

SCENE—THE SHADES: TIME—1915

Personal—Cicero and Cataline.

Cicero: "Say Cat this Armour Institute is a pretty new thing."

Cataline: Right you are, Kick.

Cic: And they have gone so far as to throw out those four good old orations that gave you and me our rep.

Cat: Right again Kick.

Cic: You remember how I first delivered them, how the people melted and froze at my will; how in a voice of thunder, I proclaimed, O tempora! O Mares! senatus haec intelligit, counsul videt.

Cat: Hastily—Oh yes, I remember it, as a speaker you were ex conspectu, only you never seemed to know it, (aside) I don't think.

Cic: Well Cat, old boy we've got to get up something new. Now you become a Chicago alderman, and I will—lets see—well, I will drop into the skin of a righteous Chicago politician.

Cat: What?

Cic: Well I know it will be hard to find him but why discourage a fellow at the start? Cat, as an inspiration you were always non compis mentis.

Cat: Well what next old man? CLAUDE your face and go on.

Cicero: Well I'll get up some new orations on the lines of the old. How soundeth this—Oh temperance; Oh Morality! "Harrison haec intellexit, Swietzer videt."

Cat: They do? Well they can see more than I can.

Cic: Well I did slip a little there, I admit. I guess I'll get down off my perch, and we'll go and tell Cez, that he better get out some new Commentaries.

(*Exeunt, arm in arm*)



"MATH. PROF. DIRECTING CLASS"