

**THE LAUNCHING OF
A MAN, PP. 1-284**

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The Launching of a Man, pp. 1-284 by Stanley Waterloo

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STANLEY WATERLOO

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A MAN, PP. 1-284**

THE LAUNCHING OF A MAN.

THE
LAUNCHING
OF A MAN

BY

STANLEY
WATERLOO

AUTHOR OF

"ARMAGEDDON"

"STORY OF AB"

"A MAN AND A WOMAN"

ETC.

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THE LAUNCHING OF A MAN.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

"J'ai un grand besoin d'un cheval."

The professor sat before a desk upon a raised platform in the recitation room in which the sophomores were assembled to have trouble with conic sections. Upon the wall behind the professor was a huge blackboard; between him and the blackboard stood a young man holding in one hand a slip of paper upon which a problem was indicated and in the other a chalk pencil. The professor, as he was situated, could not see the blackboard without turning in his seat, as he did occasionally, to note the progress of the student with the problem. So it was that he did not see the sentence in moderately bad French which the student had written with a grin and then swiftly obliterated after it had been seen by the laughing class. The sentence conveyed to sympathizing friends the idea:

"I am in great need of a 'horse'."

At once half a dozen of the more mathematically gifted became interested in writing upon bits of paper and, in a few seconds, "pat, pat, pat,"

little wads, deftly flipped and unnoticed by the grim questioner in front, fell at the feet of the man at the board. He picked one of them up, opened it, concealed it in the book in his hand, turned again, smiled affably at the class and calmly began his work again upon the problem. A "horse" or "pony" meant a demonstration already in hand, and he was now prepared for the emergency.

The two men, old and young, professor and sophomore, were such as would attract a degree of attention anywhere, though as different in appearance as in age. Each was striking in his way, the professor markedly so. He was a man perhaps fifty years of age and, when a boy, he must have been the most distinctly tow-headed youth of all his region. Now, he was cleanly bald save for a fringe of sandy hair which made more prominent and striking the dome-like forehead. The eyebrows, though light in color, were heavy, and imparted a certain saturnine dignity to his countenance, but the mouth of the professor was his most striking feature. It was large, very large, and two immense white teeth in the front of the upper jaw projected outward and, despite the fact that they were close together, suggested an old white boar who had wandered into the open and was about selecting a victim for those same tusks. It was a stern face, but there was an amelioration to its ruggedness. The close observer could now and then detect a twinkle in the eyes, deep set beneath the looming eyebrows, and the older men in the University, those whose feet were near the mountain