

ment, being unmercifully guyed and jeered by the unfeeling finals. The small group of freshmen on the right are making a good fight.

"Cross over, 'Freshie,' and help your men!" cry the finals, eager now to see the sophs defeated. But the freshmen lack courage. They have not yet begun to understand the meaning of the affair, nor what shape it is to take.

Several of the lines of "elevators" have left their places and gone over to the right to reinforce the attacking party.

Now they come, one by one. By sheer force, each freshman is dragged down over the partitions (book-rests between the rows of seats), by a gang of five or six to the floor below, where some give up and go up on the other side without any fuss or kicking, being given a good start by the powerful arms of John Ditchfield.

MacMahon and Felcher are doing very little real fighting. They are both standing upon the top of one of the partitions directing the manœuvres. MacMahon, from his height, espies a little, oily, Jew freshman, Oliver Oppenheimer by name, and he leans over to reach him; but that slippery individual eludes his grasp and slides away up out of his reach. With a coarse epithet, MacMahon dashes after him and catches him as he is about to glide down one of the long stovepipes which run, one on either side, up over the seats from the stoves on the floor below. Oliver turns and bites his fingers as they rest on his forearm. MacMahon gives a howl of pain and suddenly releases his hold. The Jew, who appears to be endowed with wonderful agility, jumps suddenly upon the shoulder of one of the freshmen, grabs the iron bar which holds the south wall of the room from parting with the north, swings himself up, and then shins away up to the ceiling on one of its supports, writhing and twisting his body around the rod, looking for all the world like a good-sized monkey.

This episode amuses the finals immensely, and they laugh at and joke MacMahon accordingly, daring him to bring the agile "freshie" down, as he is elevated altogether too far up.

The fight still goes on. All are not down. All have not gone up over the bar. It has taken no little trouble to bring down the strong young man from the West. About a dozen have managed at last to land him on the floor below, where he is handed over to the tender mercies of John Ditchfield and his gang. He makes a little resistance even here, but the brawny arms of big John encircle his waist; his legs are grabbed by four or five others; he is lifted bodily off his feet; a great shove from John, and up he starts. Once free of that powerful grasp, he starts at resistance again. He kicks out vigorously. Someone gets a stunner in the chest. "Saw