The Great Football Game

At Westmoreland College That Brought Revenge

By ELLEN R. CHANDLER

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It would be impossible to give a correct catalogue of the reasons why the male students of Westmoreland became antagonistic to co-eds pursuing the college course with them. Some pert little misses, tossing their heads, declared that it was because the girls wouldn't flirt; that they themselves had turned their backs upon sophomores who had more assurance than brains. Others averred that the presence of the women made the college a "hennery" instead of a field for "stags." A third lot laid the whole movement to the fact that several of the girls took scholarships away from as many young men. Certain it is that one young woman of remarkable facility for learning captured a prize that all the honor men were striving for.

Be that as it may, the antagonistic spirit prevailed, and it was determined by the board of management that the class of '10 should be the last woman's class to be admitted to the university. The class contained an unusually bright lot of girls, who, spurred on by what they considered an injustice to their sex, devoted their intellectual efforts to taking away as many perquisites in the shape of prizes and scholarships as possible.

Miss Julia Horton, president of the class, proved an excellent choice. Not much of a scholar, she developed a rare talent for management. Upon her election she made a few remarks embodying the desire that the members of the class should beat the men in every field.

"In athletics?" asked a voice.

Miss Horton was staggered for a moment, then bringing her white fist down on the table, said with vigor, "Yes, in athletics."

A burst of laughter followed the announcement, after which it was forgotten till three years had passed. The president had by this time been succeeded by others, but she had become the recognized manager of the class. The college fall term for 1910 had scarcely commenced, when she called half a dozen of her classmates to her room for a conference, and when they were assembled said to them:

"You may remember that when I was elected class president in our freshman year I signified a wish we should beat these dog in the manger students who haven't the brains to take prizes themselves and are unwilling that we should take them, even on the athletic field. Our prize scholars are sure to sweep the board next June, and I have called you together to consult as to a means of beating the men in athletics."

A dozen coral ears were pricked up at once at this daring statement.

"If we haven't the muscle," Miss Horton continued, "we may at least have the ingenuity to find a way to beat the men, or at least drive them from the field. The football season is at hand. At that game manly strength has a greater advantage over woman's physique than any athletic contest. I propose that we select a team from among those of us whose advantage lies rather in our muscles than our brains, and at the finale of the season attempt to win a game."

"Nonsense! Impossible! It wouldn't be proper!" were the words that greeted the proposition.

"All I ask of you," continued the speaker, "is to co-operate with me. We will organize a team. We will not let our object be known till the last moment, then we will challenge the university team, relying on our wits rather than our physical strength to win. At any rate, we may get a revenge."

"Wit won't win where brute strength is needed," remarked Miss Porter.

"Any more than brute strength will win where brains are required," Miss Ripley added, "as is manifest from our sweeping away the prizes and scholarships from these strapping fellows."

"We might weaken them," suggested little Miss Muffins, "by sticking pins into them."

"I have a scheme," said Miss Horton, "that I propose to put in practice when it comes to the final test."

"What is it?" asked all at once.

"Girls," was the reply given impressively, "there is one faculty we need not flatter ourselves we possess—reticence. I shall not communicate my plan to the men through each and every one of you."

Miss Horton won the assent of the company, they agreeing to her terms—at least all of them except little Miss Muffins, who declared she could never in the world wait for the denouement.

There were several remarkably strong young women in the class, and one, Mary Honk, who had come from a farm on which, her classmates declared, she had followed the plow, was five feet eight in height and strong as an ox. Miss Horton, who organized the team, selected her for the most prominent position and assigned the others to the rest of the places as they seemed best fitted.

Since the manager's plan was based upon the wits rather than the strength of the team it was not supposed that training and practice would be adhered to very strictly. The main trouble was to find a ground where they could practice without having the men students ogle and guy them. However, they secured a gridiron in a neighboring town, fenced in, and on practice days went there in a hay wagon.

Nevertheless it was not long before the men students learned that the co-eds had organized a football team and were practicing. Then it leaked out that they were intending to challenge the men. Innumerable were the jokes perpetrated at the girls' expense, which luckily they did not hear. Miss Horton was working with some especial purpose in view, but since she kept her own counsel no one knew what it was. She urged the team to learn the game and changed a few of the strongest, especially some who were fleet runners, to prepare for some real work on the last Saturday in November.

The university team and the woman's college team were in fine practice, there being about two weeks remaining before the end of November. Then a formal challenge passed, which was accepted by the university team captain with great formality, but with the belief that the affair was a joke. Soon after this it was noticed that a change had come over the women students. Up to this time there had appeared no disposition on their part to flirt, but now it was observed that several of the prettiest had abandoned their maidenly reserve and were showing a disposition to be wooed. But what was not especially noticed was that the attraction for them seemed to lie not in the honor men, but in the stalwarts of the football team.

The truth is that the joke attending the proposed game with the girls was overshadowed by a more serious matter. The annual game between Westmoreland and Pompton was to come off on Thanksgiving day. As to the game with the girls on the following Saturday, no one believed it would take place, or, if it did, it would be a sham game intended for a sort of social function. A couple of weeks before Thanksgiving Captain Ashton of the Westmoreland university team began to have trouble with his men. Several of those he most relied on became very lax in their training, and not a practice game was played but one or more men were absent. The captain stormed and threatened and vowed he would resign, but to no effect. The irregularities grew, instead of decreasing until during the last week before the great game the condition of the team approached demoralization.

Ashton questioned the big fellows as to what was drawing them, but received no satisfaction. His best man, Tomkins, suddenly cast the captain into the depths of despair by accidentally shooting himself in the foot while cleaning his revolver and thus rendering himself unfit to take his part in the annual game. Wharton, another good man, was called home the day before Thanksgiving by a telegram announcing that he was wanted there immediately. He did not return till the beginning of the next week.

It was only two days before the game that an incident occurred which cast a faint light on what was the matter with the Westmoreland team. Skulpins, who was relied on to do the punting, while his team was out for practice was seen walking on a by lane with Beatrice Wheaton, one of the prettiest girls in the woman's college. The fact was reported to Ashton, who began to "see through a mill stone." But it was too late. His team was obliged to go into the game with Pompton shorn of several of its best men and with others whose non attendance upon practice had unfitted them for their parts. It subsequently leaked out that no less than seven of them had the evening before been sumptuously entertained by young ladies of the woman's college. The result was that at the match game the score at the close stood: Pompton, 24; Westmoreland, 0.

This defeat of the Westmorelanders seemed to be espcially gratifying to the co-eds. They were observed congratulating each other, and the defeat was celebrated by spreads given in several of the girls' rooms. Four men who had been attentive to four different girls left college on Thanksgiving night, and three out of the four never returned. It was rumored that they had made propositions of marriage and been rejected.

On Friday, the day after Thanksgiving, the captain of the woman's team wrote a note to the captain of the Westmorelands asking some question pertaining to the game to come off on the morrow. The messenger, returning, announced that the captain's room was locked and bolted. Messengers sent to other members of the team failed to find any one of them. Not a man Jack of them was left in town.

On Saturday evening a notice was posted on the college bulletin board, signed by the captain of the woman's team, claiming the game to have been played that afternoon, since the men's team had run away.

The girls' scheme of revenge was out, and to no one was it plainer in all its details than to Captain Ashton. The triumph of heart over muscle had been complete. Miss Horton's management had been eminently efficient. She had set the most intellectual girl after the prizes, placed the most muscular on her team, while for the breaking down of the athletes she had brought up her corps of beauty, before which their hearts collapsed like a bursted football.

The class of 1910 was the last woman's class to be graduated at Westmoreland, and the men students swore a great oath that there should never be another.

The Plain Young Man

A Case of a Very Sudden Honeymoon

By JEFFERSON PORT

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Three young men waited in the outer office of Silas Peddington, the great cotton mill owner. Two of the men appeared to be acquainted, for they occasionally broke into embarrassed attempts at conversation only to lapse into fits of nervous abstraction, each furtively watching the other.

Of these two young men, one was clad in an automobile dust coat and cap while a pair of goggles protruded from his coat pocket. The other wore leather puttees and a checked woolen cap placed hindside before with the visor pulled down over the back of his sleek dark hair. Both were handsome.

The young man was plain of face with squarer, blunter features suggesting frankness and a certain tenacity of purpose that might win by its very straightforwardness where clever finesse would fail entirely. Unlike his companions in the waiting room, the clothing of the plain young man did not denote any especial fad or calling. He sat with folded arms and underjaw prominent, so that one might imagine that his teeth were tightly clinched.

Suddenly the closed mahogany inner door swung open and a large, massively framed, middle aged man appeared on the threshold. He bowed with the same degree of warmth to each of the young men and referring to a card in his hand raised his eyebrows at the automobile man.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Avery? Come right in, please."

Frank Avery followed Silas Peddington into the private office and, stuffing his cap in his pocket, sat down on the edge of one of the leather cushioned chairs. He was obviously nervous, for he mopped his brow constantly and gripped the floor with his toes as though he was afraid of falling in an ignominious heap at the well shod feet of the rich mill owner.

Mr. Peddington smiled thoughtfully and joined the tips of his fingers together, looking over them at the embarrassed young man.

"Well, Frank," he said at last, with a suddenness that caused his visitor an anxious instant on the perilous edge of the chair, "I received your letter this morning and I telephoned you to come down here. I hate to write letters, so I prefer to discuss matters of personal interest verbally rather than otherwise."

"Of course—certainly," observed Mr. Avery.

"Now, about Arline. Have you seen her?"

"Yes, I did see her."

"It's a mighty funny business," said Mr. Peddington.

"Funny?" echoed Avery.

"I said funny, queer, odd, strange, singular, extraordinary, unique!" rapped out Mr. Peddington sharply. He tapped an open letter on his desk with a blunt forefinger. "Here's a letter from another lovelorn youth, Frank. He has seen my daughter very recently—in fact, at the Nautilus dance on Saturday. You asked her, then, too? Ah, I thought so! She must have looked uncommonly well. I'll know how much it cost when the bill comes in. Well, young Hicks—he's outside there too. He says that Arline has told him that she doesn't love him; but, like a dutiful daughter, she refers him to me. Now I've got you both here I don't know what to do."

"I didn't know Joe Hicks was interested," muttered Avery sullenly.

"You both seem to be units among throngs," returned Arline's father blandly. "You've got plenty of money, Frank, and I know you can take care of a wife, although I'd like it better if you didn't live a life of leisure. Seems to me I'd have more confidence in you if you wanted to work in spite of your millions. As for Joe Hicks, he isn't blessed with too much money, but he's brainy and bound to make his mark in the field of scientific aviation. Think of the clever flying machine he has just perfected. He's won no end of prize money, and with royalties from his patents he'll be rich and a worker too."

"If he had all the money he wanted he wouldn't be working so hard for it now," retorted the young man bitterly. "I happen to have inherited a lot, so what's the use of working?"

"It's an achievement to invent an air machine that can travel as fast as an express train," remarked Mr. Peddington.

"It's a consolation to be able to purchase a motorcar that can outdistance the fastest express train. That's what I have just done," flashed Frank Avery in reply.

"Got your machine here?" demanded Mr. Peddington suddenly.

"Down at the door."

"I wonder if Joe Hicks has got his monoplane in town."

Frank smiled bitterly. "I wouldn't be surprised. He's got his cap on wrong side before."

"I have an idea. I'll have him in." Mr. Peddington jumped up and opened the door into the outer office and called to the waiting aviator. When Joe Hicks entered the inner office Mr. Peddington did not quite close the mahogany door. He left it ajar, and the plain young man who was patiently awaiting his turn for an interview turned away and stared out of the window into the mill yard.

"Now, boys," began Mr. Peddington as he towered above the young men. "I find you're both in the same fix concerning my daughter. Don't blush. Might as well have the matter out fair and square and no favors to either one. Arline has told each of you frankly that she does not love you, but that if her fond papa, meaning myself, commands her to marry either one of you she will show herself to be an obedient daughter. Now, which shall it be?"

The two rivals glared at each other and then looked hopefully at Silas Peddington.

"I like you both equally well," went on Arline's parent judicially, "so there is not much choice. Your personal characters balance even, and Avery's wealth is set off against Hicks' brains and ingenuity, so there you are. There's only one thing to do, in my opinion, and that is to let fate or luck, or whatever you call it, have a hand in the matter. If Arline had a mother I would leave it to her, but as things are as they are it shall be as I say." He sat down in his big chair and once more pressed his finger tips together.

"Arline is down at our place at Belle Point. It's a straightaway road down there along the shore. You can keep each other in sight part of the way at least until one outdistances the other. Hicks, you jump into your monoplane, and Avery will get into his automobile, and away you go, and the first one that reaches Belle Point and sees my daughter may wed her, provided she hasn't changed her mind since referring you to me."

"Done!" cried Hicks, rising and carefully adjusting his woolen cap. "My machine's out at Fern park, and I can be away in a half hour."

"My car is downstairs, and I'll take you out to Fern park and start from there." And Frank Avery arose and held out his hand to Arline's father. "Will you not come down and see us off, sir?"

"Sorry, boys, but I can't," returned the mill owner hastily. "Got another interview on my hands now. Good luck to both of you!"

"Thanks! Goodby, father-in-law!" said Joe Hicks boldly as he gripped Peddington's hand.

"Goodby, Father Peddington," was Avery's significant farewell.

"You are good sports," said the elder man kindly. "Take good care of yourselves. You ought to make the twenty-five miles in pretty short order. Wire me the result." He waved them away, and after they had slammed the the outer door behind them he picked up his desk telephone and then hastily set it down again.

"I'd like to warn her; but, no, it wouldn't be playing fair, and the witch deserves the embarrassment after playing them off on me like that. But why in thunder should those two idiots want to marry a girl who openly tells them she doesn't love them, but will marry them if commanded to? Where is their good American blood?"

"If you please, Mr. Peddington," said a crisp voice from the doorway. "I've been waiting some time. Perhaps you can see me now."

The open doorway framed the well knit, compact figure and plain face of the plain young man. He carried his panama hat under his arm, and when you looked at him and saw his eyes you would declare that they would beautify any face, so brigh and blue and true were they.

"Come in," said Mr. Peddington courteously. And when the visitor had seated himself the mill owner said, "You are Russell Osgood, the architect who planned my Belle Point place, aren't you?"

Russell Osgood smiled at Silas Peddington's tone. He had met the mill owner a hundred times since then, and they were on friendly terms, yet now his tone was distinctly anxious.

"I am all that and more now," he said clearly. "I'm your son-in-law, Mr. Peddington!"

"Why—what—when?" gasped Mr. Peddington, sitting up very straight in his chair.

"Because Arline and I were married an hour ago. She is waiting downstairs in a taxi. I told her you would come down and give us your blessing. You always liked me, you know!"

"I did," breathed Mr. Peddington helplessly, "and I do now. I'd rather have you for a son-in-law than any other man I know. Yes, I mean it. You're the right sort, Russell. I'm mighty glad you got married this way. Weddings always made me nervous almost to hysteria. Fact, son, though I don't look it, and ever since Arline's been grown up I've had her wedding hanging over me like a nightmare. So she's downstairs, eh, waiting for my blessing? Wait till I write a check to go with it." He flapped out a check book and in his big, square handwriting drew a check of four figures. "You will want a honeymoon, of course?"

"We're going up to New Brunswick," explained the bridegroom in the same quiet, self contained manner that had already won Mr. Peddington's admiration.

As they reached the outer door Silas Peddington uttered a sharp exclamation. "By Jove, what about those two chaps who are racing out to Belle Point for Arline's hand? Gee, I can't face them when they come back and find she's married to you, Russell!"

"Better come with us on our honeymoon," urged his son-in-law.

"I will!" ejaculated Silas Peddington. And, thrusting his head within another office, he said briskly, to the utter mystification of his clerical force:

"I'll wire any instructions I may have concerning the business. I'm suddenly called away on a honeymoon."

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Four Legged Turkey.

Every Wednesday Miss Denslow gave her scholars an exercise in composition. One week she said they might write what they knew about turkeys.

Their faces brightened, for it was almost Thanksgiving, and soon every pencil was going.

Henry Jerome was an observing boy, with a fine memory, so his exercise was generally one of the best. This time he wrote:

"Turkeys are very nice to eat. We had a big one for dinner last Thanksgiving. They are a good deal like chickens, only they are bigger and better and have four legs instead of two."

When Miss Denslow looked over the papers she read some of them aloud. She came to Henry's. She glanced through it, smiled and then read it to the school.

Some of the boys opened their eyes wide, two girls laughed and a dozen hands waved wildly.

"Put down your hands," the teacher said. "We will give Henry a chance first. What makes you think turkeys have four legs, Henry? Have you ever seen one?"

"Why, yes, Miss Denslow. We had one last Thanksgiving."

"I mean a live one. Did you ever see one walking?"

"Oh, no, Miss Denslow! But I know they have four legs, because last Thanksgiving Cousin Robert had one and Cousin Jim had one and my brother Stanley had one and I had one, and that made four." Henry looked round triumphantly.

"Didn't your mother cook two turkeys?" asked his teacher.

"No, Miss Denslow, we had only one."

"I think I understand how it was," Miss Denslow said. "A turkey's leg is long, with a joint. Probably two of you had the lower portions of the legs and the other two had the upper parts, for I never saw a turkey that had four legs."

When Henry went home he asked his mother about it and found that Miss Denslow was right.

Henry's cousins heard about the composition, and for many Thanksgivings the little boy was joked about his four legged turkey.—Youth's Companion.

Doubt It—A Card Game.

Any number of persons can play this game of cards, which should be played with two packs. The cards are dealt around in turn one at a time till all are given out. The player at the left of the dealer selects a card from his hand and places it in the center of the table face down, but naming the number of spots or rank of the card. It is not necessary to mention the suit or color.

The next player puts down a card in the same way, saying it is the next in order, but if he has it or not he may place any card he chooses, still declaring it to be the next card needed. If any member of the party doubt it he can shout "Doubt it!" and the card is examined. If it prove to be not as declared the one who played it must take all the cards on the table. If the card proves to be the one declared the doubter must take all the cards.

The object of the game is to get rid of the cards, and the one who is first out of them beats. If a player tries to cheat by putting down two cards at once and is discovered he is obliged to take all the cards played. The playing should be done as quickly as possible.

Game of Adjectives.

This may be quite amusing. A slip of paper and pencil are given to each player, who must then write a number of adjectives upon the slip. The slips are collected and given to the principal player, who has undertaken to read aloud a short story, substituting the adjectives on the slips for those already in the story. The adjectives must be taken as they come and not picked out to suit the story. The result is sometimes very laughable, as, for instance: "The pretty rhinoceros is a very graceful animal. It is very selfish in its habits and lives near lakes or rivers. Its gorgeous skin is so soft that special bullets are required to pierce it, etc."

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a bottle of medicine and a troublesome boy? One is to be well shaken before taken, the other to be taken and then shaken.

Why is a loaf of bread on the top of a tower like a race horse? Because it is high bred (bread).

Why is it impossible to have the last word with a chemist? Because he always has a retort.

Which is one of the longest English words? Smiles, because a mile separates the first from the last letter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

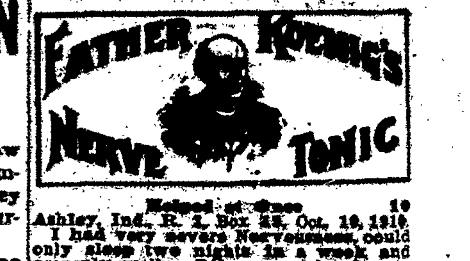
Thanksgiving.

For the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow ripened grain
And the golden harvest hour
We bless thee, oh, our God!

For the heat and the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender sprouting blade
And for the nodding sheaf
We bless thee, oh, our God!

For the hope and for the fear,
For the storm and for the peace,
For the trembling and the cheer
And for the glad increase
We bless thee, oh, our God!

Our hands have tilled the sod
And the torpid seed have sown,
But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be his alone.
We bless thee, oh, our God!



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