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of it, and a turkey wing on the side.
Gee! but she was pretty.

The crowd set up an awful yell as
the teams came trotting on. The root-
ers gave three cheers for the varsity,
and then three cheers and a tiger for
the captain, and the crowd went
completely off watch. Creton kicked
off from the south goal, and the game
was on.

Sure enough the sub was in, and
after the first few plays, I heard some-
one behind me say: "They're weak
on defense." Creton pushed the ball
steadily up toward the north goal and
gained their ground every time. I
kept my eye on Cap, knowing how he
was feeling about that time. He was
playing desperately from the word go.
Creton scored at last, but failed to
kick goal, and things stood five to
nothing against us.

I knew how Cap was feeling about
that time, and was on the watch for
some tall playing. Things got desper-
ate then. The line bucking was some-
thing fierce. I'll declare, I forgot all
about Cap's mother. She hadn't opened
her head since the kick-off, and I com-
pletely forgot to tell her when the
touchdown was made.

Suddenly the crowd went off watch
again, and I saw that Cap had the ball
under his arm, and was making for
the other goal at the rate of forty
knots an hour.

Well, Creton's halfback was waiting
for him, and brought him down on
the fifteen yard line. That fall was
something fierce. He came down with
an ankle under him, and an arm
twisted sideways. He rolled over once
and then lay stiff.

As I said before, I had forgotten
I felt something clutching my arm.
It was his mother. Her face was as
Cap's mother, but when he went down
white as a sheet, and for a minute it
came across me that she must be sick.
She was breathing hard, and her mouth
had a strained look, as if she'd been
running herself.

"Is he killed?" she gasped, and then
I caught on and rose to the occasion.
I told her that he'd be up in a jiffy
and that it wasn't anything, but I
guess she didn't hear me.

"I think I'd better go to him," she
said, and got up and started off. I
saw that she was completely off watch,
and tried my level best to hold her,
but I guess she didn't even hear me.
It took her about a minute to clear
the grandstand, and I followed with a
sort of hazy idea about bringing her
back or something. Before I knew it
we were skirting the netting, and
making for the entrance to the grid-
iron.

Just as we turned in by the bleachers
she started to run, and at that I
started too, but she kept ahead, say-
ing over and over that he must be
killed.

The fellows were all standing
around, and the doctor was feeling of
Cap's shoulder as we came up. Cap
was just coming out of it, and he
groaned as the doctor raised his arm.
"Dislocated," was what the doctor
said.

Cap's mother was down on her
knees beside him by that time. She
didn't faint nor scream nor do any-
thing out of the way. There wasn't
a drop of blood in her face, but she
began to feel of the shoulder herself
and asked the doctor to hurry and
have him taken off. When he tried
to stand up that was no go either, and
finally the fellows had to carry him
off in a dead faint.

Well, I guess we must have cut
rather much of a figure parading
across that gridiron. First went the
fellows with Cap, and then Cap's
mother and myself followed, and as
Cap said afterward, did the chief-
mourner act. I tell you, the crowd
cheered the captain to a fare-ye-well
that day, and I rather guess part of it
was for his mother though they didn't
say so.

Cap didn't play any more on the
varsity. It was his last game. That's
why he felt so cut up about it. For
weeks after he looked like the end of
a misspent life, and his mother stayed
by him till he was out of it.

When Cap told her he had played
his last game, she didn't say anything,
but a look came over her face and
she kissed him—and—well, about that
time I took a sneak. But I tell you
she was a trump—Cap's mother. You
see, I got to know her pretty well,
while she was there with Cap.

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