POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN. N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1908

ense. His own felt strangely cold, and he remembered suddenly how as a little

scoring now.

The Navy team fought doggedly and it was evident that the Commodore was doing better work, but a touchdown for

was evident that the Commodore was doing better work, but a touchdown for the Army, though they missed goal, raised a yell of joy and left the Navy more hopeless than before.

Suddenly there was a play that no one quite understood, and before any one knew much about it the Commodore was through the line with the ball. The goal posts, sixty yards off, stretched out before the watching-throng as an immeasurable distance to be covered, but the Commodore, with the leather hugged close to him, was making straight for it. The Navy side as one man stood up to cheer, but their voices sounded far off and indistinct now to the Commodore, and only the thought of his father seemed real, that and the sound of the men behind him. All his faculties were alert now and centered only in his play. They saw him crouch over the ball and run low as he dodged the tackle. He could hear two or three of the Army team behind him



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THE COMMODORE LOOKED AT THEM, A TERRURIE AGONY IN HIS EYES

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