

but 'twas too late, so he set an elbow in the other feller's neck. Th' other wan ducked an' caught th' long man on his hips. The long man would av gone clean over, but he twisted his right round the short bhoy's neck an' gin 'im a short arm with th' left in th' ear. Thin they clinched. On the break-away they both landed heavy an' fell to trippin' each other. While they was doin' that somewan threw th' ball in th' little dinky basket on the wall, an' they stopped the game fur ter git it out. That is wan iv the rules. But they didn't count nothin' fur the baskit, because the long man missed his first try a trippin'. Aw, 'tis a great game. The' was a gyurl set befure me an' she went near crazy. Cuddent set quite fur foive siconds. She seemed to be watchin' th' laad wi' th' hips, an' wanst, whin the big feller poked 'im, she screemed like it was her 'twas hit. Sh' 'ad wan 'er these lityal linnen hankches an' wound it inter a rope in two minyits. An' whin they stopped wanst she says out loud, 'Oh they'll put 'im out,' she says, an' I says 'what fer, I dinnow,' an' she kinder turned aroun' and looked grateful, same like whin' ye set Jaun up th' drinks. She was a foine gyurl, with light rollin' hair and complexshin.' An' whin they let th' laad go sit in the cornder, she wept distressin'; aw, ye niver seen nawthin' like ut."

"But," said Mr. Hennessy, "who won th' game?"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "they didn't say, but fer all the bhoy had ter quit at th' ind, he'd put four good min to th' flure before. They gin th' game to him."

