

ward. "Should have tried right end," Stanley muttered.

There was silence, during which the click of the instrument was audible even to those in the middle of the hall. The announcer, who had been bending over the operator, straightened up.

"With Stanley blocking off for him beautifully, Mercer circles Prentice for fifteen yards."

"A-ay!" shouted Stanley, and elsewhere there rose small cheers. And when these had subsided one of the pseudo-Yale contingent in the background ejaculated, with loud, insolent satisfaction: "Well, well, well! How about it?"

Mr. Prentice leaned forward again. "I don't like your man, Stanley," he said good-naturedly. "I wish he'd leave my boy alone. Any relation of yours?"

"Brother."

"What! And you're not there to see him! Why—why didn't you go?"

"Oh," Stanley said rather bitterly, "the reasons are no longer important."

The remark seemed to have effectively silenced Mr. Prentice.

The next reports recorded small but steady Yale gains. By assaults upon Harvard tackles, which won two or three yards invariably, Yale progressed to Harvard's forty-yard line. Here the Harvard defence stiffened, and on two downs Yale had still five yards to gain.

Then there was a long wait.

"They're slow in sending," murmured the schoolboy who sat with his father next to Stanley, and who had been cheering for Harvard on the slightest provocation.

The announcer advanced portentously. "With magnificent interference by Stanley, Mercer circles Prentice. He is pulled down by Hall on Harvard's ten-yard line."

The massive, disapproving silence seemed to emphasize the sparse, vigorous applause. Stanley was clapping his hands, bouncing round in his seat, and yelling.

"Well, well, well! What's going to happen?" came the derisive inquiry from one of the Yale sympathizers.

"Brek-ek Koax; Siss boom, rah, Yale!" bawled the red-nosed Irish-looking person.

"Watch for a touchdown round Prentice!" cried another.

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From the movement behind him, Stanley imagined that Mr. Prentice had turned to glower indignantly at the author of this suggestion—and Stanley chuckled. "That's the place, though," he said to himself. "Mercer and Ted can do the trick."

Then the announcer flung up his hand in excitement and shouted:

"Yale fumbles!" The crowd sprang up with a yell. The announcer implored silence, stretching out his hands, and the noise quieted. "The ball rolls out from a scrimmage; little Prentice is Johnny on the spot, and starts with a clear field for a touchdown." Then the tumult broke loose again; they were all on their feet, shrieking, flourishing hats; all but Stanley and a few half-hidden figures here and there; the announcer still stood smiling. And when the shouting had subsided again, "He is overhauled by Stanley on Yale's eight-yard line."

With a final joyous clapping the audience resumed their seats. The schoolboy beside Stanley turned round.

"Well, well, well! What's going to happen!" he cried viciously at the Yale enthusiasts.

"Sh-h, Jack! Don't be cheap!" his father rebuked him.

It gave Stanley an excuse for looking round; disappointed as he was, he had somehow a desire to see Mr. Prentice at that moment. He caught Mr. Prentice in the act of wiping his eyes with his handkerchief.

The Harvard centre was stronger than the Yale centre; and in three more plays Harvard crowded across the line for a touchdown. The auditorium resounded with the cheers; presently these were diverted into a great chorus as the crowd swung into the song,

"Glory, glory, glory to the Crimson,
For this is Harvard's Day."

And Stanley muttered to himself, "It is certainly not much of a day for the Stanley brothers."

Soon it was announced that there was just three minutes of the first half left to play. The ball had wavered back and forth above the middle of the blackboard, and had come to rest on Harvard's fifty-yard line—in Yale's possession. The crowd had settled back into comfortable assurance.

After a pause the announcer paced forward with great deliberation. There was something solemn in his manner.

"Yale had executed a trick play." He spoke with reluctance; he hesitated, and the crowd hung upon his fateful, carefully spaced words. "Burke passes the ball to Stanley, and from nearly the middle of the field, with the whole Yale team interfering for him, Stanley carries it over Harvard's line for a touchdown."

Stanley leaped to his feet; and while the supporters behind him were yapping out taunts and jeers at Harvard, he swung his arms as if he was leading a multitude, and cried out all alone the real Yale cheer. The Harvard people turned to look; some of them smiled at him a little wistfully, and because he was so clearly a Yale man they clapped him when he sat down.

"Why don't you cheer for Stanley?" asked the schoolboy next to him in a resentful voice. "He's the whole Yale team."

"I'm cheering for him, all right," said Stanley with a grin. He felt someone nudging him from behind. He turned; Mr. Prentice put his hand over his shoulder.

"That run of your brother's," said Mr. Prentice. "It's got my boy—but it must have been a corker. Shake."

Then Stanley put out his hand. The schoolboy had been taking this in with open eyes.

"Are you Stanley's brother?" he asked.

"Yes," Stanley laughed. "And that gentleman that I just shook hands with is Prentice's father."

The boy glanced behind him and then at Stanley again with puzzled but respectful interest.

The half ended with the score six to six.

"Mr. Stanley"—Mr. Prentice leaning forward spoke in a low voice—"I tried to reach you by telephone an hour ago. Will you allow me a few minutes?"

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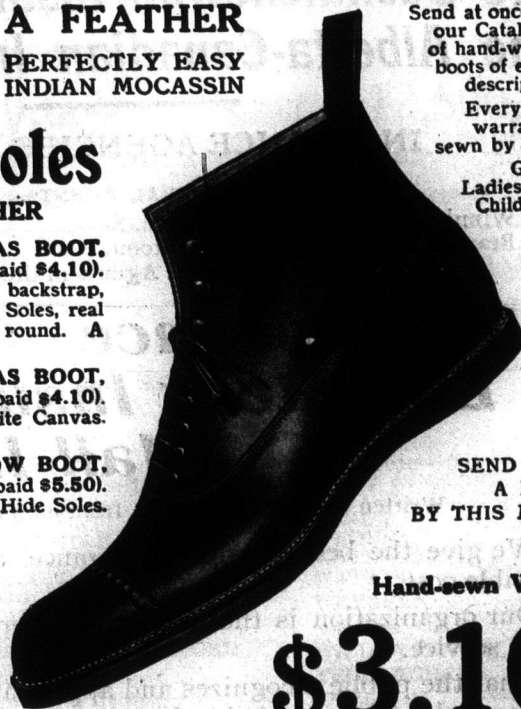
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