

So it passes, and only an excess of street rubbish, a few dismal drooping banners of soggy bunting, a faint trace of "pop" lingering in

the deserted air, and a profusion of blistered feet and aching bunions, remain to remind us of the glories of a sweltering but exotic and colorful yesterday.

Truly it was a yesterday of many bands, much music, gorgeous Princesses and loud talk, but on the other hand the prosperity of our great imperial state is assured. Never has there been a greater spectacle, or magnanimous illustration of Prosperity and Prohibition. Everything was hot and exceeding, but not happily, dry. Do not mistake the tone in which I spiel my part; I am for such gregarious occasions, where all meet and mingle, pound shoulders, perspire, are bored and secretly wish themselves at home again with their shoes off and in grateful relaxation partaking of the fruits of the ice-

box, which may or may not be home concocted. Yes, certainly it makes for better homes, and fewer cafes.

I swallowed considerable smoke at the Pageant but it was worthwhile, the wearing, The court was a magnificent setting and deserves a favorable comment. And as for that: but why should I talk—it didn't cost anything from the spectators point of view, however high or low on the stands that might have been.

For some time I kept getting bands and cops mixed up but after while I got it straight: The bands were here to make music and bring happiness and joy to all; the cops—I did see one talking to a motorist very rudely; one might say, ungenerial. Now was that nice? A big bruising intellectual cop trying to show his authority by demanding

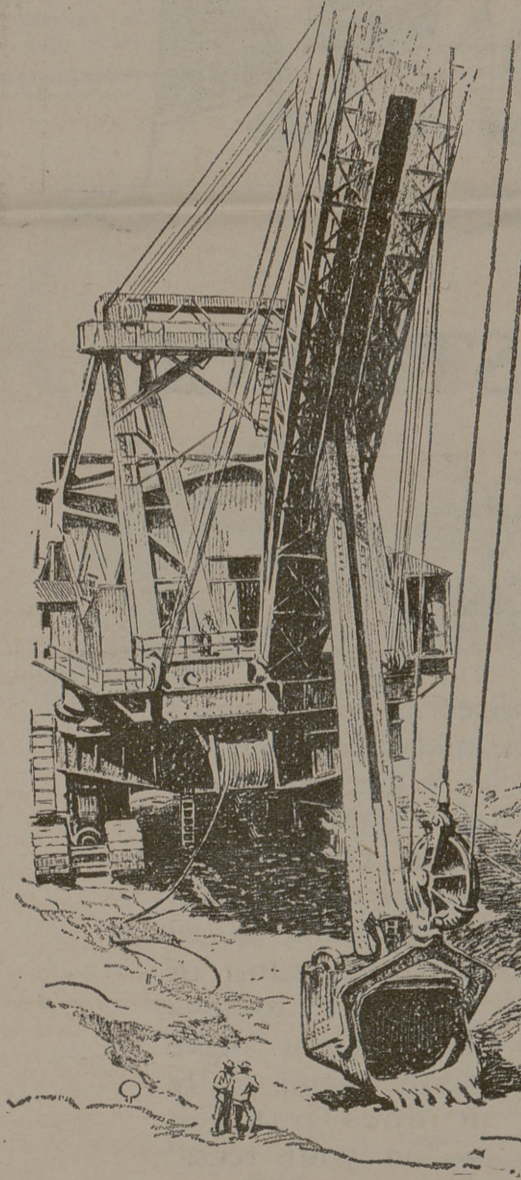
that a tepid lad in a semi-hilarious condition drive on the right side of the road, when goodness knows he needed all of it, and even then the fence was an obstruction.

After the pageant, as you remember, came the dance; brawl, struggle, or all combined. It was warm, in fact I believe that I am entirely in the right in saying that it was hot. It was masculine, but no doubt the girls all had a rip-snortin time. Besides being hot the atmosphere was slightly tinged, ah,—as if of soiled sox. Still, since this is May, we must forgive, and forget,—and bathe more-often.

Oh, I musn't forget the dress parade. The one served the Governor and his cohorts. It takes my breath, really; I've never seen a more, or, (Continued on Page 7)

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the modern prospector



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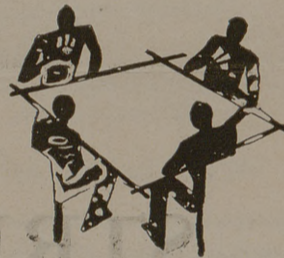


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