

VORSAY'S LUCK.

(Robert Cranford.) . .

For long years past Vorsay High School had been the pennant-holder or champion of the prep school football league. This year most of the letter-men had graduated or quit school, and the surplus in scrubs was anything but promising. The coach had managed to get 11 men in shape for the varsity team, and this year's subs were either a lot of soft fellows, whose mamma objected to playing football because it was rough or a lot of yearling lads too light to work in a cork factory.

Our first game was with Enid High. We looked like 30 cents beside them, as they trotted out in their new uniforms, and we didn't look much better as we trotted back to the gym after the game, beaten 34 to 6. And what hurt us was the fact that everybody from Reed and Vodder High Schools, old enemies of Vorsay, was there, and they were yelling themselves black in the face for Enid. We had dreaded this, but the height of all our dread was yet to come—meeting the coach. As we were lying around in the gym, he walked in. But there's where he made his grandstand play. He walked over to me, as I was on the verge of tears, gave me a slap that nearly salivated me, told me to brace up, and made a little talk to the team, and even went so far as to praise us, also telling us that the season was only started and that we had plenty of time to win the pennant. The very thought that this man loved us, was willing to stick to us through thick and thin, sink or swim, made us all cry like babes, and I believe

we could have licked any team in the state even if we were tired and worn-out.

The season went on, Vorsay fighting every inch of the ground for dear life. At the end of the season, it was found that the championship was between Reed and Vorsay. The final game was to be played at Vorsay on Thanksgiving day.

It was now Thanksgiving day. Vorsay's single and main street looked like Broadway, and all the boarding houses were filled to their capacity. A special train arrived at 11 o'clock, bringing in the Reed team and rooters. We listened to them while practicing, and tried to catch on to their signals, but we might as well have been listening to a bunch of Greek parrots. At 3 o'clock we gathered in the gym for final instructions from the coach, after which we filed through the gate at our end of the field. Upon our arrival, the packed masses of humanity rose in one large cheer. We espied the Reed team as they came in at the other gate, and I think the spectators cheered them, but we didn't hear that.

Finally the whistle blew for us to line up. Reed kicked off and Scotch Hern received the ball, and after playing with it for a while, started toward the enemy, but was stopped by a big Reed husky on the 20-yard line. A forward pass was called and blocked. We tried a line-buck and fumbled, whereupon a Reed man ran for a touch-down. The score was now 6 to 0. It went on thus until, in the second quarter we were on the enemies' 15-yard line, and playing rings around them. The signal was called for me to take the ball on

a center plunge. I hit the line with all my might, but Reed hit low and blocked the attack. I got up bloody and eyes swimming—but Chandler, our center, had his leg broken! Our visions of the pennant began to fade, and our hopes for a successful season to sink. "Red" Hall, right guard knew all the signals, so he took Chandler's place. Shorty Frye was called out to substitute for Hall. After hauling and pulling at his sweater for a full minute, he took two more to get into his position. Working over a big contract of chewing gum, and searching, it seemed, for someone in the grandstand, he got into position.

Shorty stood six feet, including the two on the ground and was widely known for strength and ability to wrestle. The Reed bunch sized him up for a softy, and tried a play over right guard. He was trampled on something fierce, but rose with a grin. After several other plays similar to this, and after having become sore at so much of this he began to step aside to let them pass. I knew this must not go on, so on the next play, I closed my eyes and fell back for a knockout. I heard someone call for water and after they had worked at me for a while I got up and hopped across the field to where Louise Robeson, Shorty's girl, stood. It lacked only five minutes until the half would be up, and in my haste, I forgot to limp. I finally came to where she was standing.

"Kid are—are you hurt much?" she asked with a sorrowful look.

"Hurt nothing! Louise, I am going to bring that Reed player with the pennant around him over here

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