

The giant standing there, six feet four inches tall, is puffing and smiling and laughing.

"Fellow-students," he began, "this is too rich. I am a soph myself. I put in my first year at a Philadelphia medical college. I have been hazed and elevated before; but I never thought any college would ever elevate a sophomore. However, I don't mind it at all. I came here because I heard from one of your graduates of the splendid course of study imparted in this institution. I am not sorry, because I perceive I am in very elevating society."

The boys cheered him lustily as he walked from the dais, and voted him a "brick," while many crowded around him to shake him by the hand.

During this change in the proceedings, John Ditchfield had been standing, frowning savagely at the newcomer. He had measured his man. If this fellow were to remain in the college, it would surely interfere with his brutal rule. He stood in the front row of seats, within arm's reach of where George had stepped when he descended from the dais, but he made no attempt to welcome the stranger.

Now occurred an episode which ended as a fitting climax to the day's proceedings.

The young Jew, Oliver Oppenheimer, having been forgotten during the attention which had been paid to Bolingbrooke, had loosened a great chunk of plaster from the ceiling, and, taking aim at MacMahon, let fly and hit Ditchfield squarely on the back of the head.

Turning with a fierce epithet, Ditchfield beheld sitting immediately behind him on one of the partitions or book-rests between the seats, with his feet resting on the partition immediately in front of him, a negro student, George Washington Jones by name. The darkey was grinning with delight at the discomfiture of his big enemy, as Ditchfield had always bullied him all through the first term.

Many other eyes than the little darkey's had seen whence the missile proceeded, amongst them George Bolingbrooke's.

"You —— little nigger!" yelled Ditchfield, boiling over with rage and mad with fury. "I'll dash your little brains out."

He seized the negro boy, and, raising him bodily above his head, turned around and was about to put his threat into execution before the students actually grasped his intentions, when his thick red throat was clutched as if in a vise of iron. He struggled to release himself, his hold loosening upon Jones, who frantically slipped away out of his reach.