

Fudge and Entree

“YES, about half-past eleven, but for goodness sake don't let that door of yours squeak. It gave us away last time.”

Consequently, about eleven-thirty I was tip-toeing down the Seminary corridor to room —. The other girls were all there perched in various “comfy” positions on the lounges. M—, the “Master of Ceremonies,” was stirring fudge. I cuddled down beside L— and tried to pick up the threads of the ghost story J— was telling. It was the most spooky thing. Why some people like those shivery stories I could never understand.

Br-r-r, there was an awful draught from somewhere. Oh why didn't J— finish that thing ? That fudge must be nearly done. Oh, the blind is going up ! “What is it ? Good Heavens—a MAN !! Girls, Oh, Girls, look ! They looked. J—'s ghost story did stop or was drowned in shrieks. Upon such a clamor, the “man” tore the handkerchief from his mouth and jerked off his cap. “Girls, be quiet quick or Miss X— will be down.” So quoth our burglar, no other than E—, an illustrious member of '17, in tones as horrified as our own.

We were suddenly silenced—not by E— but by an ominous knock at the door. It was Miss X—. Her little sermon was not taken down in shorthand, but we all learned what she thought of us, the fudge, and of E—, who was still standing on the fire escape, leaning in the window. What we did not learn, however, was where that imp of an E— got the boy's coat and cap. Perhaps somebody has a brother in the Academy.

Following Buster Brown's good example, here's our resolution: “What's being without privileges for a week, compared to a lark like that ?”

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Rem ! Rem ! Rem !
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Acadia Sem !