

be showing more interest. He was always first at practice games, and yelled the loudest, but let him get into a close place with the whole push down on him, and he'd crawl out every time, and once I heard him say 'ouch!' Oh, he got to be just awful. Poor little brute! The boys were all dead sore on him and Tarbell got him on the sub. list. Well, here the hottest game of the season was about to come off, and no Billy."

"Did he quit?"

"No, oh, no, I don't mean that; he was there all right, but he was no good. We needed him like fury, for we were going to play the last game with Lake Forest, and they're a warm team. We played in Banker's Field and had a great spread. Everybody here turned out, which was very extraordinary, for they were the coldest blooded set 'round here last year you ever saw. Nobody cared what became of the old team, but for this game the girls even turned out. The Walker girls were there, you know one of them—Kate—she's here yet."

"William's 'steady'?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"My soul!"

"I should think so;—distracted his attention so he could hardly play."

"Well, we had a hot game."

"Who else was there?"

"Oh, let's see—Florence Atkins was there with her push. You don't know her, either; but she was the 'star member' last year. Prettiest girl in the school—or out of it. Blonde, tall and slender, and graceful, and all that—popular, too; everybody knew her, but I didn't like her much. She had too many 'ideas,' and was too new-womanish. There were several girls with her you know—Kate Kregelo,—"

"Never heard of her."

"You will in time; she's here yet. They were all decked out in the college colors and had pennons. Well, as I was about to remark when so rudely interrupted, we had a hot game. We played rank at first. They walked all over us. They scored a touch-down in spite of everything before we could stop 'em. Things looked pretty blue. I saw old Billy out with the subs and kind of wished he was back with us, for he looked all broken up and interested enough then. It was just before the end of the first half that they scored, and during the intermission they got gay and swiped the Senior's pennon. Of course we all made a rush for it. I don't remember how many were killed, but I do remember that when I excavated my head from under a fellow's arm, I saw old Billy tearing across the field to beat three of a kind, with the pennon tucked neatly under his arm. He ran fifty yards across the field with all of our fellows yellin' at the top of their voices, and a few of the Lake Forest's stragglin' after. The boys went wild, lifted him upon their shoulders and ran across the gridiron with him; Billy sat there grinnin' from ear to ear and bouncin' up and down and it did our hearts good to see him. Then it was time for the second half. Things began pickin' up with us. We did not score, but we held them well. The ball was lost by both sides time and time again by fine work of the line, and it seemed to be a matter of endurance to win. Finally our man Wheeler got the ball and gained twenty-five yards. Oh! say, we didn't do a thing to them. They never touched him. But right after that they held us for three downs. They got the ball, but Tarbell made a fine tackle and through a fumble got the ball and by a fifty yard run made a touch-down; then old Dunning got hurt and was taken to the side line.

"He ain't hurt, is he?"

"Nope, he's loafin'."

"That was a bloody half; it took an hour and a half to play a twenty-five minute half, but Dunning was the first man to lay off. Tarbell naturally called on Billy and I was glad to see him get on; but maybe you think I wasn't disgusted when he began actin' just the way he was for the last three weeks. He was dead in the shell. Things had been goin' our way, though, and we were ready to kick goal. Billy was star kicker, so Tarbell selected him. Maybe we weren't hot, though, when we saw him gazing round the field as if nothin' was happening. Any man that could deliberately gaze about a field when the hottest game of the season depended on him ought to be shot on sight. He gathered himself together after he'd surveyed the crowd, and seemed to look a little more determined. I'd have