

can hold stakes. Any other of you fellows want to put any money on it?" asked Vannel.

"Here's ten dollars," said the Sophomore president accepting the challenge to his class.

That night the Sophomore and Freshmen classes both had a meeting. After the meeting the two classes had a fight and the Freshmen were badly whipped.

"That's all right, the next time we tackle them, we'll surprise 'em," said Cantel as he wiped the blood and dirt from his face.

Five minutes before 4 o'clock Monday evening the entire student body of Oldfield college was gathered near block No. 12, on Market street. The Sophomores were gathered off to themselves. Their president was talking to them. "I think it will be something like this, boys. Some Freshy will come prancing up the road while the others stand around and cheer. If that's the way it turns out, we'll let the boys who board here on this block take care of him, and if any of the other Freshies take a hand, then we'll go in and wipe 'em off the earth."

A minute before the post office clock struck four Cantel and Bonner drove up in a closed carriage on the opposite side of the block from where most of the crowd was gathered.

"All right, the clock is striking four, let me out," said Cantel.

"Poor Freshy," said a Senior, as Cantel stepped jauntily out of the carriage and started down the road.