

JACK'S LATEST.

THE "Knockers" came swinging up the sidewalks of University avenue from one of their multi-weekly impromptu suppers at a down-town restaurant.

This "club" consisted strictly of Seniors and was formed in memory of the celebrated and popular "Never-sweat" association that had died a natural death last Commencement. The purpose, constitution, by-laws, preambles, amendments and so forth, were all confined to the short but expressive and very applicable title of the "Knocker" Club. One important clause in the "code" was strictly adherence to the worthy name of the honored predecessor of the year before.

The order of business wherever the meetings were held—usually in somebody's "den," on the Campus, during recitation or lecture—was knock the College, discuss the last game, tear out the Faculty, worry the Freshmen, eat peanuts, with "how I would have done it," "I told you so," "I know what's the matter with the team," and similiar expressions.

This particular warm evening, the "Knockers" were at a loss to know what would be next on the programme. Everybody else was hard at work "grinding" for exams. Their's were over for the last time and only the dignity of the College was left to their burden.

The little band of restless souls came to a halt on a corner and watched the people on their way to the theatres. They longed to go too but the heavy financial assessment recently had put such a luxury far beyond their reach—they all realized that.