

restless night with his prisoner, with no air of nonchalance, often wishing for the relief guard to arrive, so as to be released from the dangerous work. During the morning hours a knock was heard, and the guard, using the wisdom which these philosophers usually employ, carelessly did not ask who wanted admission, but opened the door, only to be quickly overpowered by a rescuing party of Freshmen. The guard was quickly strapped to the bed, and the clippers and shears were applied to his flowing locks. He soon had the appearance of a hideous heathen Chinese. He was then painted in fantastic style, decorated with '09 numerals, his big thirty-two placed in his right hand, and his likeness transformed to the photographic plate. This picture now graces rooms of the Freshmen. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The '09-ers thus added a wad of Told's hyperion locks to the collection cut from the pates of Lloyd, DeClerque and Loughridge. Hereafter, the movements of the Freshmen were as mysterious to the '08-ers as the "will o' th' wisp." So the cherished plan of the Sophos. was "nipped in the bud," their hopes were now wrecked, and they commenced the Russian stunt of retreating. Not commenced retreating, for they first did the Waterloo act in front of Cleveland Hall several nights before, when they hurried, they ran, they almost flew before the onslaught of the phalanxes of the Freshmen, up and over the hill to a more strategic position. Each member of this well-organized band hereafter resembled "an owl bewildered in the daylight and hastening back to its hollow tree."

At this point Prexy showed his hand and informed the downcast Sophos. that they must return the captive by eight o'clock the next morning, or suffer the consequences; whereupon the Sophos. swearing within themselves, responded to this demand, "The Freshman President has been recaptured by his classmen and has been in their hands for many hours."

The next morning the entire Freshman class gathered on the high hill east of Granville and awaited the return of their leader. Soon a cloud of dust appeared on the horizon and an automobile showed up in the distance bearing their President. After passing congratulations, the class marched through the village in a compact body, with the auto in the center of the formation, and cheered enough to awake even the dead in Maple Grove. The triumphant march proceeded up College Hill, and, being late, all "bucked" chapel. When the students appeared after chapel the air became resonant with the songs of '09, and yell for the class of blue and gold.

Lo! for many moons have the Sophomores been chided as to how their cherished plans were successfully carried out. Smarting under the whip of defeat, the '08-ers have sworn before the altars of their gods that they will yet have revenge.

A FRESHMAN.