

as long as he kept it up to date. His pay, while not great, enabled him to live and he was thankful for it; besides, he had the promise of a raise at the first of the year, if his work was satisfactory. That evening when he went over to the hospital to spend a few minutes with his mother, he told her of his position and her words of affection were so cheering that he went to work at night with high hopes.

Since the opening of the term he had been playing right end on the Tech football team and he was now afraid that he would have to give it up, yet he felt that the exercise was essential to his well-being, especially since he had so much confining mental work. He was such a strong part of the team that the fellows and coach would not hear to his stopping, so he decided to stick it out to the end of the season. This meant more hard work but Graham gave it freely, only hoping the while that *she really cared*.

November drew towards an end and the Thanksgiving game with Lewis Institute became the principal topic of conversation. Up to that time both Armour and Lewis had won a number of good games and the struggle between the two had brought out unlimited enthusiasm in both schools. The old Armour spirit came to the front and was at its height when the big day arrived. Six tallyhos, profusely decorated with yellow and black, carried part of the Armour men and co-eds, all gay and laughing, from the school to the grounds. From the window of the old football locker-room a tall, manly fellow, clad in moleskin, watched the cheery crowd as the first of the party drove away from the school where they had assembled. He then turned away with a half-murmured, "If she only cared," and, with the rest of the team, boarded the last of the tallyhos.

The ground was in excellent condition for a good game; the grand-stand and sidelines were crowded with the waving yellow and black of Armour and the fluttering blue and white of Lewis. There were co-eds in force from both schools, Lewis having brought tallyhos for the fair ones as well.

To the observers the setting was very pretty and the evenly fought game most exciting. To Graham Randall things were different. Of late he had been having a hard struggle with the facts of life. Truth Huntington had with her open, generous nature won a way into his innermost thoughts. He had worked harder at his studies because of her influence and now in this struggle which meant so much to his school, he felt that same influence. No one ever played with more concentrated interest than did Graham Randall in that game. His great defensive work on the right end of the line kept Armour's opponents from scoring three times; yet neither could the yellow and black score.

The enthusiasm and excitement were at fever heat as the second half drew to a close with no score for either side. Finally by steady plunging Armour had gotten the ball within thirty yards of the goal and the signal was given for Graham to take the ball and skirt left end. The momentary, intense silence following the snap of the ball was broken by the hoarse cheers of the Lewis rooters as their little quarter-back tripped Randall ten yards from the line. Graham fell heavily on his left arm crushing it terribly, but as he fell he caught a flash of *her* face in the grand-stand and he knew then that *she* cared. On his feet in an instant, he realized that all of his interference as well as the members of the opposing team were on the left side of the line — all save the plucky Lewis quarter-back, who lay dazed where he had missed his tackle. It was a lightning survey of the field that decided Graham not to try again by running, but to attempt a score by kicking. He fell back a