

Pres.—To this duty then, let Olson and Dean be sworn, and flaunt the flag next Monday morn.

Meeting adjourns, after the usual rough house.



Act I—Scene 2

Corridor of Institute. Group of Sophs.

Longnecker.—Hear thou, O Lubricator Graff, what trick that measly Junior horde doth mean to do. Forsooth they do intend to fly, from yonder flagstaff, a banner inscribed “99” in figures large and bold. O cowardly knaves! O villainous chumps!

Graff.—Lubricate me not, friend Charles. Pax! Pax! In time of common trouble we must firm unite, else would I lubricate the floor with thee. How think you we can stop this vaunting impudence?

Feindt.—Keep your eyes peeled, my gallant youths, and when you see the rag doth fly, shin up and pull it down. We all will wear a piece upon our coats.

Sophs (enthusiastically).—’Tis well. Hooroo!

Longnecker.—Ay, they will learn a thing or two, if I mistake me not.

Curtain.



Act II—Scene I

Draughting Room. Olson and Dean at base of flagpole.

5 o'clock.

Olson (unrolling package).—Grammercy! Is it not a bird? Methinks ’twill flap most gaily in the breeze, and above we’ll place this pennant.

Dean.—Forsooth, thou art a clever guy. But come, let’s hie us to the hoisting.

They proceed to attach the flag and hoist it.

Olson.—Hooray! She’s up at last! And now to Mother Earth to view this piece of work.

Both sneak.

