

"Well, in that case you would have to get a little help of course. Let me give you a pointer."

Leaning forward, I wrote down the following as he related it.

"As I intimated at first, I was once a poor grind here as you are now, but it was a long time ago. I occupied this very room with a chum named Jack Cary. At first the work was very hard for me, especially German, but I got to using a 'pony' and then it went easier."

"At first Jack did not know that I used the 'pony.' He was very conscientious and I was ashamed to tell him; finally he saw me use it one day in class."

"That night we went for a walk as usual and as fate would have it we climbed up the rickety stairs to the cupola of the main college building to look over the town by moonlight."

"Jack had been rather quiet during our walk, but when I made some jesting remark about being too conscientious, he flared up and accused me of cheating in class. One word followed another and finally he called me a liar. My blood boiled, and without thinking, I struck him in the face."

"I could never quite recall just what followed. We clinched and were soon engaged in a fierce struggle at that dizzy height. He was fast getting the better of me when, rallying all my remaining strength, I gave him a tremendous fling. We were close to the edge of the platform and as he fell he slipped beneath the iron railing. A cry of terror escaped his lips as he fell from that awful height."

"My heart almost stopped beating. I heard the dull 'thud' as he struck the ground below and, stopping up my ears with my fingers to keep out that awful cry, I hurried down the shaky stairs. It seemed like a dream till I reached the front of the building and then the horrible reality forced itself upon my mind."

"Jack was not mangled much, but when I attempted to raise him every bone in his body seemed to be broken."

"What could I do? The body must be hid or I would be accused of murder. A sudden idea entered my mind. The basement floor of the college was of soft clay and easily dug, and would make an excellent hiding place as it was seldom visited. Picking the body up, I half carried, half dragged it to the west corner of the basement. After a short search I found a pick and shovel and soon had the body buried. Then I went to my room."