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• SCHOLAR AND GENTLEMAN •  
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By Bernard Price.

They say that, if the ups and downs of life could be measured truly, each man would discover his exact share of woes and joys correctly apportioned. But when hard luck comes in chunks, it is a little difficult to consider a very occasional slice of good fortune as a fair equivalent.

Thomas Salford, A. M., of Torrens University, sat in his hall bedroom in



Thinking What a Mess He Had Made of His Life.

a cheap lodging house in the metropolis. He was only five and thirty, but his hair was already streaked with white. It was ten years since he left the university, with a reputation as the most brilliant student of the day. Wonderful things were prophesied of him.

His contemporaries, men of medio-

cre ability, were carving their way to fortune and celebrity. Some had arrived, some were arriving. And Salford was a poor teacher, eking out ten or twelve dollars a week by coaching the rich, idle sons of wealthy people.

As he sat/huddled over the radiator he was thinking what a mess he had made of his life. He had started out into the world with such high hopes. And the face of a woman rose before him vividly, as it had done so often. Mary Routledge was the daughter of President Routledge, and they had been fast friends. Routledge had urged him to stay and accept a college professorship. It had been well understood that that would mean a more intimate attachment.

"My boy," said Routledge, laying a kindly hand upon Salford's shoulder, "you are not the sort of man equipped to cope with the world. Your nature is too fine, too self-sacrificing. I cannot imagine you as a successful professional man—you would be the first to shrink from gaining an advantage at the expense of another. Stay here and teach us Latin. There is no man in America more competent to do this than you."

Salford had declined and gone forth into the world, with a pressure of the hand from Mary, who had waited for the unspoken words which were to bring her that happiness which her heart craved. But he had meant to ask her when he made his fortune. How long ago that seemed today to the broken man of thirty-five, who had long ago realized that Routledge's words were true,

Salford had soon found his level—at the bottom. He had simply dropped out of sight; he had not written to Mary for eight years.

Why was he thinking so intently of the old life that night? Suddenly he remembered. Tomorrow was Reunion Day, when the old students of Torrens would reassemble at the great annual banquet which Routledge had instituted. Routledge was