

This evidently set things right again, and the dormitory philosopher was at last content to leave somebody else speak.

"There is going to be a big kick over this new rule concerning cuts," said Rodger. "If a fellow wants to go home a day or so earlier on Christmas he has either to get sick or run the risk of going home to stay."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" broke in Chad, from the corner.

"Just imagine that Christmas is a few days later, and then when it is time to leave you can experience the sensation of going home early," dryly said the dormitory philosopher, as he rolled himself another cigarette.

"There he goes again," said Hadley, "might as well try to convince the sophomores that the freshman had won their cider scrap."

"Or try to enter with advanced standing in Chem.," broke in Max.

Silence ensued. Actually one minute passed without the dormitory philosopher uttering a word.

"Who burned the bleachers?" he suddenly broke out.

"Don't know, but I could guess soon enough," said Dodger. "You see the fellows have resolved to cut out all raiding, and they have evidently found a new way to exhaust the damage fund. I suppose the old track house will go next year."

Here the dormitory philosopher looked at his watch, and claiming that he had a pressing engagement, left the room. Without him the conversation could not go on, and soon the room was emptied of its occupants.

EDITORIAL.

A revision of some of the college yells has taken place. The revision has been apparently on grounds of too strenuous phrases in some of them—consequently that "Old Canteen" yell, which has lived through probably ten or more years of "reforms" has