

A Texas town lies before me. Upon the main street I see a sign: "J. Dellis Thompson, Dentist." Familiar, you say! Yes, and no! For, as I approach, I behold the entire front of the building covered in the characteristic advertising manner, but, around and over all, I see a perfect meshwork of "Gibson Heads," "Christy Girls," "Psi Omega Marches," etc. Not being in a mood for retrospection, I pass on.

The scene shifts to a little country schoolhouse. Tow-headed urchins fill the seats. Silence reigns in that little room! Even the teacher is silent! Something in that stately poise, that dignified manner, suggests Miss Stock. I look closer. Yes, it is she! But, wait! While I watch her she rises, faces the school, and, in a voice and with a manner suggestive of 1907 class meetings, addresses those poor, innocent scholars! Addresses them, I say! But with such a volume of dignified language, such a storm of veiled sarcasm, such a spasm of vituperative wrath, as brings tears of remembrance to my eyes! It can and does remind me of only one event—a certain class meeting! Her wrath is awful to behold; her every action suggests unbridled passion! But, in the midst of that awful tirade, the door opens and in steps—yes, it certainly is the Duke! And what a transformation in the teacher! The awful words die upon her lips—her whole being seems transposed! With a cry of joy, and in the characteristic manner which I had often seen at college, Clara runs to meet him, and welcomes her long-lost Duke! I will not attempt to describe this meeting. Words fail me! I leave you to infer the rest of this beautiful picture!

My eager eyes fall upon the office of the *Senegambian Gazette*. Seated upon a high soap box, wearing that look of supreme importance and satisfied self-content which we all knew so well, I see Kraatz, the former editor-in-chief of *The Alethian*. Around him, occupying positions of lesser

prominence, are grouped Greenburg, Thomas, Siegfried and Krucker. Greenburg clutches in his childish fist a bunch of unreceipted bills, while the other three are only too glad to be alive! The poor staff! My heart yearns for them. But why this unwelcome picture? Simply a tale of offended Seniors, unappreciative under-classmen, unrelenting advertisers and unreasonable Government authorities, all resulting in the removal of *The Alethian* offices to far-off Africa, there to publish the yellow sheet in peace and quiet.

I see the streets of a large city. A political procession is passing. Here and there I notice banners and illuminated signs bearing such inscriptions: "Down With the Gang!" "Out With the Grafters!" This seems interesting. But another and larger banner approaches. I read: "The Cause of Good Citizenship Must Triumph! Greenburg, Thomas and Wright Must Be Deposed!" That is enough. My poor overburdened brain is filled with recollections. To think that our dearly beloved and highly praised invitation committee should have chosen such a future! But the ways of man are devious; and, as our paths in college, so are our walks in after life.

A country fair is in progress. Something about a large, gaudy tent attracts my attention. As I look a figure emerges from it, and, in a strangely familiar voice, I hear Dave Edwards sing:

"Come on, boys! Bring your girls and cousins,

For here you get tintypes twenty-five cents a dozen!"

From the innermost recesses of the tent I hear the well-known voice of "Kid" Kelley yell: "Say, Dave, take it easy! We've made enough to-day!" As for the remaining member of our faithful picture committee, I am told that Crawford has retired on a competence to Norwood, there to live in peace and happiness with his beloved Cora.