

AN EPISODE.

IT was a jolly crowd that gathered in the parlor at the "Willows," the home of my cousin. There were four college boys, the hostess and her friend Miss Lucas. Perhaps the jolliest of the crowd was Dicky Howard, a Senior at Western Maryland. He was a rather diminutive specimen of humanity, but possessed of an appetite out of all proportion to his size. His love for cake was so great that the mere mention of the name would wake him out of a sound sleep. Miss Lucas suggested telling college stories, and my cousin promised Dick a generous slice of chocolate cake to tell one.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll tell a story, and any one interrupting me will be fined a half a slice of cake. Of course said fine shall be remitted to myself, for my—"

"I object," broke in Danzer, a Princeton man, "the fine should go to the fund for the relief of the suffering Armenians."

"Oh, do hurry up and tell the story," said my cousin.

"Well," he began, "you know it is the custom down there for the Freshmen to burn the Sophomore class in effigy—if they can. They must pinch a coat, hat, pair of trousers, and shoes worn by a Sophomore class officer, stuff them with straw and burn the figure on the ball field. The "Sophs" naturally take good care of such property and the Freshmen have their own troubles getting the desired articles."

"During my second year there I roomed on the third floor, Sophomore Hall. Directly under was the room occupied by Lecrone, the class treasurer, and under my window was the entrance to the President's office.

"One night during the third term Grady, my roommate, and I were pooling Greek like good fellows, when we heard