

"Let's tar and feather the fool!" shouted another.

"Drown him in the frog pond" cried a third; and the whole crowd broke into shouts of a like nature.

"Hold on fellows!" it was a senior who spoke this time. "We've got to give this fellow a chance to speak for himself. Just reserve your high-handed actions for a little. We must give him a show. I tell you!! What's the matter with sending a committee to him and having them give him a good calling down? That'll let him know we mean business anyhow. What de ye say?"

"That's right! and make him go apologize to the girls, too," agreed a fellow near the senior. The idea seemed to take and the crowd quieted down somewhat. Finally three fellows were sent to interview Fulton while the rest waited in the hall.

When this delegation entered his room Fulton was lying on his bed calmly smoking a pipe. "We want to talk to you a few minutes Fulton" said one of the three.

"Well, what do you want?" was the blunt reply.

"We're here to remind you of the fact that your room very near to the only girls in this college, and that yesterday afternoon you used words in their hearing such as no decent man would think of using when he knew ladies could hear him. Now, if you'll consent to go and apologize to these young ladies we'll consider the affair fixed up. If you don't see fit to do this we propose to settle the matter in another way. You may think you haven't been treated square here, and all that, but if that's the case it has been all brought on by your own actions. Besides you've no excuse for doing what——."

"You're a —— liar!" broke in Fulton, springing to his feet. "You —— —s mind your own business and I'll mind mine. I'll be —— if I'll apologize to your —— girls or any body else. Now just cork up and hike out of my room." All this in a loud domineering voice.

As the last words sounded a door was violently slammed