

## Act II — Scene 2

*Groups of Sophs assemble in lower hall of the Institute.*

*8:30 next morning.*

*Longnecker.*—Come hither, ye Naughty-Naughts! Come hither. (*Soto voce.*) Did'st notice the rag with the inverted sixes flying from yon flagpole? Down with it, by two-headed Janus! Oh, there's rough house in the air.

*Graff.*—Yea, verily, I saw it and hither ran three steps that it the sooner might be carried thence.

*Martin.*—And I, too. Come, why stand we idly here and waste the precious hours of dewy morn? Where is our Bradley?

*Feindt* (entering hastily).—Hie! Haste ye, you blokes, and tear that rag right down. How now. Away! Away!

*They scatter, to meet again at the Draughting Room door.*

*Meuhlman.*—The game is up. Behold, the door is locked. A thought! I'll summon Frank, the janitor. Conceal yourselves until the door's unlocked.

*Runs to find janitor.*

*Meuhlman* (returns out of breath).—He's bribed! He's bribed! Those blarsted Juniors sure have used persuasion.

*Longnecker.*—Oh, for a chisel! My kingdom for a chisel! Bring chisels, and we'll thwart those haughty Juniors.

*Chisels are soon found.*

*Feindt* (attacking door with chisel).—I am not new at this — give me more room — aha! She comes! She comes! Peace, ho! Hie! Martin, Bradley, and you other guys. Come hence and guard this door. And you, Long., come with me.

*Longnecker* (at flag rope, cleats outside of window).—Those bloomin' skates have cut the ropes — but we will thwart them yet. Bring ladders — no, give me a lift. Dost see that small round window high above our heads? I'll climb up in the rafters and reach out from it to grasp the ropes. Methinks we'll fool them yet.

*Climbs up the timbers to window.*

*Feindt.*—How goes it?

*Longnecker.*—She's fast, forsooth, but this brave tool will fix 'er.

*Feindt.*—Smash in the glass.

*Longnecker.*—No, no, it cannot was. Aha! but here she comes! I can just reach the ropes. Lord! how the wind doth blow! At last I've cut the ropes. Hurrah!

*Feindt.*—Quick! Toss them down. The Juniors will soon be upon us. Would that all our push were here.

