthusiasts have their opening.
Saturday, 7. Annual Y. M. and Y. W. joint, chapel.
Sunday, 8. Freshmen and Preps attend church.
Monday, 9. Football boys begin practice.
Tuesday, 10. Prof. Schwegler arrives. Girls are delighted.
Saturday, 14. Prof. Barker talks on the "products" of Wyoming.
Monday, 17. Tin soldiers report for duty.
Friday, 20. McKinley memorial service.
Tuesday, 24. Freshmen elated. Attempt to yell in chapel.
Thursday, 26. Hobb's drama, 1st scene.
Friday, 27. O. U. 16, K. U. 5.

October.

- Tuesday, 1. Campus manager calls for aid.
Saturday, 5. Annual Football excitement. Chapel.
Monday, 7. Haskell takes O. U.'s scalp, 28 to 0.

- Tuesday, 8. Board of education surprise us.
Friday, 18. Quin gets first in Local.
Monday, 21. Football: O. U., 40; Dentals, 0.
Saturday, 26. Sophomore chicken fry on Rock Creek.
Tuesday, 29. Seniors don their jockey caps.
Thursday, 31. Girls hold high carnival in Chapel.

November.

- Friday, 1. Juniors go to Chippewa Hills.
Saturday, 2. Senior girls parade with new mortar boards.
Monday, 4. Freshmen have heart trouble. Mock wedding.
Wednesday, 6. Science club born.
Wednesday, 13. Chapel orations begin. Attendance decreases.
Thursday, 14. Cap rush in halls. Y. W. C. A. convention.
Friday, 22. Orchestra concert; "Babies" first appearance.
Thursday, 28. Dr. and Mrs. Riggs entertain lonely students.

December.

- Tuesday, 3. Elias Day at the Rohrbaugh.
Wednesday, 4. Football boys attend classes.

Monday, 9. Freshmen hold coon carnival.
Tuesday, 19. Quietness reigns. Exams approach.
Wednesday, 18. Literature class swear not to cheat?
Friday, 20. Home, sweet home.

January.

Wednesday, 8. Winter term opens.
Saturday, 11. Societies dismiss for union meetings.
Thursday, 15. College Secretary Boynton speaks in Chapel.
Saturday, 25. Dr. Riggs is quarantined from home.
Tuesday, 28. O. U. agrees to debate with Baker.
Pipes burst. Classics rejoice. Scientifics otherwise.

February.

Wednesday, 5. Mr. Skinner displays \$500 before political economy class. Annual manager gets excited.
Friday, 7. All day union service.
Saturday, 8. Heating apparatus repaired.
Friday, 14. Banta gets a valentine.
Monday, 17. Daniel and Noble bread and gravy contest.
Wednesday, 26. Quin delivers oration in Chapel.

March.

Tuesday, 4. Enthusiasm runs high.
Friday, 7. Quin wins second place at Winfield.
Monday, 10. Ottawa defeats Baker at basket ball.
Wednesday, 12. Foot ball receives fatal blow.
Thursday, 13. Gloom settles. Dire threatenings.

Friday, 14. Freshmen celebrate.
Monday, 17. Academic—Freshman basket ball game.
Wednesday, 19. Exams. Jockeys in evidence.

April.

Tuesday, 1. Senior acs entertain faculty and academics.
Wednesday, 2. Did you hear?
Monday, 7. O. U. 5—K. U. 27.
Tuesday, 8. Annual junior reception.
Thursday, 10. Y. W. receives at the cottage.
Friday, 11. Prof. Blake lectures before the Science club.
Wednesday, 16. Ladies chorus concert at Rohrbaugh.
Tuesday, 22. Prof. Barker's "Baby Speech," Chapel.
Thursday, 24. O. U. vs. Kansas Wesleyan—8 to 6.

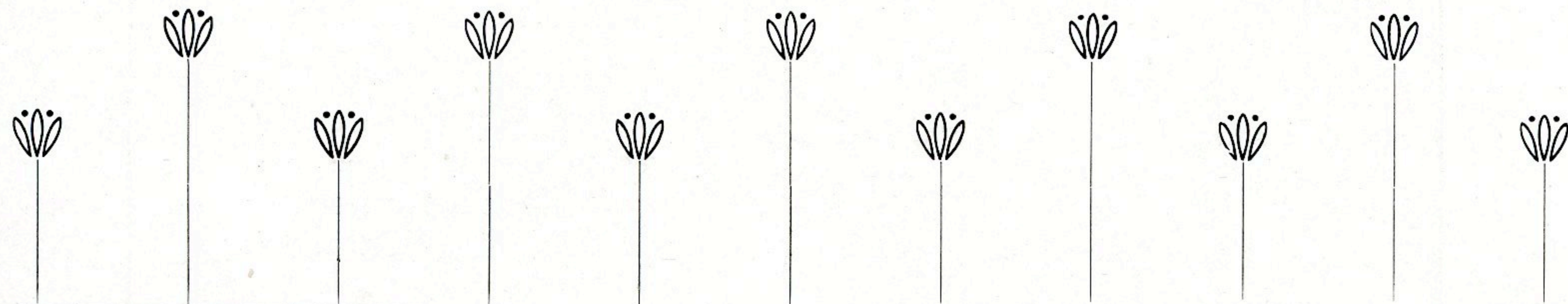
May.

Thursday, 1. Orchestra goes to Richmond. Chapel quiet.
Friday, 2. Seniors compare "jobs."
Thursday, 8. O. U.-Wm. Jewell debate.
Monday, 19. O. U.-Baker debate.
Tuesday, 20. Manager of debates takes collection.
Wednesday, 21. Ivy Leaf arrives.
Tuesday, 27. Manager Ivy Leaf sends rush order to Pa.
Saturday, 31. Commencement. Inter-society debate.
Freshmen leave town.

June.

1-4. Commencement.

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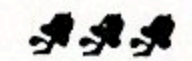
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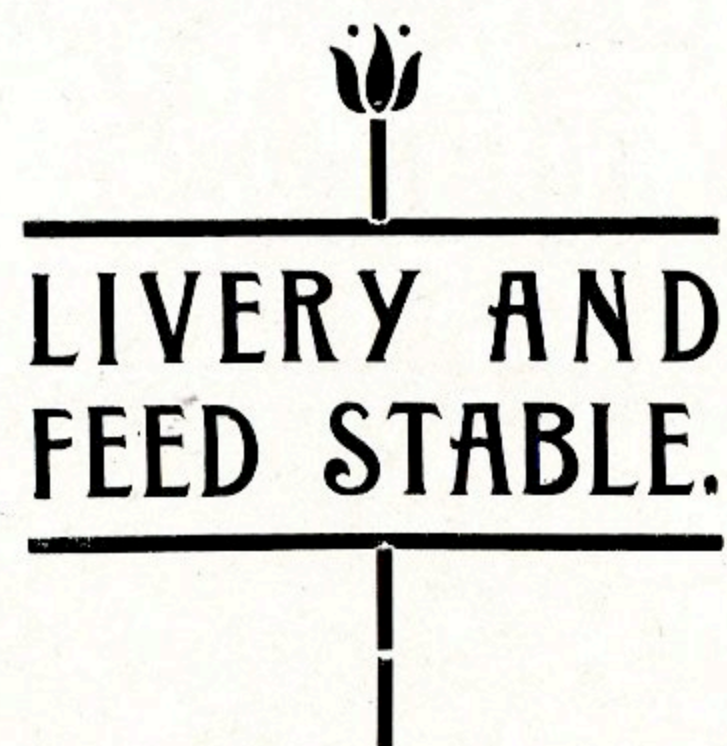
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United States Bonds,	50,000.00	Surplus and Profits	25,725.96
Banking House,.....	10,000.00	Circulating Notes.....	50,000.00
Cash in Vaults and		Deposits	479,440.82
other Banks.....	171,947.31		
Total	\$655,166.78	Total	\$655,166.78

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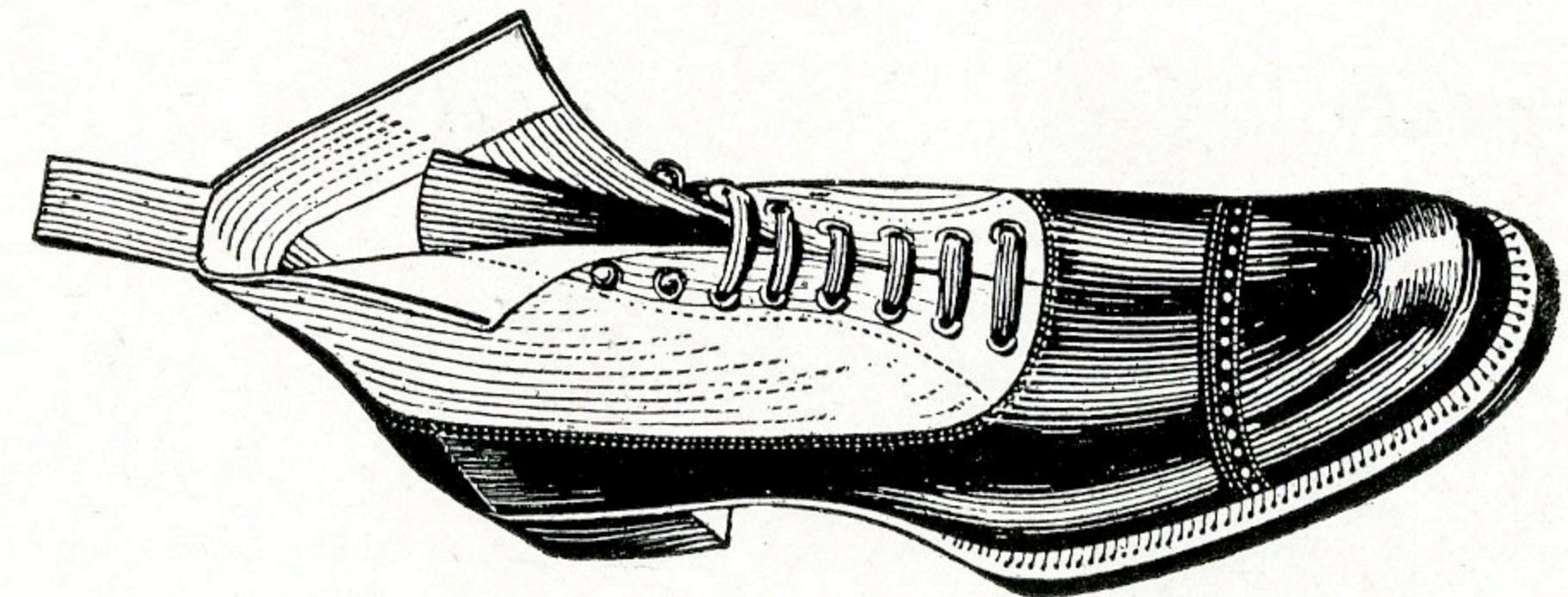
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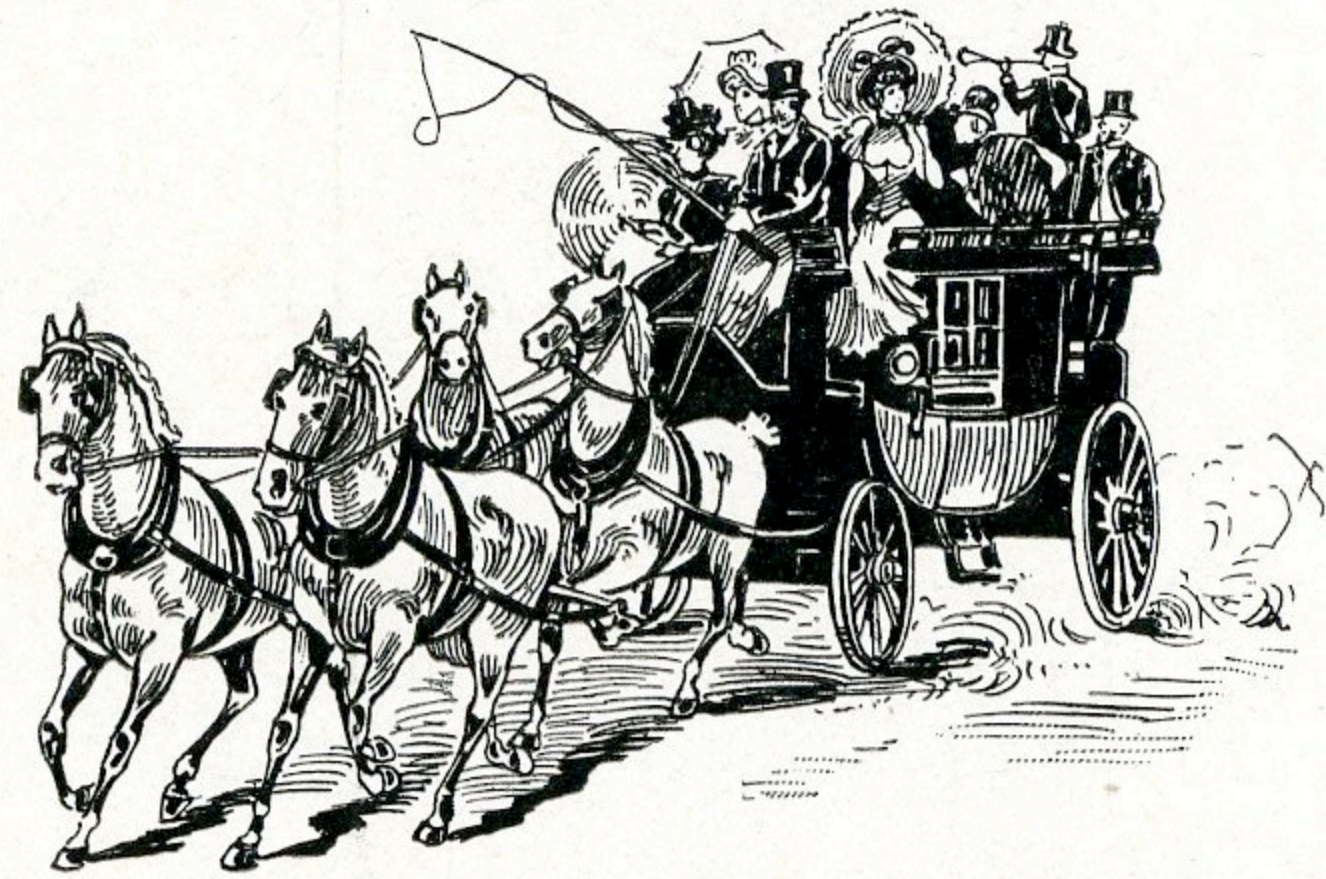
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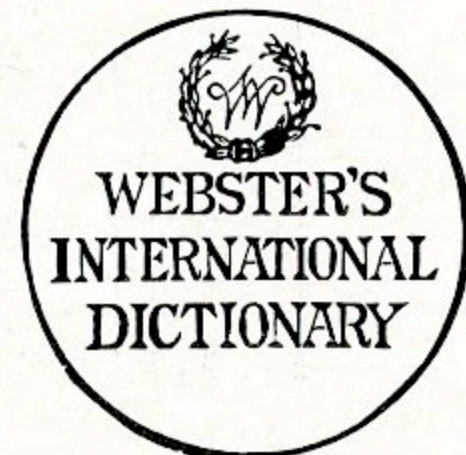
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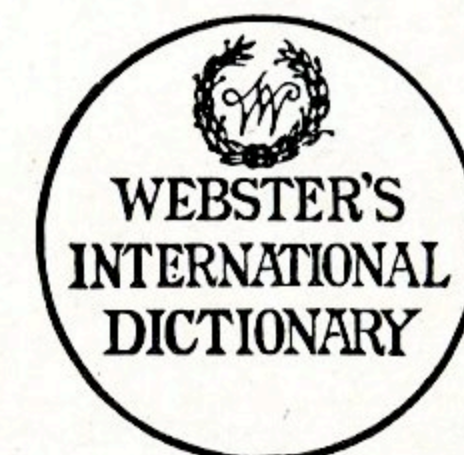
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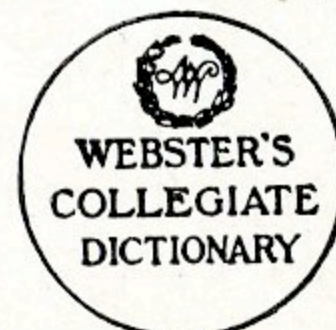
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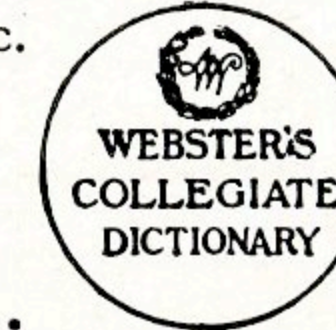
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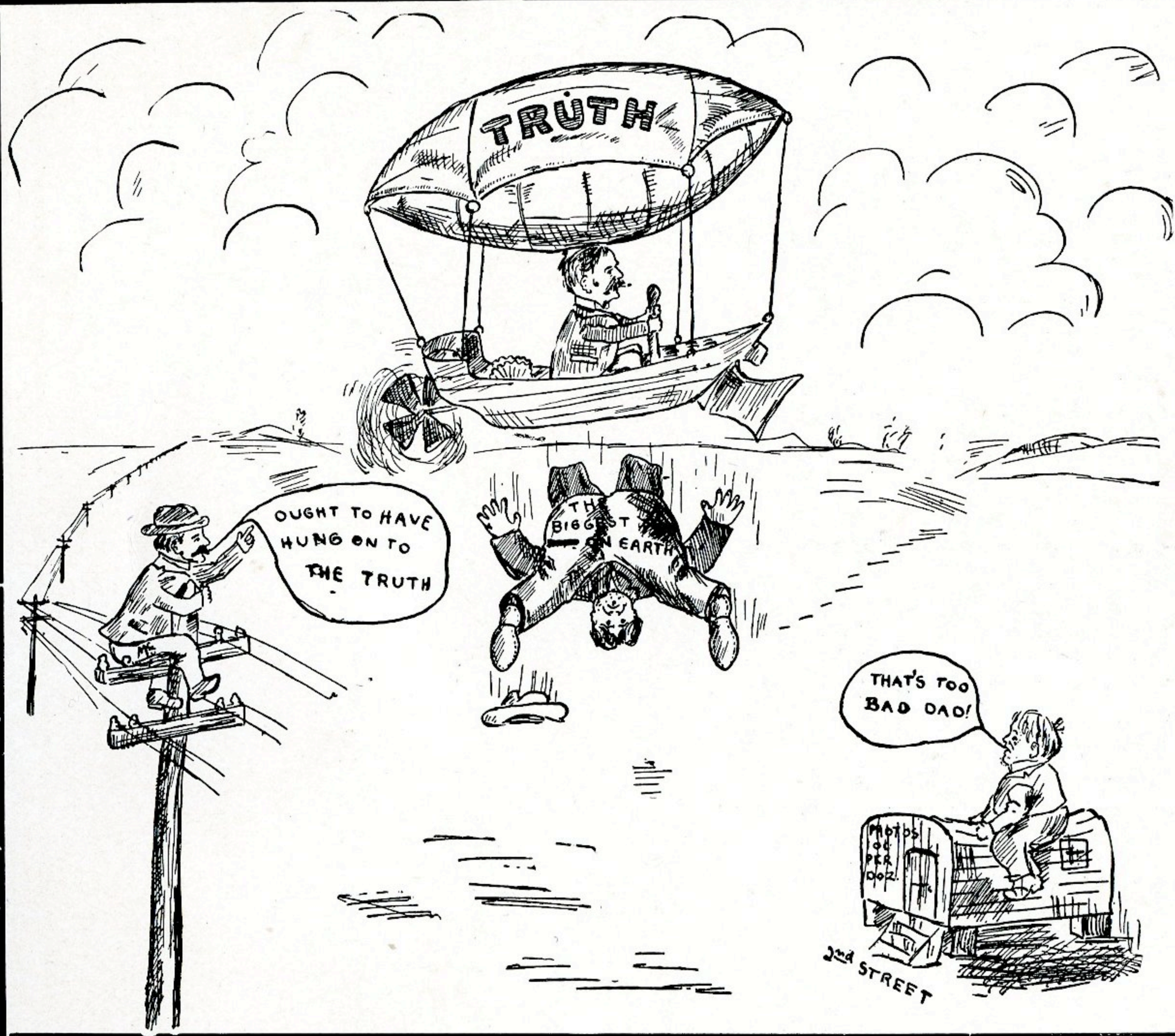
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MORAL:

1st. Never go to a man for information about his competitors.

2nd. Be your own judge and don't allow the highly colored speech of an interested party to influence you.

3rd. Don't pretend to be a man's friend and brother and never go near him in trade.

4th. Patronize the man who rides serenely to success on TRUTH, as those who will deceive you are unworthy of your

patronage, and like the man in the picture, will soon fall from their self-elevated height.

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