

THE HEAD COACH

Don't be afraid of 'em. Plain, straight talk, without frills, will be mighty refreshin' after Jared Whittaker's flowery fandangoes. So he hasn't stopped runnin' yet!"

That evening Kingsland fought with his desire to see Mildred Brewster. What if he should come to grief in the pulpit to-morrow, prove unequal to his task, make the College Place Church regret having invited him thither? His old uncertainty of self and painful trepidation returned in full tide. Who was he, to think of asking this girl to marry him? What could he offer her? Josh Yates was right. After all, this foot-ball and his part therein, which had won for him favor in her sight, was the one conspicuous incident of his commonplace career. He had been dreaming dreams. The awakening had come to torment him with a sense of his unworthiness. No, he must not go to see her again except to say good-by, stammer some kind of an apology for his presumption, and thank her for her exceeding kindness to him.

On Sunday morning the church was filled to the doors, curiosity the motive of many of the congregation, while the undergraduates seemed to have turned out en masse, the foot-ball team being accommodated in three pews well toward the front. Mildred Brewster was there, and Kingsland saw her as soon as he arose to announce the first hymn. With