

---

## THE INTEGRAL 1907

---

yard, the ball balanced in his right hand, and made a drop kick. It was so sudden and unexpected that all the Lewis team could do was to stand still and watch the ball sail for the goal. It passed straight between the posts and as it touched the ground Graham sank with it — the din of “Arch, Mech —” thundering in his ears;— he had won the game because *she* cared.

### CHAPTER III.

The days shortened and winter was at hand. Graham's arm was mending but slowly. His mother was hardly improving, though now she had another daily caller, a certain Armour co-ed who came to cheer her each morning.

Graham could see that while he might be able to complete that year at school, his finances were dwindling so rapidly that by another fall he could not support his mother and at the same time pay his tuition. The firm for whom he worked increased his salary at the first of the year as promised, and yet that alone would not help him for the coming year. One night while walking home with Truth he told her that it had been his father's dying wish that he graduate from college and he explained to her how doubtful that seemed then.

“Well, Graham,” she said, “why don't you try for a scholarship? With one for next year, and your work for the real estate company besides, you could get along very well. You deserve one and I am sure that you can win it.”

The man in him straightened slightly under the warmth of the girl's words. Here was a way for him to achieve his end. When he left Truth that evening, it was with the determination that he would win a scholarship for his last year, and that his sponsor in the struggle should be Truth Huntington.

That winter of 1900 and 1901 was one of continuous hard work for Randall. Each night found him with a day's work well done, yet with his outside position, his hours of sleep were never more than five in number. Spring came and still he labored on; his usual good health was beginning to succumb to the effects of such unrelenting work. Many times on those long months he grew weary, and his mother — then convalescent — began to fear that her son would break down. Indeed all that kept Graham Randall at his task was the refreshing influence of the girl for whom he had won the Lewis game on that long-to-be-remembered Thanksgiving. In those nights of toil when mere human physical strength seemed about to fail, a thought of her would spur him on.

June came at last and with it all of the charm and beauty of the month. Mrs. Randall had left the hospital — almost completely well again. She had tried to persuade her son to drop part of his work but he had manfully stuck it out and on one eventful evening in the old assembly hall he received his reward. The usual commencement exercises had been completed and the Dean was reading the scholarship list for the coming year. The first name on the list was that of Graham Randall. Somewhere in the audience, an old woman uttered an inarticulate sob; a girl of eighteen blushed with supreme joy, and Graham Randall smiled contentedly. He was happy because he had succeeded, but happier still because Truth Huntington was happy; for he had done it all for a co-ed.