

"But, I say," broke in the freshman, "you know well that—"

"There you go," growled the junior, "you blame freshmen make me sick. You haven't been here a year, but still you shoot off about something that you know nothing about. You underclassmen—"

"Wait a minute," broke in the sophomore with withering scorn, "You've only been here a year longer than I have and you know yourself that there are men who hold important offices who haven't any more ability than a cow. You know mighty well that different bunches slate our class and student-body elections, yet you say that—"

"Cut it out, you," broke in the senior curtly, and as they all gazed at him in surprise he rose quietly and picked up his cap.

From the distant groups on the campus came to him the sounds of merriment and smothered laughter. To his right and left, the moon's mellow rays were pierced by wooded crests from whose gloomy depths the soft summer winds came, bringing the murmur of countless myriads, who come out in the clear summer's night to add their small share to the melody of the zephyrs. In front of him lay the race, the thick growing bushes along its banks loomed up dark against the moon's rays; toward this he walked.

To find his canoe was a matter of small moment and with a few quick strokes he was immersed by the dark shadows that hover along the race.

"A man gets just as much out of his college life as he puts into it." That's what the junior had said and the underclassmen had contradicted him. "Just as much as he puts into it." That phrase kept running through his mind. Oh, pshaw! What did he care? In a few more months he would be done with it all. He didn't care, but—was the junior right? Was it his fault that somehow he hadn't done all he had hoped to do? Yet wasn't the underclassman right? Hadn't he sat for four years and seen a crowd, or sometimes two crowds run the class and student-body affairs? "Just as much as a man puts into it." Were the underclassmen right? What had his one vote done to place men in office who everyone knew were capable, when others voted for inferior men because they belonged to their particular bunch?

Oh, well. He was done with it now, and he was glad; yes, he was, he was glad.

As his canoe shot out into an open spot, the senior rested on his