

shall advance you money until you have a position, but I do not want you writing whining letters to your mother and sister. You are from now on to consider yourself disinherited. No Langdon before you was ever a failure, you are a disgrace to the name.

Yours truly,

ROB'T G. LANGDON, SR.

"Pretty hot letter," observed La Fere, after he had finished reading, "but your father is simply working off some of his surplus steam. I would not let that break me up. As to a job, I can give you one on the *Herald*; you know I am the 'Old Man' there now."

"Thanks, I'll accept your offer. It is not the fact that I am a failure or that my father has disinherited me that has broken me up, it is what your sister—what Marie thinks of me. When I was home last Christmas she promised to come down this commencement with my sister. Last week I wrote her of my failure and told her that if she still believed in me to write at once, but that if she considered me a failure and wished to break our engagement, her silence would be answer enough. I have not heard a word from her."

"What if my sister does consider you a failure; be a man, show her that you can do something. I'll put in a good word for you; you saved my life, you know, down in Cuba. Now, if you were a small, insignificant fellow like me, there would be some excuse for your being discouraged, but you, huge and husky; why, man, you can command respect. If I had your physique, your looks, I would compel people to recognize me. If you were a small, weak, insignificant fellow like me and carried your death warrant on your left side under the fifth rib like I do, then you would have some excuse for being discouraged. Old fellow, you——"

"Say, Ralph," interrupted Bob, "I did not invite you to give me a sermon. It is well enough to talk about compelling people to respect you and all that, but you forget that it was to please Marie that I finally accepted my father's offer of a technical course. She was so confident that I would make a success in it. How can she