

THE SUBSTITUTE.

A FOOT BALL STORY.

By Walter Camp.

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THE CHAP WITH NEW SHOES.
I have been out of college now for five years and if I were asked what episode of my college life stands out most vividly in my memory I could not honestly say it was directly connected with curriculum proper.

When I came to college from a preparatory school in Massachusetts I had one fixed idea in my head and that was that I had made a failure in athletics. I had tried for the school foot ball team and after two seasons of hard work had secured only the position of substitute.

I wanted to be heavy now while I was 16, and I wanted, ah! how I did want with all the abandon of a single ambition to get on the varsity team when I went to college!

At last came the 22d of September, the day I was to leave for Littleton, for I had passed my examinations in June, and my father had engaged rooms for me at Littleton, so that all I had to do was to go down and unpack my traps and become a real freshman, a member of the class of '91.

I remember so vividly my first day in Littleton. There were but four men from St. Peter's who came down that year, though since we have sent as many as twenty-five at a time. My one particular friend was Harry Holden, a boy of about my own age, who came from the west, and whose great merit in my eyes was his infallible good nature, and his undisguised belief in my ability to do great things.

The eventful Saturday came when we were to go on the field, and after lunch I went upstairs and changed, and as I laced up my canvas jacket my hands shook so that I could hardly find the holes for the strings. I had bought a new pair of shoes, for my old ones were too short and hurt my toes, my feet having been pained with the rest of me evidently, but I knew enough not to put on a new white jacket or trousers and so he gazed by the crowd. We had been told that a charge for the freshmen would start from the corner at 2:45 sharp, and as I looked at my watch I found it was only ten minutes to 2. I couldn't sit still, was so nervous and I wondered whether it wouldn't be a good thing to walk out to the grounds.

Just then Harry came in. "What, dressed

didn't and so I meekly said, "Yes, sir," and jumped to my feet.

"Ever played end?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Come along then, and play it here, and mind one thing—don't let me see you let any man go outside you."

I ran out to the line. My! how those new shoes had begun to hurt, but my feet were soft to them, for was I not "the fellow with the new shoes," and were not two other fellows still longing for the chance I got? I don't imagine I distinguished myself very much. In fact, I don't remember much about the rest of the afternoon except that I watched that side line like a cat watches a mouse, and as a result let a runner come between me and the tackle rather more than I should have done in my days of riper experience. But hadn't Mr. Dyson said, "Don't let a man get outside of you!" And I didn't!

However, I was laid off at the end of the second fifteen minutes but allowed to play again toward the latter part of the third fifteen minutes, and when we all crowded into the hange and started for home, I was sore and lame, and tired, but happy. How good a tub felt when I got to my rooms, and how fine it felt to get those new shoes off. I remember to this day.

We played every afternoon, and once I had a chance to play all the time. That was Wednesday, and, when the two teams were first lined up, I was not on.

But after a few minutes Dyson said: "I want that chap on the line, but see if you can't play end here Saturday," and Roland beckoned to me.

"What's your name?" said Dyson, as I walked out.

"Goddard, sir," said I.

"Well, Goddard, you've got one good point, you can't see the line, but see if you can't sometimes think of what's going on on the other side of you. You've got two eyes. Can you see out of both?"

"Yes, sir."

"See that you keep them open then," and with that he left me.

And I try to see out of both eyes, and kept on trying to see out of them, but when the interference came bowling along and I worked in at it, the runner slipped outside my end, and when I shut it in, the runner went between me and tackle, until I could feel rather than see, the look of scorn that there must be on Dyson's face. But after the practice was over he came up to me and said:

"Isn't you get discouraged, Goddard, no man knows it all in a day, and you're coming on."

I took those words home with me, and if there had been an election for a man to wear a little gold crown, Dyson could have had my vote.

CHAPTER II. AN IMPORTANT CALL.

But the last week in October, one morning, I was sitting in the room when a queer hush suddenly settled down over the "varsity field." We had just stopped for a rest and the sudden cessation of coaches' voices on the other field made us all look over, and many started to run across to see what was the matter. A little group had formed in the middle of the field, and I could see from Dyson's face as we ran over that there was something very wrong.

"It's Willis and Warner," said the "varsity captain" and to Dyson, as he came up. They were our two "varsity tackles" and considered the best men on the field. "Addison gave Warner a slap, but somehow, they got mixed, and both Willis and Warner came round like mad—you know how they run—and met square behind Addison. I'm afraid it's serious."

By this time Warner was sitting up in a dazed sort of way, and asking what was the matter. He was stretched out perfectly unconscious, but at any attempt to touch him groaned out, "Look out for my shoulder."

Hartley felt him over carefully and then turned to Langton and said: "His collar bone is broken. Bigger take him in."

The big fellows of the line lifted him up like a baby and took him over to a cart, and boked him up most tenderly, and two of them rode in with him. Hartley was by this time talking with Warner, who kept insisting that he was all right, but just a little dizzy.

Just a hard bit on the head," I heard Hartley explain to Langton. "He'll be all right, but I'll have to look after him for a while."

There was no more playing that afternoon for the time was nearly up. For we were all pretty quiet as we rode in, for there were no popular fellows in college, that these two tackles, and the college idolized them in a quiet but sincere way.

After dinner I was sitting in my room when there came a knock at the door and to my "come in" there entered Dyson, Langton and Fairfax, the latter the old captain and present head "varsity coach." To say that I was surprised with astonished awe was to put it mildly. I was wondering about pulling out chairs for them, when Dyson in his jolly voice was saying: "Goddard, I want to introduce you to Mr. Fairfax."

"How are you, Goddard?" said the captain. "Glad to see you." Fairfax took up the conversation at once.

"Goddard, I want you to come over to the gym with us. We'll wait for you."

"Oh, I don't know," said Fairfax. "It's as much as I weighed sophomore year," and I came near hugging him on the spot.

"Come down," said Fairfax, "and get into your clothes; we'll wait for you."

I dressed again, getting my socks on wrong side out, and unable to find a collar button which had fallen out as I threw down my shirt, however, and we marched back to my room, Dyson going along with me and Fairfax and Langton following, talking very earnestly, and not a word could I hear, except an occasional "Lute in the season," "never played the place," and the like, which set me in a private row of exasperation.

"Presty light," said Langton, and I thought my chance was gone.

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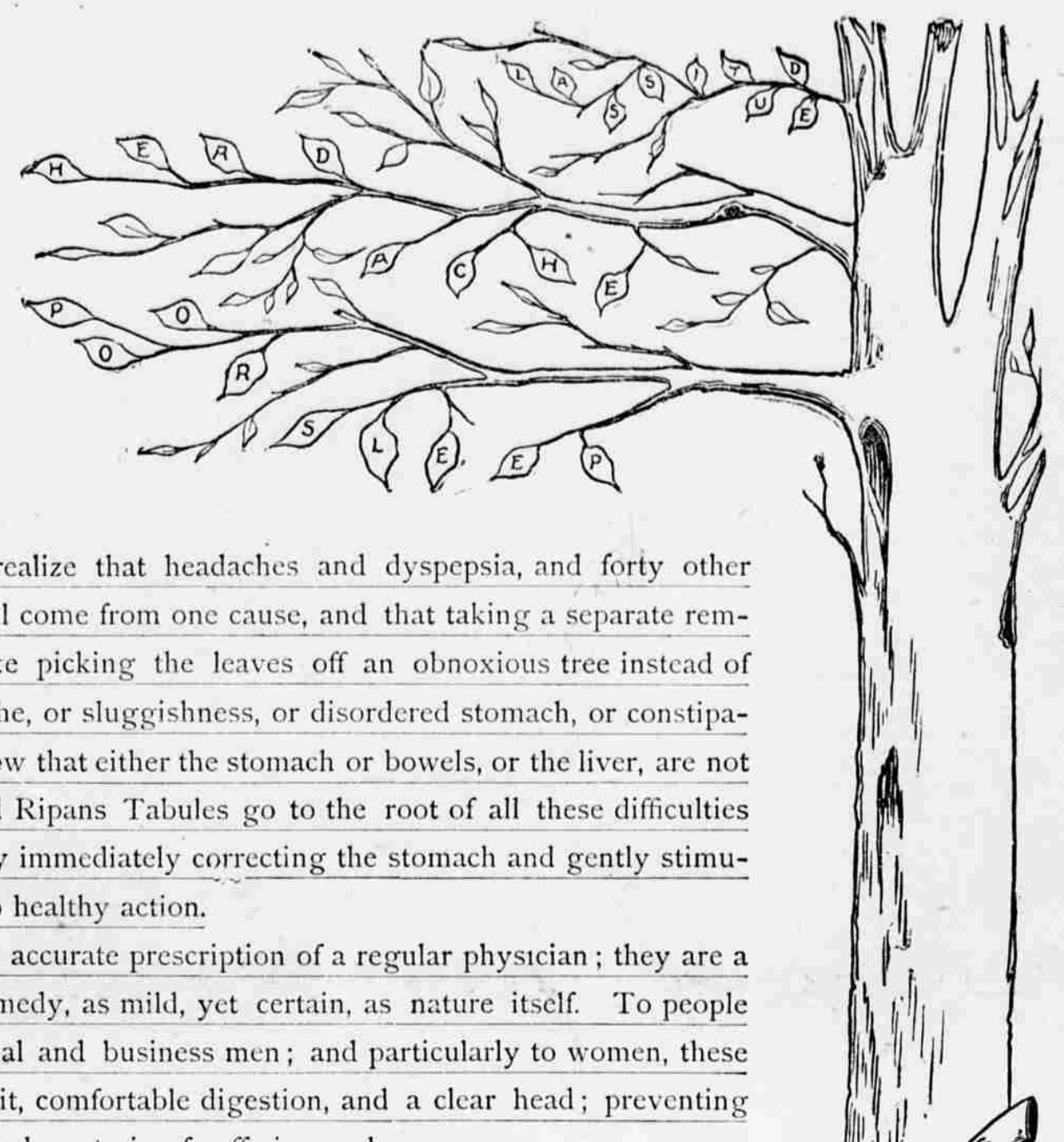
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FROM THE REV. DR. EDWARD L. CLARK,
Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Boston, Mass.
"I have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I now keep them always at hand. They are the only remedy I use except by a physician's prescription. They are all they claim to be."
EDWARD L. CLARK.

FROM REV. FREDERIC R. MARVIN,
Pastor of Highgate Memorial Church, Great Barrington, Mass.
"I regard the remedy as an excellent tonic and a most valuable family medicine."
FREDERIC R. MARVIN.



MOST people hardly realize that headaches and dyspepsia, and forty other miseries or more, all come from one cause, and that taking a separate remedy for each symptom is like picking the leaves off an obnoxious tree instead of striking at the root. Headache, or sluggishness, or disordered stomach, or constipation, or offensive breath—show that either the stomach or bowels, or the liver, are not doing their natural work, and Ripans Tabules go to the root of all these difficulties and many others at once, by immediately correcting the stomach and gently stimulating the liver and bowels to healthy action.

These Tabules are the accurate prescription of a regular physician; they are a perfectly harmless, simple remedy, as mild, yet certain, as nature itself. To people of sedentary ways, professional and business men; and particularly to women, these Tabules insure a regular habit, comfortable digestion, and a clear head; preventing many a serious illness with its long train of suffering and expense.

Lay the axe to the root of the tree.

In the largest hospitals in the world, presided over by the most skillful of living physicians, the ingredients of these tabules are prescribed daily more than twice as often as any and all other prescriptions put together, and in three cases out of four where a physician is called, his prescription will be substantially the same, but the cost will be much greater, and the compound prepared by the local druggists is likely to be inferior and far less convenient in form.

As the two most important processes of life (assimilation of food and elimination of waste) depend almost entirely upon the stomach, liver and bowels; their healthy action, as maintained by these tabules, dispels a long list of ailments, including headaches, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rush of blood to the head, dizziness, fluttering of the heart, sluggishness, poor sleep, loss of appetite, depression, heartburn, nausea, bad taste in the mouth, pain in the stomach or abdomen, female complaints, catarrh, jaundice, sallow skin and skin eruptions.

A box of Ripans Tabules (price 50 cents) contains six small vial-packet vials, each vial holds six tabules (36 in all) and each tabule is an exact dose. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price by

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young man," said Dyson, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "for I fancy you would like a few pointers as to how an end should be run tonight, and I can talk better when I smoke." You may be sure that I forced the tobacco jar upon him.

"Goddard," puffed Dyson, "you've got the biggest chance I ever saw come to a freshman since Hinton got the end straight from 'prop' school three years ago. I'm not going to tell you all you want to know tonight, not by a long shot, but I will tell you two things to save you a lot of abuse the first day, and at the end of the week I'll tell you something about the two men you'll go between on the 'varsity. First, then you know how, as an end, you sometimes draw the interference along toward the outside instead of smashing into it at once. Well, you'll have to drop that at tackle. You must smash it, anyhow. Don't hang back or wait to see the runner. Second, or rather first, of all importance, don't open your mouth under any circumstances. Now, there's enough for you to go to sleep on, and if you stick to these two points for the next week, 'smash the interference and keep your mouth shut,' you'll do well."

"But, Mr. Dyson," I began, "how far ought I—"

"Never you mind how far you ought to play from whom! You play where you think you can stop the most. Now, get to bed, and I'll drop in and tell Roland you've been promoted for a few days," and with that Dyson walked out.

As I heard him go up the street the door swung open, and Harry Holden appeared, armed in his pajamas, and smoking a cigarette.

"Dick, they're going to give you a try at the tackle, aren't they? I knew they would when I saw Fairfax and Langton get hold of Dyson after practice today. I believe you'll make it, too, but you'll have to look out for Easton. I heard lots of fellows say he'll make it for a few days. Are you going in tomorrow?"

"Yes, on the scrub."

"On the scrub?" with an accent of amazed scorn.

"Why, of course, Harry. If I am going to learn anything I must face a 'varsity man, and they're going to put me opposite Warner. You need not scatter that information broadcast, but I'm to be kept there a week, to

see if I'm any use. If I am, I'll get a chance in Willis' place."

"Oh, I see, and I suppose they'll put Easton on the 'varsity tomorrow at left tackle, and every one will think that he's the one that's going to get the place."

"I hope they will," said I, "for I want to be let down easy, and I say, Harry, mind you don't talk about this. I don't know how much Fairfax and Langton would want their places talked of."

"Oh, I'll take good care," returned Harry, "don't you be afraid of that. Mind you don't get the swelled head, that's all. I think I see 'em nymms already."

"Get out, you sneerer, and let me go to bed."

"All right, I will; but don't dream you are a 'varsity captain, will you?" and he slammed the door, just in time to avoid a book.

(To be Continued.)

Profile of the Youngsters.
She is an observing little mortal and she knows her own mind. She has been subjected to all the oscillatory annoyances that pretty children have to put up with, and she is heartily sick of them as the average child usually is. Every one seems to feel that he or she has a license to kiss a pretty child in this world without giving the least thought to the rights of the child in the premises.

This little girl, however, has noticed that no such infliction is imposed upon her older sister and it has made her jealous.

"Mamma," she said one day, "I wish I was big."

looking young men, and you can send them about their business if you want to. I guess I heard you tell that man with the black mustache who was here last night that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and you know what would happen to me if I said anything like that just because somebody kissed me."

Teacher (to class in philosophy)—What are the properties of heat, Willie?

Willie—The properties of heat are to bake, cook, roast—

Teacher—Stop—next. What are the properties of heat?

Johnny—The properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them.

Teacher—Very good. Can you give me an example?

Johnny—Yes, sir. In summer, when it is very hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, it gets to be very short.

A little boy was one day told he'd raise his mother's ire if he should overturn the lamp and set the house on fire.

One morning as the sun rose red, His mother heard him cry, "Look, mother! God's upset the lamp And set on fire the sky!"

Visitor—Well, Johnny, I suppose your father thinks the twins are something wonderful? Johnny—Yes, but (in a confidential whisper) I could lick 'em both easy!

making inquiries about hers until the day came. Early that morning she raised herself up in her little bed and asked anxiously: "Mamma, hath my birthday come?" "Yes, dear," replied her mother. "The little one looked around the room expectantly.

"Well, where th' it?" she asked. It took her mother the entire day to explain to her satisfaction what a birthday is, and even then she rather clung to the idea that the doll she received as a present was really a "birthday."

Well Recommended.
An English general, in reviewing a corps of cavalry, stopped before a splendid looking fellow, and asked abruptly: "Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

"Number forty, sir."

"What makes you think it is the best horse?"

"He walks, trots and gallops well; is a good jumper, has no vice, no blemish, carries his head well, is in his prime."

"And who is the best soldier in the regiment?"

"Tom Jones, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, steady, stopped before a splendid looking fellow, and asked abruptly: "Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

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