

THE BUBBLE.

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Hezekiah Z. Solemnstyle, Editor.

THE BUBBLE is published by the STOICAL PEN YANKERS' SOCIETY, at the AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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Correspondence solicited.

All Communications must be addressed to the SECRETARY OF THE S. P. Y. S., MICH. STATE AGR'L COLLEGE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We will insert a few advertisements, of ten lines or less, at three cents per line for each insertion.

EDITORIAL.

Once more we make our appearance among you, our dear readers, hoping we are a welcome visitor, but altering our course not an iota, be it ever so much otherwise.

When we sent out our first *Bubble* we were but experimenting. We scarce knew how great was the turpitude of the age, hence we were not prepared to estimate aright the amount of counsel the world stood in need of,—nor indeed could we tell how much good advice she could patiently bear. We have been disappointed in but two particulars: First, the enormity of the world's transgressions is much beyond our anticipation; and, secondly, she accepts our wholesome corrections with infinitely better grace than we had indulged any hope for; so that, instead of coming among you occasionally and at long intervals as we at first intended, we not only promise to appear many times, at stated periods, but assure you that our times of visiting shall not be far assunder.

Since the issue of No. 1 we have talked with many persons, and have received communications from many others relative to our great enterprise of reforming society. We have been much amused oftentimes as we have listened to the strictures of our friends upon ourself and the *Bubble*, and frequently have we been obliged to turn aside to conceal a smile as sage advice has been given to us, as to what in our paper it were best to alter or amend, or in our manner were best thus or so.

Some have complained that the

tone of our paper was too grave. We were rather pleased than otherwise to hear this objection urged, as we feared somewhat lest, in spite of all our vigilance, the younger members of the Society, whose lightness has been elsewhere alluded to, might introduce something into the paper inconsistent both with our dignity and the best interests of the cause we advocate. That tone of sober earnestness, amounting in some places almost to sadness, that runs through our two papers, is much as we wished it to be.

But some one came up and objected that we were not grave enough! When we first heard *this* proposition advanced, we ran hurriedly to our sanctum and read the *Bubble* carefully through again, to ascertain whether or not such an objection had grounds which before escaped our notice. But we could discover none even then, and at last we came to the conclusion that people *would* grumble anyhow. We have been confirmed in this belief as we have since listened to the many minor complaints made against us. One advises us to put advertisements in our paper in order to be up with the times; another asserts that if we put in a single line of advertisement he will have nothing whatever to do with us. One complains because we have no motto, and suggests for our use "Bubble or burst," to let people know what we intend to do; another says we let the people know altogether too much of our affairs now, and advises us to dispense with editorials. One decries all personalities and localisms of whatever sort; another urges us to make the *Bubble* strictly a local newspaper.

Our very dear friends, spare your words; we came not to hear advice but to give it. We propose to correct the world, and not to be ourselves corrected. Complaint is useless. We are not to be turned aside by entreaties, discouraged by opposition, nor intimidated by threats of violence. The course we marked out at first is still the one we are resolved to pursue, and nothing shall prevent us from doing our duty. EDITOR.

If you should ask us, "What's the use of these four lines?" here's our excuse: (Don't laugh, it is a matter solemn!) It needed 'em to fill this column.

STUDENT'S EXCURSION SONG.

1.

Our books we now have cast aside,
And every care with them allied,
And launched are we on pleasures' tide;
What thoughts have we of sorrow?
For we are students, bold and gay,
We care not what outsiders say,
We'll have our sport while 'tis to-day,
And reck not of the morrow.

2.

Oh, human life is short at best!
We soon enough shall be at rest,
But this shall never mar our zest,
Nor will we trouble borrow,
For we are students, bold and gay,
We care not what outsiders say,
We'll have our sport while 'tis to-day,
And reck not of the morrow.

3.

We deem a happy, smiling face,
And merry voice are no disgrace,
And we are bound to give no place
Nor time to useless sorrow;
For we are students, bold and gay,
We care not what outsiders say,
We'll have our sport while 'tis to-day,
And reck not of to-morrow.

4.

Our student-life will soon be o'er,
These merry times will come no more,
Then chorus louder than before,
Warmth from old mem'ries borrow.
Oh, we are students, bold and gay,
We care not what outsiders say,
We'll have our sport while 'tis to-day,
And reck not of the morrow.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY I. E. JEUNE.

Man was made to love the beautiful. To him was given the privilege of knowing and appreciating the beauties which are about him. Most of the lower animals can see and hear as well as man, and in many cases even better; but there is good reason to believe that the sense of the beautiful is given to them to but a limited extent, if at all. Their sight and hearing serve a useful purpose, and for this were given to them; but whether beauty or deformity, harmony or discord, be around them, it matters little, if only food and shelter be provided. With man, however, it is not so; even before food and shelter he looks for beauty. Young or old, savage or civilized, he still shows his natural love for the beautiful. The child chooses the brightest toy; the savage ornaments his robe with the gayest colors; the old man thinks with pleasure of the beautiful things of his youth; the cultivated man everywhere surrounds himself with all the beauties his wealth can command.

Nature teaches him to love the beautiful by surrounding him with things of beauty. Flowers approach perfection in beauty. The foliage of a plant, whether it be a moss or a giant cedar, combines all the elements of beauty in its structure. The sky, with its various shades of blue, and its vast hemispherical dome—the clouds with ever-changing colors, from the inky blackness of the coming storm, and the flaming crimson of the dawn, to the intense brightness of the summer's cumulus—the mighty array of bright, sparkling stars—are scenes of almost unrivaled beauty. Amidst these scenes man was made to dwell. They seem to point him to higher things—to lift him up from low thoughts and actions to be a *man*, such as God intended him to be.

JILTED.

1.
His face tempestuous rage did beat,
He ground his teeth and tore his hair,
And meditated some big swear,
But thus burst forth:
2.
Oh, Gods of love! can it be thus?
That that vile jilt has made this muss?
Too true! alas! 'tis so. Oh gosh!
Then fell to musing, he.
3.
Long mused he thus, while wrath and ire
Burned in his eyes like pent up fire,
As if inspired by evil lyre
On hell notes pitched.
4.
Outrageous knots his brow did knit;
He stampeb and cursed, he gnashed and spit,
'Till a new thought his count'ance lit,
And thus he swore:
5.
By Rip Van Winkle's lasting sleep!
By great Sam Patch's awful leap!
And by the fires in Pluto's keep,
I'll do't by dad.
6.
His plan was thus: he'd wed the first,
That on his maddened vision burst
Of Eve's frail race—if best or worst—
He'd be revenged, he would.
7.
Then went he forth with strides most long,
Through evening shades just coming on,
'Till far ahead discerned, anon,
A female form.
8.
Revenge its strength his pedals lent,
He her o'ertook and straightway sent
His question; she, without relent,
Said yes! but looked most queer.
9.
Then to the parson's he her led;
The parson soon the words had said,
That made them one, 'till one was dead,
All in half a jilt.
10.
The parson then his light did get
To make out the certificate;
But when he saw her, now you just bet
Surprised: agast, he was!
11.
Oh, shades of night! Othello's skin!
Hades, Orcus, Tartarus and sin!
A wench! by thunder! I'll cave in!
He up and gat and got!

The Monthly Exercises of the Senior Class.

MR. EDITOR: As the *Bubble* comes out upon the 20th, and the Rhetorical Exercise of the Senior Class for this month does not come off until the 24th, it is, of course, impossible for me to give any description of the affair, or to criticize the various productions in the present number; but being somewhat acquainted with the different members of the class, I can give your readers something of an idea of what the exercise will *probably* be like.

A, whose subject most likely is "Woman's Rights," walks with precise steps to the rostrum, bows stiffly, and with ministerial tones and air, accompanied with looks of defiance at all around, hurls his thunderbolts down upon the heads of those who oppose his dogma, that suffrage should be made universal. He resumes silence and his seat, amidst faint applause and some laughter.

B takes the stand, and, in feeble voice, proclaims abroad the beauties of the vegetable world as exemplified in the *Symplocarpus foetidus*. He pursues his subject earnestly, only pausing occasionally to allude to certain animals that are continually *breaking down*, etc., and winds up in a blaze of enthusiasm for equal rights and the American Eagle.

C tumbles awkwardly upon the stage, then rearing aloft his manly form, proceeds to give utterance to his spirit-stirring thoughts upon the "Big Ox," leading out with that exquisitely poetical verse:

"I wonder if it hurts you much to be so big."

Notwithstanding the size of his subject, he handles it excellently, and seems to carry the hearts of his hearers with him.

It is expected that D will hurry to the stage, beginning to speak with immense volubility long ere he reaches the stand; enforcing by precept what so long he has enforced by *frightful* example, the necessity and benefits of INDUSTRY. He concludes before the audience are prepared to listen to his oration.

E is called, and "comes fast with horrid strides." He plants himself upon the dias, but ever and anon he changes his position, and finally launches out. His subject, it is presumed, will be either "Matrimony" or the "Immortality of the Soul;" whichever it is be sure it will be ably treated. He takes his seat, while the company cheer heartily, and we are relieved with music by the "brassy band."

X.

KEEP COOL! i. e. if you can.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OKEMOS, June 18, 1868.

EDITOR OF BUBBLE:

SIR: Perhaps some account of the Metropolis would not be uninteresting to many of your readers who have not had the pleasure of a stroll through her streets and parks, or who have never enjoyed a ramble in the delightful groves that cover her suburbs.

Leaving the Agricultural College and going toward the rising sun,—passing by farm and through woodland,—passing a cemetery so beautifully situated and so exquisitely ornamented, both by nature and art, as to make one almost long to die that he may be laid there,—on across a bridge which spans the dark waters of Crawling Creek, and you are fairly within limits of the CITY. You would not suspect the fact from what you behold around you, but so it is. You proceed onward—pass down Grand street, turn to the right and walk through Implicated avenue, cross the Bridge of Size, (small size), above which you view the Thompsonian Falls, and even yet it will never once occur to you, "from things that do appear," that you are treading the streets of a populous city. Strange paradox! here in her very hearts of hearts,—where trade (liquor) flourishes, and streams of nectar (?) flow where men and women come and go (quickly); even here it is very probable you will turn to ask, as many have do before you: "Where's Okemos?" And why is this? By what unexplained necromancy are these things brought about? How can it be that while walking these broad thoroughfares, I seem to behold the wildnesses of "forests primeval,"—I seem to scent the delectable effluvia from dozens of nature's most original frog-ponds?

Nature is worshipped here!

Ah, ye Okemosers! Careful have ye been of nature's works! appreciative are ye of nature's beauties thus to preserve them all, marred only here and there by the hand of so-called Improvement! In preserving your town from the appearance of having been visited by the disturbing spirit of modern civilization, your success has indeed been perfect! Thou Okemos! Trees of gigantic stature and luxuriant foliage stand in the very center of thy principal streets; the agreeable diversities of hill and valley are seen and felt in all thy walks and drives; clouds of mosquitoes rise like incense from thy various ponds and sloughs, and the croaking of millions of frogs are heard in thy commons!

Happy Okemossers! in thy native
wilds live on in security and bliss!

In my next letter I shall give you
some account of the inhabitants of
this wonderful city, of the state of so-
ciety, of education, of trade, &c., &c.

Hoping you will not be offended at
the rhetorical flights into which my
subject naturally leads me,

I remain, ever,

PEDESTRIANUS.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PILGRIMS.

'Twas morn on Britain's lonely isle,
The sun put on a genial smile,
And smiling Hope went flitting by;
His lamp shone bright in ev'ry eye.
A few strong hearts and hands were there,
And knees accustomed bowed in prayer.
A few aged locks as white as snow,
Hung o'er the noble pilgrim's brow.
On proud old Albion's shore they stood,
A band of patriots, brave and good,
Sighing for more congenial spheres,
To live through life's declining years.
The past remembered full of woe;
The future, God alone could know.
E'en death in a far western wild,
Where joyous Freedom laughed and smiled,
Would be a fate less hard to share,
Than foul Injustice's chains to wear.
Such were th' reflections of our sires;
Such when they lit their patriot fires.
But scarce the blushing morn began,
Or lark was up too meet the sun,
Before a bird of plumage gay,
Flapped its gray wings and flew away.
The joyous bird from sin set free,
Laughed as she bounded o'er the sea.
And, like a boy close kept at home,
Rejoices when he's free to roam.
Full many a prayer arose to save
The good ship from an ocean grave.
For millions on the eastern shore,
Await the ship's return once more.
Full long had Britain's noblest steel,
Bowed to the justice tyrant's deal.
So long oppressed, so long confined,
Now burst the chains which curb the mind.
No sighing after pleasures fled,
No yearning after joys long dead.
But for a land on earth's wide plain,
Where freemen worship without pain.
Day after day the ship sailed on,
Braving the storms, the wind and sun.
Tossed in the angry ocean's foam,
They journeyed toward their unknown home.
The music of the sea bird's note,
Cheers them as o'er the waves they float.
With eager eyes that chosen band,
Watch for some certain sign of land.
Not theirs the joy to hail at sea
Some friendly ship, nor theirs to be
In fear of some foul pirate's prow,
Where morn had never been 'till now.
The ocean demon dared not cross,
Their mainmast with his albatross.
Those hearts gave little heed to fears,
Where prayer has made its home for years.
And I should wrong them not to say:
Our Pilgrim Father loved to pray.
But to return: a cloud appeared
Just as the sun the morning cleared.
From out its folds it seemed to say:
"Courage, brave hearts! I bring to-day
Joy to your souls; a new delight,
For land is now within your sight.
Go, take that land! and live to be
Forever more unfettered, free."
The cloud passed on; they then descried,
A forest dense spread far and wide.
And as they neared the rock-bound coast,
Their's was the silent hopeful boast
Of a free land; their earthly home,
With freedom everywhere to roam.
With throbbing heart and careworn face
They sought an easy landing-place.
But one appeared—a stern old rock;

Uprose upon the wave washed shore,
Which white man scarce had trod before.
They neared the ship rejoiced to see
Such friend in their calamity.
Fourth from the crew a maiden fair
Came with elastic step and air.
Behind her leaving all the rest,
And with her dainty foot she pressed
The rock which evermore will be
Sung as the rock of Liberty.
She seemed a fabled goddess—risen
To guide the pilgrims home to heaven.
And, as she led the narrow way,
They followed up the steep to pray.
O what a covenant with God!
There in their wilderness abode.
With God's bright canopy above,
And hearts made tender with his love!
Inured to hardship, toil, and pain,
Long subject to oppression's reign,
They came not like the quarry slave,
To crouch and cover; but to brave
The ills of life, steadfast and sure;
And thus the goal of life secure.
O glorious band! no idle scheme
Or wild fanatic's midnight dream
Impelled thee from thy native home,
O'er a wild trackless sea to roam.
Blest Pilgrims! may thy children be
Forever more unfettered, free.
And may the star which led thee on,
The trackless ocean be the fir sun!
May the whole world untrid see,
How grateful children honor thee.

BUGS AND HUMBUGS.

BY OUR BUGOLOGIST.

Among the productions of nature
in the animal kingdom, the most
numerous, as well as the most abhor-
rant, are bugs and humbugs. The
former, though small and insignifi-
cant, seldom fail to attract; the lat-
ter, which are equally insignificant,
though gigantic in statue, when com-
pared with the former, never fail to
detract. In treating of these lowly
creatures of nature, (perhaps, more
properly speaking, one is of *art*), we
will give each a separate and just
consideration.

We commence with the less import-
ant and destructive, namely, bugs.
These we find widely and profusely
scattered over nature's broad do-
main; the soil beneath our feet, and
the portion of the trees over our
heads, are literally swarming with
them; the herbage of the fields, and
the foliage of the forest wither, when
subject to their violent attacks, and
they taunt us during the day and
night with their incessant humming
and biting. How exciting the scene
just at the approach of night, the
flash of lightning is seen in the west,
the thunders peal over our heads, and
the bugs humming about us, which
dart over and anon at our unprotected
heads! We cannot but exclaim,
oh, ye *Laetosterna fusca*, cursed be
your existence! Their period of ex-
istence, however, is short, and when
they are done, "the nation again
breathes freely."

Humbugs, on the other hand, are
far different creatures. These do not
present as many differences in their

forms, character, habits, &c.; as the
above, but are more uniform, and
usually soar on the same level, or
about the same height. Humbugs
are numerous; beware of them! We
encounter them in every walk of
life. They may be likened to wolves
dressed in sheep's clothing. They
strive to please, only that they may
more easily humbug you. To detect
the humbugs which are so profusely
scattered among us, we need only to
trace humbug productions to their
originators. We hear it exclaimed
that "the *Bubble* is a humbug." Let
us see. We first look to the object
for which our little paper is printed.
What is it? The diffusion of ideas,
morals, and a little pleasant fun. Is
this a humbug object? methinks I
hear it asked. *No!* Again: who
are these exclamationites? There is
A—, E—, and S—, who all say
"the *Bubble* is a humbug." What is
their standing in society, or any other
place? Humbug standing. What
are the inevitable productions of their
effeminate geniuses? Humbug pro-
ductions. "Like produces like," and
for this reason we antilate such ex-
pressions from these personages.
"Hence the triangle."

To conclude with, we will say a
word about the natural classification
of these animals. The first have
been found to belong to the great or-
der, (the word is to large to give), and
they serve as typical species of the
same. Of the second, much time in
study and toil has been spent in their
examination; the last reports that
we have received is, all has been to
no purpose. They have been com-
pared with the highest, down to the
lowest and most microscopic orders
of creation. No resemblance has as
yet been discovered, and the same is
still a subject of inquiry and study.

ADDRESS TO THE OWL.

Conspicuous and predominant
among the noctivigant feathered ver-
tebrata that perambulate cerulean
blue, careering though the ethereal
infinitude of circumambient atmos-
phere, expanding thine unbrageous
pubescent members in exuberant fe-
licity, while scintillate afar thy noc-
tilucous incandescent optical organs
in resplendent luminosity, thou main-
tainest a preponderating ascendancy
in the enlightened imaginations of
astronomy—investigating philoso-
phers, seriously interfering with
erudite lucubrations, oh, thou em-
blem and personification of unexpres-
sed and inexpressible wisdom!

Solemnly hast thine inarticulate
ejaculations reverberated with sonor-
ous replications in cavernous recesses
from extremity to extremity of some
enormous contiguity of overshadow-

ing vegetation, lacerating the auricular appendages of the presiding mythologic divinity of that somniferous period in which thou flourishest, and inconsiderately frightening and incommoding the occupants of each particular horizontal hen-roost in thy vicinity.

Peradventure thou descendest with precipitant velocity upon those bipedal organisms, situated in vainly fancied security, and impinging violently in a perpendicular direction upon the devoted cranium of some unfortunate individual, thou deprivest the corporosity of vitality through the instrumentality of thy sanguinary semi-prehensile posterior extremities, which perform repeated excruciating mutilations upon it, and then thou conveyest it away in triumphant ecstacy and self-gratulation.

Such appearest thou when Nature is opake. But when the enlightening principle emanating from the effulgent luminary that holds undisputed sovereignty over the diurnal interval has exterminated the nocturnal obscurity how art thou descended from the sublime to the ridiculous! Goggle-eyed, winking, blinking, awkward, uncouth, despicable, thou art nothing on earth but an owl!

GOING HOME.

Four months have passed away since the beginning of the College year, and we are now on the eve of our short summer recess. Most of our students are looking forward to the spending of a happy two-weeks at home. The hours have sped on swift wings since the opening of the present term. Plenty to do has prevented loneliness; we have not lived without sport either, and few students will leave this institution the coming vacation who cannot say that while here their time has been pleasantly as well as profitably spent. If any do go away feeling dissatisfied with what they have done or enjoyed, they are peculiarly unfortunate, or else they are not themselves entirely blameless.

Yes, we shall go home, and our dear friends will greet us with kind words and smiles of welcome, and we shall feel amply repaid for all our toil and trial over incorrigible algebra, blind geometry, or abstruse philosophy, when we know how deeply interested they are in our work, and how much pleased they are that we have gone on so successfully. How we will entertain our friends, telling them of our college life, stories which never grow old to them, of our walks, of our readings, of our various sports, and, not least,

though named last, of the *Bubble*, which they have nearly all seen before this; oh, will not the time pass gaily away!

Our fair cousins, of the neighboring college, are looking forward with the same pleasing anticipations that we are, and we may heartily sympathize with them. Many of them have been separated from their friends at home for a much longer period than we, and their eagerness to go is therefore greater than ours. We hope that every one of the young ladies will lay down their books with deep satisfaction, feeling that their College year has been well spent.

And now, fellow students, good-bye for a time. May you all enjoy to the very uttermost the hours you pass at home, and if you return to College once more, may it be with mind and body refreshed and invigorated, and with a purpose to persevere nobly in the glorious work of improvement.

May God bless and keep every one of you.

THE SLEEPER.

PARODY.

1.

O the bright and cheerful lamplight!
O the dear and precious lamplight!
Seeming brigher, brigher, brigher,
As the cov'ring of the twilight
Comes on darker, darker, darker:
And in rooms all o'er the College
Nought is heard from waking idler,
Buried now in drowsy slumber.
Scarcely from the dryest Logic
Does the learner's mind now wander.
With his book, and slate, and pencil,
Vainly toil'd he in the daylight:
Lought for truth or explanation,
Found no sense or use in the'rem,
In the dark and blind Legendre,
In the racket during sunshine;
Only eve and early morning
Show him clearly all the beauty.

2.

O the loser and the idler!
O the folly of the sleeper!
O the lessons of the idler!
O the thing for next November!
O the muddled brain of dreamer!
All the night seems long and dreary,
Horrid are the spectres 'round them,
Horrid are the thoughts that harm them;
While the very teeth do chatter,
Telling plainly dreams distress them.

3.

"Help!" they cry, the wonted sleepers,
"Help," we feel the teeth of *Cimex*;
Hear the hum of savage *Culex*;
Feel the tread of *Lachnosterna*,
If there's one there must be fifty;
See a fire-light just above us,
Glaring wildly in our window.
Can it be the gods do child us
For this dreamy, drowsy idling,
For this wasting precious time from
Morning, and from evening twilight?
Give us, Morpheus, give us slumber,
'Till the bells are three in number;
Drive these horrid thoughts from out-us,
Banish all the shapes about us;
All we ask is sleep and slumber.
All we ask is peace and slumber,
Care we not to learn or labor,
Not for man or needy neighbor.
All our mind is pent up with us;
'Live to-day and die to-morrow—
Useless cares we never borrow.

THE LECTURE.—The lecture delivered by Rev. John Patchin, of Owosso, on Friday eve of June 5th, was well attended, not only by the students, but by the Faculty and the people of the surrounding country.

Mr. Patchin speaks as one experienced in the field, and his lecture was listened to with the greatest attention. All seemed to be well pleased, and they returned to their rooms and homes with the impression that public lectures are not always humbugs.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. T. D." Lansing.—We should suppose that twenty children would be a fair sized family.

"Miss L." Okemos, wishes to know what we should desire in a wife. Well, h'm, we hardly know, or like to tell. However, were we young again, and a damsel of sixteen or twenty, or even older, smart, and fair to look upon, and worth \$40,000, were to propose we should be tempted—to consider the matter.

"X.," who writes a beautiful lady-like hand, wants to know whether or not all the young PEN YANKERS are engaged. Oh, X! what are your designs? Why did you not ask about uncle HEZ too?

The young lady in Saginaw who wishes to correspond with the *Bubble* is cordially invited to write. If found suitable her articles will be published.

"Wretched" says:

Rich or poor, small or great to me is the same,
I want not the wealth of nations;
I do not want glory, I do not want fame,
But I do want my regular rations.

THE HON. J. E. TENNEY, of Lansing, read a lecture upon Geological History before the Agricultural College Lyceum, on Friday evening, June 19th. It was a very superior production, was well delivered, and being upon a subject of such vast interest as the formation of the world, it could not fail to command the most earnest attention of the audience. Mr. Tenney very decidedly is not a believer in the Darwinian Development Hypothesis, as he took occasion to impress upon his hearers in the course of his remarks. Many very fine reflective passages, coming naturally from his subject, were scattered throughout his lecture, which closed with a beautiful and feeling tribute to woman. The lecture was well attended, and everything passed off in the pleasantest manner.

ELECTION.—The election of officers for the Agr'l College Lyceum, which took place at the regular meeting, June 5th, resulted as follows:

President—Charles E. Bessey.
Vice President—Henry G. Reynolds.

Secretary—Ros. Lillie.
Treasurer—Frank A. Sessions.
Janitor—Benj. E. Benedict.