

settle this matter for all time. Villain, I challenge you to a duel! Place, the gym; time, at once; principals, myself and thee. Sir-r-a, I will drink thy gore.

SACKETT: Thou dost but unveil thy ignorance. Gore is not a fluid and was never known to be drunk.

HART: Dally not thus with me; wilt thou accept?

SACKETT: Yea, I will; and if I do not everlastingly pulverize thee beneath a flood of vocabulary such as thou hast never heard before, may I be——

Enter Destiny, (preceded by fleeing students).

DESTINY: Well, boys, is it not that you have a class in this hour? I do not like it that you should stand in the halls like that!

(Exit Sackett and Hart in a flutter of coat tails.)

A C T I I I.

(Dressing room near gym. door, group of students observing duel through door.)

UMPIRE *(heard without)*: Time! Open weapons! Begin!

(Group around the door yells, "Vive Sackett!" or "Hoch Hart!" also "A bas umpire!")

HINDS *(taking bath towel from around him waves it)*: Go it, old boy! rah, rah, 'oo! *(is rough-housed while without—)*

SACKETT: —and the insidious ingenuity with which this malicious aggregation of illimitable treachery, this personification of——

(Cries of "Hurrah for Sackett," and "Hart is down.")

Without the umpire counts: "1—2—3—4—5," then Hart says: "Hydrostatically speaking, the exigencies are psychologically and metaphysically——"

All the 'oo's in the crowd applaud vigorously, the 'or's look blue but grow happier as Sackett undercuts with a twenty-six syllable word, and are about to cheer when from the gym. emerges Destiny, who says to the quickly fleeing crowd: "Well, gentlemen, I understand not why it isn't that you are in your class-rooms."

Supers come forward bearing bodies of Hart and Sackett, and the curtain falls.

F I N I S