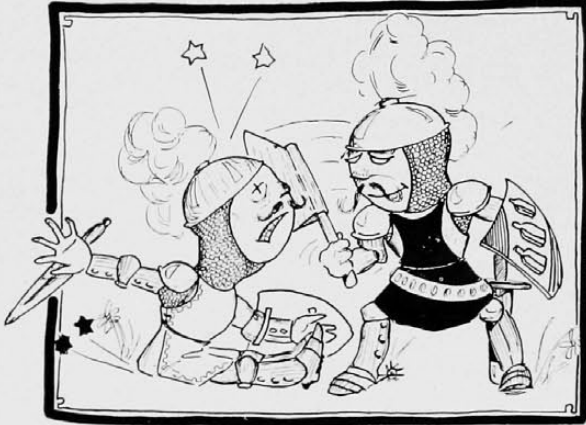


## "Passing of De Pigge-Skin"



Ye brawny knightes did venture forth on one daring quest

**Y**E brawny knightes of ye old strong hold did venture forth on one daring quest. Fared they farr off to a rivaling schoole for to avenge ye Holie Alma Mater on ye bloody rivals of the sizzeling grid iron. And, in troth, they did verilie roast and pummel right heartilie the hautie varlets in ye goode olde boot ball fight. Howbeit, ye heartie lads did suffer quite harshly with full many a smashed nose and sprunged limb. And for all

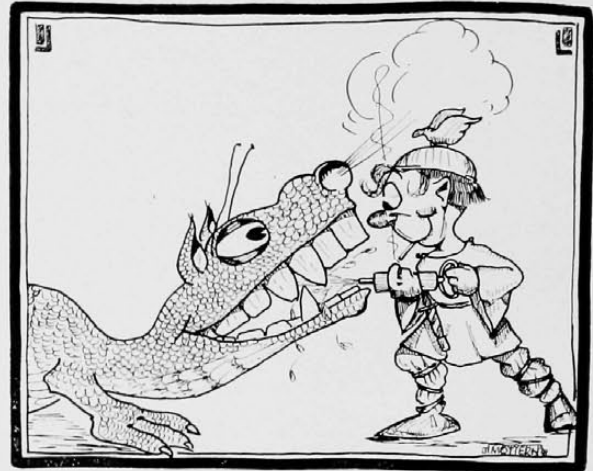


"Tis a grand sight!  
"Tis ye College Comodie." exclaimed ye King.

ye hard fights and trouncings of ye rival hellians they got narie a sheckle,—and ye wise and learned profs gave each the honorarie E or F.

Then when ye knightes under goode Sir Captain Richard did return from the jousts with victorie, they found a changed place. Ye olde grid iron fielde was bedecked with pettie coats and May poles, and maidish fellows played at ye robust game of croquet.

"LDamme!" quot strong Sir Dick, "What hath ye here?" But ye sillie maidens did blush for shame, and ye knightes made exceeding haste for ye Gym, the hang-oute of ye real he-males.



They did verily roast and pummel

"Whatten ye hell be this?!" cried they as one. Lack-a-day! Ye tattered knights did gape in wonder and shame to see what pussy-footed churls had done to their brawling place. Feminish curtains, like ye sleeping chamber of ye sororitie house, did hang from ye balcony and raceing track. With little lightes and merrie tune ye maidens and ye lillie-white fellows did dance about as fairies in a dale. And oft they would suck on ye wicked dope-sticks, Chesterfields.

"Brew my spleen in tar!" cried Captain Richard, and he did wax exceeding wroth. His black eye did flash righ brightlie as he saw ye younge King standing by smiling sweetlie.