

I heard the voices of women at the door. Some one knocked. I made no response, and thought the incident closed, when, lo, I heard my chum put his key into the lock, and utter an unearthly giggle. Jiminy, what was I to do? I couldn't get out; my clothes were lying all around the room; and I myself was in no condition to receive visitors. I grabbed my clothes, threw them into the next room, and made a dive for the bed. I just got under it in time, when the girls came to see Ed's room and his chum. They walked in very unconcernedly, while Ed was chuckling away like an evil spirit. Everything would have been all right, had not the girls insisted upon seeing everything. They came into our bedroom. One said to my chum, who was most uncommonly tricky, "Ed, your room looks very nice. In fact, I wonder how college boys can keep their room so nice. But you just fixed it because you knew we were coming. You'll have to stand the test. Mary, you look under that bed, and I'll look under this. You know, boys are accustomed to throw everything they dont want under their beds. We'll see if they keep their room nice always.' With that, they both looked under the beds, and the one appointed to me dropped the covers as quickly, uttered a yell, and that was the last I saw of them in the room.

