

Classmates, separated for years, here renew their acquaintance and spend long hours in laughing and going over again the jokes and pranks of their day. They hold reunions at fraternity houses; and often a class having a special reunion will rent a cottage for the week. To look in upon one of their banquets, to see these men or women, grown young again in the remembrance of old pleasures, as they toast and cheer each other would make one's heart glad, and yet lend a touch of sadness to the scene as this one and that one rises to answer a toast with the tears shining in his eyes. But how these old graduates enjoy the few days spent together one can never know, I imagine, until he has experienced it himself, himself looked forward from one visit to another to his alma mater. The undergraduates do not realize, but they feel an inspiration in the presence of these men and women.

When the festivities are all over, when the degrees have been conferred and the last reunion held the time for departure approaches, a sad time for the senior class. Often they meet in the twilight of that last evening on the campus or on the steps of some loved building and there hold a farewell meeting, sing the college songs once more and perhaps silently smoke the peace pipe before it is handed down to the juniors who are juniors no longer. And then the seniors step out of the way to make room for the classes to come while they go out to fill their places in the world.

—Jennie Lilly, '10.

