

Kidnapping Kero

THE dark-lantern flashes. The room is suddenly filled with masked men, who, in the twinkling of an eye, are at the bedside of the Freshman President. Quicker than a flash a gag is in his mouth and ropes are around his hands and feet. The ringleaders then silently wrapping up his body in a blanket, *habille en robe de nuit*, hoist it upon the shoulders of their confederates, who carry their burden over the campus, down College Hill and through the dark streets to Mitchel's "bastile." The prisoner is quickly locked in a room and guarded by a sentinel who paces the halls and admits through the three-barred doors the curious Sophomores, who come in to see their captured prize.

As if fearing to face individually the consequences of their deeds, blindfolded their captive and proceeded to do the "tonsorial act." The chief of his band, which preferred to carry on a harrassing guerilla war, instead of crossing swords in the open, was Rogers. He, in egotistical vainness boasting not only of many heinous crimes, but as having graduated as past master of the barber's art, now nervously proceeded, but did a very uneven job, leaving here no hair at all, there large tufts of locks. As one desirous of pleasing his customer by giving a free shampoo, the barber applied a bottle of "DeClerque's (Demosthenes') Cheap Writing Fluid."

The constant tread of the guard, the occasional giving of the countersign, the handing of the daily rations through the transom of the door, made the atmosphere extremely prison-like.

The over-jubilant Sophomores then forwarded terms of peace to the Freshmen, which stated that they would release their captive if the Freshmen would leave the '08 banner hang in the chapel during the year and other such senseless, outlandish terms; but here is where their plans were "knocked in the head," for the '09-ers refused to treat with them. In the meantime the Freshmen were not standing with arms akimbo set. Their alert eyes soon located the place where their leader was imprisoned, and they prepared to form a rescuing party to storm the stronghold; but the '08-ers, perceiving that things were getting too warm for comfort, "treked" their prisoner to Newark, under cover of darkness, like a scared band of coyottes hunting for safer quarters. Here is where the poor generalship of the Sophos lost them the day, for they, like unskilled criminals, had chosen as the place of confinement the most public hotel in town, and carelessly registered under the attractive nomenclature, "O. G. What A. Wad, London, England."

Guard Told, armed with a thirty-two Colt's revolver, passed a