Athena — “Well, you know you have plenty of water to do it with, uncle; anyway, you had better not try for this position. I tell you I am determined to occupy this fountain myself. It is my right!”

Neptune — “And I tell you I shall set my dolphin playing in it to-morrow!”

Athena (seizing her spear and springing forward) — “Now, by the bright bolt of my father Jove, thou liest!”

Neptune (shaking his trident) — “Impertinent girl, look thy last upon the light of day, for, by the Styx! thou diest!”

Typical Bostonian — “Oh, madam, oh, sir, calm yourselves! We will settle this matter by arbitration. I have a most brilliant and original idea. The one of you which can bestow the most precious gift upon this city shall become its patron, and shall stand in the center of the Public Library fountain. Do you agree?”

Neptune and Athena (together) — “We agree.”

Athena — “Now, Uncle Neptune, what can you give this city?”

Neptune (thoughtfully) — “Did you say, Mr. Boston, that the idea of this contest is original with you?”

Typical Bostonian — “Certainly. Why?”

Neptune — “Because I feel just as though I had been in this same situation before; you know how you feel that way sometimes. It’s a very odd sensation.”

Athena — “How strange! I also have that feeling just now. I believe it can be explained, however, for the action of the brain when stimulated by.”

Neptune (hastily interrupting) — “Oh, yes, I am sure it can be explained, are you not, Mr. Boston?”

Typical Bostonian — “Yes, I am perfectly sure it can be explained, as Miss Athena says,—perfectly sure. And now, what can you give to Boston, Mr. Neptune?”

Neptune strikes the ground with his trident, and an automobile rushes across the stage.

Athena (lips curled scornfully) — “Behold my gift!” she cries, touching the pavement with her spear. A green bud pushes its way up between the stones. In a moment a clump of slender stems are seen, each bearing a quickly swelling flower bud. Another moment, and ten Lawson pinks have burst into full bloom, making the air rich with their fragrance.

Suddenly a clock from within the building begins to strike, and Neptune, the automobile, Athena and the flowering pinks disappear together.

Typical Bostonian (waking with a start, and looking around him) — “What a queer dream I have had! Why, it is almost dark! I must have slept all the afternoon.”

(He stretches and yawns, picks up his paper and goes off muttering) “What a remarkable dream! I wonder what will really be done about the fountain, after all?”

Finis.

M. L. C.

Competitive Drill.

The second competitive drill for the prize cup was held at South Armory Friday, May 2. The cup, which was offered by the Class of ’02, is to be finally given to the school obtaining the largest number of points in a series of four drills, and is held in the meantime by the school having the most points. At the first drill the team from Saint John’s Military Academy took away the cup, and now at the second the same school gained the highest honors. Besides the cup, three medals are given to the three best men. The first was won by D. C. McLean of Saint John’s Military Academy, the second by W. B. Twiss of New Bedford High School, third by R. F. Emerson, Wakefield High School.

The medals were presented by President Pritchett.

The following schools sent teams of two men: St. John’s Military Academy, Lowell High School, New Bedford High School, Dorchester High School, Stoneham High School, Gloucester High School, Gardner High School, Rockland Military Academy, Mitchell’s Boys’ School, Lynn Classical High School, Hyde Park High School, Moun Beacon Military Academy, Fall River High School, Riverview Military Academy, Wakefield High School, Newton High School. The schools which had men in the last group