



Tiny! Tiny! Tiny!

THE evening sun, a fiery orb, flushed the sky a bloody red as it slowly descended and disappeared in a luminous splendor of orange and gold, behind the purple haze of the mountains. In the waning light the twinkling stars began to appear, sparkling like jewels in a dark setting, striving to replenish the sky made ashy gray by the ardent God's departure.

The campus, animated only an hour ago by college men who had come to see their athletes perform in their last practise now lay enshrouded in a solemn stillness. Far off, rising from a hollow, the dormitory like an immense block of marble, penetrated the austere darkness. Along the winding path which led from the campus to this stern, old building, sophomores and freshmen were slowly walking, enlivened by the discussion of the prospects of the morrow, which day the annual athletic meet between Leighton College and Southworth University was scheduled to take place.

The foremost group paused under the opaque glow of an arklight, and in their midst could be seen a tall, angular collegian who gesticulated wildly and pantomimed the characteristic poses of the runners, giving a rough synopsis of their formidable points and irremediable flaws in their physique, style of running, "quick get-away," and their propensity for "false-starting." His face alternately radiated and darkened as a sure winner of an inevitable loser became their object of discussion. Roger Hardwick, known as "Elongate" to all his friends, was an authority on such a topic, and was so acknowledged, for the little group listened with avidity and shouted in rapturous

glee when a favorite was mentioned, or scowled when the undeniable prowess of a rival was set in contrast with their idol.

"Aw, what's the use," he finally shouted as they formed a circle beneath the listless bulb. "Bet your money boys, its a dead-sure game. They are offering us the odds, three to two. Hardly a chance to go wrong. Now just a minute Skinny." The Skinny he intercepted was somewhat portentous of build and much more than the picture which the title so vividly inspires. In fact he strongly resembled the cartoons of the controllers of the beef and tobacco trusts, which appear in the daily papers. Having listened all evening to Elongate's declamation he was determined to edge a word in somehow.

"Here," Elongate continued, "Riley, the Leighton College two-miler, who is no doubt a gilt-edged runner is out of the race tomorrow. I got this on the quiet and Leighton is making no noise over it, for they plan that their second man will cop the race. If he fails to come through, they rest their hopes in piling up enough points in the other events to tide them over. But let me tell you they are using poor dope, because if they lose the two-mile they will lose the meet, and Tiny will surely win that event with Riley out. Bet all your money boys, pawn your pianos, clothes, watches, O! anything, and you will be richer fellows tomorrow."

Several fell to ruminating their pockets and counting their ready money, while some pulled their pockets inside out and ruefully flicked the particles of collected dust from the seams. Skinny who had remained aloof took advantage of this respite.

"It is your dope that is all wrong Elongate. If we lose the two mile event we are beaten," he expounded

and every head nodded assent. "Granted," he continued, "well watch that South American from the Valpariso University who is now running in the two mile for Leighton. He is the second man as Elongate called him. I have seen him in practise and can vouch for what I say. He will prove a dark-horse tomorrow and cop that event, hence beating us out.

"Can't be any darker than he is today" somebody piped from behind.

A faint snicker accompanied by a lusty griffaw followed this and the rest joined in the hilarious chorus.

They moved slowly towards the dormitory which was now lighted brilliantly, and Skinny slighted in his own estimation, fell to the rear to nurse his injured feelings. The sting evidently only touched the surface for when he reached Elongate's room and had established himself in a comfortable Morris chair, the dark mask was instantly removed and Skinny's face again fairly shone with good humor. Elongate took his place at the piano and the rest, excepting Skinny, clustered about him. They rudely cast aside all melodies termed classical and seized the songs with flaring cover, and written in wild syncopated airs, for as one of the number expressed it: "We are not celebrating a WAKE." The ribald ragtime, which was written by some love-lorn member of the human race and entitled, "You made me love you" was brought to an abrupt end when the door opened, revealing a head followed by a pair of broad shoulders. The face, well known to all present, was sullen, morose; the hair dishevelled, and the statue diminutive.

"Come in Tiny" summoned the little group in unison and the little five-foot six person entered casting himself dejectedly on the sofa, looking neither to the

right nor the left. With a bound Elongate was beside him.

"What's the matter, Tiny" he sympathized as the rest crowded around him.

"Matter enough 'longate," Tiny responded, "I am the very essence of hard luck. I could easily win that two mile race, but because of the fact that Riley, Leighton's star is out of it, the coach has withdrawn me from that event and has entered me in the mile. He thinks Hækett my running mate will win the two mile hand's down.

Skinny's face darkened and his flabby jaw fell. "What! you are not going to start in the two mile tomorrow?" he exclaimed in a breath, his fat cheeks working convulsively. "What did I tell you fellows? Now where are your pianos, watches, clothes *et cetera*? O! why did I gamble? I knew I would go wrong"—and he rung his hands in sheer distress.

"But Hackett will not win," Tiny continued, "that South American is a good runner. I consider him even better than Riley. The coach is as stubborn as a wet mule and will not listen to reason. He is of the opinion that he has the two mile cinched, and is anxious to win the mile. As there is no one to run with Bennie Noyes, he has entered me in the mile as his running mate. My part is to run second, that is I have got to act as pacemaker and try to coax the Leighton miler who is John Paul to follow me, while Bennie Noyes is laying back ready for a strong sprint to the finish. Just as if John Paul can be taken in by any of the wiles and whines of the coach. Nevertheless I am done for, and as this is my senior year I will leave college with the same athletic honors as I had when I entered. It has always been my ambition to win the college two mile, and I have trained faithfully for it. Tonight I break training forever." He paused,

drew in a deep breath and shook his head disconsolately. "I received a letter from my father today and he says that I have always been behind in my studies, so it is up to me to do something in the field. Of course he wants to see me win the two mile event. O! what a mess I'm in. Also to top the situation, Alice promises to be there. Her—

"What section will she be in?" interrupted Elongate.

She will be in section B. with my father," was Tiny's laconic reply.

"We have got tickets for the same section," responded Elongate, "I'll see that they are taken care of and will explain to them why you are not running in the two mile."

"That's right 'longate," Tiny answered, coursing his fingers through his blonde hair, as he bent forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "It will make it easier for me when I see them. Come let's go to the club. I've quit training. Your turn to shout tonight Skinny."

They hastily gathered their belongings and sham-bled, arm in arm scross the square to the clubhouse, where the college men, ignorant of the outstanding facts, stood amazed on beholding Tiny carving a large Porter House steak surrounded by mushrooms.

II.

The following day dawned with a glorious sun on the horizon, silvering and gilding the immaculate clouds which vainly endeavor to obstruct its visage. It smiled and beamed on the ghostly stadium and scattered with its potent rays, the sea of mist which held the green oval in an icy grasp during the night.

Slowly it moved over the heavens, gathering and intensifying its shimmering heat as it pursued its dreary progress. At noon the rays poured vertically into the enclosure with such severity that save for the refreshing breeze that blew continuously it would prove unbearable. It was an ideal spring day, and a day fit for almost anything but physical exertion.

One o'clock found a long line of future spectators awaiting the opening of the stadium. with the slender wavering stream ever increasing as carriages, private autos, and taxis rolled up and discharged their human freight. They surged close up to the gates, young and old of both sexes, flaunting the banners and streamers of their favorite college, and discussing, which is the usual procedure of such a gathering, the various contestants. They discover with inexplicable dexterity, stratagems and artifices of which the coaches are totally unaware, while the amiable listener first doubts, and then believes as the authentic truth.

At two o'clock the gates opened, and the unfortunates who were forced to content themselves with unreserved seats, swarmed like an attacking army of ants over the massive grand stands, searching for seats which could afford the greatest view of the field. The reserved sections began to fill steadily until the structure began to groan under the tremendous weight, and the two stands became a mobile mass of humanity, flecked here and there with many colors, among which white stood out the most prominent,

Tiny stood in the doorway of the field clubhouse and gazed sorrowfully at the enthusiastic throng. His eyes swept over Section B and fell upon his friends conversing eagerly with his father and Alice. They too were watching him, and a large hand rose from the

animated mass and waved, while a little white handkerchief, held in a white gloved hand, fluttered nervously in the breeze.

The cheer leader on the Leighton side, armed with a large megaphone, exhorted his stand, "Now, all together, boys!" and the final rah-rah-rah rolled languidly over the field. The Southworth leader waved ready, and their cheer swelled and died in a prolonged echo.

The games had now begun in real earnest. Time and again a Southworth athlete went down to defeat and returned to the clubhouse crestfallen, his hope blighted, his ardor dampened by defeat; while the victorious one returned, his face beaming with joyous smiles, but usually they forgot almost instantly their own victory as they proceeded to commend and comfort the less fortunate ones.

The points were distributed as evenly as possible, with Southworth slightly in the lead, before the last two events, the two mile race and the mile, which were to be run off in order. Much depended on the next event, for if Leighton should win, the score would be evened up, leaving the last race, the mile, to decide the day.

The crack of the pistol signalled the starting of the two-mile event, and Tiny, who had retained his position in the doorway throughout the games, glowered upon the race. A sickening feeling swept over him as he observed the coffee-colored South-American gain steadfastly on the Southworth runner. At the last half-mile Tiny found himself yelling frantically. Then strange, histrionic oaths found their way to his mouth, occasioned by the tawny-skinned flyer, who letting himself out, burst into a phenomenal sprint, and breasted the tape, leaving the Southworth runner hopelessly in the rear.

Thus the score was now a tie ; the mile race to decide the day. Cheers after cheers ascended from the Leighton grandstand, and the collegians howled like mainacs in their exultation, for they felt John Paul could be relied upon to win his race. Already some of the leaders were planning grand bonfires, banquets and night-shirt parades. A hush fell over the Southworth stand, not a murmur arose, and every pulse throbbed nervously as they sat impatiently waiting the outcome of the next race.

The coach hurried to the clubhouse, his face clouded with disappointment, and at once crossed to Benny Noyes, who was huddled in a blanket in the corner of the room, his eyes dilated and his teeth chattering as if possessed of a fever. He slowly rose to his feet as the coach neared him, his arms hanging limply, and his legs wavering.

"For heaven's sake, Benny, do your best," he entreated. "The day rests on your winning. Stay back until the last quarter and then sprint as you never did before." Turning to Tiny, "Keep well in the lead and coax Paul along if you can."

With these parting words still ringing in their ears Tiny and Benny Noys emerged from the clubhouse and strolled leisurely towards the starting point. John Paul and his running mate were a pace or two in front and Tiny surveyed Paul's gaunt, loose body as he stalked sprightly over the cinder path, and he shook his head, deeming the day as lost even before the start of the final race.

A solemn deathlike, hush hung over the stadium as the runners crouched on their toes, awaiting the pistol and both grandstands became a squirming, fidgeting mass. Tender girls fussed and fumed over their clothing ; freshmen and other lesser celebrities

found their hands great obstacles and shifted about for a place where they could lay them becomingly ; sophomores and other men of extensive experience betrayed signs of agitation, and as if to regain composure, essayed their nearest neighbor with some silly comment.

The pistol flamed and the grandstand seeming to revive, uttered a mighty shout as the runners straightened and sped down the track. Tiny shot far in the lead but this yielded nothing as Paul was running his own race and could not be enticed to follow, preferring to remain behind.

They now rounded the quarter mark and Tiny was still in the lead his legs and body moving in perfect rythm. At the half mile mark Tiny perceived Paul increasing his stride and he assimilated his action, putting greater effort into his work. At this stage of the race Noyes was far in the rear and his uneven stride disclosed the fact that the pace was telling upon him. Nearing the three-quarter mark Paul still increased his stride, and was forcing Tiny to fight hard to retain his lead when a faint voice seemed to pierce through the din of the disconcerted cheering and came floating to his ears, " Tiny, Tiny, Tiny, " it said. He had often heard this clear, bell-like voice, but never before did it possess that intonation of an appeal. These three words acted as a stimulant upon his tired, nervestrung body and his spikes bit more savagely into the cindery track.

The mighty throng, enlivened to the utmost pitch of excitement, rose to their feet, flaying the air with their banners and hats. Some were screaming, others were shouting, their voices refusing to blend, rose in a medely of discordant tones ; for both runners were now sprinting furiously, breast to breast, their faces contorted, their muscles swelled as they labored under the intense strain.

A deadening feeling came over Tiny, but he sprinted doggedly on, aware that he was growing weaker and weaker at every stride. With the tape a few yards before him and Paul panting at his side, his head began to whirl and everything became a blank. His muscles lapsed, and he fell fainting into the arms of an official, having beaten Paul by a fraction of a second.

He opened his eyes in the clubhouse and felt his hair being gently stroked backwards, while a cool breeze, emanating from a fan swayed to and fro by a white gloved hand, struck his face.

"It was a hard race. Did I finish?" he asked weakly.

The question was left unanswered and no one took upon himself the task of recounting the race or how it was won, for the final cheer followed by three vociferous Tinies, reverberated and echoed far beyond the mountains. His face flushed to a crimson red and broadened into a smile.

THOMAS H. ELLIS, '16



Ring out the false, ring in the new ;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.



If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

