

sight of some two-score Sophs ranged around the room. By the same flash he saw that the thing that had hit him as he entered was the dust box, which had been carefully poised over the doorway. Then followed a confused jumble of events, in which he was the central figure, doing all sorts of amusing stunts. First, a harangue on Free Silver; then a sweat bath between two mattresses, followed by a dry rub-down with newspapers; a trip across the room in a wash-bowl craft, to the rhythmic melody of "Row, row, row your boat;" setting-up exercises with shingle tattoos as accompaniment; and finally an impromptu christening, in which a sepulchral voice said, "I dub thee Swipes." And from that day the title had stuck to him.

Swipes opened his eyes again, and bent toward the calculus example with visible effort. As he did so, his glance fell upon a tiny photo in the glass paper-weight before him. He picked it up. The piquant little face under the glass seemed to smile at him, and he smiled in return. Then, realizing the absurdity of his action, he put the picture down, laughed softly to himself. The first strokes of the ten o'clock bell thundered out. Swipes yawned, wavered a bit, then closed his book, turned out his light, undressed and crept into bed.

The face in his paperweight figured largely in his dreams, and the brown eyes shone with all sorts of maddening light when he said things to their owner which he would dare say only in dreams. He had even mustered up enough courage to kiss her, when some one shook him roughly by the arm and he came out of dreamland into the matter-of-fact world. His room-mate, Stanislaus, was bending over him.

"Get up, Swipes," said his companion. "Those Freshies have their flag up. Get dressed as quick as you can. I'll be back in a moment, after I wake up Maloney and Thrasher, and the rest of the fellows on this floor."