

on the victim's face. She clutched her head frantically and begged for mercy.

Lastly, they would be buried alive!

This time, the victim, quaking with apprehension, was led to a room upstairs, where the bandage was removed for a moment, and she was allowed to view what seemed to be a yawning pit, at the head of which stood a skeleton draped in black, beckoning with a long, bony finger.

(I doubt if the biology department of the High School ever knew to what use their prize skeleton, "Mr. Bones," had been put, or to what pains the committee had been to secure it from and return it to the laboratory storage cupboard.)

When, downstairs again, the initiates found that they were really uninjured, their relief was so great that they were willing to agree to any conditions.

The fun began after church the following Sunday evening. Each swain who asked the familiar question (merely as a matter of habit) received the astounding reply: "No thank you!" spoken loudly and firmly. Shocked astonishment held the line silent for a moment, then the crowd jeered: "Henry got the mitten! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

But when not only Henry but the entire line, from first to last, was rejected, there were none left to jeer. The boys gathered together in a swarm and buzzed like bees! But it did no good.. The girls went home in groups, or pairs, or alone.

When the club members met at recess, the next day, the "steadies" were inclined to be a little tearful and rebellious. "Henry was to take me to the ice-cream social!" "Johnnie asked