

The four stood close together, arms gripped, resisting the press that crushed them together, speaking no more, hearing about them the curious babble of the underclassmen.

"That's Regan."

"Story'll go first."

"Stand here."

"This is the spot."

"Lord, they look solemn enough."

"Almost time."

"Get your watch out."

"Fifteen seconds more."

"Five, four, three, two —"

"*Boom!*"

Above their heads the chapel bell broke over them with its five decisive strokes, swallowed up in the roar of the college.

"*Yea!*"

"Here he comes!"

"First man for Bones!"

"Reynolds!"

From where he stood Stover could see nothing. Only the travelling roar of the crowd told of the coming seniors. Then there was a stir in the crowd near him, and Reynolds, in black derby, came directly for them; pushed them aside, and suddenly slapped some one behind.

A roar went up again.

"Who was it?" said Story quickly.

"Hunter, Jim Hunter."

The next moment Hunter, white as a sheet, bumped at his side and passed, followed by Reynolds; down the convulsive lane the crowd opened to him.

Roar followed roar, and reports came thick.