

cheated out of his entire farm rather than take an unfair advantage, however slight, over anyone.

Dale's eye caught sight of a poster on the college bulletin board which read:

"Jolly-up this afternoon. Dale will tell how he won the oratorical contest."

From the assembly room he heard the students repeating in rythmical unison; "We want Dale, we want Dale." The audience applauded vociferously when the young man it was desiring made his appearance.

"Fellows, I don't deserve the praise which I've received."

The speaker was interrupted by a very audible titter. A half-dozen fellows, after putting their heads together for an instant, sang out;

"That's right, Dale; modesty is the best policy."

Slowly and painfully he continued, "No, I mean what I say. My oration was not my own. I received help which would have disqualified me if I had been found out."

The young man, all but overcome with grief, left the room. The deed was done now. It would be published abroad that he had confessed plagiarism; the victory would be awarded to another institution; Lincoln University might be deprived of representation in the next contest.

For a moment there was an oppressive silence. Then a student rose and said;

"Dale doesn't deserve the blame. I gave him the help. He thought it was all square."

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A very unhappy young man entered his room and flung himself into a chair. He thought of the evening when he heard the students singing his praises. All that was passed. Instead—but hark!

"Frank Dale:

For the sake of Lincoln you have fought
And glory to Lincoln you have brought.
May the sacrifice you've made
And the price of honesty you've paid
Inspire our hearts, inflame our zeal,
And cause us evermore to feel
That honor's more than victory
To Lincoln University.
Frank Dale."

—Ray D. Fisher.