

Green.—Methinks the Juniors fain would hold it once again. But now I must begone. Farewell.



Act III—Scene 2

Several Juniors in Institute.

Terry.—Friends and fellow students, as our Doc doth have it, how shall we get again the banners we have lost? I did myself, with all diligence, inspect the room where Graff, the Soph, abides, having, with due caution, deceived the prying landlady with some most marvelous tale. But naught there did I find.

Shubart.—Hast heard the story Green, the Freshman, tells?

Chorus.—Nay, tell us what it is.

Shubart.—In brief, the tale is this: Green, 'cording to his wont, did sally forth to gather beer signs wherewith to decorate his walls. By chance he passed the humble dwelling of friend Longnecker, when he bethought himself that the judge—a goodly, pious man—was not averse to swiping signs. So in he went, and what think ye that he saw?

Tarbell.—How shouldst we know? Come, end our long suspense, lest our suspenders break.

Shubart.—Upon the wall was tacked our missing pennant.

Huey.—O ye gods!

Porter.—Let us invade the place—use force, if there be need.

Shubart.—Nay, nay, not so. I'll try my wit, and gain the thing in peace.

So now for the pennant that Freshman Green
Upon the judge's walls hath seen.



Act III—Scene 3

Group of Sophs at Institute.

Longnecker.—If e'er I catch that sneakin' Green, I'll beat him till he can't be seen. What think ye of this trick? The villainous spy did come unto my room upon the pretext that we go to pilfer signs. As fate would have it, he did see the pennant on my wall, and straightway did he hie him to Ben Shubart—Ben Shubart, that sawed-off disciple of free silver.