Deeply does The Lounger praise his Editor for summoning his annual delirium of happiness when he did, for had it not come then, it would have remained unfelt and unknown,—eclipsed by the sorrow-laden news so recently come to The Lounger's attention. Thanksgiving is Thanksgiving no more. And all because the Freshmen have been raising such complete and especial mischief with their heroic tutor in the noble art of strategy and war.

The sad history is this. The Freshmen have for some time been averse to studying the art of martial slaughter; their sensitive organizations, nurtured by Russian Peace Proclamations and Arbitration Tracts, found the mention of gore and grapnel repellant to their delicate sensibilities. War—the iron-bound edition of a Freshmen election!—horrible! Strategy—the cane rush of national sword slasher!—too much! Humanity rebelled. Determined to substitute a practice of tranquility for such imperfect doctrine, they declared war upon their chieftains, revolted against the laws of the Commonwealth and vocally bombarded the lecture.

But the instructor—he was a strategist: he knew a game worth several of that. In a voice as calm as it was majestic, in a gentle "Give-'em-h—boys" kind of tone, in words as cold as a frozen copper run and as concentrated as a Heat lecture, he spoke. His thoughts were few, simple, direct. The Freshmen were informed that they "would be given a semi-annual examination upon his lectures for the term: no lecture notes would be printed: no more lectures would be given." Inspiration and promiscuous reading alone must supply the necessary knowledge. The sword had fallen. The few, quiet words came as an artillery broadside to the untutored Freshmen. They thought their opponent an unloosed bomb; a big gun, but of the Quaker variety; instead, they found his will a Gatling gun, his determination a Maxim rapid-fire exterminator, both loaded.

The news had spread. The prospect of 350 specials for next year reached even the Secretary's Office, just in time for him to countermand an order for a new lot of diplomas. Monday and Tuesday brightened uneventfully, flickered undecidedly, and went out. Wednesday came, and with it the hour for Military Drill. Blithely the Head Military Wizard betook himself to the drill-hall of the Freshmen. He came in sight of the structure. He approached, then suddenly looked, wavered, slackened, gazed, staggered. There he saw, suspended near the door, himself—in much the same position that the rabbit is after it has run its head through the noose, hanging from a bent willow tree. Stepping to the gutter, he picked up a splendid triangular specimen of quartzose geology, and with it inflicted a reverberant thud upon the side of his head. A virtual image of the delayed Leonids convinced him that he was existant still in the material sense as well as in the spiritual, and that the figure pendant at the door was a vile imitation. Drawing his sword, he gave himself the order for advance at double-quick, and sprang to the attack. In a short, but desperate struggle, the victim was cut down—sounds brutal!—and an entrance effected.

Then for two weary hours was heard the incessant tramp of Freshmen feet, many and large,—at first quick, firm, decisive, finally laggard, shuffling, confused. Langishing glances at the water fount availed naught, and as the Freshmen dropped, one by one, by the wayside, more and more evident became the true inwardness of the strategist's little game.

Four o'clock finally occurred: the Military Scientist read the Riot Act and dismissed the Freshmen now so moved from their naturally sensitive, dove-like disposition as to verge on the mildly remonstrative. Assembled about the entrance, they awaited the advent of their popular chieftain. In vain:—he had read somewhere in his references on strategy—surely not in any of the works of his immediate predecessor—of something supposed to constitute the better part of valor, and of this component quality he made extensive use. No more was his countenance seen that day, and the Freshmen hero-worshippers had to transfer their enthusiasm to the two sub-gore-ists, of their own blood, who were seeking favor in the eyes of their master and the offices of Adjutant and Major. These individuals were, however, as modest as their chief, and the masses were again foiled. Nothing remained but bombardment or retreat. As the heaviest projectile had already been used and retained by the Instructor in convincing himself of his proper consistency and consciousness—as previously stated—the idea of violent attack was abandoned. There occurred a graceful retreat—and the Head Strategist was again master of the day. Little had the Freshmen thought of the inconspicuous door leading from the armory to Dartmouth Street at the other end of the building; had it occurred to them, doubtless their siege of an empty building would have been abandoned long before.