

"They grappled with their studies, too, and came out victors. They crossed the gulf of Freshman A and covered the quicksands of Math. 1-2-3.

"On a May afternoon last spring they took a jolly ride through the country, stopping at Miss Slack's for supper. They auctioned off lunch boxes and had a gay time eating on the lawn under the green trees. You'll enjoy the 1908 stunts. Again, when the moon was full, the 9th of November they went on two big hay wagons out into the country for the regular fall stunt. The night was cold, but around the snapping fire at Mrs. Moore's, with a liberal supply of doughnuts and pumpkin pie, who cared what Jack Frost did outside?

"And now, just a word in regard to the Freshmen. In the first place, if they intend to get up any more posters I should advise a thorough course in originality and ingenuity beforehand. Then one day this fall they hung a placard up in chapel over the platform announcing that 1908 was not sleeping, but dead. They have a habit of being too quick to judge others by themselves. And one more thing. The Freshmen should have their attention directed to spelling. They actually wrote the Sophomores a challenge to a "Cain rush."

New Year laughed in spite of herself. "The Sophomores were doubtless glad to be recognized as Abel, anyway."

The old man was almost exhausted. "Do well by them, New Year; 1908 deserves your best efforts," he said wearily.

The fire was low, the embers glowed faintly, the first stroke of twelve was sounding. The New Year turned towards the clock as if to stay the strokes, but the pendulum continued to swing and the hands to travel. There was a rustle, the sounds of halting footsteps and the girl looked to find the chair before the fire empty. The Old Year had gone, but in the howling night she heard voices and caught the words,

"They know no name 'defeat'  
In muscle or in brain;  
Their record can't be beat,  
And '08 stands for fame."