

ble being the better. In our organizations a committee of five has come to mean one or two to do the work of the committee, however important the duty is. Societies are kept alive by the energy of one or two members, and in the case of the Engineering Society even the one or two are lacking.

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The conflicting feelings that have been stirring in the breasts of the foot-ball enthusiasts for the past month, might well be likened into the fluctuations of a thermometer in changing weather. The Bucknell game seemed to be the absolute zero for them all. Soon after when serious thought prevailed there was discerned quite a marked rise in the register. Dickinson and F and M. had not yet played Bucknell. Here was a margin for all sorts of fluctuation—and then our own team had yet to meet Haverford and Dickinson. So here was the data to base calculations upon, ranging anywhere from third place to complete victory. You might hear such expressions anywhere and at any time!

"Oh! if Dickinson or F. and M. only brace up."

"I'll stake money any time on F. and M. against Bucknell."

Then Long Face would come in with his sickly grin and groan out:

"No use talking, it is all up with us this year. We might as well give up the idea of winning the pennant."

When the Bucknell-Dickinson game came off with a tie then it was that we heard such expressions.

"I'll tell you boys, the pennant is ours, I know it just as well as if it was hanging up in my room." Then he would reach out at arm's length and scratch his head, or go and tease the Colonel to get him a shoe-horn with which to put his hat on.

The climax was reached on Thanksgiving evening when the news arrived announcing the victory of F. and M. over Bucknell.

"Pud" could not express himself, he simply

smiled, and smiled, and smiled until his face contracted into one great broad grin which lasted for days, before it vanished.

"John" was in the armory at the time when the news came and his head immediately assumed such dimensions that it was found necessary to open both the large doors to get him out. "Col." hugged his old hand satchel so tight that when his paroxysm of delight had subsided the satchel looked as if an elephant had tramped on it.

General rejoicing was the order of the evening. Not because Bucknell was beaten. For had they played any other college out of the League it would scarce have aroused a comment. But the one college that stood above us in the list for the State championship had taken a step down, thus removing the last obstacle that stood in our way for the pennant.

Three stood to our credit. Two won by playing. One forfeited to us. Haverford was yet to play. And as she promised to play us soon after Thanksgiving as a game could be arranged, we had reason to feel pretty sure of this game. This would give us the greatest number of games *won* by any college in the League.

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On lounging through the hall one day the following suggestive dialogue was overheard, the voices coming from one of the rooms on the first floor:

"Oh, dear! What a beautiful autumn this has been. And just to think, not even a chestnut party or an excursion of any kind. I just think it is too bad."

"Just have patience. Next year there will be lots of parties and drives, and I dare say plenty of sleighing parties this winter."

"But why should we have any more such parties next year than this?"

"Its leap year you know."

"Oh!"

Princeton is to have a new commencement hall, with a seating capacity of 1800.