

His Last Chance



SHRILL, bird-like whistle was heard across the campus. Several students were loitering around the tennis court in the latter part of the afternoon watching the game, but all turned to see who the whistler might be, but the fir trees hid him from sight. In a few moments, however, he joined one of the groups and was greeted with a hearty welcome, for Ronald Cross was a general favorite among the students; "a regular prince" the fellows had dubbed him. He was a prominent athlete and got along fairly well with his studies, that is he did during his first two years in college. But this year he had gotten to be very negligent, and his work was showing the results. Some of his friends laid it to laziness, but others knew that he saw entirely too much of a certain little light-haired freshman, Virginia Otey, to do justice to his studies. And he turned to her now.

"Virginia, didn't you hear me whistle for you?"

"Yes, lad, I heard you and was surprised, for I know you should be at class this hour."

"Well, you see it is just this way. What's the use of going when you haven't got your lesson? It is not my policy to let the Prof. know how much I don't know. You'll learn by the time you are a junior," he teasingly replied.

"Then, why haven't you your lesson?" she questioned.

"Because, young lady, I took you to the theatre last night." And Virginia could make no reply for she knew that she would have been vexed if he had not taken her.

After a little while the two left, and those remaining smiled knowingly, for this was known to be one of the worst "cases" in college.

"I heard today that Cross is in danger of flunking out at the end of this semester," remarked Bert Hallock to the group in general.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised. It is the limit, the way he takes turns at cutting and flunking," remarked another.