

be a vicious animal in those bushes. Things began to happen quickly and John, before he had time to locate the trample of feet and crackling of branches, was seized in the strong arms of three stalwarts. While he was fast endeavoring to collect his thoughts and trying to recollect if he had trod on German soil or if he had lost his course and strayed to the prison farm, a husky voice of a Sophomore exclaimed: "Oh, Freshman John, this night thou hast taken thy destiny in thine own hands; thou hast sinned against Sophomores and in our sight; thou art no more worthy to wear long hair; (sound of shears was heard) therefore, I say unto you; go forth among thy brethren, exhibit thy bald head, make known the errors of thy ways or there shall be weeping and gnashing of shears."

John, cool-headed and alone in his room, considered the situation, A feeling of revenge seized him. He exclaimed: "My beautiful locks are sacrificed, what more can they take?

I shall continue to visit the realms of Macdonald Hall and defy the laws of the Sophomores." What next?

Weeks passed quietly by and John's sins remained unpunished. Lecture after lecture was filed away in the notebook. The term's work piled on the table before him. One day a notice was posted that examinations would begin the following week. John became frenzied. He had cast aside the advice of the experienced Sophs.; he had let human nature take its course and now the climax had come. One thing was evident,—either John must utterly fail, disgrace himself and neglect to serve his country by increasing production or he must cast aside everything and bend himself to his study. Study was the word. He girded himself to work, mastered the situation, made his second year standing and passed from the trials and temptations of the Freshman to the directorship of college activities, a Sophomore.

(To be continued.)



THE FACULTY LUNCHEON.

Toward the end of May the Seniors of Macdonald Hall think not of June weddings. No! their thoughts take a more serious turn—the Faculty dinner is the sole topic for two straight weeks.

"I would like to meet the Seniors in room forty-seven at two o'clock," Miss Watson announced one day. Everybody knew what that meant.

Each girl in the housekeeper class had her own special reasons for believing that she would not be appointed steward—a position not at all to be envied.

This year the fates decreed that Helen Grant should be steward. The other Seniors inwardly sighed a sigh of relief but backed it up with "We'll do our best to make the steward's task as easy as possible."