

rendered among those surroundings. "Never again," says one who was there, "Never again do I expect to experience such a glorious jag of joy."

At last they reached the Rough House, where the clerk, guided by some baleful influence, had placed the two Profs., Ben Shubart and Charley Lewis in a room directly across the hall from Edd Starkweather, Louis Porter, Clarence Carbell and Otie Terry. The latter immediately commenced the bombardment of the enemy with water-soaked towels and newspapers. Shubart retaliated with a thirteen-inch pitcher of water over the transom, which soaked Otie and Louie and made Louie's side of the bed decidedly unfit for rest. He followed this up with his secondary battery of water under the door-sill, which seriously inconvenienced the sallies of the attacking party. After defiantly singing their anthem, before quoted, until about three, Otie's forces withdrew and retired, not, however, until they had fastened upon the enemy's door knob a stein of peculiar shape. It is not to be inferred that any continuous period of very long duration was passed in sleep. Interruptions were frequent and vigorous, and about daybreak a voice—unmistakably that of a Prof.—was heard plaintively to say, "I can't sleep, can you?"



Morning came all too soon, and across the hall singing was resumed, whereupon someone made a loud and foolish remark to the effect that there were others in the hotel. This remark excited much mirth, as did a remark dropped by a femme de chambre, that "They acted wusser'n beasts," which was justly surmised to be directed to a band of pugilists who made their quarters on the floor above. When Porter came to breakfast he thoughtfully made inquiry as to how one of the Profs., seated at an adjacent table, had enjoyed his night's rest. The glance he received scorched the tablecloth, and considerable controversy arose as to who should pay the damages.