

LITERARY.

A LOADED CANE.

George Vannel, the vice-president of the Junior class at Oldfield College, had just given up an attempt to organize a football team in the Freshman class. "It was the hardest thing I ever tackled," he said to a room mate. "There isn't as much class spirit in them as there is in a bunch of kindergarten kids. They are a bum lot sure. I can tell them right now, too, that the Sophomore class that they are going to bump up against is a whizzer."

"Maybe the Sophs will knock some life in them," yawned Gus Herndon, his roommate.

"Maybe so, anyhow the Sophs can't knock any life out of them," replied Vannel.

On account of sickness Harry Cantel was three weeks late entering school at Oldfield College the fall of 1901. The evening Harry went up to matriculate, the Registrar was talking to George Vannel. "Good evening. Something you want?" he asked Harry.

"I would like to matriculate, sir," Harry answered.

"All right, just take that chair. What class do you wish to enter?"