

Republican House, later re-named Rough House, where, having located a parlor, they proceeded to bang the piano and make a joyful noise unto the landlord, until informed by a special emissary that "Dis is de ladies' parlör, and youse guys'll have to get out," whereat the parrot in the corner laughed in most hideous and unseemly merriment.

At last supper was announced, and after a sumptuous repast, under the guidance of "Mac" the warriors descended upon the Pabst Brewery. The primary purpose,—the inspection—being accomplished, the youthful Alexanders looked about for more worlds, but unlike Alexander, Carbell and Terry suffered defeat in a series of futile assaults on a "beer time" sign tacked upon the wall. At this stage the watchman took charge of the party for a tour of the plant. Carbell, in his journeyings annexed a "beer stein," but his conscience and an aversion to the exertion attendant upon its secret transportation, caused him to transfer the mug to Terry, who, actuated by similar motives, transferred the article to White. White, having little or no conscience, still has the stein.

The "consumption test" proved a record breaker as to "product absorbed," but the reader must use his cultivated imagination as to totals, for the statistician became slightly twisted and mixed his data. A line may be given though, by the remark of Prof. F.: "Mr. Porter, I don't see how you drink so much beer. I can only drink thirteen glasses." Whereupon Mr. P. responded, "Unlucky number, Professor. Have another with me."

When all was at peace with the world, that glorious and will-stirring chorus, "Beer, beer, glorious beer, etc.," was struck up. Harmonizing as it did with the surroundings, it did not die out until it had been repeated exactly ninety-nine times. Words can but feebly express the spirit and melody of that song as

