

The Conspiracy

MORRIS RICHARDSON sat in his room in a thoughtful attitude. His study table was littered with books and papers. On the sofa, was a book, revealing a broken cover, and many damaged leaves, in the last stages of delapidation. It was Genung's Rhetoric. This book caused at this moment the thoughtful mood of its owner.

Richardson was a student of the university in the days when rhetoric was a required subject in all A. B. courses. The eve of final examinations in rhetoric had come. As Richardson reclined in his chair, a quick rap at the door aroused him and, looking up, he saw Harvey Blake, who had a reputation for studiousness almost equal to his own.

"What are you going to do in that exam tomorrow, Rick?" asked Blake as he slammed the door behind him.

"Huh, I don't know. I expect I'll flunk if I can't slide through some way," answered Richardson in a disinterested manner, "but I'm going to get through that exam if I have to take the book under my coat," he exclaimed determinedly as he rose from his chair and walked around the room. "You can wager that I don't take the stuff again—not if I can get out of it. I was conditioned last semester; and to flunk this time would mean a whole year for me. No—"

"I'm ready for the worst," interrupted Blake.

"Been cramming?"

"Oh, some,—but I have prepared an army of reinforcement to bring in when the battle is on," said the young man as he drew from his pocket a handful of small cards, which were entirely covered on both sides with fine pencil writing. "This is not all," he added with a certain degree of pride; "the folds of my sweater will hold a host of notes on loose paper, which I have prepared."