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B RISTOL and Hampton were to meet. It was the last big game of the year. Bristol men, after their splendid showing against Kingston, were confident of victory. Already Hampton men stood shoulder to shoulder and were ready to stake their last dollar on their eleven. Such an air of confidence was extremely pleasing to the public and awakened an uncommon amount of interest in the approaching struggle.

It was late Friday afternoon. Before a big grate fire in their fraternity house sat Stub Simpson and some six or seven of his companions. Stub Simpson was a notable character in Bristol life. Simpson had worked his way through college by writing for the New York papers. His articles on football were widely read. "How many of you fellows have money up on to-morrow's game?" inquired Stub. Everybody answered affirmatively.

Then Simpson entered into a discussion of the relative merits of the two teams. He had not progressed very far when the colored butler pushed his head through the door and cried "Dinner" and every one scrambled away. Stub had no more than seated himself at the table when a note was handed him. This is what it said:

"Stub, come to training quarters at once. Must see you before we are all packed off to bed. Drop everything and come. ARCHIE."

"The devil!" muttered Stub, crushing the note and pushing back his chair. Stub made his way to the training quarters and found the men just rising from the table. It was not long before the newspaper correspondent was closeted with the captain of the Bristol eleven. Stub was the first to speak.

"Now, Archie, don't make a fool of yourself."

"Stub, you know as well as I do that Bristol can't possibly lose."

"Why, Archie, Bristol has lost before, and why not now?" queried Stub.

"You will never understand, Stub," answered the big fullback, drawing up his large frame. "Just look at Bristol's defensive play in the Kingston game. Why, man alive, we held the Maroon on our one-yard line right under our goal posts. You know, Stub, that Kingston can play all around Hampton. You told me that yourself only last week, before the Bristol-Kingston game. What is Bristol's standing, then? Then, besides, have you seen Shorty King drop goals from the field? Maybe he won't surprise all good people to-morrow! No, Stub, my mind is made up. I'm going to bet every cent I have, and what is more, I've borrowed some—and up that goes, too. Here is \$500. And as he spoke young Ferbert pulled a wad of bills from his waistcoat pocket and shoved it at Stub, adding:

"You know, Stub, that my position on the team prevents me from going into the betting ring and putting this money up myself, so I'm trusting you to place this amount for me at even money."

"Archie, I can't do this," answered Simpson, dropping his eyes to the floor and shaking his head.

"Quit it, Stub, for pity's sake, quit it," entreated Archie.

"No, Archie, you don't understand me," answered Stub, speaking earnestly. "I would do this willingly for you if you could afford it. But you can't."

"Think how you have had to work to put yourself through Bristol. Before you commit such a rash act think of your mother and sister, who are making every sacrifice for you? And what do they do it for? That you may spend lots of money and have a good time? No, Archie, you know better. It is not for that. It is because your father's last request was that you get a college education and study law. It makes me sick at heart to see you risk everything on this one game. Just think for a minute what it means. Should Hampton win, it means that you quit college, for you could not possibly afford to go on. That would nearly kill your poor mother. Think better of what I have said, old man."

"Stub," said Archie, and one could plainly see that young Ferbert was having a hard time keeping back the tears. "I know that only the highest motives prompt you to say what you have. I know you are my strongest and best friend. You have been kind to my mother, to Rosemond and to me. And I honestly thank you for it. If I really thought there was a possibility of Bristol's losing I might hesitate—but no such possibility exists, Stub. Why, man," and Archie began to warm to his subject. "It's a perfect cinch, and if I could borrow \$500 more I would put it up without the slightest hesitation. But, say, Stub, answer me this question truthfully—truthfully, I say: Do you expect to bet yourself?"

For a moment Stub did not reply. He was painfully counting the seams in the hardwood floor. Then he muttered something about that being different, and that their two cases were not parallel. Archie kept on pressing the matter, until Stub finally admitted that he had determined to show Archie that he had no mother and no sister to support, and that it made little difference to the college or not. However, it was all to no purpose. Archie rose when he heard the head coach inquiring for him. He told Stub that unless he posted his money for him he would get Billy Hawkins or Jerry Rich to perform the task. This brought Simpson to terms.

"I'll do it, Archie," Stub added; "but only under the heaviest kind of a protest. I see your mind is made up, but those two spendthrifts must not handle your money."

The Hampton team, with its coaches, trainers and rubbers, with over forty men in the party, reached New York Friday night. The next morning they moved into New England. The Hampton eleven had engaged quarters at the Vendome. As Captain Harding pushed his big, burly form through the doorway there was a big demonstration. Each man on the Hampton team was cheered as he came into view.

"An even \$500 on Hampton," shouted a

large man with a big diamond stud, and Harding did not even try to suppress a smile.

"Taken," came the quick response. Immediately there was a big rush. The betting was on in earnest.

"Got any more?" asked Stub. The two entered a small room and took seats at a table. Simpson knew his friend to be an old Hampton "grad" who was dealing in Wall street stock for a livelihood. Stub knew he was up against a real live plunger, but he never quailed. He had \$1000, so he told McPherson, which he wanted to put up. He did not tell the Scotchman that \$500 of it belonged to the Bristol captain and \$500 to himself. Neither did he tell his companion that only the day before he had received a letter from home telling him of his father's failure in business. What good would it have done? It was finally agreed that \$500 apiece should be wagered. Stub took a large roll of bills from his pocket and carefully counted out \$500. The other \$500 he put in his pocket. McPherson had come with his money done up in packets of \$500. In his business he had adopted such time-saving devices. So the broker was not forced to count. The two men left the table and sought out the clerk at the office desk. The money was counted again by the clerk, who placed the bills in an envelope. Then the envelope was carefully marked and stowed away in the safe of the Vendome. As Stub was leaving McPherson, Johnny Snow, the stroke oar of the Bristol crew, hurried up.

"Give me \$500, Stub. I can get odds of ten to seven for you."

"Where?" asked Stub excitedly.

"It's a snap and I can't give it away," answered Johnny hurriedly.

"You're sure of your man, Johnny?" questioned Stub, fumbling in his pockets.

"Perfectly." And off trotted the bold stroke oar with Simpson's other \$500. Stub hastened to a writing table and scratched these hurried lines:

"Archie, your \$500 up. Now go in and win. STUB."

Calling a messenger boy, Stub dispatched him, with instructions to deliver this note to Captain Archie Ferbert without fail. Then Stub got ready to report the game.

It was nearly 2 o'clock. For the last three hours big crowds had been passing through the gates. Fully 20,000 people had been seated, and more were still coming. On one side of the field were massed the supporters of the Purple, with colors waving and streamers flying. Just opposite them were located the strong cohorts who came all the way from Hampton to cheer their warriors on. Pretty girls in tailor-made jackets, wearing the colors of old Bristol, vied with the smart Southern set, who were decked out from head to foot in flaming cardinal. Men prominent in all walks of life studded the stands. From Washington came Cabinet officers with their wives; Judges of the highest courts in the land found time to once more rally around the flag they loved so well; Annapolis and West Point were represented; men whose faces are familiar in the halls of Congress shouted their old college battle-cry. In the Hampton delegation sat an ex-President of the United States. From one of the Middle States came a noted Governor to lead the cheering for his alma mater. Across the field came floating the notes to "A hot time in Hampton to-night."

Bristol answered vociferously with her sharp, stubborn "U-rah-rah!" It was a grand sight, and one that would stir the most sluggish blood. Every one was anxious for the fray to begin. Already the officials were on the side lines. In the press box sat Stub Simpson with his hand on the ticker.

It was just 2:02 when the Bristol eleven jumped the ropes and bounded into the field. A mighty roar arose. One might have thought that the dogs of war had been let loose, so terrific was the din. The noise had just started to subside when McPherson shouted through his megaphone:

"Here comes Hampton!"

Like a flash every Hampton man was on his feet, frantically waving his arms and shouting madly. Out trotted a long file of warriors belonging to that "dyspeptic ice water drinking nation." Striped stockings marked each man.

After a preliminary skirmish the referee's whistle brought the two teams together and the crowd to their senses. The ball was in position and Archie Ferbert stepped back to kick off. As he did so Stub Simpson turned in his seat and caught sight of Archie's mother and sister. He was ready to swear that he had never seen the girl look prettier. Rosemond's black, wavy hair and dark eyes were muffled somewhat by the upturned collar of her jacket. The brisk, cutting air had brought a bright, healthy color to her cheeks. Stub took time to notice that she wore the flowers which he had sent her that morning.

"Are you ready, Bristol?" called out the official.

"We are," came the determined response.

"Hampton, are you ready?"

"We are ready, sir," and in that reply there was much of the tenacity of the bulldog displayed. Bristol braced herself on the 55-yard line ready for the whistle. On each man's face was written something indescribable. You may call it what you will. Men are at their best when they can fight on "nerve." It was "nerve" that was to pull these two teams through to-day!

A shrill sound—and the whistle has blown.

"They're off!" excitedly shouted a Bristol man who had horses on the track. "Just watch that pole horse kick," he continued, by way of explanation to his companion. As the old war horse finished speaking Ferbert started forward. There was a slight thud. Down the field flew the ball, right into the arms of Hampton's star halfback. Wright started forward and by splendid dodging ran the oval back twenty-five yards. How those Hampton roots cleared their lungs! The game was on in earnest.

"3-42-3-51" shouted Hampton's little quarter.

Smack-biff-bang and Wright was pushed and pulled through left guard and center. Eleven men got into that play.

"First down!" called the referee, and the Hampton faction let out an awful roar. Hampton used her close formation and kept hammering the Bristol line. Her revolving wedge was sure to net something. Teddy Wright skirted the Purple's right end for a big gain, and things looked "blue" for Bristol.

"Hold them, Bristol, hold them!" chorused many.

"Get down on your knees and play low!" shouted a Bristol partisan.

"Grab their legs!" chimed in another.

"Smash that interference!" interposed a knowing one.

"Or get smashed," blurted out a Hampton follower.

"Watch Wright!" added a man in the press box, nudging Stub.

"Yes, 2-2," answered Stub, looking at his watch. Stub had missed calculations. Hampton had worked the ball down into Bristol's territory, when the Purple, urged on by Ferbert's brilliant defensive game, braced and held the Cardinal for "dowis." Hampton was playing the better ball, and Bristol knew it. Both elevens kicked freely, Ferbert getting the best of it on every exchange of punts. It was Hampton's ball on Bristol's forty-yard line.

"15-18-2-91" signaled the quarter.

"That's Wright!" explained the man next to Stub. "Now watch!"

Around the end shot the stocky half-



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back. Bristol's end was completely boxed. Behind perfect interference, he escaped the savage lunges of the Bristol backfield, and breaking away from his interference he dashed down the field.

"Go it, old man, go it," cried a Hampton man.

"Catch him, do catch him and bring him back!" screamed a pretty Bristol girl, who was probably seeing her first big game. Then she colored and subsided completely when she saw how every one stared at her.

But already Wright was beyond recall. Everybody was on his own, or some one else's feet, shouting like a madman. On sped the runner toward the goal posts. Suddenly out from the bunch shot a Bristol guard. Wright had a circular course, so the big, stalwart guard gained on him. Wright heard him come lumbering on, but dared not look back. He imagined he heard the big fellow's heavy breathing. Over the white chalk marks flew the two pairs of legs. The purple pair was certainly gaining. Every one held his breath. But three more chalk lines must be crossed—now two. On the five-yard line big Stanley made a desperate lunge forward, and down came Wright on Bristol's one-yard line. It was a beautiful tackle. No signal could be heard above that awful wave of sound. Two times Hampton battered away at that stone wall of a line, and twice it refused to yield.

"Third down, five yards to gain!" shouted the referee

tol. One thousand dollars was no small sum for two boys to divide.

"Just then a messenger boy rushed up. It was Ralph B. Simpson here!" he shouted.

"Here," quickly answered the ever active Stub, reaching forward and grasping the envelope which was thrust at him. Stub hastily tore open the envelope, and this is what it said: "Stub—I could not get 10 to 7 for you. Have tried the rain to find you. Have left your \$500 at the Vendome. Phil Kennedy will bet you even. The Cardinal is weakening. JOHNNY."

The seriousness of the situation dawned upon Stub in an instant. Whose \$500 had McPherson covered—Archie's or his own? Whose \$500 was lying dormant in the vaults of the Vendome—Archie's or his own? Stub was about to curse that bold stroke oar, but thought better of it and quit. He looked at the note and saw that it was written at 12:30. Look, these lines had been scribbled more than two hours ago! Stub thought of cursing the messenger boy, but that had disappeared. Already the two elevens were appearing in the field. He must make his decision at once. No time was to be lost. Whose \$500 had McPherson covered? Stub knew that Archie must have received his note, telling him of his money being covered. Stub thought he might divide the \$500, regarding \$250 of it as Archie's and the other \$250 as his own. That certainly would be the square thing. Then the awful thought came to him that this would never do, as his honesty might be questioned. The boy was in a terrible predicament.

Well, something must be done. A decision must be reached, and that decision abided by come what might. Stub turned in his seat and stole another glance at Rosemond. Rosemond must have been looking his way, for Stub gallantly raised his hat. No longer did he hesitate. "Archie needs the money more than I do. My money is the money of the Vendome and Archie's is with McPherson's." Thus muttering to himself, he turned again to his ticker and began sending off dispatches to his paper:

"Click, click, click. "Bristol is cheering madly."

"Click, click, click. "Hampton's line-up slightly changed. Bristol's intact."

"Football teams never fought more desperately than did Bristol and Hampton during this second half. From the kick-off spectators went mad. They cheered their favorites until some got really hoarse. The Cardinal man was using his lungs with telling effect. The Cardinal still showed superior form, and the Purple the better endurance. Hampton was continually throwing in substitutes. His star tackle had to be forcibly carried from the field. Next the quarter-back had to go. In came Blake with bandaged ankle and twisted shoulder.

"Now they have that rotten quarter-back in," said Stanley. "Just watch us run up a big score." Blake only bit his lip and bided his time.

Hampton was certainly putting a lot of fresh men into the game, and for a team of substitutes they were playing wonderful football. The Cardinal would force the pigskin into Bristol territory, then Bristol would brace wonderfully and take the ball away on downs. Then Bristol would begin to cheer as Ferbert booted the ball down the field.

It was Hampton's ball near the center of the field. Hampton went at the Bristol line hammer and tongs. They were using their tandem play with telling effect. Down the field they marched. Big hooves were opened in the Purple line through which Hampton shoved and jammed her heavy men. Something must be done to save that terrible onslaught. Would Bristol run up the white flag? Never. Hampton next made a mass play on Bristol's right tackle. It was bravely met. Twen-

ty-two forms were heaped high, and at the bottom of the fearful pile lay the right tackle. When the players were pulled off he lay there perfectly still. Out from the lines bounded the Bristol doctor. The players gathered around the apparently lifeless form, waiting the return of consciousness. The crowd was grimly silent and awaited tidings from the battlefield. It is surprising how silent a big crowd sometimes becomes.

"What's the matter, Stanley?" shouted Simpson from the press box.

"Nothing much," came back the answer. "Dillon has broken his collar-bone, but he will be all right just as soon as we get this harness on him."

Bristol men heaved a big sigh of relief as they heard this comfortable assurance. Three minutes were given to repairs, and at the expiration of the allotted time the two elevens were at it again.

Time was rapidly drawing to a close. Only a few minutes were left to play.

On the side lines, wrapped in a blanket, lay Teddy Wright, crying. Long before he had been removed from the game on account of injuries. He fought when the coaches carried him off the field, and he had a lot of fight in him yet. It was Bristol's game, so everybody said. Bristol held the ball on her own 25-yard line. A kick—and her goal would be out of danger. But, no! Captain Ferbert determined to keep possession of the ball. Just one year before, Bonny Kerr, Kingston's doughty right end, had picked the oval up and sprinted the entire length of the field for a touchdown. Ferbert did not intend that any Hampton man should repeat the trick, so he determined to hold on to the ball. Bristol made three fierce assaults on the Cardinal line, and then was forced to hand the pigskin over to Hampton on her 25-yard line. But one minute was left to play.

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But four of Hampton's regular men were in the line-up. Captain Harding called his men back for a conference. Stub could not help admiring the splendid nerve of the men as he saw them file back.

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