

emetic. Poor Thurlow! Well, Maurice, do the best you can."

I said I would and left the room, very much flattered that Brooks should have shown so much reliance on me; but not until Friday noon when about half through my dinner, did the full force of my promise to produce something new strike me. I gobbled down my dessert, trying violently all the while to think, and hurried to my room. Oh, for a thought! But thoughts I had none. I stared out of the window, first at the trees, then at the sky. Finally my eyes wander around the room until they become fixed appealingly on my case of books.

An idea strikes me. I'll write a scientific story. What have I been here in college all these years for? Physics! That's the stuff! Prof. Madison injected us all with such big doses of adoration for this subject! And I take down and hug tenderly my precious volumes of Carhart. Here goes for a new order of creation, a new world of negatives and positives. Woman is negative, man positive. Gravity attracts the positive, repels the negative. But when I thought of our big fat cook bristling in and stamping amongst the cobwebs on the ceiling like an exasperated gobbler, and hurling her affectionate epithets down like hot sausages at some boarder who had dared to think tough steak, I give up in despair. I never could elaborate such a scheme.

Putting back Carhart, I gaze in a bewildered way at those book backs, every one speckled with suggestions, pleasant and otherwise, of class-room troubles. But the afternoon is advancing. I recall myself and run over the familiar titles. Chemistry! Why didn't I think of that before? It's so much easier than physics. And I take down my Harris and my Richter, turning over the pages slowly, while thinking hard, concentrated, viscous thoughts. I have it! I suddenly cry out in a tone that startles me frightfully, and I look around to see if I am really alone. I'll apply chlorine gas to a murder story. Blood and thunder! The *Stiletto* has been so quiet and insipid of late. I'll stir things up. Let me see; now, the hero,—no, the heroine, who shall be pretty and have long yellow hair and be a college girl, shall murder a dark, ugly Italian count, whom her parents are trying to force her to marry. I'll have her do it this way: He threatens her, she stabs him, the blood squirts on her dress, he screams, she runs, she is caught, accused, and imprisoned.

Now! oh, yes; she makes allegation in defense (that's good—