

"Do the 'pas a ma la,' shake yo' feet, have a good, O my, O me," he shouted, dancing as hard as he could, while the hero clapped his hands and stamped his foot.

"Hail! Hail! the gang 's all here," he sang.

"Why, where did you learn that?" asked our hero, who had now regained his former composure.

"Do you know that song?" asked the old man.

"We sing it every morning at lecture. Where did you hear it?"

"Why the boys used to sing it, when I first began to teach here. Do they still sing it? Do tell! Things don't change in this world."

"Did you ever teach here?"

"Sure, Mike. I am the best teacher this college ever had."

"I don't remember ever seeing you before. Let me see, there's Mehaffey, McLaughlin, Porter, Taylor, Cooper, Higby, and——"

"Well, they're demonstrators, they don't count," interrupted the old man.

"Who are you?"

"Why, gee whiz, nian! Don't you know me? I'm James Taylor, the founder of this school. At your service, Sir." And with a bow and scrape, he introduced himself. Then he resumed: "Seen anything of Dr. Watt?"

"Dr. Watt!" exclaimed the hero, his hair again standing up.

"Have n't seen Dr. Keely, have you?"

"Dr. Keely!"

"That's who I said. Drs. Watt and Keely."

"N-n-no, sir!"

"Well, let's look them up."

They walked along the lower hall until they came to the tablets erected to mark the memory of those deceased.

Dr. Taylor's tablet, had been removed, and stood against the wall, and Watt's likewise. Keely's was still in its correct position.

"Now, I wonder where Dr. Watt is. See here, kid, he's gone."

"Maybe, he's down at Chris'."

"Where?"

"In the café, below."

"Is that place still there? Come on kid, have one on me."

"No thanks. I can't drink champagne."

"Well, I do 'n't think he's down there anyhow. He's somewhere around the building," said Taylor.

"Then, where's Keely?"

"Keely has n't come out yet."

"Are they behind those things?"

"Sure, Mike. Garfield's in his monument, Napoleon's in his, Cæsar's in his; why shouldn't we be in ours?"

"Who's Cæsar?"

"He was a dentist."

"Did he teach here?"

"That dub! Why, he did n't have sense enough to pony on examinations. He flunked. I should say he did n't teach here. Let's help Keely out. He never can get out alone."

Then he stood squarely in front of Keely's slab, and uttered these magic words: "Apical foramen, gingivitis, mesiodistal-occlusal, nervolymphobillosanguineous, sputum, spit, expectorate."