

Bennie, who had helped in 1913 to gain so many athletic victories for Chemawa, was now with the Portland Baseball Club in the Pacific Coast League and was doing very nicely in the game.

While everyone was busy relating different experiences Irene Martin arrived. We were all glad to see her looking so well and prosperous. She was now a matron in the Sherman Institute at Riverside, California, and was happy in her work.

The next to arrive was Ralph Sellew, a prosperous rancher in Kansas. He looked much older, but insisted that he could still run as good a race as he did in his Senior year. While he was telling us about his Kansas ranch and his need of a housekeeper—of course he preferred a Chemawa girl on account of her domestic science training—who should come into the room where we were all gathered by this time but Emma Shepard, who had just arrived from her home in Alaska. We all suggested that since she met the requirements he might persuade her to return to the ranch with him. But she told us she had a large music class at her home, where she had returned after graduating from the Seattle Conservatory and she really thought she did not care to give up twenty scholars just for one, musical though Ralph might be. We did not want to see our matrimonial bureau fail on the first case so continued trying to show Emma the error of her ways. She at last consented to accompany Ralph on his return and to take up the task of training him. Three messages were brought to Joe. One was from Frank Johnson and read, "On account of a rich strike in my gold mine here in Alaska, I can not leave to join you. Am sorry." We all rejoiced with Frank, though we greatly missed him.

Another from John Service told us he was the superintendent of a cannery near Astoria and as they were having a very busy season he could not get away.

The last one was from Dewey Billy, saying that his dairy farm in Northern California had grown to such a large size that he was greatly needed there; he begged us to remember that his motto while in school had always been "Business before pleasure," and he attributed his success to the fact that he still followed it.

As there were several of the class yet unaccounted for Joe went to the postoffice in the hope of getting some word, as the train had just come in. In a few minutes he returned bringing not only letters, but two of our old classmates, James Evans and Callista Rainville. James was as grave and serious as ever, though we scarcely recognized him as he now weighed two hundred and seventy pounds. He was editor of the Chicago Monitor, having followed the trade he had so successfully learned here in Chemawa. He said his paper was about to print an account of the Artic expedition which had sailed from Seattle two years before under