Commodore:—Say, there, you men, what do you mean? Who hurled that bulb? Sakes, man alive, had I not had my wits about me, I should have jumped ten feet. (Chews gum excitedly.) Was it you, Mayes?

Shorty:—Hare no, Mister Commodore.

Commodore:—Was it you, Spike?

Spike:—Ugh-ugh.

Commodore:—I am suspicious. (Eats peanuts.) But I tell you that if ever I catch him, it's *au revoir* to Armour Tech. Spike, man, do you understand your work today?

Spike:—Ugh-ugh.

Commodore (eating gum-drop):—Then the rest of the class does.

(Titter from mob. Com. eats licorice and exits for a pow-wow with Lubbin Henry.)

Spike:—'Twas a narrow escape.

Shorty:—Hare, yes.

Damudutch:—I wonder why Perry became a teacher. He seems to be a pretty bright fellow.

(*Curtain.*)