

However to keep up an apperance, one vain youth broke out—"Let's go to the theatre somewhere!" A violent clamor broke forth—"I have a date!"—"Same old 'Josh' as last year!"—"Can't get my check cashed!"—"Break a ten?"—and one unsuspected brother informed them he had lost his money. The deep silence that followed seemed verily to give consent. So they wandered on.

"Well, the Faculty had another meeting today and——" "Oh! you ham, shut up and give the Ancient and Honorable a rest," a voice drowned the speaker ere he finished. Silence followed, broken here and there by a peanut shell. "I finished my thesis on 'The Anthro——'" This reckless young man was suddenly crowded up against a brown-stone front and that thesis was never finished.

"Hello, Macaroni! Give us some peanuts!" said a White Sweater, and the "Dago" quickly sold out in exchange for "de mon."

"What next?" asked a voice. "Suppose we go up and see Jack" said the leader, and the little band advanced toward the dormitory across the avenue "in solid phalanx." Up the stairs, down the halls to the above gentleman's room, and into the unlocked, darkened den. The occupant was evidently out "doing" society by the amount of dressing apparel lying about the floor—silent evidence of a long and fierce struggle with a dress-suit.

Fertile minds were soon at work. A form grew as if by magic—so did the peanut shells all over the floor—and it was placed in a prostrated position crosswise on the bed. Several questionable black bottles were placed in prominent positions on the study-table and a smashed hat hung from the brass bed-post. Across the door at a suitable height, a cord was run. The toilers finished none too soon as the well known footsteps of the owner sounded down the hall. The "Knocker" Club disappeared as a unit—in the clothes-press, window seats, under the bed, behind curtains and one