

From the French capital to the casino of Monte Carlo was but a step. The attention of all was centered on a wealthy American widow, Mrs. Beaucoup Expense. I noticed that she had thoughtfully provided her diamonds with dimmers. That lady was formerly Helen Carithers, my guide informed me. I was rushing forward to take advantage of our school day acquaintance, when I found myself face to face with an usher of the Russian Imperial Ballet.

This country has become somewhat less bombastic than formerly, His Majesty explained. When we directed our attention to the stage a solo dance was in progress. I recognize the consummate grace of Mary Eleanor Ewing, now premiere-danseuse of the Russian ballet. My attention wandered to the orchestra director. This flying haired wielder of the baton was Luther Mayhugh.

But another scene was before my eyes. A fairy-like creature tripped across the stage, in exquisite abandon. Their leader was Mary Mauck. I understand that she was teaching English to young Russians in spare moments.

We left Russia to journey southward to the land of the Caesars. In Rome we entered an establishment over which hung a large sign, "Double F. Detective Agency." Within, Mabel Daugherty and Helen Davison were holding a consultation. Helen informed me, with a voice husky with excitement, that some ardent tourist had stolen the late St. Peter's little toe.

We proceeded to the business section of the city. In front of a large fruit store, Floyd Yochum's voice was calling, "Sella th' banan, five cents th' nickle's worth, vara fine."

"We will now visit Mars," my companion coolly remarked. We stopped only long enough to take a refreshing draught from the milky way, before proceeding onward. When we arrived we took a canal steamer for the principal city. Just outside the city I encountered Herbert Graetz and Paul Brumfield. Herbert greeted me effusively, but Paul was too immersed in thought even to look up. I asked Herbert how he managed to get into this particular position.

"It is a long story of which I am the principal character," he replied. "I am now the world's greatest inventor. I have invented an aeroplane which has brought me and my army here. My army," pointing to a group of much bewhiskered individuals, "is composed of those gentle citizens, the Bolsheviki, who having conquered the world, have turned their attention to Mars. Our water supply is very scant, but that does not affect my good soldiers, who use water for drinking purposes only. Our friend, Paul, is the world's greatest mechanical engineer, and is now perfecting a plan for piping water here from Patoka river. But let me introduce you to our generalissimo."

I needed no introduction, for the portly figure of Charles Ballard was easily recognized. He was teaching his army the latest steps. I asked him how he had his present position. "O, they just brought me along for ballast, but now I'm the Chief Mogul."

Coming back to earth we were hovering over Evansville and His Majesty was preparing to take leave of me when I suddenly remembered that in all my divers wanderings I had not beheld the beatific countenance of Homer Kister. His Majesty heaved a heart-rending sigh, which caused a small earthquake in the city beneath us. "Alas, I had wished to spare you the fate of that unhappy mortal. He hath got religion!"

Down in Evansville the earthquake had caused no little disturbance. I noticed one skyscraper tilted at an angle worthy of the Tower of Pisa. Inside a long tabernacle everything was in disorder. Men were on their knees wailing most dismally. Great shades of Bill Sunday! Homer was prancing up and down the platform with eyes ablaze, flying hair and mustache askew, shouting, "Howl, you tea-topers and ice cream sots, the judgment is at hand."

In his excitement His Majesty had extracted a handful of hair from his head.

"Preserve these in wood alcohol, in remembrance of me," he requested. He was gone, and I was awake.

Autobiography

(Apologies to Addison and Steele)

I was born to a dilapidated estate which, according to the tradition of the burg where it lies, was bounded by the same atmosphere at the time Napoleon crossed the Delaware in 1492, as it is at present, and has been delivered down from Caesar to Napoleon, to Washington, to Pershing without loss or acquisition of a single boulevard or barnyard, a period of 2,022 years.

There runs a tradition in the family that Caesar dreamed that my mother, who belonged to the Napoleonic dynasty, was to bring forth a History and Latin star. For this reason he wrote an account of his campaigns in order that I could learn of the greatness of my father's grandfather's ancestors' fathers. My first appearance in this world bade fair to make this dream come true, because I used many Latin phrases such as "Oui, Oui, Ma Cherie," and my use of Latin since has been the basis of many remarks. I received my first schooling under the supervision of Miss Harsha of the Old Post: under her I was very punk, but managed to learn something of my ancestors' labors. I took oratory, a la Cicero, under Miss Hancock, who hails from the wild and woolly West, and rapidly became a star of the first magnitude. After I had finished my university work, I decided to travel and visit the places that I had studied in history: I wished to find the exact spot where Napoleon crossed the Delaware in 1492, and to corroborate the depth of the water. I then visited St. Helena, where the Kaiser was banished by the French in 1851; from there I went to Chateau Thierry, where General Washington made the Germans run so fast that their heels beat their brains out. Upon my return to the United States, I examined the cherry tree which Pershing cut down in 1066, I also saw the trench knife which he used.

I have passed my later years in this town where I may be found in most public places; back of the stove at Dinty Moore's with Dugan and Grogan. Dugan and I, often between long sips of buttermilk and root beer, speak of the good old times when we built the Princeton Natatorium. I have given the reader enough information that he may know how well I am fitted for the business that I have undertaken. In all this multiplicity of verbosity, I have kept from my gentle reader three things: my name, to which dynasty I belong, and where I have amassed this fund of information.

CLIFFORD HALEY, 1921.