

box. Finally he went out an' Conversed wit' de goil. She wus too Young for me, dough.

After de concert, some of de guys wanted to go to de Mick ball, but dey didn't have no goils, so finally dey decided to Stag it. Some of de Saner ones went to see de Parkes. De rest started to Hooper up an' get Furry, so dey went to Dante's Inferno, which looked more like Paradise to 'em den. Dey ran into an old chap who had met a cheap bunch on his way to town, an' he t'ought dis wus de bunch. One of de guys started to buy a drink, an' found dat he didn't have enough money, so de old guy says, "Dis Speers to me dat I met you on de fust Hill out of town, or maybe it wus a Hiller two farder on de Vey." After dat dey started back to de hotel raising de dickens. De town Marshall came down on 'em, an' some of 'em stood still, but Moran. Dey all got back to de hotel safe, dough. Purty soon in comes a guy wit' a nose dat wus a Beamer. He started to yarn about his goil, an' when we jollied him, he says, "Ash all right—Hicks,—she's my Scharmer." If de Deans could a' seen him den, dey would a' been in Doubt whether to lock him in a telephone Booth, or hang him on a Brackett to dry, 'cause he wus pretty well soaked.

De way back wus uninterestin', but some of de guys felt like stickin' deir heads in a Pool.

