Hierophantes

FOR 1873-4.
UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

THE

HIEROPHANTES

FOR 1873-4.

Board of Editors.

H. OLIVER.
E. R. NOYES.
F. RICHARDSON.
C. W. SMITH.
ABBY A. HOLT.
H. S. TREMPER.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS:
Published by the Secret Societies.
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Salutatory.

"Hec olim meminisse juculat."

Last June the Board of Regents and Members of the Faculty affixed their signatures and official seal to the first "Sheep-skins" awarded to graduates of the University of Kansas. Three sons and one fair daughter said good bye to "Alma Mater," and were passed out into the world with the crash of a brass band, the eloquent advice of a live United States Senator, the congratulations of friends, and the pleasant memories of an elegant table spread with substantial and delicacies by the hands of the good ladies of Lawrence. The occasion was duly dignified with suitable toasts and proper responses, which, barring bad grammar from a quarter where it ought to be least expected, were "high-toned," and suitable to the occasion.

The University of Kansas, therefore, is at last full-fledged, and occupying the same plane with the other collegiate institutions of our country. It is the hope and expectation of its friends that it will soon rise to a position of commanding pre-eminence among the colleges and universities west of the Mississippi. Whether it shall do this or not, depends much on the courage, enterprise, and devotion of its students. Of course our respected friends, the Faculty, flatter themselves that the burden of making the University a success, is to a large extent, resting upon their shoulders. It is probably better to permit them to continue in this belief, as it will incite them to furnish us with purer mathematics, more palatable physics, and less bitter decoctions of the Greek root.

But, after all, the future success of the University must depend much on the action of the State Legislature. To so shape the policy of the University as to get possession of that important body, is evidently the labor of the Students, and one with which our Professors, (if they set much value on their official heads,) can have but little to do. To accomplish this result, it will be the duty of our gentlemen graduates to secure their own election to the Legislature as soon as possible after graduation, and, if in the mean time a liberal amendment to our State constitution should not make our lady alumni eligible to seats in the Legislature, it will only remain for them to do the next best thing, and marry members of that honorable body whenever the opportunity offers; provided, always, that such member elect possess intellectual caliber sufficient to enable him to distinguish properly between the body politic and a last year lad’s nest. By this means, it is fair to believe that our beloved institution will eventually attain to some influence in the Legislature, and secure such action in that honorable body as will enable it to compare favorably with the University of Michigan, Cornell, Yale, and other prominent universities and colleges of America.

But, as the above method of absorbing the Legislature, like the accretions of the earth’s crust, is somewhat slow, meanwhile, our only hope is in grappling on to the hearts of the people. This can only be accomplished by dispensing such light and information as will enable them to know something more of our University and its organization than they can learn through the stiff details and curricula of the “Annual Calendar” published “By Authority.”

With the hope then, of getting on the sunny side of the affections of our people, we send out to them the first number of the “Hierophantes” expecting that it will be perpetuated through all the years of the future furnishing much authentic and interesting information that can be obtained from no other source.
In Memoriam.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Within the past year we have been called to mourn the death of two of our fellow-students, one taken from our midst while actively engaged in his studies; the other, who had not returned to her studies this year, while at her home in Wyandotte.

Archie L. Reed, of the present Freshman class, died November 21st, 1873, aged 17. Although his stay with us was but short, he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact by the beauty of his character, and the uprightness and stability of his principles. Rarely do we find in any walk of life so great a promise for the future as was his. Truly, in thinking of the death of such an one, we find it hard to say

"It is well!
God's ways are always right."

Nellie Townsend, died in Wyandotte, February 13th, 1874, aged 18. In the midst of the school year 1874, we are called upon to record the death of one of our number, who, less than one short year ago bade us good bye and left us for her home in Wyandotte. Little did her classmates think they would be called upon so soon to say of her "She is gone! Gone to return to us no more." It is true that death does not always reap the "bearded grain." Nellie, our pretty, black-eyed Nellie, was just budding into womanhood, full of bright hopes for the future, when suddenly, a cloud gathered, the rose withered, and we, with the many friends who knew her "but to love," are left to gather up and treasure in our hearts the fragrance of her short life.
KAPPA CHAPTER -- ESTABLISHED 1873.

Hierophantes.

I. C.

RESIDENT MEMBER,
SARA RICHARDSON, of Lombard University.

GRADUATE,
FLORA E. RICHARDSON.

SENIOR,
HANNAH OLIVER.

JUNIOR,
A. GERTRUDE BOUGHTON.

SOPHOMORES,
MAY RICHARDSON, CLARA L. MORRIS.

FRESHMEN,
ABBY A. HOLT, MOLLIE GAMBLE,
LIZZIE YEAGLEY.

PREPARATORY STUDENTS,
MARcia WOOD, FLORENCE NEVISON,
JO. MARCH, ALMA RICHARDSON,
VINA LAMBERT, NETTIE ROBINSON.
Beta Theta Pi,

RESIDENT MEMBERS,
MAJ. W. C. RANSOM, OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.
REV. T. Y. GARDNER, OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

GRADUATES,
L. D. L. TOSH, RALPH COLLINS.

SENIOR,
E. B. NOYES.

JUNIORS,
E. H. BANCROFT, F. P. McLennan.

SOPHOMORES,
C. F. BASSETT, J. D. LAMBERT.
C. W. SMITH, H. S. TREMPER.
N. J. STEPHENS.

FRESHMAN,
ARCHIE L. READ.
Faculty.

JOHN FRASER, A. M., PRESIDENT.
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

DAVID H. ROBINSON, A. M.,
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

FRANK H. SNOW, A. M.,
Professor of Natural History and Meteorology.

FREDERICK W. BARDWELL, B. S.,
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

E. P. LEONARD,
Professor of Modern Languages.

D. O. KELLOGG, Jr., A. M.,
Professor of History and of English Language and Literature.

FRED. E. STIMPSON, B. S.,
Professor of Experimental Physics.

S. W. Y. SCHIMONSKY,
Professor of Engineering and General Industrial Drawing.

BYRON C. SMITH, A. M.,
Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

ALBERT NEWMAN, M. D.,
Instructor in Human Anatomy and Physiology, and Hygiene.

J. E. BARTLETT,
Instructor in Vocal Music.

Undergraduates.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

Senior Class.

Semper Plus Ultra,

Colow—Light Blue.

OFFICERS.

President and Historian, - - - - - - E. B. NOYES.
Secretary and Orator, - - - - - - IDA BLOOD.
Treasurer and Poet, - - - - - - HANNAH OLIVER.


Junior Class.

Colow—Buff.

OFFICERS.

President and Poet, - - - - - - KATE STEPHENS.
Vice President and Orator, - - - - - F. P. McLennan.
Secretary and Chorister, - - - - - GERTRUDE BOUGHTON.
Treasurer and Critic, - - - - - MATTIE CAMPBELL.
Historian, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - E. H. BANCROFT.

E. H. Bancroft, A. Gertrude Boughton,
F. P. McLennan, Mattie Campbell,
Kate Stephens.
Sophomore Class.

Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum,

Color—Dark Blue.

OFFICERS.

President, H. S. Tremper.
Secretary, C. F. Bassett.
Treasurer, Jas. Wickersham.
Historian, Charles W. Smith.
Poet, May Richardson.
Biographer, E. B. Tucker.
Scientific Lecturer, Geo. F. Gaumer.
Orator, N. J. Stephens.
Soror, W. F. Sergent.

Charles F. Bassett, Nelson J. Stephens,
George F. Gaumer, H. S. Tremper,
May E. Richardson, Elmer B. Tucker,
W. F. Sergent, James A. Wickersham,
Charles W. Smith.

Freshman Class.

Color—Lavender.

OFFICERS.

President, W. Osborn.
Vice President, J. W. Ball.
Secretary, Abby A. Holt.
Treasurer, May Harris.
Historian, F. T. Botsford.
Poets, Gertrude Bullene.
Soror, Fred A. Rogers.
Chorister, Kate Schmucker.

Andrew Atchison, Jonathan W. Ball,
Fernando S. Barber, A. Gertrude Bullene.

Hierophantes.

Alice Goss, Charles H. Harris,
L. L. Harris, Mary E. Herrington,
May Harris, Abby A. Holt,
Kate G. Jenkins, Frank H. Morgan,
Kate M. Schmucker, Grace E. M. Scoollar,
Kate S. Smed, J. W. Stringfield,
S. C. Usher, De Etta E. Warren,
Carrie M. Watson, Clementine M. Wilson,
Lizzie Yeagley, Salina Wilson.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Senior Class.

Color—Pink.

OFFICERS.

President, C. Timmons.
Vice President, Florence Nevison.
Secretary, Isaac Goffe.
Treasurer, Alma Richardson.
Historian, Yara Gunn.
Poets, Mollie Herrington.
Soror, Mary Eidimiller.
Sergeant, Marcia Wood.

R. D. Protzman.
Middle Class.

Coton—Scarlet.

OFFICERS.

President, Charles H. Conklin.
Vice President, Jo March.
Secretary, De Etta Warren.
Treasurer, Kate Williams.
Historian, F. Montgomery.
Poet, Fred Goffe.
Soror, Mollie Montgomery.
Sergeant, Arthur Blood.

Junior Class.

Work and Win.

Coton—Light Green.

OFFICERS.

President, V. F. Brown.
Vice President, Nellie Thacher.
Secretary, David Street.
Treasurer, H. H. Wright.
Historian, Solon Williams.
Poet, Elmira Wood.
Soror, J. W. Raines.
Sergeant, W. H. Simpson.
Marshal, W. McChann.

Appointments for Commencement.

1874.

June 5, Orophilian Society Exhibition.
June 7, Baccalaureate Address.
June 8, Oread Society Exhibition.
June 9, Class Day.
June 10, Commencement Day.

Degrees Conferred

IN 1873.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Miss Flora Richardson, and Messrs. L. D. L. Tosh and Ralph Collins.

The degree of Bachelor of Engineering was conferred on Mr. Murray Harris.
Literary Societies.

Oread Society.

Esto Perpetua.

OFFICERS.

President, H. OLIVER.
Vice President, E. B. NOYES.
Recording Secretary, L. GOFFE.
Corresponding Secretary, LOLIE BELL.
Treasurer and Librarian, C. F. BASSETT.
Crité, ALMA RICHARDSON.
Editors, JAMES WICKERSHAM, MARY GAMBLE.
Sergeant, LOLIE BELL.

MEMBERS.

RESIDENT GRADUATES.
Flora E. Richardson, L. D. L. Tosh.

COLLEGIATE STUDENTS.
Hannah Oliver, E. B. Noyes.
A. Gertrude Boughton, Lizzie Williams.
May Richardson, C. F. Bassett.
E. B. Tacker, James Wickersham.
Alice Goss, Abby A. Holt.

Mary Gamble.

PREPARATORY STUDENTS.
Lolie Bell, Alma Richardson.
Kate Harris, Isaac Goffe.
J. H. Newlin, Carrie Goss.
Fred Goffe, C. F. Likens.

Orophilian Literary Society.

Eloquenta Mundum Regit.

OFFICERS.

President, C. W. SMITH.
Vice President, WM. OSBORN.
Secretary, H. S. TREMPER.
Treasurer, N. J. STEPHENS.
Editors, F. P. MCLENNAN, DARIUS LUCAS.
Crité, H. C. BURNETT, A. ATCHISON.
Marshal, C. P. GROVENOR.
Chorister, GEO. GAUMER.
Sergeant at Arms, J. A. ENDSLEY.

NON-OFFICIAL MEMBERS.

COLLEGIATE STUDENTS.
E. H. Bancroft, Mattie Campbell,
F. F. Dinsmoor, Kate Stephens,
Kate Smeed, W. F. Sergeant,
May Harris, J. W. Ball,
L. L. Harris, Fred A. Rodgers,
Frank T. Botsford.

PREPARATORY STUDENTS.
E. F. Burnett, Lou Rankin,
Colin F. Timmons, C. H. Gunn,
Mollie Herrington, B. H. Barnett,
E. Owens, R. D. Protzman,
F. L. Weaver, J. B. Davis,
A. E. Blood, V. F. Brown,
J. W. Raines, E. E. Erskine,
S. E. True, W. C. McCann,
D. C. Haines, C. W. Cox,
S. G. Mason.
Hetaraia Philhellenike.

**OFFICERS.**

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Historical Society.

The Chairman is appointed each evening. The membership is restricted to Collegiate students.

**MEMBERS.**

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Natural History Society.

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<td>J. W. Ball</td>
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<td>Prof. F. H. Snow</td>
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<td>C. H. Harris</td>
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<td>Isaac Goffé</td>
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ATHLETIC.

BASE BALL CLUB.

OFFICERS.

President, H. S. TREMPER.
Secretary, W. F. SERGENT.
Treasurer, F. A. RODGERS.
Captain, F. T. BOTSFORD.

FIRST NINE.

F. T. Botsford, Captain, 1st b.
F. A. Rodgers, c.
H. S. Tremper, p.
Colin Timmons, 2d b.
E. E. Erskine, 3d b.
W. J. Anderson, s. s.
W. F. Sergent, 1. f.
C. W. Smith, c. f.
W. Osborn, r. f.

University Legends.

PART I.

Upon a mount was built, not far away,
A University, which stands to-day;
Of all the ologies beneath the sun,
Its students get a smattering of each one.
Its walls majestic, rising from the ground,
Are seen by travelers many miles around.
Once, in an angle of its mighty wall,
Some “grades” set out a trumpet creeper small.
At first, ambitions, it essayed to climb;
But cattle nipped it in its youthful prime.
The more it grew the more they nipped the shoot,
Till now there’s little left but its root.

But, what is wonderful, that hill, they say,
Is haunted or enchanted to this day;
And fearful tales are told of midnights’ hour,
And deeds committed by some unseen power—
Of silence broken by unearthly hoots—
Of pumps from cisterns pulled up by the roots—
Of wagons pulled to pieces, standing still,
Or running without horses down the hill—
Of sidewalks gone, and fence-gates leveled low—
The town-clock sometimes hours too fast or slow.

Such strange reports, such superstitions seem
The wild, weird fancies of some feverish dream,
And show the need of such a college here,
To educate those people from such fear.

Of societies this college has its share,
All that it can support, and some to spare.
They’re stubborn, staunch, and resolute—in fact,
In resolutions they display much tact.
Hierophantes.

The first is Oro—I forget the rest—
By "Orful-feeling" it is known the best.
Their greatest boast, although it may seem strange,
A constitution that will bear no change.
"Strangers, the others are of little worth:
This is the only chartered," and so forth.
Though they "don't brag," Oh, no! "'tis not their trick,"
Their modesty has never made them sick.
Next comes the Oread, of sexes both,
A new departure of some three years' growth.
Their talents vary, but their greatest rage
Is for low comedy upon the stage.
They wished a library all to themselves,
And filled one corner of their room with shelves.
This step accomplished, the next easy looks:
To "raise the wind" and fill those shelves with books.
As "ten cent socials" could no money bring,
An entertainment must be just the thing.
So they began rehearsals, got a ghost,
Costumes, advertisements, and bills to post,
And marshaled on the stage in wondrous show,
And dished up "Bluebeard" to the crowd below.
This done, they found, when they would count their gains,
They were ten dollars minus for their pains.
And to this day their shelves, as I have heard,
Are without books—a cage without the bird.
Next a fraternity comes on the ground
With California diamonds all around.
From some Greek letters Beta's take their name,
Though champion Eta's they could rightly claim.
'Twas oft remarked by some, I know not why,
"'Tis wonderful to see those Et-a PL."
Their aim, 'tis thought, is to supply the drain
That's made upon the stomach by the brain.
The next, a sisterhood they claim to be,
Such high pretensions never did I C.
Irresistible Charmers they call themselves,
And who knows better than those sprightly elves?
To keep a corner on old maids they try,
And make the market better by and by.
But then their banquets—O, ye gods, what fare!
As far as theory goes we’re not denied,
But thus far practice has been ill supplied.
You see that skeleton upon his walk?
Now, then, as grades are down, and student’s stock
Will soon be worthless to the man who owns,
Let’s trade it off and speculate in bones.”
This hint succeeding, they advanced with care,
The skeleton was cornered then and there.
The stock thus gobbled proved a lucky prize,
For quickly after bones began to rise.
The bones in market the next day were few,
The premium offered paralyzed the crew.
Instead of selling they shed joyful tears.
And poured congratulations in each others ears.
But ah, a day will oft suffice to show
How closely mingled are man’s weal and woe.
That very night, as rumored through the town,
The “undergrads” went up and bones came down.
This contretemps closed an eventful day,
And, with its record, I shall close my lay.

For weeks before the eventful time arrived the great topic of conversation, the principal theme of newspaper editorials, and the warp and woof of the day and night dreams of students was Our First Commencement. It came at last, but did the realization of dreams come too?

Sunday night brought the Baccalaureate sermon, and the “gentle showers,” which, totally unmindful of those new plugs, and the silks, laces, ribbons, and false curls, came down with a force and fury which made us doubt the gentle part of the appellation and wear our old hats. Monday was cold, cloudy, dreary, and the possessors of the new white dresses began to look blue, grow restless, and gaze impatiently out of the windows as they listened to the lecture by Major Ransom before the Oread Society.

When we awoke on Class day morning, to our great surprise and joy the sun was shining brightly, and all nature seemed refreshed and beautified after the rain, but I felt weak—my head was confused—and where had I been the night before.—I have a dim recollection of supper, and cards, and wine— But Tuesday was grand! Long orations by the Seniors, great applause, bouquets, grand smash, big band. Oh, happy day, when I shall be a Senior gay!

It was evening. We had all assembled once more within the halls of our Alma Mater, but we marched out again to the soul-stirring strains of music and took a station favorable for witnessing the planting of the vine.—ala! “it is gone where the woodbine twineth”—the band played, the students sang a farewell to the departing ones, (Seniors not the vine) and the Seniors all handled a spade for the first time in their lives, thinking the while of the Grave Diggers in Hamlet. We then repaired to the hall and “tripped the light fantastic toe” for two hours, after which the exercises were resumed in the hall, and the University enriched by the parting gifts of the class. During the music which followed “IT” fell...
Confusion and depression ensued. It was heart-rending thus to remind us, in the bloom of our youth and beauty, of the inevitable that awaits us all.

The dignified Prof’s grew excited;
They found a clue;
Only a bit of green ribbon,
Now Mazarine Blue.

But the search was vain, and after nights of reflection and days of cogitation, we have decided that it was the spirits of the departing—Seniors! After “IT” was raised once more to its resting place on high, the Juniors modestly said “thank you ma’am” for the Spring Hat and the advice graciously bestowed on them by their predecessors.

Commencement Day opened with a grand march, in which the floating white dresses, streaming class colors, and useful umbrellas played a conspicuous part. Then each of the victims was summoned and received the “sheepskin” for which he had labored so faithfully and wished so ardently. Oh, moment of supreme satisfaction when it was actually in his hand! The oration by Senator Ingalls next claimed our attention till dinner was ready, which was the event of the day (to some folks) and we were happy. (The toasts did not reach as far as the student’s table.)

But, as to all things, there came an end, we said good bye, and shed a tear, and went home tired out, cross, and almost sick, and fully made up our mind that Commencement was grand, glorious, next to Fourth of July, but we were glad it only came once a year.

Part II.

September third arrived at last,
The sun rose full and clear,
And from the heavens seemed to announce
The coming college year.

A few days passed and all was done,
Each to his class consigned.
Vacation o’er, again, the mind
Must be to books confined.

How hard at first: the summer romps
Before their minds arise,
Excursions, picnics, parties, balls,
Green grass and sunny skies.

With football on Mt. Oread’s height
The boys spent leisure hours;
Each class was represented there,
To illustrate its powers.

But mishaps waxed, and foot-ball waned,
Which conquerors remained,
The preps or the collegiates,
Was never ascertained.

As time passed on, among them all,
A studious spirit grew,
But forth three broke at various times,
Adventures not a few.

A few congenial spirits met
By special invitation,
To ease some poultry of their cares
By a kind of elimination.
Hierophantes.

A banquet! what a glorious sound!
Before my famished eyes
A generous board with pastry spread,
And turkeys twain arise.

The horn of plenty overflows
With Rosebrook's sparkling wine;
The toasts are given, the laugh goes 'round,
With mirth the faces shine.

Lo, now the sound of music's heard,
Scraped on a rusty fiddle,
And "T. C." bummers form a sett,
"Dan Tucker" in the middle.

Oh! Father Bacchus, if thy heart
Was ever for mortals warmed,
This "T. C." banquet of the boys
Thy senses must have charmed.

But a great event of the passing year
Was the trip the Beta's took,
With their ladies, down to Coffeyville,
Which we must not overlook.

What a gay and happy group they were,
Who, on that Friday morn
Were, gathered in their palace car,
Away from Lawrence borne.

"Cast books and studies all aside,
Let joy be ours to-day,
We'll laugh and joke, and play and sing,
And drive all care away."

Night brought them to their journey's end,
How short it seemed to all.
A steaming supper welcomed them,
And then began the ball.

'Twould take a Shakespeare to describe
This gay and festive hop,
How they waltzed, and danced the Boston march
Till weariness bade them stop.

Slyly they left this mirthful place
To return on the morning train,
With a longing hope that ere very long
They might come back again.

Hierophantes.

The war that for a time raged strong
Between the Preps and Sophs,
The clamor of whose battles loud
So much disturbed the Profs,—

Forgotten was at any time
When mischief could be hatched,
And in a friendly league they joined,
Till it was well dispatched.

And one day when two luckless wights
Called in, to see the sights
About the building, ere the train
Left for the Eastern States,—

They were to heights enormous led
By crafty Sophs or Preps,
Who locked them in a room, and fled
Like lightning down the steps.

Victims of misplaced confidence,
They only could remain
Till Heaven released them from their fate.
But, oh! they missed the train.

Last but not least of the merry times,
Which we shall here record,
The banquet of the I C's is,
'Mong memory's treasures stored.

Here every clime contributed
Its delicacies rarest,
And Flora and Pomea sent,
Of specimens, the fairest.

Wit sparkled, and the merry laugh
Resounded on each side,
At last 'twas o'er, the feast was done,
And then for toasts they cried.

"The girls of our University;"
"The sisterhood, I C;"
The famous "Young America;"
And "Beta Theta Pl."

Full many deeds we might relate
Of valor, and of jest:
But think you're tired, and know we are,
And so we'll take a rest.
CEO. LEIS & BRO.
Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Proprietor of
Leis' Glycerine and Camphor Ice.

An infallible remedy for chapped hands or face, sore lips, sunburn, and irritated surfaces of all kinds. The best preparation ever offered to the public.

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An Elegant and Efficient Hair Tonic and Dresser.

It softens the hair when hard and dry; it affords the richest luster; it remains longest in effect. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

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A most delicate preparation for beautifying the complexion; free from anything that can injure the skin. The PEARL WHITE POWDER has a most delicate, satiny-like texture, imparts to the face a pleasing and healthful appearance, and is preferable to all other preparations of the kind. It is needless to say more in favor of an article which has now become an indispensable adjunct to the toilet of Beauty and Fashion.

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Young men who expect a lord of creation
Should have Burt's Shoes on—“pretty as a pin.”
They then can “get off” a good medallion.
That's the way to “catch a bean” with the “tin.”

Wise matrons declare they can’t “keep a waddle.”
Without Burt’s, at which we do not wonder,
That’s how to have things “snug as a button.”
And to prevent (Pa) catching “regular thunder.”

On high heels, Oh! see that she doesn’t waddle!
Like a running down hill to the puddle.
Then on Burt’s look! Behold her pass along.

Exceeding in grace the best on the lawn.

For sale at the Burt Shoe Store.
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