

Everyone listened. Even the languorous Halliday started up from his couch, dropping his pipe, to come nearer, until recalled by the fact that the sparks were burning through his best cushion.

"What's up?" asked Hagley, when the tumult had somewhat subsided.

"The moon, for one thing," said Ostermann, peering out of the window at the luminous crescent glowing in the eastern sky, when suddenly a pillow, descending from the rear, caught him fairly on the head, landing him again in the corner, where he lay, convulsed with laughter.

"That's right," approved Halliday. "Squash that joker every time. It's the only way you can cure him."

In the meantime Rab Connor had mounted upon the single table the room contained and was now waving his hand for silence.

"Hear! hear!" yelled the council.

"Fellows," said the table orator, "I've the biggest sort of a lark on hand to-night. But don't interrupt me, for there's no time to waste. You all know that overbearing Senior, Callohill." The members nodded assent. "Well, we will give him a call. The fact is, he has a young lady in his room at this very minute."

At this announcement the racket broke out afresh. Everyone was incredulous. Such a thing in the college dormitories was scandalous.

"His sister," suggested one.

"No, it isn't," contradicted Rab. "I know her."

"His mother, then," said another.

Rab turned on the speaker with a gesture of disgust.

"Didn't I say she was a young lady? Don't you suppose I could detect the difference between a young girl and his mother? No, I came by his door on my way up and I can swear that I saw him, with some strange lady, just go in. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Three of us can look through the ventilator at the bottom of the door and the other three can climb on a dust-box and peep over the transom. There's bound to be some fun. Come on, now, and don't make any noise."

The six stole silently out, and the Star Chamber was deserted. A few minutes later they were all eagerly peering into Callohill's room. In the center of the apartment, idly toying with an ivory paper knife, sat Callohill, attired in faultless evening dress. On the edge of the bed opposite him sat a young woman, the very