

RADIATOR RENT

BY C. T. SMITH

"LOST—ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for the return of a black leather brief-case lost twelve days ago on the highway between Bryan and Houston. Initials C. C. C. are engraved on side. Above reward will be paid and no questions asked if returned to Room 1645, Rice Hotel, Houston, Texas."

The notice had been in the daily paper twelve days before Sophomore Kelly had seen it. When he did see it, Sophomore Kelly was plainly moved—so moved in fact, that he let half a plug of Brown Mule slide down his throat and never noticed it. His eyes bulged at the paper so hard that it would have been possible to rope them with a grapevine.

Fish Cheesie Cannon was worried. To begin with, he was broke, and he had a date in Dallas next Saturday night. Charlene had been planning on that Country Club Ball for a month, and Cheesie had promised to take her, and now his last scheme to get some money had failed. He was about to heave a book across the room when Sophomore Kelly walked into the room.

"H'y Cheesie?"

Somehow he had forgotten to call the freshman "Fish."

"Not so hot," growled the underclassman, "I'm still broke."

"S tough; looks like you stay on the campus this week-end."

The Sophomore's eyes didn't show the sympathy he gave.

"Guess not."

Cheesie took the cigarette Kelly offered.

The next twenty minutes were spent discussing the possibility of its raining next Thursday evening.

Sophomore Kelly lit his sixth cigarette.

"By the way, Cheesie, do you still have that old briefcase that you found down by the post office some time ago?"

"It's 'round here somewhere," said the unsuspecting freshman. "Think I'll bust the lock on it and see what's in the damn thing."

Kelly dropped his cigarette and stepped on it while trying to pick it up.

"I have been needing one of those things for a long time—how 'bout selling it to me?"

Cheesie hesitated.

"I'll give you five dollars for it," offered the soph.

"Think I'll keep it," decided the Fish. "My old man has been wanting one for a long time; I'll give it to him the next time I hit him up for some cash."

"I need one pretty badly myself," said Kelly, "I'll give you ten dollars for it and take a chance on someone claiming it."

"I think I could get more than that out of the old man for it."

"Listen, Cheesie, I want to help you make that trip to Dallas next Saturday; I'll make it fifteen."

Sophomore Kelly reached for his pocketbook, but something seemed to make the Freshman hesitate.

"If it's worth that much to you, I guess it should be worth at least that much to the old man."

Sweat was standing out on Sophomore Kelly's forehead.

"Freshman, twenty-eight dollars and thirty-three cents is all the money I have in the world. I'll give it to you for your damned satchel and hope it's full of TNT."

Fish Cheesie took it.

That evening Fish Cheesie sent the following telegrams:

CHARLENE MARTIN
DALLAS TEXAS

WILL BE IN DALLAS SATURDAY LOVE
CHEESIE

HOUSTON POST
CLASSIFIED AD DEPT
HOUSTON TEXAS

STOP MY AD FOR LOST BRIEF CASE
C C CANNON