

words a few times to fix them in my mind. What! Can't I remember? And as I struggled in vain to recall them, I experienced a sinking feeling worse than if the abyss of hades had opened at my feet and I had fallen in. But the words suddenly returned to memory. In nervous haste I sprang out of bed. Turning on the light I snatched the nearest pad, which happened to be my calendar, and on the leaf for Friday, the 16th, I wrote the hallowed words.

The next I remember, it was bright daylight, and the chapel bell was ringing. I managed to dress in time for the first recitation, but strange as it seems, I did not think of my dream until I got into my laboratory work. Pretty soon I saw Brooks coming toward me. Then recollection came like a flash, but so suddenly that nothing was clear. I strove to remember, I clutched after the idea as it faded from memory, like a sinking man grasps after a spar which is slowly but surely floating out of reach.

"Come out of it!" Brooks exclaimed, coming up to my table. "Finished that story?"

I explained to him how I had tried, and told him that I had now a wonderful, really original idea to work on, adding that the *Stiletto* could well afford to wait a day or two for the story. Brooks looked at me in a startled way.

"What is it?" he demanded excitedly.

"Come to my room at twelve," I replied.

"Please tell me, do tell me," he pleaded as eager as a hungry miner who had just uncovered a pay streak.

"I cannot now," I mumbled.

He went away, but at twelve I found him waiting at my door. I went straight for the calendar. Heavens! Friday, the 16th, was gone. Fairly trembling with the haste of despair, I fumbled through the drawers, searched on the floor, in my book case, everywhere. Every instant Brooks was getting more nervous.

"For heaven's sake, Maurice, tell me," he exclaimed, piteously, "I can't wait another minute."

"Help me hunt," I replied. "It's on a calendar leaf."

We went through everything again. After a few moments hunting, I heard the rattle of paper.

"Great Prexy!" he yelled, black in the face, as he threw down my night shirt.

"That's it," I cried, as I discerned the big figure 16.