

What's the Use?

I've got a sorry case of blues, Because the world's reward is slow. In Sicily, at Syracuse, They've raised a statue, don't you know.

This year of nineteen hundred five, Of Archimedes (sakes alive), Who died two thousand years ago. Old Archimedes was a man

No doubt most of us living now Could move the world, with half a show. But where's the profit, anyhow, If we to cold oblivion go.

The Girl at the Five-Yard Line.

BY EDWIN BALMER.

"It's Randall!" In a hoarse whisper, as if a louder tone feared to confirm the statement, the words swept through the throng. On the twelfth tier of seats at the five-yard line the girl made out the murmur, already confused to a sigh, upon the lips of the thousands.

"That means—?" Young Barstow, beside her, raised his left wrist and let it fall again into the black silk sling he wore over his shoulders. "Yes," he said, without interrupting his eager, jealous scrutiny of the field below.

One man was bandaging his head while another was bathing his face with a very dirty sponge. In the excitement the pall of "training-table" water had been dashed over him for he could feel the soaked oatmeal flakes sticking to his cheeks.

Harvard's ball on Yale's thirty-yard line? The newspaper men shouted down. "Five minutes to play!" they asked. Barstow did not hear the answer, for the big men were crouching about him once more.

"Yes," Gray was answering him, "yes, it's the ball. You have the ball. You have the ball David. They threw you pretty hard, old man; but get up. Come on, David. Get up! You're all right!"

Indeed, although few in the eager, impatient multitude fully comprehended the reason for the delay, all sat in a silence which seemed doubly still by reaction from the moment before. Only here and there one who understood more fully muttered to himself, "He's only a freshman, he's only a freshman; but—"

ward the waiting teams, heard nothing but the voice of the coach. "The five-yard line," it said. "The five-yard line, David, David—David." That was all.

The teams crouched in position. Young Barstow bent forward. "15—53—38—53—94."

Like the jaws of a trap, when sprung, the lines crashed together. To direct the play between guard and center, Barstow had already received the ball, but as he turned with it toward the full-back, the left guard behind him fell back a little. Stamping for a fresh hold, as he yielded, the big lineman tripped the quarter-back, and the ball bounded perversely away from the crimson line, an opposing end-rush threw himself forward upon it. Less than five seconds had passed; perhaps not three.

Barstow, as he trotted bravely to his conspicuous lonely place far to the rear of the line, where Harvard now crouched in defense, hardly realized his failure. He scarcely heard the great tumult, still sounding as it did before that moment when the ball slipped from his hands. It confused him at first, as it came hoarse and unintelligible in its exultation. It sounded dully in his ears. Why should they still be cheering? It was not for some moments that he realized that the sounds came from the stands where the blue waved triumphantly, and that the great crimson-decked crowds to his left and behind him were sullen and silent.

A single figure, a dozen tiers up and opposite the five-yard line, remained standing—a trim little girlish figure in a gray suit, across which the wind whipped a broad crimson streamer. The girl stood all alone for a moment, facing not the two teams at the end of the field, but the quarter-back all alone in the center. With one hand she waved a crimson flag proudly and confidently; and she extended the other hand to the man beside her.

Harvard, Harvard, Harvard! Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah! David, David, David! It echoed about the ancient building, not doubtfully and with forced trust, but proudly and confidently. For they all cheered him; the new friends who called him David, thinking it his surname, and the others who repeated "David—David!" because he was that to them.

"Harvard, Harvard, Harvard!" he called. "25—53—64—28—92!" he called. "37—43—85—90—51!"

Series of numbers burned blue and yellow upon his eyeballs. He shouted at them and drove them away. Methodically, but quickly and accurately, he grasped the ball from between the legs of the man before him. He hurried it into the arms of the back running up from behind and he clung to the runner, except when instinct sent him ahead, pushing, pushing, pushing all the time. Then some one would help him up just as a fresh row of figures danced before him. And he would do it all over again and again.

On his left the deep, regular roar, reverberating like the echoes of a mighty sledge, and on his right the quicker, panting cheers grew louder and more indistinguishable, till they blended together into a mighty, incoherent sound. The line from still another transverse mark stung his eyes as he fell forward, and they forgot for an instant to pick him up. Something very cold and stinging struck his face, and a voice came to him once more. "The five-yard line. The five-yard line, David," it said. "David—David."

As he crouched again, he knew without looking that he was on the five-yard line once more; but he staggered a little, and the friendly numbers which had flashed before him had ceased to burn. He faltered a signal, however, but as the ball came to him on the snap-back, it slipped from his useless arms. He sighed thankfully then, as Gray covered the leather with his body. The quarter-back called a signal again, and this time he passed the ball safely, but as he ran weakly beside his half-back, a Yale end brushed him aside

easily, and downed the Harvard runner in his tracks. It was third down with still five yards to gain—and the last five yards.

"No. There's no one else," he heard the captain say, as he lay upon the ground. "There's no one else we can put in."

"There's no one else." It thundered in the little freshman's ears. "There's no one else." It seemed to come to him from all about. Pityingly and exultantly it came from the north and west stands; and bitterly and reproachfully it scudded in the roar from the south of the field. Even the flags, the crimson flags, waved angrily and resentfully at him. But no—not all. For sending out confidence and inspiration from every fold, one flag fluttered proudly high above the rest—as high as a little girl in a gray suit, with a crimson ribbon whipping across her chest, could raise it.

Between them and the goal stood only the Yale captain, looking up his line. He had turned, as the line yielded, and when the Harvard backs came through, he sprang confidently toward them. Then throwing his captain to one side—to one side and forward, so that the big Harvard back rolled across the goal line with the ball—the little quarter-back, with his best effort, hurled himself against his waiting adversary, and bore the Yale captain out of the play.

A great cry, louder than any before, crashed and crashed in the air about him, and then suddenly died quite away. Those bending over the freshman quarter-back handled him gently and carefully now. So he smiled and lay very still, for he knew that the game was over—and won.

Late that night, when the last of the special trains were deserted at Huntington avenue, and when the overflow from the electric cars had marched their noisy way from Back Bay to Harvard Square, a platform was hastily improvised between Hollis Hall and Thayer. The crowds, which filled the yard to overflowing, cheered, first of all, Gray, the captain, and the man who had made the touchdown. Then, as they hesitated upon the order of cheering the rest of the team, the big full-back leaped down and caught up beside him the smallest player of them all.

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"Something Nice" in Kansas. The young ladies of the Thompson Dry Goods Company invited us in the other afternoon to drink lemonade with them, prefacing the invitation with the remark that we must say something nice about them in the paper. And of course we could not do otherwise, for they are all, without a single exception, just as nice and sweet as they can be, and our only wonder is that they have been allowed to remain single so long—and some of them, oh, so long.

THE GRANGE

Conducted by J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y. Press Correspondent New York State Grange.

THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

A Large and Enthusiastic Meeting Anticipated at Atlantic City, N. J. There is abundant evidence that the meeting of the national grange at Atlantic City, N. J., in November will be of unusual interest. Worthy Master George W. F. Gaunt and a bustling local committee are working to make it the largest meeting that has been held in many years.

He half knelt upon one knee behind his line. He took the ball and passed it back. With a mighty effort the center guard opened a hole in the line before him. Pushing, pushing and tugging behind his full-back as the others closed about them, the little quarter-back broke through the line beside his captain.

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There is Money in Growing Ginseng

Prof. W. L. Howard of the Missouri State Agricultural College says: "I advise American farmers to cultivate Ginseng. Big profits may be realized. It is a hardy plant and is easily grown."—A recent bulletin issued by the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College in part says: "The supply of native Ginseng root is continually diminishing and the price per pound is correspondingly increasing, while the constant demand for the drug in China stands as a guarantee of a steady market for Ginseng in the future."

Ginseng is a staple on the market the same as corn, wheat and cotton. The present market price varies from \$5 to \$8 per pound according to quality, while the cost of production does not exceed \$1.50. There is room in an ordinary garden to grow several hundred dollars worth each year. The plant is hardy and thrives in all parts of the United States and Canada, except in arid regions.

Buckingham's Ginseng Garden Zanesville, Ohio.

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