

*In Topsyturvytown.*

At the edge of an impenetrable fog, my guide and I halted. "Now," he said, "we have reached the borders of Topsyturvytown which you have expressed a desire to see. Do exactly as I do and you will find yourself right side up in Turvyturvytown."

Bidding me observe closely, he stepped back a couple of paces and, with a quick little run, turned what would have been an airspring but for the fact that he disappeared in the fog when he got half way over. For a moment I hesitated, but remembering my duty to the "Cycle," I gathered courage and followed suit. My muscles were tensed to meet the shock of landing but, strangely enough, I felt no jar and my muscles were quite relaxed when I found myself standing beside him with the wall of fog behind us, and a most remarkable city before us. As my eyes became accustomed to the artificial daylight, which I recognized as a product of the Illuminating Engineering students, I began to discern wonderful structures that somehow looked strangely familiar. Straight ahead, down an avenue which had been lined with trees by forestry students, loomed the 1373 foot tower of the cathedral design with which Bischoff had won the architecture prize. Off to the right was a huge palace-like structure which I recognized as Porter's Warehouse problem. It would have seemed out of place in a regular city, but here in Topsyturvytown, it looked quite in accord with its surroundings. Off to the left a large field contained numerous octopus-shaped flying machines. They had been built by the aviation class in direct defiance of the laws of gravitation; but they flew, and the reason they were so successful, as Hahn explained to me a little later, was that their bold defiance had simply bluffed Gravity off the map.

In answer to the amazement that he read in my face, my guide started to explain:

"We are now in Topsyturvytown. In contrast to the way things are in the outerworld, everything here worth while is done by college students. You will find that Armour is not as well represented here as other schools because you folks at Armour are generally too practical for such a place as this. However you will not be lonesome during your stay here. Would you be so kind as to follow me?"

A tone of deference came into his voice as he spoke. I began to feel quite at home and as if I was "some punkins" myself in Topsyturvytown. Boldly I walked up the main street; college presidents and city officials went out of their way to see a college student and to offer him high-salaried positions of public trust. I waved them contemptuously aside, for was I not in Topsyturvytown, where the whole world lay at the feet of a college student? Meeting the mayor of Chicago on the street, I peremptorily bade him show me to the highest authority in the city. He obeyed with alacrity, and led me to the President of the Freshman Class. Here indeed, was an exalted personage! He greeted me with dignity and inquired solicitously after my health. He then ordered a group of corporation heads and U. S. senators to prepare and serve refreshments, which they did with a speed that was remarkable in such corpulent persons.

"How different things are now run from what they used to be," I remarked, thinking of the far off days of grinding and cramming.

"Yes," replied the Frosh President pompously, "the only studying here is done by professors and what we used to call men of affairs, like Crane, Wilson, and Bryan. We teach 'em to respect college students and then make first-class waiters and hod-carriers out of 'em. And the funniest thing I've seen here was a fat old bank president who had to carry his hod up the ladder with his back to the rungs because he had such a large "alderman" he could not reach the ladder when he faced it."

Here the President of the Freshmen burst into an uproarious laugh such as no college student outside of Topsyturvytown was ever permitted to enjoy.