

"Bob is not blue over his two flunks; in fact, he seems to rejoice in them," replied Reynolds. "When he received notice about elementary mechanics, he laughingly said: 'Guess father will see that I am not cut out for an engineer,' and he takes the chemistry flunk as something that belongs to the natural, logical sequence of college life."

"Well, I wouldn't feel proud of failing in elementary, especially if I were a mechanical," sneered Coldford, who was cordially disliked by almost every student at Juliet College.

"That is Bob's own private business," flashed back Reynolds. "If I were a 'mucker' like you, who never attends a class meeting and who had not enough class spirit to cut classes the day of his class banquet, I would be careful about making comments on the man whose pitching won the class ball game. Bob is taking the mechanical course simply to please his father, but Bob's heart is not in that line of work."

Meanwhile Bob Langdon was sitting in his room in "Old Main" alone with his thoughts. Occasionally the soft June breeze brought to his ears the sweet sound of a woman's silvery laugh and filled his room with that indefinable, indescribable fragrance peculiar to June. A deep desire to be back into the busy whirl of newspaper life was deep within him. He longed to be back on the staff of the *Herald*, to rush into the city-room, and, throwing off his coat, snatch up a pad and scratch off page after page of "stuff," which would be eagerly carried away by the copy boys, and then when the mad, fierce, feverish haste was over to lean back in his chair, light his pipe and listen to the low grumbling of the presses and await the "Old Man's" praise or condemnation. Then came the memory of a night down in Cuba; a woman's hand was resting in his and the fiery demons that had tormented him seemed to have fled. She was telling him that the danger was passed and he noted the touch of gladness in her voice. She had cared for him then, had loved him then, but now—now that he was a failure—she probably despised him. He remembered one night, when the fiery demons had left him and his brain was clearer and he was quiet, she had bent over him and her lips had