

"A fellow can't always rely too much on notes and you can't put a whole book in a few notes; and even if you would be lucky enough to get the right material, you could not easily use it to advantage. As for your sweater," he laughed, "it is against the rules to wear them."

Blake was somewhat confounded by Richardson's remarks; for, now the ruling against wearing sweaters to class-room had been mentioned, he vaguely remembered having heard of it before. However, not wishing to have his plans entirely overthrown, he said, "Then I'll take these cards in my coat pocket, as I intended to do, sweater or no sweater; and, if I can't find a clue to most of the questions on these, I tell you, they'll be fierce."

The expression on Richardson's face showed that he placed little confidence in the proposed system of notes. After a short silence, he said, looking at his companion as if wishing to secure both his confidence and cooperation, "I wonder if there is any hope of finding the questions?"

"N—o."

"Are you sure of that? The Prof. might have left them in his desk and forgot to lock them up."

After discussion Blake yielded to his friend and they decided to go to the lecture room and make a secret investigation. Feeling the hazard too great for the size of the party, they decided to join a third member of the rhetoric class, and invited Benton Pierce, who from his reputation, would be of great service in carrying out their conspiracy.

"Tell Ben to bring his nippers and supply of keys and a candle," said Richardson as Blake left the room.

Soon the three conspirators had gathered their supplies, stolen down the dormitory stairs without being noticed, and started toward Villard. As the three students stalked along with their hats pulled down partly concealing their faces, they closely resembled burglars without masks on a house-breaking expedition.

"I expect the doors will all be locked," Blake remarked.

"We'll try the windows if they are," suggested Pierce.