

look showed that the Juniors were right. Every one of the Sophomores had dropped almost instantaneously, and they were still on the ground, but no one repeated the charge that they were dynamited, and the crowd turned.

"It was foul play anyhow. Some of you Sophs stop him, he's not by yet!" yelled a Senior.

At this suggestion three Sophs made a dash for Cantel, who, with a cane in each hand, was in a few yards of the corner of the block. The first Soph caught the end of the broken cane on his derby, and went down like a limp rag. The other two staggered on a few feet and fell.

"Give them air, they will come to," shouted Cantel as he was picked up and carried off on the shoulders of the jubilant Freshmen.

"Sophomores! Sophomores! This way Sophomores!" shouted some one through a megaphone.

"Freshmen! Freshmen! Get together for a fight!" yelled George Vannel. "Get together! The Sophs are going to try to take your cane!"

In less than half a minute the Sophomores charged and the fight began. An hour and a half later, by the united efforts of ten policemen, the mayor of Oldfield and the president of Oldfield college, the fight was stopped. The Freshmen had possession of the cane and were having decidedly the best of the fight when the fight was ended.

"Freshies, you are all right. You carried the cane by the block and whipped them too," shouted a Senior.