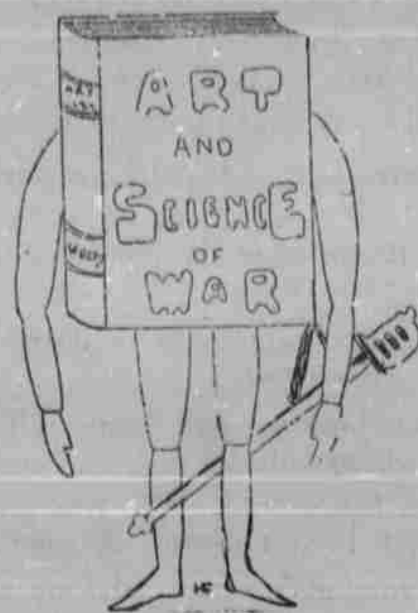


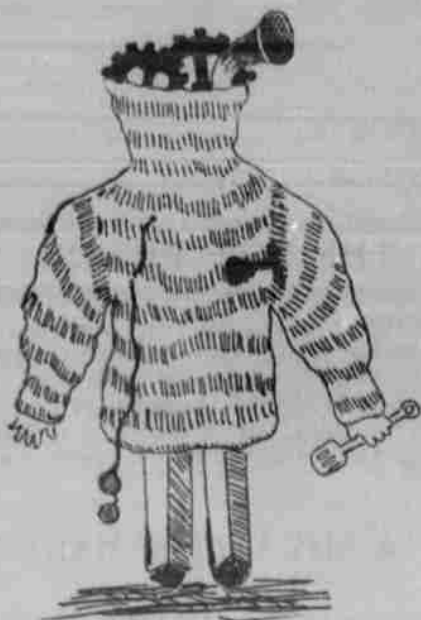
# Our Valentine Box.



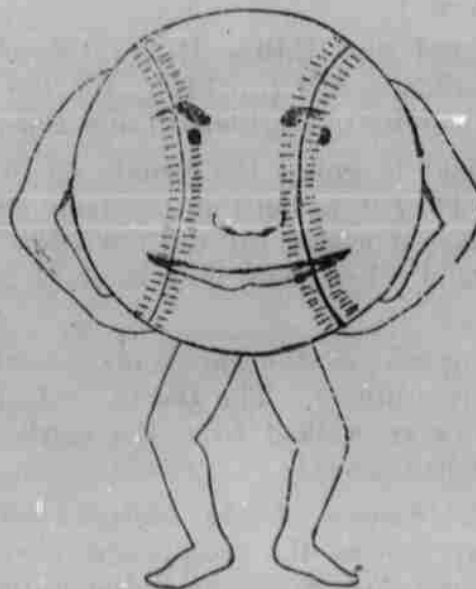
This is the man with the standing broad grin,  
The way he smiles is a terror to sin,  
But when he laughs the whole world could drop in.



This is Otis, the pretty boy,  
To whom a cannon is but a toy,  
He's the pet of the girls, his mama's joy



This represents the little "Dean,"  
Who in his sweater is always seen  
Running his perpetual talking machine.



This is for Barnes, the pitcher so rare,  
Who always is parting his pretty, dark hair;  
But when he plays ball he always gets there.



This is "Doc," the man whose brain  
Is ever bearing a terrible strain.  
He works too hard—that is plain.



This is for Tucker, the sporty guy,  
Who drinks port wine upon the sly,  
And hopes to be an actor by and by.