

A quarter of an hour of this, however, proved ineffectual, and caused no change in the aspect of things, except that it placed the contestants in all degrees of nudity, according to their importance or the violence of their efforts. When the energy of the scrap had visibly abated, the Sophs, by common consent, withdrew for consultation to a discreet distance. The Freshies kept close to their pole, and furtively regarded their natural enemies.

Clinton, the man of ideas of the Sophomore class, was outlining a plan to his mates.

"You see, it's easy. We'll make another wedge, and put our biggest men in front, and little Swipes here, near the apex. Everyone else push for all he's worth. When we get to the pole, the big men can hoist Swipes on their shoulders, and he'll be high enough to get above the grease limit. It's a cinch."

The plan, while hopeless to some, was a last resort, and went through with a rush. Before Audenried knew it, he was in the midst of the push, going for the pole at a dead run. He felt the pressure as they hit the opposing mass of Freshmen, and it almost crushed the life out of him. But he managed to keep next to Morton, the big guard. There was a minute of fierce struggling, in which muscle strained muscle. Then he saw the pole not two feet away, and heard Morton whisper hoarsely, "Now."

He was up on the guard's shoulders like a cat, and a second later he leaped for the pole. He caught it around the rough bark and drew himself upward. A score of hands were raised to grasp him, but in vain. There was a gasp of dismay from the Freshmen and a cheer from the Sophs. Two feet more, and he was beyond all danger of pursuit.

All scrapping had ceased at the minute he reached the pole. Now the crowd was gazing up at him, the Sophs yelling exultingly and the Freshmen raging and cursing beneath their breath. Slowly but surely he shinned up the