

the gayety of the ball. And so they walked briskly along toward the college; where they expected to get a nail and a hammer and a couple of tacks, for a purpose unknown to men.

And they didn't get them.

Arrived at the college hall, they surveyed themselves for a while and decided to saunter into the library where the plain digs were at work, to show off their new canes and their Sunday clothes. They sauntered.

And then, like a swarm of owls in the night, the evil spirits arose. They stood in that college hall. They looked at the two amiable young men with more than brotherly affection. And they watched, and watched, and watched.

The two amiable young men sat down in the library and looked at last week's morning papers upside down. They gazed mournfully into each others faces and thought—of the lemonade and the girls they had left behind them. They gripped their canes hard and frowned at the evil spirits, and tried to make their way to the windows. But alas, it was dark outside and they had on their Sunday clothes and the evil spirits were camped on their trail behind and in front. So they sat down and grim despair settled on their amiable faces.

But succor was to come. The little "Man-afraid-of-the-dark" would get out his wires and pull. He would vanquish the evil spirits. He would manage things. The girl-who-wasn't-a-senior might help douse the electric glim. But she didn't. And the little "Man-afraid-of-the-dark" would have picked up the two amiable young men on his brawny shoulders and carried them out of the dark. But he didn't.

The plain digs left their spades and watched the performance. The frozen comedies of old and now sainted players picked up heart and gave forth dry, dusty chuckles. Even the Greek dictionary was seen to wink. The lady-with-the-smile-on-her-face went on with her work, but the little red book-worm on her desk wiggled in glee. Never before in all its long life had the heart of the library been so stirred.

And then the lady-with-the-smile-on-her-face turned a screw. The little happy "Man-afraid-of-the-dark" chuckled. But alas!

"A library furnished with all the modern improvements, electricity *and gas*"—they had all forgotten, all except the evil spirits, who had watched, and watched, and watched. And the eyes of the two amiable young men glittered in the gas light.

The evil spirits grinned. The musty old books in the corner gave forth a long note of disapproval "If you just had candles now."

The book-worm raised its leaden weight and wiggled clear across the table and fell heavily into the waste basket, where it was found the next morning dead.

And still the evil spirits watched. They gathered in suggestive circles around the two amiable young men. They grinned triumphantly at the good spirits who were looking in at the windows.

Despair obliterated all the amiable looks on the proud faces of the two young men. Their frowns grew blacker and blacker, their misery deeper and deeper. Finally one of them asked the evil spirits for a special favor. They had shown him plainly that he was a bad case and he wanted to telephone for a policeman that he might give himself up. And so he did. And the evil spirits formed a circle in the lower hall and sang "John Jones" to celebrate their victory.

And then the other amiable young man came to repentance and did likewise, leaving his cane behind him, in charge of the little "Man-afraid-of-the-dark." And he, the timid little man, put it behind the door quickly—it was dark there. Quiet returned. Only a few good angels were left, studying Greek and Latin. And the gas-light shed a calm radiance over the scene.

But soft, lo, where she comes!

The "Man-afraid-of-the-dark" was out in the hall, the cane was behind the door—!—! —! The beloved stick was behind a pile of boards far back in a dark corner away from the timid little man. And the girl-who-wasn't-a-senior was sitting with the other good angels calmly beneath the gas light.

"The "Man-afraid-of-the-dark" stalked in