

ly see the joke himself.

Harry Fulton received his share of hazing with the other new comers, and according to his above named characteristic this share was somewhat larger than that of the others. Unfortunately he could not see the funny side of it at all and grew very angry, threatening to report his hazers to the President. The natural result followed; he was "put through the mill" again, but came out swearing and threatening worse than before. His class-mates tried to persuade him that he ought to take it in fun, that no doubt the very ones who had given him the most black and blue spots would become his best friends if he did, but he turned a deaf ear to everything.

All this of course made Fulton very unpopular. He became the object of all sorts of pranks and jokes, which only served to make him more bitter than ever. He went about holding himself straight as a ramrod, with his nose just as high in the air as the day he had first entered the main building.

His room was 370, at that time the room on the third floor next to the partition shutting off the ladies apartment. One warm afternoon when nearly all the windows in the front of the building were open this unpopular young man was walking up and down in his room saying over a recitation that he was to give in rhetorical that night. Suddenly he heard someone calling him from the walk below.

"Fulton—Ho Fulton!"

Fulton leaned out of the window and saw a Sophomore standing below him.

"I just wanted to speak to you a minnte" said the fellow—"Why say—it's a pretty nice day isn't it."

Fulton was about to reply when he heard a peculiar *swish!* just above his head, and the next instant—*crack!* *squash!* something struck him heavily on the back of the neck! With a sudden jerk he drew back, knocking his head against the window, which had been raised only a short dis-