of freshness as the Lounger has heard tell of for a long time. When he became one of us, he decided that a fraternity pin would add luster to his toilet arrangements, and immediately set about, according to his most approved and interesting methods, to "look the matter up." After giving much thought and consideration to the subject he found that it was impossible to obtain any blanks for membership from either the Bursar or President. He decided to wait a little while; perhaps kind fate would give him the means of fulfilling his fondest hopes. He stayed in his room evenings, and waited for some one to call to administer the secret rites to him; he always tried to edge his way into the center of any group of students with the hope that he would obtain a cue to the all powerful spell. He watched and waited, and questioned all the Freshmen of his caliber about their views and projects on the subject, notably the one who had advertised for a chum. Finally his reward came; on a bright, sunny day (at which time his true color seemed most noticeable) he received a letter. The letter simply stated that the D. F. Chapter of A. S. S. fraternity considered him a most worthy and suitable man for membership, and that, if he would like to become one of them he must wear the enclosed green ribbon in his buttonhole for a week, and meet some of the members of the fraternity on the "clover field" on a certain evening later. Did our hero falter, thinking himself perchance imposed upon? Not he. He wore the green ribbon, and even went so far as to cut the red sealing wax off the back of the letter and paste it on the end of the ribbon. With a proud air he strutted about his daily duties, and he scarcely found the time to exchange his customary pleasantries with the restaurant girl. The gates of his college paradise seemed to stand ajar, and the path thither seemed quite short as he gazed at the open sesame on his breast. First of all he wrote a letter home, telling the "folks" of his good fortune, and enclosed in his letter a long column of possible expenditures he would have to make in his new life. Fifty dollars, he calculated, would buy him a fine pin set around with diamonds, and a heavy gold chain attached. Then he might also want cuff buttons and studs to match. It was a neat little sum he finally added up, and he chuckled with delight as he saw himself arrayed in his elegant finery.

Hours seemed days to him as the eventful evening drew near, and when he started for the "clover field" his excitement had reached the highest pitch. He came, he saw, he——; he found his friends (as he had silly termed them to himself when thinking of this evening), and right gladly did they welcome him. Was ever a Freshman so popular he thought to himself; and his friends playfully tell the story, now, that they all heard his hat band crack as he grasped them one after another by the hand, and various grips and odd signs were explained to him. As the friends had on masks, he was scarcely able to see the convulsions and fits of hysterics they were undergoing. But the end came all ere long. He was told he must be left in silent meditation for some minutes, in order that he might collect his mystified senses, and think over the solemnity of the occasion, as well as rehearse the various signs and passwords they had taught him. Thus they left him, standing blindfolded in the center of the field, with both legs tied together, his hands lashed behind him, and a muzzle over his mouth. Yes, he waited for them. The minutes grew to hours, and still he waited. At first he swayed back and forth restlessly; then he moaned in his muffler as a feeling of numbness stole over him; he peregrinated about on two solidified extremities, until he finally fell to the ground a helpless mass of conceit and freshness. And thus he was found by a good Samaritan in the early dawn.

And the sequel is in full conformity with the events that precede it, for fellow Freshmen still approach him in the Mechanical Drawing Room, and congratulate him on his rise, he receiving them with suave urbanity, and a spirit unassailed by any suspicion that of all "unholy roasts" his is the most devilishly good one.