

With deep premeditated lies, devised
Most studiously, wherewith to hoodwink me?
Avant! I know you, and your wanton tricks;
You stole the doois, and now would meanly hide
Your shame and fear behind the shadow of
Your pond'rous nose. O my, fie, for shame!
What would your pa say?

But wert thou alone?
O! hadst thou aid? Tell who. Well let that pass.
I now proclaim—Ye guzzling gourmands, hear!—
[To Seniors and Cads whose appetites had got the better of their discretion]
That those same doois must be returned before
Old Sol hath zenith reached—the penalty,
Twelve ducats, or a pound of flesh—

Junior [impulsively, who thinks reference is made to the boarding-house steak.]
Their take

The flesh. You'll find it toughest beef you ere
Put tooth to.

Praeses. A pound of juicy flesh
Cut from the ribs of each offender.

Soph, late from France. Gosh!

Praeses. We must protect ourselves. So nice a sense
Of honor dwells in each of ye, that noise
And anarchy and mild disorder reign,
And yet the guilty all are screened. Once on
This hill dwelt virtue, peace, and chastity.
"O Hamlet, what a falling off was here!"
Unless there be a change, these doois shall close;
These spacious halls grow silent; ye be sent
Back to the bairnyards whence ye came.
There ye may carry swill, and curry calves
And live mid smells far wiser than those which now,
In yonder quiet class-room, fill the nose
Of Sophomore, until he cough and sneeze and gag;
At home, to find as friends Tom, Dick, and Harry,
And then some moon-faced Mary Ann to marry.

SCENE II. Porch of Dining Hall.—Praeses is seen walking away pursued by Fat Soph who shouts after him.

Fat Soph. Hi, there! Hulloo! Now by my beard I swear,
I'll pay no ducat, give no pound of flesh;
My father toils from morn till night that I,
His son may wisdom gain. His hard earned cash
Shall not be spent in making good the ill
By devils done. D'ye hear?

Praeses. Zounds, yes! Don't yell
So loud. Thou'rt like to split my ears. If thou
Art guiltless, show it and thou goest free.

Fat Soph. I'll tell you all I know about it,
And you may either believe or scout it.—
Last night at twelve I heard an awful crash;
I saw those doois swing through the ebon air;
I heard old Satan gnash his teeth and sweat;
A wild and weird and hoarse Tartarean wail—
"The Devil did it with his forked tail!"

[Exit Fat Soph, munching a biscuit, leaving Praeses leaning heavily on his cane. Curtain.]

It is only natural that much of this drama should be deemed pointless and perhaps unintelligible by readers other than students of the period. To these however it is rich in local allusion and "palpable hits." "Every dog has his day," and some of us "old ones," by the