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By W. G. Fitz-Gerald

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# By Edwin Oviatt

He then looked him out on the field, a sudden, knife-like cheer: "Yale! Yale! Yale! Parker!"

He only turned to glance, on the run, at once, at a girl in a blue and white jacket between an old man in a top hat and a disapproving aunt, and who looked the other way quickly. Then he went in to meet Dickinson and play football.

The whistle blew. The Yale quarterback, running rapidly around from Billy Parker, patted each of the Harvard players on the back, first down, five yards to go, on Yale's five-yard line. One final rush like those that had pushed Yale eighty yards lower the field, and the game would be over. There was a moment's hush. The crimson quarter snapped the ball. Dickinson, who had been rushing men in front of him, and with a dive Billy Parker broke through the Harvard tackle line, and was in the end zone. He came out the crimson halfback with a third two yards back of where he had started.

A terrific yell broke from the Yale hands:

"Parker!"

Another signal, another flash of crimson at his end, and Billy lay again with his arms about Dickinson's waist, with two more yards lost for Harvard.

"Third down, nine yards to go."

The Yale stands were frantic. There was one minute left to play. Billy Parker, who had been dropping back for a kick for goal, Billy Parker, swinging around loosely at his end, watched the Harvard players, who what ten yards back of Yale eyes did not see, see that was the stumble that Dickinson made. He saw what he had to make the ball. With the pass, Billy swung through the line and on him with a rush. Suddenly swinging he lunged forward, and with Dickinson's block, blocked the ball with his hands and arms after it. Before the stands could catch the word, Dickinson had fallen under the Harvard's halfback's feet, and Tracer, who was just behind him, had poked up the ball on the ground and was ten yards down the field past the Harvard quarterback for a touchdown.

It was all done so suddenly that Billy Parker, who had been waiting for the Yale stands understood what had happened. If he hadn't won Miss Baxter's back, he would have won the game. He was in the arms of cheering, frenzied Yale men jumped the fence into the gridiron and stomped the Yale team, lifting them up and down, and shouting "Yale! Yale! Yale!"

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