

The third night of his stay at Oldfield Cantel met Bonner, the president of the Freshman class. Both boys liked each other from the first, and in two weeks they were close friends. After the first class meeting that Cantel attended, he came back by Bonner's boarding house and stopped awhile.

"Well Cantel, what do you think of our class?" asked Bonner.

"It's hard to say," Cantel answered.

"Vannel says its the sorriest Freshman class that was ever here," Bonner said slowly. "We made a very poor start. In the class rush against the Sophs at the beginning of school, there were only about six Freshmen out, and the whole class should have been there. We failed to organize a football team, and we ought to have had a good one. I don't know much about hazing, but Vannel says the Sophs are breaking the record in hazing us this year. He says lambs couldn't have stood it any meeker than we have. Last year by this time there had been three class fights between the Sophs and Freshmen. Something ought to be done, and it is my place to take the lead, but the rest of the class won't follow me. For some reason they haven't much confidence in me. Vannel says he doesn't believe they will follow anybody, but I believe he is wrong. A good many of the Freshmen are getting pretty tired of the way things are running now, A little later on it won't be near so hard to lead them as it is now. What is needed most now is something to hap-