

# CLASS RUSH



The Editors of The Integral, feeling entirely unable to do justice to the scenes of Freshman Tuesday, and the incidentals on Thirty-Fifth Street a few days later, have called to their aid two of the foremost descriptive writers of the age.

## The Cruise of the "Yea Lemon"

### CHAPTER I.

Stealthily out into the gloom of a cool September evening they made their way. Up alleys, carefully keeping in the shadows of fences, these seekers of adventure, and barns, prowled in the darkness.

"Stop, what was that noise?"

"A cat, did you say, Geis?"

"Cat nothing, there's a double force of 'bulls' from Stanton Avenue out tonight. Make less noise, but on with the march."

Again did the weary trio recommence their exasperating search for a barn in which to imprison the wiley victims of to-morrow.

"It's 'most time Kiley and Hills got back from that expedition to the rowing club," said Abel to Lawson, after Geisler had departed to interview the owners of a promising stable.

"Fellows, what's that?—What?—That you, Kiley?—Oh, all right, come on."

It was Captain Kiley, our hero!

"What d'you find out?" says the valiant Geisler.

"Don't stop here," says our hero, "you'r wasting time, we've got the peachiest schooner out in Lake Michigan that ever buffeted a nor'wester or rounded the horn."



### CHAPTER II.

"Four bells and all's well," called the watch. All is still, save for the incessant lap, lap, of the waves on the planking of the "Yea Lemon."

Fog enveloped the ship and augured well for the evening's raid.

"I say," calls Skipper Kiley, "run up the black flag."

"Aye, aye, sir," answers Beech, the lovely lieutenant, "but begging your pardon, sir, don't you mean the eleven flag, sir?"