

## *AFTER THE CATAclysm*

for we had almost come to a state when we might dispense with the leader; mutual intention and intermental cognition being sufficient to preserve unity of purpose.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening when I lay down to sleep. I was pleased with the work accomplished.

The kindly expressed congratulations I had received from so many friends as well as strangers had warmed my heart with happiness. Neither vanity nor pride found place, but rather a great content that I could be of even small service in giving others pleasure; and that their words had helped me realize their appreciation of my effort.

As I rested myself there on the border land of sleep, music, the music of the afternoon came back to me as if from dreamland. But yet not so, for nearer and nearer it came; and wide awake I listened.

It seemed to be away up overhead.

At last in the moonlight I made out a large speck in the sky slowly descending. There, at an altitude of about five hundred feet was a huge aerodrome slowly circling around me as a centre, and in it, apparently to serenade their beyond his merit appreciated bandmaster, were the now famous Rochester Orchestra.

Always playing with them, in the centre of the instruments, I had actually never before really heard them.

And this was their music. Suspended there in the