

the scene of the festivities and proceeded to enjoy himself immensely by shouting himself hoarse when ever the mystic number "Umpteen" was heard, or the graceful cheerleader called for the new yells. And he smoked the pipe which had been wished on him, even the cute pipe with the "A" carved on it. And he became sick unto death so that he excused himself and sought privacy, hastily and with one hand on his mouth. But Arch "rose to the occasion" and "came up" smiling when he returned to his seat. For the program of the smoker was only part of the evening. And it came unto an end. And Arch got in line with a vast horde of his fellows. And like a triumphant army they marched southward to the greensward. Here Arch divested himself of superfluous clothing and girded himself for a fray which must surely follow when such deadly enemies as Frosh and Soph meet.

And the battle was on, with Arch in the thick of it. And the blood of Arch coursed merrily through his veins under the stimulus of ungloved hands. And the tales that Arch had heard were forgotten for he was being given a fair chance. Mighty buffets were exchanged. And the tribe of Frosh prevailed over the hordes of the enemy, and they betook themselves to the heart of the village and made merry; yea, almost unto the break of day.



ARCH METAMORPHOSED

STRIDE FOURTH—*Arch in the Tent of Raymond the Dean.*

Now, Arch, being young and possessed of more energy than he cared to use on his studies, occasionally indulged in horseplay of the variety known as "high school stuff." And it came to pass that he once dropped a handful of chalk, white gritty chalk, into the open mouth of Cur, surnamed the Wop, who was dozing for the nonce. And lo the shocked professor, who wot well the value of a stolen snooze, suggested a visit to the Tent of Raymond the Dean. Nothing loth, bold Arch strode forth, accompanied by an explanatory note, and he came unto the Tent of