

A Salvation Army barracks stands revealed before me. A meeting is in progress. A famous spell binder is addressing the assembled multitude. On account of the vast size of the auditorium his figure is rather indistinct! But that voice! I could recognize it anywhere! And those words! Those beauty-laden metaphors, those soul-stirring appeals, those irresistible phrases, those awful climaxes—surely they could emanate from but one person! And so they do! For that speaker is Willard Gott, our most exalted class orator. I always felt him to be destined for higher and better things than dentistry, but never expected to see him in this particular line of activity.

Poor Sieg! My heart yearns for him—and he certainly deserves a better fate! To think that he, of all the class, should have such a future! For I see the engine room of the O. C. D. S. The glare of the furnaces illuminates it, and in that glare I perceive our able testator—our own Jack—shoveling coal. While I watch him a bell suddenly rings, and, with weary, despondent steps, he hastens to answer the summons of Miss Warnick. His tale certainly is a sad one. Jilted by the one he loved, shunned by all his friends of brighter days, despondent, and out of funds, yet loath to leave the scene of his former triumphs, he secures the position of janitor of the old college. And in this he is very successful, for, with the enormous salary which he receives, together with the annual Freshman Thanksgiving turkey, he lives a life of comparative ease,

“A flower born to bush unseen,

And waste its sweetness in the desert air.”

The future of our Historian is much brighter. For, encouraged by the success of his “Class History,” Wood forsakes dentistry and launches into the field of journalism. He is now a popular author, his average annual output of historical novels being something over twenty-three.

As for the rest of the class, the least said the better! They are all eking out a monotonous existence in their chosen profession. They all have comfortable practices, cozy homes, numerous children. Some of them even retain fond recollections of the good old days of 1907, when we, as the Senior Class, were alike the idols and ideals of Doctor Way, the joy of Miss Warnick, the favorites of the dean, and, above all, the friends of one another!

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The vision has passed from me. Familiar scenes, familiar faces, familiar voices, remind me that my trance is ended. My mind is again rational. What I said while in my recent condition is forgotten, and I am as one of you again. But, be that as it may, rest assured that whatever I said or saw is as certain as fate! I stake my reputation on that!

You do not believe me? Well, then, let the future decide! Time alone can corroborate the accuracy of my visions!

But, notwithstanding my firm belief and implicit confidence in the accuracy of my visions, I hope, against hope, though 'it may be, that “the brightest days of our past may be the darkest of our future!”

P. A. KRUCKER, '07.