

We did not stop until the harbor was in sight. Seated near the water's edge was a familiar figure. It was Beatrice Skelton staring across the silvery expanse of water.

"Your friend," explained my companion, "has won worldwide fame as a detective novelist. Her character, Padlokt Baves, has marked a new epoch in the history of American literature."

In a few seconds we were in that great metropolis of the west, Chicago. Near one of the large school buildings we heard the sound of children singing. We entered and saw Irene Cockriel engaged as a music supervisor. (She was extracting some very musical sounds from the throats of these young Chicagoans.)

We then meandered toward the university. As we entered a large classroom a melee of sounds smote upon our ears. These sounds reminded me distinctly of the Fiji Islanders and yet were vaguely reminiscent of P. H. S. Then my eyes wandered to the teacher, Janice Jopling, Saphristi! This was a French class!

From Chicago, to the hurry and bustle of the Hoosier capital, was a matter of a few steps. For some inexplicable reason, my friend of the hoofs, steered me to the capitol building. In the Governor's chair sat Raymond Dill. Before him a newspaper lay open upon the table. In the headlines I read these words, "Miss Mildred Panchaud announces her candidacy for governor of the state of Indiana on the Republican ticket."

Then Governor Dill allowed only one exclamation to escape him: "O, you women!"

From Indianapolis we betook ourselves to Bloomington. Indiana's world-renowned seat of learning was considerably enlarged now that Ruskin Swan had designed to become its president. His conversation then as ever, abounded in wisdom and long words. From him I learned that Mae Lamb was putting new life into that dead language, Latin. Mildred Davis was instilling history into the craniums of young Hoosiers.

On to Evansville. My guide steered me to the magnificent court house to witness a trial which was creating much interest. The trial was ready to begin. The chief judge rose majestically, lifted a gavel and struck the desk a mighty blow. "Let there be order," and there was order. 'Twas Dorothy Wolfe who spake. "Produce the offender."

From the door issued forth John Hillyard wincing under the mighty grasp of his police woman, Bertha Stormont. "The prosecution will prefer the charges," ordered the judge. A sepulchral voice disturbed the tense silence of the room. That voice was Rosa Morton's. "Your honor the accused is charged with inhuman cruelty to his tractor while under the intoxicating influence of Postum."

The jury's decision was "not guilty." I rushed forward to congratulate my friend when I found myself wandering just outside a small town in eastern Ohio. At that moment the beatific blare of a brass band made itself heard. Ha! a circus was in the near vicinity. Their colossal tents stretched over an acre of ground showed me that it was evidently a very large one. In one I beheld Walter Williams arrayed in the dress of a lion tamer, glaring in emerald-eyed fury at a group of hungry looking lions. This evidently had the desired effect for they were capering about in all sorts of graceful antics.

The sun was setting when we arrived before a magnificent structure in the vicinity of New York. "That is the school of Katherine Ashmead. Here the finishing touches are applied to the education of America's most aristocratic young ladies. (Vassar is only a thing of mourning, now)". It was evening and the torch was burning on the statue of Liberty as we entered New York.

"To Broadway," directed Fra Diavalo. "Here, my friend, we will hear the chic French singer, Mlle Fefi La Duc."

The show was in progress when we entered. The stage setting and costumes, gorgeous as they were, could not divert my attention from the young commedienne, bowing before the tremendous applause of the audience. Those auburn locks and dimples could belong only to Mary Vivian Ziliak.

"Before leaving this continent we will visit Mexico," His Majesty remarked casually. Our first view of that country was what appeared to be a mining camp. A portly American was ordering a scouting company of natives about in a most authoritative manner. This fellow countryman proved to be Carl Shafer. His actions were such as to astonish even my august companion himself. In one hand Carl held an X-Ray, in the other an enormous magnet. I beheld with wondering gaze a chunk of copper slowly detach itself from Mother Earth and ascend skyward under the influence of his magnet. In reply to my questions, Carl replied: "I have completely revolutionized the mining industry. This magnet will attract any ore in the earth, furthermore its power is absolutely unlimited. Only yesterday I received complaint that I had extracted the gold tooth of China's president."

On the shores of the Gulf of Mexico we beheld numerous women of ancient appearance, weeping and wailing in a most piteous manner. "Why all this gnashing of teeth," I asked my companion. Instead of answering he merely pointed to a large battleship fast disappearing in the distance. In a second we were walking its main deck. Fred Kerr dressed as an admiral was conversing with an old man in chains. I accosted him and asked who this aged man was. "He is Francisco Villa, redoubted bandit, whom I have captured," was the response.

As I was preparing to take leave of my friend, he touched my arm and pointed to a tall building resembling a light house. "That is Grace Watson's observatory situated on the Florida coast. She watches the happenings of the spirit world and writes books about them."

From Jacksonville, Fla., we took an aeroplane for London. The city rapidly receded in the distance as we skimmed over the blue Atlantic. My hair rose up of its own accord when I looked at the speedometer.

"Fear not, for Elizabeth Milburn is the pilot," my friend assured me. Frankly, her ambitions were always high.

"Halt, you are arrested for speeding," came a voice from somewhere out of the air. Soon the face of Beatrice Bruce, now of the aerial police force was peering in at Elizabeth. However, a glance at her class ring speedily righted matters and we landed safely in London.

My amiable guide steered me to a superb beauty parlor in the business district. Inside I spied M. Weist demurely engaged in beautifying the Prince of Wales' digits. Farther on the sound of a violin arrested my attention. We entered the large music hall to hear Shirley Ryan and her accompanist, Bertha Morgan. They had attained world wide fame as concert performers.

The next instant we were admiring a palatial residence on the outskirts of Paris. My guide informed me that it was the home of Harold Laib, United States Minister to France.

I soon found myself seated in the Paris opera house. The curtain was rising on the last act of a famous opera. I heard a magnificent soprano voice singing the opening solo. The singer was Margaret Noble, now a prima donna. But my surprise did not end here, for the renowned baritone designated on the program as Monsieur Mauritziaux, was none other than my old friend, Maurice Wilkinson. Horrors! The colossal vibrations of his wonderful voice had disturbed the repose of a flower stand directly above his head. It descended with a crash. Margaret uttered an entirely audible scream, and then the curtain fell.