

But I now saw it was useless to further continue my meditations on the beginning line, and so looked around for another simile as beautiful as my first. At last I hit upon it. The Darwinian Theory. Surely in this barbaric collection of men I could find the "missing link." They all looked like the denizens of some tropic forest, so tanned and disfigured were they by contact with Mother Earth. The great majority looked like a high order of apes, so dark were their features, so wild their capers and so fiendish the delight with which they tore the apparel of those more fortunate than themselves who happened to have left, a whole garment. Those lucky ones presented decidedly the appearance of Bushmen who had plundered the residence of some well intending missionary. Here was one with no shirt and a coat with no tail; another with one side of a vest and one sleeve gone from his shirt; another with a wide rimmed straw hat pushed down around his body so as to make him present the appearance of a top. I noticed these few peculiarities in my search for the "missing link" which at last I found. He was performing prodigious feats of valor against six infuriated freshmen. His face was black with mud; great streams of blood poured down over it as to give him a most remarkable appearance; his hair stood out in all directions and was striped red, white and blue; a flannel shirt spread its segments about under the influence of the wind, so as to make his body appear like a weeping willow; his whole mein was that of some unearthly being, half man and half animal. "'Tis the missing link" at last, I cried aloud; "but what's his name?" I received an unexpected answer to my inquiry, for just at this juncture I heard one man yell—"I say Cartie, I bet you can't hit that post at that distance with Roger."

"Can't I though," was the answer.

I made desperate efforts to get away, but too late. The "missing link" struck me fair and tumbled me to the ground senseless.

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke to find myself in the quiet of my own room suffering severely from bodily injuries. John Brewer's foot-print pained terribly. I was rejoicing in the fact that all was quiet and that in a few moments I would forget my suffering in a tranquil sleep; when suddenly outside my door I heard a loud series of declarations like the following:

"Well you can't wear our colors."

"I don't care, we took down your old flag anyway."

"You didn't."

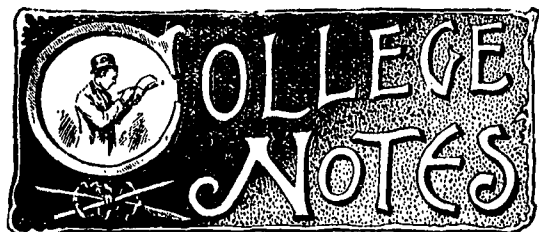
"We did."

"You didn't."

"We did."

Then there was a loud noise of scuffling, fierce cries of "Ninety-five," "Ninety-four." The din and turmoil increased; yells of rage and triumph resounded through the halls. At length I exclaimed, "If this were only the end of the world!" and fell back through sheer exhaustion—unconscious.

J.



Orbin, '93, has been appointed assistant librarian.

The spring assembly will be given in the Armory, by the senior class, on April 29th.

The faculty has granted the senior class permission to wear the cap and gown on graduation day.

The two residences which were being built in the grove on the campus are now completed and will be occupied by Profs. Reber and Pemberton, who will move into their new homes as soon as the weather permits.