

The freshmen, many of them with white faces, nervous, breaths bated, have gathered in groups amongst the upper seats and on the upper landing, away up nearly to the ceiling of the amphitheatre-like classroom. All is new to them, so new that they wonder to themselves where it will all end. Some stand with hands in pockets awaiting for the onslaught. No organization—none; there has been no time for anything like that. They have not even made acquaintance one with another. All are strangers, but they congregate now, drawn together by a common sympathy of dread and danger. The passageway up the centre between the rows of seats is cleared; so is the space in front and around the dais, for here often lies the fun. *Here* the freshmen very often fight, resisting elevation.

Two sophomores, Jack Feleher and Archibald MacMahon, are rampant. They line a double row up one side over the seats or benches. They muster a force upon the opposite side. One gang brings them down; the other hauls them up.

John Ditchfield, a third sophomore, stripped to the waist, nothing upon his powerful frame but under-guernsey and pantaloons, stands at the bottom of the elevating detachment. He is supported by six or eight stout, burly fellows. These are noted "scrappers," and this is the point where fight is always shown. Feleher and MacMahon will lead on the first assault.

Everything is now in readiness. The men are marshalled into order. The command is given. Away they go, scrambling up over the seats and partitions, some few up the aisle, all the attacking party making for the group of freshmen huddled upon the upper landing.

Felcher is a little fellow, but he is first. He is met with a rebuff which almost completely deprives him of his hazing ardor. A big freshman from the Prairie Province, tanned, brown, and rugged with his rough, outdoor life and toil, has grabbed the little hazer and has literally thrown him in the faces of the advancing party. He strikes MacMahon, a long, lanky soph., full in the chest, and over they both go, all tangled up, between two rows of seats.

A yell of delight goes up from the jubilant finals at this reception. It means there is going to be some fight and lots of fun for them. It is a time-honored custom. The sophomores must fight their own battle. They will get no assistance from the finals. Cheer upon cheer rises from their throats, and the freshmen are encouraged on, but, timid, they hold back from coming up to the support of their fellow. The rush is now upon them. Feleher and MacMahon have extricated themselves from their ludicrous predica-