

Happy's Vacation.

HAPPY DAVIS sat on the campus, his elbows on his knees, his eyes riveted on the ground. That characteristic which had gained for him the name "Happy" seemed to have deserted him now. He sat there alone, a cloud resting on his frank, handsome face. A vigorous slap on the back roused him from this lethargy.

"Hello Happy! what's up? Whom did she marry?" shouted his chum Len Lawrence breathlessly.

"I'm broke old pal," said Happy despondently.

"Well, why didn't you say so you old blockhead?" said generous Len. "How much do you want?"

"Oh! coin is the least of my troubles," returned Happy. "You know I'm as happy when I'm broke as when I get a letter from home."

"Yes, that's true" interposed Len.

"I'm broke mentally," continued Happy, "I'm a mental bankrupt. I've just been looking over my books to-day, since this is the last of the month, and I find I can pay my creditors only 21 cents on the dollar. In other words my average for the year 1909-10 is just 21 per cent. Signed under oath John R. Davis."

"Well my boy," ejaculated Len, "come in and have a sleep; you'll feel better after it."

"Look here," said Davis, "I've been doing some thinking lately —

"You don't say so," interrupted Len — "And I've decided to work somewhere all summer. I'm going to write home and tell them they'll have to try to worry along without their boy this summer."

Happy did write his father a long sensible letter in

which he intimated that it would be useless to try to dissuade him from his purpose. But as a matter of fact his father was much pleased over his son's proposal and wrote him to that effect.

Happy went to work for a hardware firm in the city. He secured a position with which was connected considerable manual labour which was just what he desired. His fellow employees were a congenial set and Happy soon won their esteem, as well as that of his employer, by his frank, cheerful, enthusiastic disposition and punctuality.

But to whatever part of the building his duties might call him Happy always contrived to be on the first floor around 8.30 a. m. Whether he wished to see what class of customers frequented a hardware store at that hour or whether he wished to put himself in the way of the smiling, "Good morning" handed out to him by the pretty blonde who looked after the stenographical end of the business, I cannot say. But certain it is that from 9 a. m. till 10 a. m., bars of iron were snatched up by Happy so enthusiastically as to stupefy the onlookers.

The vacation days were fast drawing to a close. Happy Davis had worked hard and was looking forward with pleasure to the day when he should be seated again at his desk poring over twisted constructions in Livy and Sallust. Constant physical labor had tended to develop his athletic figure and when Happy donned tights in the evening down at the Gym and did a few stunts on the horizontal bars the boys were heard to remark, that the fellow who tackled Happy on the gridiron that fall, would think he was hit by an express train.

Full of vigorous young life and "hard as nails" Happy returned to College in September and received

from all the old boys a hearty welcome. The football squad were getting into training for the league games and the College fifteen being the holders of the "Father John" trophy they were soon all in active training preparatory to a clash with their old rivals the City "Tigers." Happy was unanimously elected captain and he proceeded to put his men through a course of training that was bound to bring out the best that was in them for, as he often remarked when someone grumbled about turning out, "we must at any cost retain that pewter mug."

The ninth of October was the day set for the big game which would decide who should be the champions and Happy had slashed his team into such condition that all the boys felt confident of victory. The strength of the tigers was not underestimated by Happy who knew that a couple of whirlwind "halves" had been secured by them in the hope of "handing out a lemon" to the hitherto unvincible wearers of the "red and white." The Tigers won the toss and decided to play with the strong wind which was blowing down the field. The ball was put in motion by the collegians who at a decided disadvantage maintained well their reputation for pluck and knowledge of the game. Just before the whistle blew for half time the Tigers' captain secured the ball and evading the tacklers sent against him carried the pigskin over the collegians line and the score stood 3 to 0 in favor of the City team. The play in the second half was brilliant but the Tigers fought off every attempt of the husky college champions to carry the sphere over and with only two minutes to play the chances for a "college win," seemed slim indeed. Happy who was playing at centre half now secured the oval and gathering all his reserve energy for the moment sprinted like a race-

horse for the coveted goal line. Tackler after tackler he bowled over and only the full back stood between him and possible victory. Could he do it? This was the thought of the hundreds on the grand stand who breathlessly watched the demon in the red sweater go tearing down the gridiron. . Just on the line stood the full-back. Setting every muscle of his well trained body he launched himself full at the red and white streak that was almost upon him and when the referee came up and looked stupidly at the white upturned face of the man who held the ball he declared it "a try." "Red" by a pretty kick converted, the referee's whistle blew for time but no cheering heralded the college victory for at that moment Happy, his face pallid and ghostly white was being tenderly lifted into the waiting ambulance.

When he opened his eyes that evening down at the Hospital he gazed into the tear-stained face of a pretty blonde, and turning blushing away remarked to his chum Len, "I guess that full-back paid me more than twenty-one cents on the dollar." MAC.

