

ed before his mind, but what did this man have to do with Red Harris?

Red—yes Red—red paint—paint can—drop-kick. Now the thoughts were coming. Who kicked the can for a beautiful kick? Now Johnnie knew that voice; it was, yes, it was Red Harris himself. He almost shouted it, but a heavy hand placed on his shoulder held him in a spell. It was the same hand that had touched his shoulder just before his first game on the Freshman team at college when a voice had said, "Be cool, keep your head, and you'll win out in the end."

"I kept cool, kid, and there's the man that laid the blame on me," said the big man who had made Johnnie paint the deck. "He's ready to give up now and confess it all," went on the man. "To-morrow I'll be square with them all, now the captain is writing out my papers. Kid, how about you and I making tracks for college and bidding "au revoir" to the captain's nephew?"

"You just bet, Red, but wait I, —I can't go,—wait, I have it—you let me be the first one to get this story into the papers—"Red Harris"—proved innocent—eligible for big game with C—, in two weeks. Hurrah! Good-bye, ship, and nephew. I'll see you at practice Saturday, Red," shouted Johnnie as he grabbed up the knife, as a souvenir, and rushed through the door.

W. B. DAVIS '30