

THE PENTATHLON

Near Ellis' side stood a slender, dark young man, who had watched Dick's appearance on the field with an expression of utter amazement. Although the day was warm, he had worn, all through the games, a long, loose coat, of fashionable cut, and now he crowded closer to Ellis' side. "Pick it up, when I drop it, Dave," he whispered. "It's your only show. You can't beat one hundred and sixty-five without it."

A moment later he walked away. And Ellis, stooping, put his hand on a hammer apparently identical with the two which had been so carefully weighed and measured before the games had begun. He held it uncertainly, as if not overjoyed at his burden. Once he turned, and looked imploringly at the man who had spoken to him. The man frowned back at him savagely, and Ellis sighed, as if persuaded against his will.

And now Johnson made his last throw. He