

but he wore such a complete grin that it was impossible to see his eyes or to discern who he was. After a few minutes, however, his grin diminished somewhat, and immediately I saw that it was my old classmate, Mishoe

The twenty years that had passed had made him somewhat gray with age and hoary with antiquity and respectability, but still it was an easy matter to see that he was indeed the Mishoe that we knew as a member of the class of '22. He still persisted in using that possum like grin that obscured his face so that you could not recognize him.

I went over and spoke to him, and he informed me that he was an M. D., and had been rolling pills for several years. He said that out of sixty cases of flu he had saved sixty-one lives; he had even saved the life of an old man that didn't have the flu. He said also that he was a neighbor to our old friend, "Cocanut" McCoy, who had become a famous scientific farmer. Mishoe also informed me that McLeod had made a good record in the baseball world, being now the manager and pitcher of the famous "Oswego Sluggers."

It was cocanut who had taught the country how to grow cotton without fertilizers. He owned and operated the McCoy hide farm, and became rich from selling cat hides; he said that he kept a supply of cats, and a supply of rats; and fed the cats on the rats; and the rats on the carcas of the cats after he had skinned them; that in that way the cat farm was self supporting, no expense, and that they both multiplying so fast tha some citizens had expressed fear that the country would soon be literally overrun with cats and rats.

The reunion was a glorious occasion. I can never express the joy and gladness that came to us all as we intermingled, and as our hearts and minds looked back into the past to our boyhood days. Amid the joy there was a peculiar sadness about it all. Those days of our boyhood had gone from us forever; we were sitting on the western porch of life, and the gray hairs in our heads signified that the sun would soon be setting. It was then that we realized most, just how happy our boyhood days had been, and though we were all cheerful and happy there was in every mans heart and mind, the realization that soon we must pass on to that great beyond—To that mystreious "somewhere," to "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler has ever returned."

At this point of my vision, it seemed to me that I arose up abruptly and went out on the porch; it was raining, and I seemed to be standing under a gutter pipe; the water seemed to pour down upon me, and for some reason I was unable to move. The water trickled down my collar all the way to my toes, and I shivered because it seemed that I was wet to the skin. I heard suddenly these words "wake up you rascal;" looking up and rubbing my eyes I was able to make out the figure of Maj. Bill Watson who stood over me with his water pitcher, letting the water gently drop therefrom upon my head and it was then that I discoveerd this joyous occasion was all a dream. Maj. Bill had used his favorite method of bringing a man back from the land of nod during study period.

Although I was about soaked with water, and knew that I would soon have to go to the trouble of jumping into dry clothes, which caused me some chagrin, and discomfort; yet I was glad to have paid the price, because I had been taken by the Gods of Fate into their secret shrine, and there had had unfolded to me the revelation which I had so long hoped for.

Let not our idle dreams fright our souls,

—Leonard F. Arant, Class Prophet '22.

