

A QUESTION OF DUTY.

HE looked up from his calculus and the half-finished example, and out upon the campus, with its new dress of green. It was early summer, and he had a bad attack of spring fever. He wanted to go out there, but he dreaded the flunk which would ensue on the morrow, if he should give way to his inclination. So he lay back in his chair and sighed.

His name was Philip Newbold Audenried, according to roster in the College catalogue, but none of the fellows ever thought of calling him Philip. Occasionally, when there was the usual influx of boisterous students, returning from their vacations they would greet him with "Hello! Audenried, old man. What kind'f a time had'je?" But as a general thing he was known to Fresh and Senior alike as just plain "Swipes."

No one, not even Philip himself, knew exactly why the name had been applied to him. The first time he had heard it had been early in his Freshman year, when, in a back room on the fourth floor, a delegation of Sophomores had received him, and had instilled into his mind the usual advice meted out to intending collegians. He didn't remember the full nature of the reception, beyond that it was a program both varied and replete with surprises. He closed his eyes the better to recall the scene.

First there was a dark hallway, down which he was being guided by a half-dozen arms—belonging to the reception committee. Then a door opened, and he was thrust into a still darker room. He had a sudden foreboding that something was going to happen. It did—a good many somethings. By a momentary gleam from the incandescent lamp so skillfully manipulated by one of his tormentors, he caught