

“THE MAN WHO WAS AIR-TIGHT.”

“O COME, Morris, you had better give me a couple of dollars. You know that the team needs all the support it can get this Fall. Besides, the 'Varsity all need new foot ball suits and as the Association is in debt, we can't get them if the fellows won't subscribe.”

“I'm very sorry Creighton,” replied Morris, while his cheek flushed crimson with embarrassment, “but really I can't do it.” And here the poor fellow hid his face in his hands, his whole aspect being one of utter dejection.

Creighton left the room with a look of utter contempt.

When the door had closed Morris jumped to his feet and commenced pacing the floor. It was hard for him, this proud, young collegian, to thus refuse Creighton. As he became calmer his air of dejection gave place to one of earnest thought.

He was a Senior. Why should he not subscribe just this once more? He had done so before, and why not this last time? The clock on the mantel ticked away unheard.

“No,” at last, resolutely. “I can't do it.” At that instant his room-mate, Adams, entered with a smile on his face, and seeing the smile, Morris was glad of his decision.

That night, as usual, a crowd of students gathered in one of the dormitories.

“I tell you, it's a confounded shame,” said Creighton, “Morris hasn't paid a cent for athletics since he was a Freshman.”

“Yes,” said another, “and they say his dad's worth a cool hundred thousand, too.”

“That is the strange part of it,” replied Creighton, “when Morris was a Freshman he had all the tin he wanted, but when he came back the next year, he stopped all his sporting and settled down into a regular miser. Well, I suppose the foot ball team can get along without his money.”

“Fellows, will you let me tell you a story?” interposed a voice.

“Hello, Adams! didn't notice you were here. But go ahead with your story. Anything to pass away the time,” said Creighton. “Has it anything to do with Morris, though?”