himself, possessed an artistic temperament far beyond the ordinary, and was never so happy as with his palette and brush.

To Dr. Wilcox, that was what he had been trying to instill into the minds of those who studied under him. He could almost feel the souls of the originals, of whom the marbles were man's interpretation. It is more difficult for me to analyze the feelings of Dr. Sayre, the founder of the school of pharmacy. That he was proud to have heard such a paper from a member of his chosen profession, is certain, but further than that I am at a loss to state.

My acquaintance with Canfield is also of so slight and passing a nature, that it is difficult for me to speak for him.

After a discussion of the paper, which was not too prolonged as the oysters came later, the members of the club went down town for refreshments. In the last poem in the book, reference is made to Johnson's restaurant, but this was in the earlier days of the club, so the members probably went to the Eldridge, whose service in the dining room in those days, far outclassed the other appointments of the hotel.

This paper, whatever it is, came as a result of a peculiar quest. I was trying to find if education today offered any easier manner of learning the character and background of men than the hard way in which I learned when I came to Lawrence, not knowing a solitary person in the city, or country, aside from the members of my own family.

My love of history had caused me to read about the world and the various nations of past and present, but I knew nothing of the rich history of Lawrence, nor of the valliant part it had played in making Kansas a free state. My associate, Mr. Brady, born and