

“And then another night,” continued the Critic, “I went to a basket-ball game in the Armory. And, by the way, our basket-ball team has certainly been doing nice work, having won all the five games played by a total score of 117-40. Well the first half was over, and I was standing there as unconcerned as you please, when along came a crowd of Seniors and proceeded to give me an initiation into the ‘Salvation Army.’ And then I joined the ranks and we initiated all the other Seniors who were there. Was you ever initiated? Well, it looks as if it was’nt very pleasant. But I want to tell you that it is fun. And there is nothing which binds a class together by stronger ties than to always get them together in some such amusing way whenever they are in a crowd. It adds spice to the pleasure of the occasion, and arouses class spirit.”



“But there is another thing which I saw over there that night that was not so pleasing. Some of the fellows were smoking. Now ‘where there’s a smoke, there’s a fire,’ is an old saying. And although a man should not be fired just for smoking, yet considering the fact that there were many ladies present it strikes me he should be reminded that a gentleman would not do it.”



“And speaking of gentlemen reminds me,” resumed the Critic, “that I was over in Old Main one evening. Several of us were spending a pleasant half hour together, when we heard some one down in front of the building laughing and having a high old time. Well, of course everybody rushed to the window and everybody got his head out someway. And what did we find? Well, in the first place we found a head sticking out of half the windows in the building. And in the second place we saw some shady people down on the drive. Were they ‘colored ladies’? I don’t