

But to come to the story: This "actually alive" thinks the girls in the 'burg are all dead on him—so they are, (in a horn). When he doffs his tile and does the stage bow, they give the hot-house smile, but when he's out of hearing he gets the wooden laugh. Now, although I haven't been allowed out much since I've come here, still, I've had my lamps turned full flare on this guy's capers and my tongue was hanging out all last week for a chance to show the gazabe that he ought to be in the fool-gallery. The chance came last Monday evening.

We were in our room doing a little work for Tuesday; that is: Spider was trying to make a squirt gun, Angel was fixing a sign for "Carrot" Connolly's back, and I was trying to fix my banjo. About eight o'clock Father Kelley dropped into the room for a chat, and we knew from the twinkle of his left eye that there was something doing. "Look here, you fellows," he said, after we had seated him comfortably in the only easy chair in the room, "which of you dropped that cat over Byrnes' transom last night?" I pointed to Spider, who grinned and tried to look innocent. "Well, Spider," he said, "you will have to be careful, or the rector will have you down to his room one of these days. Spider's face did a corpse act as he said, "Say father, you didn't squeal, did you?" "I was tempted to, but I didn't, and I won't if you fellows can do a little piece of business for me without bungling," laughed the pater, (we call him "pater"). "Well," said Spider, breathing easier, "if you didn't squeal, I guess we're safe—for no one else would suspect us. But what's the business? I'm game, if Foxey says 'yes'".

"Well," said Father Kelley taking a long pull from his smoke piece, "I've heard that our young friend 'Handsome' has been acting rather mean with some of the kidlets in the small yard, and, besides, he has been giving the professors no end of annoyance by his foppishness. He has hardly done anything for which we can discipline him officially, but he needs a lesson, and I think you are just the people to give him one. I guess I can trust you to use your own methods, but remember, no infraction of the rules, and above all don't bungle it. I have little fear on that score however, for you incorrigibles haven't been caught yet."

I kept my thinkworks busying pretty hard that night, and on