

(The yelling becomes louder.)

'Tis such a foolish thing to do at best.

(The Professor tips back in his chair and begins to study the ceiling.)

But then 'tis better that a class should scrap
Against a class, than man against a man,
For in the one he must forget himself
In loyalty to class, while in the other
He but yields to petty selfishness.

And so I say if they must scrap, then let
Them do it on the square, class versus class,
In open field where every man's a man.
Not go attack one man in dead of night,
Like dastard thieves with scarf around the neck
And hat down o'er the eyes to hide the face.
Such men are cowards. For any man,
Brave only in a crowd, taken alone
Is nothing but a coward in his heart.

(The Professor rises from his chair and paces the floor.)

And then they seek to justify themselves
By calling it a joke. But when a joke
Insults the very sense of manliness,
It ceases to be such. 'Tis then a crime.
And he who seeks to justify himself
For any crime, condemns himself thereby.

(Continues to pace the floor in silence for some time.)

But why thus rail against the sins of youth?
There is a darker side to every life,
A time when poison seems to fire the blood;
When nature longs for pleasure in excess,
And in the moral conflict of desires
The baser one prevails—good is o'erthrown,
And, for the satisfaction of the impulse,