

The Westward Ho Convention is ended—the visiting Brothers from far and near have departed, and the House is once more settling down to the regular course of University affairs. Phi Kappa feels that she has entertained a very great privilege in acting as host to the first National Convention in the Middle West, and we, as undergraduate Brothers are sincerely happy to feel that the proceedings went off as well as they did. We were glad to welcome those hardy souls who dared to cross deserts, mountains, and valley plains to the end that they might gather together for the Good of the Order in our little villages, which as Brother Tracy so sagely observed, are two in number, and not the same one twice. Brother Copes was the first to arrive on the scene, though he was soon followed by Stan Hanssen, who came bearing on his ample shoulders the hopes and fears of all the world. Not long after we welcomed Stan, Armory Avenue was filled with a great roar, as of many cannon, and out of the gloom dashed Val Fuller's roadster, which we found to contain Val and Mac. Then we of the Resident