FOOTBALL
The Old Rivals--IDAHO vs. W.S.C.
Rally Thursday, 7:30 P. M.
Idaho Field. Game Called 2 P. M.
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The Globe of the World.

Benjamin Franklin Maloney was eleven and in love. It mattered not at all to him that the especial divinity was nine years his senior, or that her name was Brown. He called her Lola, and he called himself Benjamin, and he had been in love from the very first moment he had seen her.

Curling up in a big Morris chair, he fingered meditatively the pages of Browning. Not that he cared much about Browning, but someone had said that people always read Browning when in love. Then, too, he heard young Jackson Carne say something to Lola about "Lyric love, half angel and half bird;" and it had quite taken his fancy. "Lola" and "lyric love" sounded well together; besides, he couldn't imagine an angel that didn't have blue eyes and fluffy hair. And then, she was like a bird, too, especially her voice.

Benjamin was in a reminiscent mood this afternoon, all alone in the big library. He had known her a whole week now. But he could remember quite well their first meeting. He had come in from school with a wild whoop, because he had just had his first geography lesson, and there had been a brand new globe, a globe of the world. His mother had caught him in the hall, and taken off his cap. And then he saw that there stood his sister Sue, just hose like he holidays from boarding-school, and she was with her. Her mother said that she was Sue's friend, and that her name was Miss Brown; and told him to shake hands with her. He recalled, not without a blush of shame, that the hand he had put to her was very red, and very wet, and not altogether clean from two recent snowball fights. But she didn't seem to notice. She said Sue was glad to know him, and called him Benjamin, and "Benjamin." And when she noticed there were the most wonderful dimples at the corners of her mouth. He had looked and looked at her, until his mother whispered, "Benjamin, your hands and your hair!" Then he got away as quickly as ever he could; and he had scrubbed his hands till they were redder than any penny. And he had brushed his hair in a way that would have done his mother’s heart good, but it just would not stay down smooth and shiny like Jackson’s.

Anhow, it was a wonderful thing to be in love. Why, his hands were even getting white; and he was reading Browning. But one couldn’t play "Indian" when one was in love. He could hear from outside shouts of "Chief! Red-tail-the-eye!"; and now Teddy was under his place. Teddy was only nine, and he was not far. But what could they know about Lyric love? Besides, she would never have let Teddy skate with her, that wonderful afternoon out at Hanley Pond. Everything had been going splendidly until Jackson came, and he had been coming ever since. They had been gliding along the ice together, and she had just said, "Benjamin, you skate beautifully," when Teddy passed, leading the Serpentines. Ben-

nie had raised his head high, Teddy was so young. And then something happened, he didn’t know just what. But there was Jackson Carne helping her up off the ice and him too. Then Jackson had skated with her and gone home with her, and he had to walk with Sue. Benjamin curled up in front of the grate and sighed. It was rather awful to be in love. Then remembering that when one was in love one shouldn’t cry, he sat down himself carefully in the chair again, and crossed one knee over the other, and folded his arms.

He wished he had that globe with America on it, and England, and Switzerland, and the red lines across the ocean where the steamships went. He would follow one of the red lines with his finger right over to France. Then he’d go up into the Alps, and write a note to Lola and tell her. "Goodbyes!" and tell her he wouldn’t stand in Jackson’s way any longer.

They were coming into the library now. He snatched Browning up off the floor and handed them over to the pages.

"Hello there, Bennie Boy, is it "Treasure Island" or "Robinson Crusoe"?"

"Neither, I’m reading Browning. I’m quite fond of that one about ‘Lyric love.’" Robinson Crusoe, indeed! He’d show Mr. Jackson Carne. They must think he was a baby.

"Where I’m afraid Master Benjamin has quite a case, Miss Brown. I wonder if I’ve interfered. I’m treating him to heart-breaking cookisms. Don’t you suppose there’s anything one can do to propitiate him? Oh, I say Ben, I’m going over to town before dinner. Shall I bring anything you want?"

"I want the world," calmly answered Benjamin.

"The what? The world! Rather modest in your desires, aren’t you, young man?"

"He means a globe, a globe of the world, you know, like he has at school. We often take journeys together on maps, but maps are not nearly so satie factory as a globe would be."

"Oh, I see. Quite an idea. I’ll see if I can get you one, Bennie Boy. And he turned and left the room. Jackson was quite unexpressive, and his hair was so smooth!"

"Bennie Boy" and "Robinson Crusoe! He had been insulted beyond endurance. Putting on his hat he wandered out into the back yard. There was a richly scented house there which really belonged to old Mr. Miller next door. Bennie had never dared venture in before. But he was past all petty fear now. He sat down despondently on the bench. What was the use of anything? He supposed he really ought to run away or—there was nothing but to enjoy his new globe right over there in the corner in a pile of books and rubbish! He snatched it up in his arms. It was just like the one at school; only not quite so big, but that was a salace for a nice heart! Mr. Jackson Carne need not bother about getting one now.

Benjamin Franklin Maloney was eleven and in love. It mattered not at all to him that the especial divinity was nine years his senior, or that her name was Brown...
The Globe of the World, Connected from Europe to the Orient.

There was a crowd around the center, and the crowd was little, the globe came apart. A great number of old papers and bundles were inside, but they didn't look interesting. He shuffled them off to one side of the tear of forgetfulness.

He had been all the way round twice, and climbed the Alps, and been shipwrecked in the Red Sea, and had been over the North Pole, and back again, to find that Elsa was still here, and Jackson was gone. What was the matter downstairs? The door bell had run several times, and there was a sound of excited voices from the library.

He ran down quietly, and stole in the hall just inside the open door. His mother was there, and Jackson and Elsa. And there was old Miller, and a man with a blue suit and brass buttons, a police man! What did it mean? And Miller had a globe in his hands, just like the one upstairs.

"That story was hot; young men," Miller was saying. "Why should you be buying such a thing as this at a second-hand shop?"

"I was buying it for Bennie Maloney, and I couldn't find one elsewhere."

"But mine's gone. This is just like it, only the papers aren't here. I put them there in that old globe, because I knew that there were house-breakers in town, I want those papers. Now, where are they?"

Bennie, looking limply against the wall outside might have answered. But he was thinking, harder than he ever thought in all his life before. If he kept still, they would take his false to pieces, and he would have Elsa all to himself; if he told them the truth, they would put him in a dark cell, and he would never see Mother or Sue again. There was something in his throat that hurt, and that wouldn't go away. After all, Jackson had bought him a globe, and Elsa liked Jackson. She was standing quite close up to him now, and looking more like an angel than ever, or a blouse that was going to fly.

At fast as his shabby little knees would permit, he ran and brought the Globe. Straight into the room he went and up to the big man in blue.

"He didn't take Mr. Miller's Globe, Jackson didn't. I did." "You!"

"Yes, sir." His voice was quite steady and big and brave, but he wished his knees wouldn't buckle so.

"Will you please let Elsa have Jackson and put the hand-cuffs on me?"

Then the policeman did a very strange thing. He held his sides and laughed! Even Miller Miller laughed, and when the papers were all safe. His mother caught him in her arms but she didn't laugh. And Elsa and Jackson—

As fast as he could, he got away from them all and taking his hat and 'coat' slipped out of the front door. Teddy and the Kid were just 'dishing' around the corner.

"Oh, Missie, come on—play in just. Teddy shot a good 'chisel' Kid in the eye at all?"

Beating away and glance at the red blanket and feathers assumed by his laciness, then with a gentle 'sigh' for his lost little Love, he went to take up his rightful command.

Among the Faculty men who attended the Idaho-Washington football game were Gilk Lanston, Professor Shadon, Dr. Gurney and Mr. Chesney.

Don't forget about the Merry Milkmaids. A definite announcement will appear soon.

Elizabeth Dunn '11 spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Coeur d'Alene City.

Mrs. Hall of Boise was a dinner guest at the Alpha Delta Pi House on Friday.

Get the habit. Shave at Graham's barber shop.

Fay Thomas who has been ill at her home on First St. is, according to the telephone, again.

Wanted—to rent a nice room to some student. 604 B street east.

Misses Reagan, Maynard and Swilda Smith were in Spokane over Saturday. If Graham doesn't cut your hair we both love.

Don't forget to have a health certificate from Dr. Kasaga.

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A Letter From Frazier.

Dear Sir: I trust that you have spare time in the Argument of this week for the publication of the enclosed article relative to a little incident which happened in Spokane on Saturday afternoon.

The matter I refer to is the return of the Idaho team to the east after defeating the University of Michigan and the University of Wisconsin with成绩 so as to make Idaho manager of the recent football tour of the East.

I believe the public as the manager of Idaho realized the importance of the games and made every effort to ensure the team a favorable reception. I hope that the Idaho team will do good work and win the respect of the public.

The Idaho team played well and showed great spirit and determination. The fans and the public were highly pleased with the performance of the team.

Thank you for your prompt attention to this matter.

[Signature]

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