

A "BOSS" MADE CLASS PRESIDENT

DURING your sojourn in college, be it of short or long duration, have you not become familiar with a few names and faces to whom you turn instinctively to associate with any practical jokes there may have been perpetrated? Need we mention names? Well, if we tried very hard to impress these two men we might have "gott-en green" trying! So, here goes:

Along about the latter part of August, when the desultory days were well in vogue, two men, student-like in appearance, met on the street, shook hands, wept a few tears over each other's shoulders, and, sojourning to a nearby "restaurant," seated themselves at a table, ordered two, and, in a very few minutes, were deeply engrossed in their half-whispered conversation. Little did either one of these sun-burned, smiling-faced youths imagine the innocent-looking man nearby was their mutual friend (theirs and the faculty's), Btolz. What a metamorphosis can take place in one single man—how little did this man with hat pulled down over his eyes, collar turned up to his ears (even though it was August), paper jammed into his face, look like the one-time few-days' President of the Class of '07!

'Twas true, too true, and yet our world-famed Historian, Williard C. Gott, sayeth, "No '07 will stoop to conquer!"

We will leave this third party, to be resurrected in his proper role later in our narrative. These two "G's" finished their "luncheon," got up, wept once more on each other's shoulders, as did Joseph of old, and departed. But these meetings were resumed at intervals during the remainder of the summer, and when the day for college arrived these men were prominent on the scene with a candidate for the Senior Class Presidency! Up and down the rooms strutted the two "bosses," with the proud and prominent candidate, with locked arms, between them! Who can this favored candidate be? Head erect, chest far out into space, high stepper, and that winning smile! Where, or, where, have we seen him before? Ah-ha-a! 'Tis the Duke of Splindeman, in all his glory! By the shrewd, clever and indefatigable work of his two cohorts, each and every man in the Senior Class was duly approached and spiked for the coming election, being spoken to later by the candidate, who was extremely enthusiastic about his platform, which, as he explained to each man individually, was to this effect: