



### THE STORY OF A LOST TREASURE

Early in the spring there was quite a scare among the members of the Phi Pi Phi Fraternity. So great was their anger that they threatened the life of every student along Boul Mich in attempting, by the use of drastic measures, to regain possession of the thing that meant the most in the longevity of their order.

As a matter of explanation, someone had an exceedingly brilliant idea which, in this instance, might be attributed to a dull brained individual, that he or they (we would not think of exposing him or them, even though we know his or their names) would steal, perhaps remove sounds better, the sign from the Phi Pi fraternity house, and by so doing, cause grave fears for its safety. It was removed during the night, and as the members were in the habit of bowing to it every morning before they dared eat, its absence, of course, was immediately discovered and the first one came running into the house yelling very ungentlemanly.

"Oh, Oh. Our beloved sign has been lifted from our boarding house front porch. What shall we do? I am worried as to its safety and fear the bad person who stole it will not care for it after the manner of our devoted pledges. Oh, what a cruel person to take our sign. If I had that ruffian here this very minute I would call 'Fie, Fie' upon him; I would spit at him—why, I would even tweak his nose."

"This is terrible and I am sure we will apprehend the bad man who is responsible," cried one of the crowd, and it really was a crowd, for the Phi Pi chapter roll resembles the payroll of the County Prison.

It was noticed that one of the members of the 400 (401 to 800) was thinking, whereupon all were silent.

"Eureka," he cried, "I have found it."

"Found what?", was the answer.