

“The Call of the Wild.”

It was Junior Week of the Class of '25, and at the Institute many of the Alumni had gathered to witness the fun and frolic. Around a table in a private room in the Audubon were gathered a few of the old Class of 190—. Among this little number was Wayne, the servant of the public good at college, rather worn to be sure, but what can you expect when one is Secretary of the Commercial Association of a city of 100,000, an active political worker and interested in promoting several visionary projects? Then, there was Buchurch, now manager of the great actor, Mr. Rudolph Manlot, famous for his wonderful electrical scenic effects; Krane, President of the great Worthington Electric Industries, whose picture appears regularly in the publications of Europe and America under the caption of “America’s Greatest Self-Made Men,” and Jammer smoking the proverbial big, black cigar such as he consumes when putting through one of his big equipment contracts. As in the days of old, Wayne seemed to be carrying the conversation.

“Gentlemen, do you realize that around this table are gathered the principal members of the Staff of the old ‘Prop?’ Only Tenth is missing. I did my best to get word to him, but the latest address I had was nearly ten years old, and that was Gotebo, Oklahoma. I wrote him there, but as I have received no answer I presume that he never received my letter. As you know, he didn’t graduate, but left before his Junior year. However, as most of the Staff are here, I propose a toast to the ‘Prop’ and to the old Class of 190—.”

As the four rose to their feet to drink the toast, the door of the room opened and a ruddy face was thrust half way into the room. The eyes of all were turned to survey the intruder, who instantly broke the silence with “Drink to the old Class, fellows, and let’s be merry together.” At this Krane, who was nearest to the door, dropped his glass to the table and, opening the door with his left hand, grasped the stranger with his right, pulling him rather forcibly into the room. As the figure came into full view, there were various exclamations uttered. “Well, Jim, you old reprobate!” came from Wayne. “We’ve just been talking about you.” “A case of speaking of the devil and he appears, I suppose,” ejaculated the unexpected Tenth. Then, as they crowded around to shake hands, there was a rapid-fire string of questions—the men of fifty were still the boys of 190—. “How’s the elusive B. S.?” “Where in the world have you been keeping yourself?” “Are you a farmer or just a millionaire?” And so on, until Tenth raised his hands to stop the turmoil. “Gentlemen,” he began, “I cannot talk till I get this dreadful city dust out of my throat, so I insist that you drink the toast proposed.” After the ceremonies were over and the waiter had retired, there were further demands for Tenth’s history.

“Well,” he began, “I may as well begin at the beginning, though you all know most of that. When I left college to go on that survey, I guess you