

orated with hieroglyphics, Egyptian or otherwise? The janitors mopped their brows and muttered "that's Riedelle again." Was the ice cream stolen, were the lights tampered with, were the freshmen hazed at dead of night, were the citizens of neighboring towns deprived of means of locomotion only to find those means strewn at irregular intervals along the dusty pike miles from home, was there a keg of beer on fifth floor or a greased black board on third? "Riedelle," said the President. "Please ask Mr. Riedelle to come to my office."

So Riedelle was getting a little weary of it ail. "I can't turn over in bed without a written permit from the Prex," he complained disconsolately.

"It's a wonder you weren't fired long ago" remarked an awestruck admirer.

"Fired!" exclaimed the hero. "Oh, my dear boy, I'm a Riedelle from Riedelle Grove," and that seemed to be sufficient.

Nevertheless there was a great deal in this particular George Riedelle to warrant his immunity. He had a way with him, women said. He had a strong, winning personality, men who knew men said. And Molly Hopkins, who was of more importance to Riedelle than all men and women else, said for her part, give her honest grey eyes—she would trust Riedelle.

Now the last enterprise was this in brief. The end of the first semester drew nigh. Prof. Hopkins was going to give an "exam" in Electricity. The knowledge which the class possessed upon the subject under examination was felt to be limited. Now if they but knew surely what the Prof. in very sooth was going to ask, it wouldn't be so hard to look the matter up a little. So the class selected a committee of one to ascertain just what and how much the Prof. was going to demand of them the following morning. They appointed Riedelle. Riedelle declined the honor, but was