

## Amasa's Debut

THE obvious marks of Amasa Little's inheritance were an overwhelming sense of importance, a pitiable self-conceit and a pair of long, thin legs. When he came to Rutger's he easily found a place at the head of his classes, yet not a man in college would have exchanged ground with him. Undeniably, he was smart, but what is more, he was conscious of it. He reeled off history and logic with the ease of a phonograph record, and with an air that challenged his class-mates to get up and beat him at it if they could. A titter ran 'round the room when Little was called on to recite, and the dignitary behind the gold-bowed glasses could only chew his moustache and try to look severe.

"See here, Burroughs, what is so amusing about my recitations?" Amasa had asked, taking one of the fellows aside, after the usual performance in Bingham's lecture room.

Burroughs was the type that hit straight from the shoulder, and he didn't flinch. "It's your blamed conceit, man."

And from that time on Amasa changed his tactics, and tried his best not to appear too wise on the subject in discussion, taking pleasure in confessing his ignorance on all topics. But the fellows understood that Amasa's brain was still in good working order.

Amasa was egotistical. There was one other thing he would talk about besides himself, and that was his violin. He drove the fellows nearly distracted with his incessant practice, until finally a petition was drawn up and he was requested to betake himself and fiddle to the attic during practice hours.

"Amasa Little," said one of the Sophomores, "is like an egg, so full of himself that he can't hold anything else." From the Freshmen to the Seniors there wasn't a fellow who didn't know Amasa's history from four up. They learned that he had made trial of three preparatory schools, and that his name was recorded in the archives until he was barred out. Like a wooden man on a checker board, he was shifted about at random. Most fellows wouldn't have stood it with Amasa's meekness—but, Amasa lacked spunk.

There came a day during his career at Rutger's when he decided