

staked a good deal that he'd kick goal, and he did. Great Heavens, Maude! I'd say he did! The fellows went wild. They tried to get hold of him again and ride him 'round the field, but 't was no go. Time was called in about five minutes, and Billy started 'cross the field to the training quarters. I met him, and what do you suppose he said? He said, 'Say, Newcome, did you see that girl over there on the other side of the field—the tall blonde with the pennon? Several girls with her? Who is she?' I told him that I supposed he meant Florence Atkins, and asked what he wanted to know that for, but he didn't say. Fancy a crazy question like that after a hot game, and fancy anyone at Armour for four years without knowing her. I didn't think that sounded well, so I didn't mention it in my first story—the one for Roney."

"Is that all?"

"It is—isn't it enough?"

"'Tain't much."

"There was precious little point in what you told us, and if you left that out in Roney's, I should think it'd be interesting."

"I know what Roney'll say about it."

"What?"

"Lacks point and originality.—Re-write."

"I don't know that a Freshman's in right training for seeing a point."

"Well, if that's the best you can do, I suppose we might as well go on with the game."

"Bring out that keg of cider we've been entertainin'."

"First wake that over on the couch."

"Wait, let's paint him a pair of whiskers!"

And they did.

M. I. B.



"METOXEN FINDS A HOLE"

An incident of the Great Indian-Porkpacker Game, described in the December *Fulcrum*.