

## "Passing of De Pigge-Skin"

(Continued)



A sleekish fellow who thot he could sing

"Sire," quoth he to the King, "now what dam sissy business be this?"

"'Tis a grand sight—'Tis a beautiful sight!" exclaimed ye King. "Ah! this be ye College Comodie. 'Tis far more fit for ye college than ye roughneck game of boot ball," quoth he.

"Ah-ha!" cried ye knightes, and would fain start a little rukus.

"What doth thee here?" asked one burly lad of a sleekish fellow who thot he could sing. "Get's thou ought for't?" quoth the knight.

"Verlie indeed! Right likely!" he answered, turning upward his puggish nose. "We, ye college Comodie doth get twenty and five hundred shekles, and much goode raimant. And,"

quoth he with a sly wynk, "all ye neftie blondes do love ye for it."

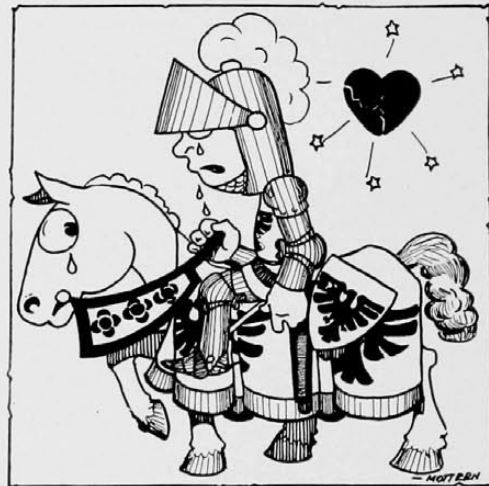
"Aw!" bawled ye valiant and wronged knightes. They having nothing else to do, did sample right hartlie ye home brew, and thot to make merrie.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed ye knightes in great glee. "Look what they hath on! Ye flappers many a flounce, and the fellows hath ye striped pantaloons with pink ribbons and ye trimmings on."

"Rowdy row!" did shriek ye frenzied maidens. "What, ye wylde bull necks of ye campus, contend ye with our politick? Hie thee hence!" With ye dope stick, and ye lip stick, they ousted ye sturdie knightes from the strong holde of ye old Alma Mater.

Thusly passed ye strong men from ye campus, and thusly befell the end of ye goode olde he-man's game of boot ball.

—H. M.



Thusly passed ye strong men from the campus