One Hundred Dollars Reward.

WAS bound down Boylston Street to the theatre; with dress suit, cane and tall hat; a gaudy red crysanthemum in my buttonhole, and the jingle of change in my pocket. The clear cold quiet of the evening was disturbed only by the footsteps of the hurrying throng.

Leaving the bustle of the pleasure-seeking crowd, I plunged down Carver Street past the Steinert building, and in my haste to find a short cut to the Hollis Street, I got tangled in what by night seemed a maze of squalid alleys. At length, I came into one darker, dirtier, worse than all the others. Heaps of noisome refuse covered the pavement. My footsteps broke the terror of the silence with a jeering, mocking sound. From far down the alley came a woman’s laugh, a dreadful laugh.

A gust of wind swept down with a weird, whistling rush, caught my hat and bounded it impishly along the pavement; then disappearing as suddenly as it came, left the hat to roll mockingly down a flight of steps leading to a basement. I hurried down after it; caught my foot, and fell heavily against a door at the bottom of the stairs. The door gave way, and I sprawled full length on the floor inside.

The room was bare and filthy; long festoons of dirt-filled cobwebs hung from beam to beam; and the floor was covered deep with untracked dust. In one corner a candle burned with a feeble, reddish flame; it threw uncertain flickerings of light into the darkness; and cast fanciful, changing shadows on the wall.

Almost hidden, an old woman sat rocking and mumbling to herself. Her pipe glowed fitfully and filled the room with heavy, black, sickening fumes; the ever-recurring glow of the pipe held my eyes fascinated. I stood spell-bound.

“Just a moment, my dear,” said the old hag in a wicked, wheedling voice. All bent up and puffing her dirty stub of pipe, she shuffled towards me. The yellow skin hung loose and wrinkled about her face; a grizzly beard covered her chin; her eyes had a leering wickedness, a snaky fascination. She straightened in front of me, took a long pull at her pipe, and blew the overpowering fumes full in my face. My head turned giddy, my knees grew weak, I staggered backwards, and fell in a heap just outside the door. It was only for a moment; revived by the fresh air I got uncertainly to my feet. As I did so the door closed in my face with a bang.

* * *

Although the exact reasons why this information is wanted cannot be told, the following offer is made:—

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

The above reward will be paid to any student giving suitable information concerning the place where occurred the events described above. For directions and particulars apply to Box 512 "Cage." Zig-Zag, '03.

Book Review.

Pennsylvania Stories is now out in its third edition, the two previous editions having been exhausted inside of three weeks. The book is an attractively-bound little volume of about 250 pages, containing nine characteristic college stories by Arthur Hobson Quinn. The stories are all placed in University of Pennsylvania lice, and they are original and brightly written. “The Second Act” is one of the most pleasing of the book, though its plot is not as original as the others and its capabilities seem not to have been fully appreciated. “For Pennsylvania’s Honor” is probably the finest tale of the nine, and it