

was posted on the bulletin board. From that moment his work was automatic, unconscious. His mind was in a turmoil, his nerves strung to their highest tension. This was the moment for which he had longed and waited and worked. He dimly wondered how he would look in a neat blue jersey, with that glorious white S standing out boldly on his breast.

"I am trying very hard," he had written to his parents, "for a position on the basket-ball team, and I have a very fair chance of making it. If I do then, I can wear an S, just as the foot-ball men. And if hard, conscientious work will win it, I am sure of it now."

So deeply was he engrossed in building these fond air castles that when he came back to reality he saw that he had ruined his work. Where he should have cut out mortises, he had left tenons, and the piece was a total wreck. So he tucked it into his pocket to keep it from the ever watchful eye of the master-workman and began anew.

When the bell for dismissal tinkled out its few jerky notes, Whittlesey was the first in the lavatory, and the first out of it. As he wended his way towards Old Main, with his mind feverish in the excitement of expectation, his steps involuntarily quickened until he almost ran. When, finally, he did reach the hall, he found a jostling crowd six deep, gathered around a new notice tacked upon the bulletin-board. Here his diminutive size aided him in squirming into the front of the throng and from this point of vantage he glued his eyes to the little square of paper just above his head.

It took him only a moment to glance over it, but in that moment he received the severest disappointment of his life. True, his name was on the list, but opposite it was "Sub."—an abbreviation which dashed all his dearest hopes to earth. He turned with lagging feet and started wearily for his room. On the stairway a friend met him and wrung his hand in hearty congratulation. Whittlesey mumbled something, he did not know exactly what, and moved on. Once inside his own door, though, he broke down completely, and, throwing himself on his bed, buried his face in the pillows and cried like the child he was; cried until the first sudden grief had exhausted itself, leaving a dead, dull pain in his heart. His room-mate came in, lightly humming a few bars of a late popular song. But when he saw the red, tear-