

Her greeting called him back to earth. But he was filled with the pride of the flesh as he sprawled at her feet. For the crowd was speaking of him.

"Where's the boy I brought?" she asked.

"Who's he?"

"The Left Guard."

"Oh, him."

"Well?"

"Nothing. He's here, I suppose."

The Majestic One was silent for a moment, while he tried to get his rubber shod foot into a position to upset a Freshman who was explaining to an outside girl what was about to be. Finding the leg of the Freshman's stool too far off, he desisted. The Girl was looking at the dressing-room door. Things were not going well.

"He's a kind of permanent substitute," said the Forward.

The Girl paid no attention. He repeated the assertion and she said "Oh," noncombatively. Then she lapsed into silence. He made a final effort to interest her with tales of Fond du Lac last year. He said that if she thought this was a good crowd she ought to have been *there* the night of the second game. She said something to the effect that if he thought that was great he'd order see her big brother * * * The Right Forward was ruffled. He strolled over to the dressing room "to see if those bloomin' skates weren't pretty near ready." He was tired of waiting, he said.

Five minutes passed. The teams came out and practiced passing the ball and throwing baskets. The crowd found congenial things to say.

The game was called. The first half was played as many another first half has been played; hard and fast, a game of tense muscle, instant eye, and leaping blood. The play was clean in purpose and intent, but too fast for perfect control, and fouls were numerous; but because the intentions were evident they were allowed to pass. The umpires were enjoying the game. So were the Fox and the Cow, the Right Forward and the Left Guard, the Girl and the Crowd.

When the half ended, the score was a tie. Which is always a good thing for the game.

The Right Forward went and sprawled on the mattress again. The Guard went to the dressing-room and drank water furtively. He was thirsty.

The Forward confided to the Girl that he was going to win the game in the second half. That was the burden of his song. Literally, he said, "We've got 'em just where we want 'em. That man o' mine's a cinch. If we lose it won't be my fault. I've got him winded now."

The Girl was glad to hear it.