



Felix interrupts—"Just look at that old tree. That's just where the Sophs roped me in the flag rush. Doggone! Some fight that was! Couple of cops on hand to see that no one was murdered. I toted a black eye for a couple months. And the bruises! It pains my soul, to say the least, to think of it now!"

"Gawd, Felix, that sounds so much like the shoe rushes we have now. Felix, you can't conceive of the gore of these combats. Two years ago one of the boys got his hair mussed, if our memory wasn't shattered in the fracas."



"And here's the place where we used to have our football games back in 1904," he points out. "We used to clean up on every team in the state then. Regular massacres, they were. Rules have changed now, I guess," he adds with a perfectly straight face. Kind ole Felix.

"Yes, we hope that's the trouble. A new stadium now and nobody to fill it. Something's the matter with—"

