

IN THE DARK

HENRY

The white incandescent lights winked violently, then waned into dim obscurity. Some eager freshmen, personally conducted by the professor of electrical engineering, were learning a great deal about the ordered entanglements of the modern dynamo; but in the meantime the six and twenty buildings that make up Corliss University were in darkness. Founders' Hall, the great college dormitory, was vocal with loud impatience and the various noises made by three hundred students busied in characteristic ways of killing time. "That Dutchman's" violin wailed the inevitable Traumerie from number 57. The awkward squad took up their mandolins and grappled again with The Blue and the Gray, keeping three kinds of time with four instruments, to the great derision of their unseen auditors. The usual "rough-houses" asserted themselves, and some deserving unfortunate was scuffled off to the involuntary bath-tub. In a corner on the fourth floor, John Barrett Hudson slammed his battered Lucretius on the floor, propped his feet on the radiator, lit a black, bulging corn-cob, and thought it over for the hundredth time that week.

He didn't dwell very long on the first three years of his life at Corliss. It was a splendid record, too, when viewed from the outside, full of such hard, consistent work and squarely won honors as any one would be fain to ascribe to his hero's college days. Classmates liked to point him out and tell of the deeds of ninety-blank's "star grinder"—the Bohm scholarship, the Saylor prize, the inter-collegiate exams in Homer, and all the rest of them. "He's no wooden-headed hermit, either, Huddie isn't. He made that big C three years ago. You ought to see the game he puts up out there on left end. He'll get that Fernliess medal, too, sure thing. We haven't a fellow who can touch him."

Hudson himself wasn't so certain about it. He saw his university career from the inside, and it looked a bit seamy on some stormy January evenings when his inherited New England conscience was especially active. He had been one of these carefully brought up young fellows. His boyhood days were passed in pleasant places, among good books and people who had decided scruples concerning profanity and other allied subjects. He was too busy with the simple country life, too much absorbed in Sidney, Milton, Shakespeare and the rest of 'em to take much heed of what we moderns call realism. The harsh, unlovely things of life that Zola dwells upon and