

his friends how a girl had turned him down and how he had "got even."

When Dexter awoke the next morning, with a head that made the room seem cramped, the chapter house was almost deserted. He gathered a bath robe around him and started down the hall in search of cold water. As he passed the door of Dave's room a voice hailed him, a voice of command that found its way through the aching daze in his head.

"Come in here Dexter, I want to see you," said Dave. "Look here; I heard your entertaining little story last night. You know what I mean. The way you hounded Mary McLeod out of school with your dirty lies. It may have been interesting to blacken the reputation of a good girl, but you've got a more interesting job ahead of you. You've got to make it good. Understand?"

Dexter interrupted him with a cackling laugh.

"Cut out the melo-drama, Dave, don't make me laugh when my head aches so."

The shamelessness of the reply goaded Dave to the point of fury. He sprang forward and dragged Dexter from the chair.

Only when the form in his hands grew limp and the fingers no longer plucked at him did the black whirlwind of his anger find relief. Releasing his grasp from Dexter's throat, the body slumped down in a heap at his feet. He gazed at it a moment and then stooping he picked it up and bore it to the bathroom. Dashing cold water into Dexter's face he applied himself to the task of bringing him back to consciousness. Presently the eyes opened, filled now with a great fear. A mortal terror of this relentless being whom he thought a friend and who was as merciless as an alien savage.

"Listen to me," said Dave at last. "You have committed a great wrong and you must make restitution. No one knows the truth except your particular friends. You have got to confess your share in this to all the fellows tonight. How you will compel your friend Lila to do her part, I don't know, but that is your business, and this wrong must be made right."

And so it came about that just before "exams" began a bevy of girls descended upon Mary and abased themselves at her feet. The aching heart sickness, the lonesomeness and the memory of her own narrow escape from temptation had worked a change, and they found her in a forgiving mood. They did not leave until Mary was coaxed to pack her suit case and accompany them, and thus it