

All looked toward that individual as if their fate depended upon his answer. But he only thought for a few seconds and then shook his head.

"O just put a few cakes of ice under your table, put on a sweater and overcoat, and get down to grinding," suggested Chad, as though the question was a simple one.

"You forget," said Dodger, "that ice is a luxury here in State College."

Whereupon Chad consigned the latter to the fate of sitting upon a stack.

"Might try a scheme of running cold air through the steam pipes; but then that would make necessary a costly air cooling plant, and that, of course, cannot be thought of," said Haldey.

"When I want to study," said the dormitory philosopher, "even in the day time when everything is nice out, I lock my door, pull down the blinds, light the light, and go ahead. How's that?"

"Yes, but how are you going to keep out the noise of rough house out on the campus or of a ball game," replied Chad, who always looks for weak points. "I tell you when a fellow hears the crack of the base ball bat, that means no more study for the present."

"There is only one remedy, fellows," began Yarrow, "you've got to use some will power. When I want to"—

Two pillows, a book and a tobacco bag, however, convinced Yarrow that there was no use to finish his sentence. Will power was ignominiously ruled out of the question.

Further discussion seemed only to bring them further away from a solution. The more they talked over it the more alarming became the situation. It was finally decided that the matter be placed before some of the chemists with the hope of finding whether or not a scheme could be discovered for producing artificial thunder showers or snow storms.