

HART (*triumphantly*): Pray, may I then drink therefrom?

SACKETT: My cup shall not be soiled with naughty lips, nor yet with the lips of a naughty naught.

Enter Cupid (the bottom of his trousers draped around his waist).

CUPID: O, go and die, ye heated ones, or devote thy mighty jaws to chewing grub, and spoil not thy betters' appetite.

HINDS: Come off, ye fellows—by my necktie, ye are—too rough—(*talking in bunches*)—we will unite with thee, but Johnny B. must lead the band to victory.

HERRMANN (*defiantly*): I'll none of this my—

HART (*interrupting*): Descend from off thy perch, thou *Liverwurst*; thou art lame between the ears; Bartlett is the man! You may manage the team but we alone will run it!

SACKETT (*in rebuttal*): Well canst thou speak, but not so well can act. Thou art an egotist, a rotten eggotist. Thy head is full of tacks, thy eloquence is wind; I will defeat thee and thy class in this matter; I will have my vocal thunders at thee till thou art——

(*Cry from bystanders of "Jiggers."*)

Enter Destiny (armed with a spy-glass).

DESTINY: It cannot be that this is a debating society, or it is not an '02 class meeting! Whats-the-matter-with-you?

(*Assembly disappears.*)

ACT II.

Enter Sackett (hangs up notice reading "My class will meet today, I expect you all. Sackett, Grand Mogul '01").

HART (*in distance, soliloquizing*): Ay, there he stands! ye— me enemy! He of the leather lungs and double action jaw. I know the public voice calls him my peer, but in my heart of hearts I feel that I am greater!! Would that I could but prove it to my fellow students; then would I be great indeed. But in vain do I dispute with him, his blazing eyes and cotton hair do seem to awe and subdue me, so that I become, indeed, afeared. But—ha!—an idea! It strikes me brain with double force. I'll see end of this. I'll fight it to the death. I'll challenge him! (*Approaches the unconscious Sackett.*) Ha! there, thou naughty one, dost hear me?

SACKETT (*turns round*): Yea, I hear a mighty noise, which issues forth from nothingness as does wind from a hole in a punctured tire. What signifies it?

HART: 'Tis this! I am a-weary of thy strident voice; I would now