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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 rooters 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 someone 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 desperate then. The line bucking was something fierce. I'll declare, I forgot all about Cap's mother. She hadn't opened her head since the kick-off, and I completly 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 flerce. 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 gridiron.

Just as we turned in by the bleachers she started to run, and at that I started too, but she kept ahead, saying 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 anything 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 chiefmourner 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 ielt 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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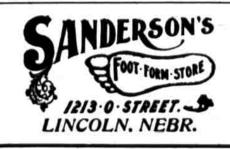
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