



RUSHING DELUX

A young chap walked up to the door of the T. X. house some time ago and proudly placed his finger on the little brass, or near brass, door bell and pushed very hard, because he knew the failing of most door bells. After tedious waiting (the Freshmen were busy bawling out the upperclassmen), a scurvy-looking fellow opened the door and bade the stranger enter.

"May I be so bold as to ask the name of the one who honors us with his presence?" inquired the president of the club.

"My name is Ivan Kanstanovitchsky and I want to join your club," replied the stranger in a rough voice.

"Certainly," returned the chief stew, "By all means. Let me take your coat and hat," and so saying, he took the stranger's hat and coat and deliberately threw them in a corner of the room, which was very dusty and dirty from many month's accumulation of filth. Imagine the stranger's embarrassment when he saw the treatment given his new spring outfit, which had cost him twelve ninety-eight.

"So you want to join our club," resumed the head gangster. Well, your name and nationality are O.K., but tell me, how much money have you in the bank?"

"Not very much—only about ten or twelve dollars."

"I see. Under those circumstances we can not possibly allow you membership in our club, as every member must feel his dignity and realize that this is no ordinary organization." (Right he was. It is the most extraordinary one we have ever seen.)

"Well, I can get some money if you want me to," said the bright young chap. "Then will you take me in?"

"Gladly—with arms outstretched," exclaimed the big Monkey-Monk. When will you be able to secure this money?"

"Tonight, after everyone is asleep," whispered the stranger, and he glanced around as he spoke.