

was pronounced with such a significance that it touched the hearts of not only his classmates, but also his great host of friends as well.

Soon this sad word was swept away when the bandmen, the remainder of the corps and visitors began to cheer the first man to whom a diploma was presented by the president of the Board of Directors. One followed the other until the thirty-six men, who had toiled diligently and faithfully for four long years, had received that which was theirs by right of conquest. There is, perhaps, no need of saying that flowers were there in profusion.

The president of the College next announced the distinguished men by classes and departments, which made those whose names were read out very proud of the results they had accomplished during the year's work.

At the close of the exercises Dr. Bittle pronounced the benediction and the congregation was quietly dismissed.

In the afternoon at 4:30 the cadet band gave an open-air concert which would reflect credit on any band in the state.

As the band had just finished playing "The Star Spangled Banner" the Houston Rifles marched upon the drill ground dressed in their characteristic uniforms. The rifles drilled exceptionally well under command of Capt. R. H. Mansfield. The volleys sounded as one fire and the halts and marches were almost perfect.

At last came graduation dress parade. When Adj. Oliphint drew his sword and gave the final command—"Officers front and center, march"—the boys in ranks fully realized that their beloved officers were to march off the field never to return. Finally when Senior Captain Wallace gave the command—"Forward guide center, march"—and the band played an appropriate march it was, indeed, not rare to see the cold tears running down the cheeks of those left behind.

Under command of the second class officers the battalion was marched in review, then off the field and the guns returned to the armory. The final yells all went to prove that school was over and the boys would soon be at home.

But the greatest event of the year was not yet over—no, not yet begun. It was not until about 10 o'clock that the orchestra began to play the opening march for, perhaps, one of the grandest occasions of this kind during the past year in any part of the state. Ralph Kinsloe, president of the final ball, led the grand march; and it was, indeed, a grand one, being enjoyed by over one hundred and twenty-five couples, and old Mess Hall was once more the scene of a merry crowd. The dancing continued until an early hour, and when the last notes of "Home, Sweet Home" were played all were sorry that the time had passed so suddenly, and all resolved to themselves that they would again be present at our next commencement.

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