

news. Mary's glance was caught by a flaming card in one corner largely printed in red ink:

Who Will Take Me To The
Game With Yale?
Dutch Treat! Margaret Lusk.

Mary drew a pencil out of her cuff, and wrote below:

Ruth Garden and I will take you, if you meet us here sharp at one. MARY MARK.

"I don't know her at all—Lusk, Lusk—probably a fresh special. I hope her ticket calls for a seat near ours," she reflected, running upstairs to a lecture. A little before noon she glanced in at the bulletin board again. The advertiser had written "Yes, thanks," below Mary's response. Mary hurried away to her lodgings for luncheon and to brush her hair afresh. Before she had looped up the last coil of it Ruth Garden called for her: she knew the quick tingle of the bell.

"Oh, Ruth," she called over the bannisters, "somebody else is going with us: I took the liberty—"

"Not that horrible instructor in economics? I won't go," Ruth cried spiritedly.

"Margaret Lusk, on the contrary," Mary answered, laughing. "Some special, I think: do you know her?"

"No, but I hate her, because there's a Lusk playing on the Yale 'Varsity, or scrub, or something," Ruth said promptly. "She must be disagreeable, don't you think?"

Mary laughed again at Ruth's petulance, spoken in so pleasant a voice that it sounded gracious. She hurried on her warm old brown coat, and they walked briskly down town beside the vined and quiet houses, turning at last into a path across the common. On the trees were still hanging a few wrinkled leaves that caught the sunshine glintingly. Children were playing along the paths, their faces ruddied with the delicately stinging air. Mary drew in deep breaths of it. "Oh, what a day to beat Yale!" she said.

A short blonde person ran down the steps of Fay House to meet them, crying out volubly that she was Margaret Lusk, and which was Miss Garden, and which was Miss Mark?

"It's so lucky I found you were going," she went on. "I should never have got up courage to go alone. Oh, which way is Soldiers' Field? I am so excited, and have been, for that matter, all day: so when I tried to write my theme for English—A—Oh, what a lot of people! And I said to myself last night that if it rained I should be quite resigned; and then it turned out to be such a perfect day! I might have just gone anyhow, even if I had to go alone (though if I saw the dean I should sink through the floor!) for I was crazy to see my cousin play—Henry Lusk, you know, sub for the Yale 'Varsity. Austin is laid up; and Henry must be wild with delight—so that's why I wore a blue ribbon."

"You're the first Radcliffe girl I ever saw wear one," Ruth cried, with some disgust; but she laughed at herself for it. There was no harm in the talkative little special, and her complexion and fine brown hair were very pretty. Mary and she were chatting amiably enough. Ruth fell into their talk with a civil comment, and found Miss Lusk's cheerful vanity and gay little laugh quite likeable, except when she glanced at the knot of profound blue on her blowing brown cape.

The mud was deep on Soldiers' Field, but the girls tramped through it stoutly in their calf boots. Miss Lusk's ticket was luckily in the same section with Ruth's and Mary's; and a young man politely exchanged places with her, so that the three sat a row. It was a long time before the game began: coaches drove in, full of gay-appearing passengers and noisy with horns and singing: the seats on the monstrous stands filled fast; all about the girls young men were talking in technicalities, and here and there a girl asked a question. An old man, wearing a fraternity pin on his loose overcoat, sat near listening with eager eyes to the lively converse.

"I bet there isn't a team on earth that can stop that revolving tandem play," a fat young man in front was saying.

"Ah, but Harfness will make up for it with fumbles!" someone cried, dejectedly.

"Lots of skirts on the field," said the fat young man. "I pity the men that bring 'em; on my soul I do! they don't know our men from Yale's!"

"No more I do!" Miss Lusk whispered to Mary. "Except my cousin: he's a splendid heavy fellow. I'll show him to you when he comes on; but you must help me shout for him."

"Hardly," Mary answered good-temperedly. "I'm not new enough at Harvard Annex to cheer Yale men."

Presently a stir swept along the rows as the Harvard team n on the field. People stopped talking.

A man leaped nimbly down in front of section C and waved his arms and cried: "Now, cheer the team for all you're worth, one, two, three—"

The great slow cheer swelled out, "Harvard, Harvard, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah—Harvard!" It reverberated along the populous rows on both great stands.

Now the Yale team ran on, and as the noise subsided hundreds of voices raised the sharp Yale cheer; Miss Lusk's small treble joined in it. Mary was half angry with her, though she tried to laugh at herself and called it childish to be vexed.

The teams were alike as to weight and for a while were matched in every way: but Marion, the Harvard full-back, had to leave the game—crying and fighting as the men dragged him off the field—from a cut above the eye, and with his gone the strength and speed of the Yale men in interference told forcibly. The home team's dodging and running was slow compared to Yale's, and though they tackled valiantly and showed themselves muscular and courageous, the game went steadily against them; and time was called for the first half with the score in favor of Yale. The second half began with brilliant but careful playing on both sides. Harvard especially played with a wonderful dash that almost made up for her slowness. The ball was pushed steadily into Yale's territory until it was nip and tuck for the advantage. Mary's breath came catching through her throat. This struggle of muscle and brain, and courage for the honor of Alma Mater grew to seem better than Olympic to her ardent mood. Every time the frequent Harvard cheer rallied along the rows she was dizzy with ardor and desire.

She glanced again at Ruth's watch laid on the bench between them. Five minutes more! Everybody was leaning forward more or less eager and breathless. Out in the field, where the low sun yellowed the soiled and torn clothes of the players, they were eagerly blocking each other's game, watchful of eye and alert of limb.

The character of the play changed; Yale was conducting a swift defensive game. The crowd began rising all about and cut off Mary's view, even when she stood up, of the upper end of the field where the scrimmage was. The only interest she had was to watch the expressive backs and forward-straining shoulders of the young men in front of her. Miss Lusk, beside her, was lamenting that she could not see her cousin Henry in the mêlée. Now and then a murmur, swelling almost into a cry, rose from the front ranks, and once a roar arose—"Touchdown! Touchdown!" But it seemed to fall suddenly on its height, and the shoulders of everybody fell. Next moment Mary, standing tiptoe, saw between the ranks of heads how the wearer of the blue Y had deftly dodged a charging runner and punted the ball far down the field and out of danger. At once the Yale pandemonium burst forth, and Miss Lusk began jumping up and down, and screaming, "Oh, Henry did it, Henry did it!"

Mary was as angry as when she had torn her little sister pinafore in a childish quarrel long ago. Her face was red and hot; a furious vexation made her blood buzz in her burning ears and eyes. She watched the game helplessly, feeling with pain now, second after second, the tiny hand of Ruth's watch creep along, while in the field the perspiring giants still disputed every foot of the ground. Most of the spectators had resumed their seats, keeping an excited silence. And presently the referee's whistle sounded out and the game was called.

The Yale partisans made a prodigious noise of cheering, that seemed scarcely tolerable to Ruth and Mary as they pressed along in the midst of the close crowd. Miss Lusk was plainly exhilarated; her pretty blue eyes were merry and proud, and she kept up a fire of chatter about Harry Lusk, who had, indeed, saved the day. Once the crowd paused in the muddy road while a flushed young fellow led the Harvard cheer—the team was leaving the field—and he cried out for preface that he thought it shabby not to cheer it off.

After that the dense crowd struggled on at last bearing the three girls into Harvard Square. Miss Lusk had kept up a spirited monologue all the way.

"When I saw him stiffen his shoulders," she kept crying, "I knew he would do something glorious. You can always tell if you watch him. When he screws up his mouth, that's another sign. Oh, you'd very soon learn—"

"I don't want to learn," Mary cried in vexation. "I hate the sight of him, I'm sorry he was ever born; I wish he'd broken some of his bones before he'd got to the field—Oh, I beg"