to talk during meals, having heard that it helped digestion; and now what a change! he eats little, often nothing for days, and never opens his mouth at the table, not even to say “Thank you,” for he found that politeness was neither a custom nor a requirement of the landlady.

Yes! He has led a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence. All winter long Mr. Hyde would reign supreme, except that now and then Dr. Jekyll would have to make his appearance for a class dinner or some invitation. In the summer Dr. Jekyll had full sway without a single interruption which the Lounger can remember. The few times that the Doctor did make his appearance in the winter usually ended almost fatally for him, as he gorged himself to such an extent that it usually took several days for the Lounger to recover.

As the Lounger looks over what he has written he is not a little appalled. He had forgotten that he had written this passage. He had forgotten that he had written this passage.

The rehearsal went through in good shape, thanks to Prof. Van Daell’s training in French, and that evening the fun began in earnest. Fifty college men back of the scenes in one theatre, and no fun? You might as well imagine a cold snap and no drowning accident! Here were legendaryss in their tin armor, their captain the redoubtable Jack Highlands; here were our short men, like Speer and Reed, transformed into slaves and oarsmen, their faces colored, and their persons adorned with strange finery; here were citizens and soldiery, behind whose uncouth attire peered out the features of Lane, Blake, Clarke, Morss, and other well-known sports and athletes; while bravest of all the brave, Pease and Campbell shouldered impossible musical instruments.

In the dressing rooms some poor unfortunates still struggle with garments whose properties are unknown to them. Tights and togas, swords and spears, helmets and other paraphernalia are strewn about in the utmost confusion. And now the signal is given and we rush up stairs and arrange our forces. How bravely Jack marshals his forces; well may Marc Antoine feel secure. The curtain rises—surely that applause was meant for us. To the Lounger and another brave the beauty of every scene. Here is a man who feels his belt give way and sneaks back of the scenes in one theatre, and no fun? You might as well imagine a cold snap and no drowning accident! Here were legendaryss in their tin armor, their captain the redoubtable Jack Highlands; here were our short men, like Speer and Reed, transformed into slaves and oarsmen, their faces colored, and their persons adorned with strange finery; here were citizens and soldiery, behind whose uncouth attire peered out the features of Lane, Blake, Clarke, Morss, and other well-known sports and athletes; while bravest of all the brave, Pease and Campbell shouldered impossible musical instruments.

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