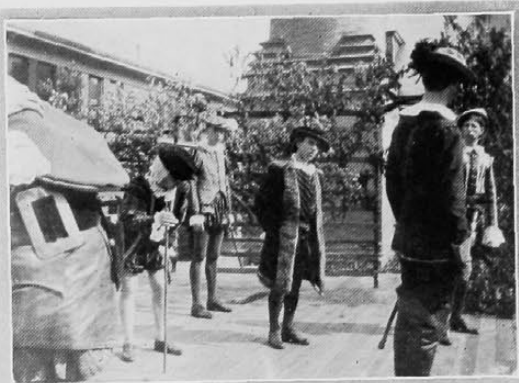


"Say," Felix cuts us short again, "do you still have dramatics up here? I remember the rare productions we used to put on. I have to laugh when I think of the costumes we got down at Beck's. They sure were a riot."



"We know all about that," we hasten to advise him. "We still get the same rags. But the Mummers stage some good shows. You ought to've seen the performance of L'Aiglon this fall."

"We used to write our own plays. Professor Brown had an advanced literary class that met out on these very Hanna steps whenever the weather allowed. Marghareta Tuttle was in that class. I can just picture her."



"We never have anything like that now. A group with such artistic motives meeting on the steps now? It might be artistic, but it's bull. Still, there is an art in being able to say catty things sweetly." (We have to laugh at ourselves. Ha! Ha!)