

"You look as though you were going to devour me or do something else just as terrible. Here take this rocker and try to smooth out some of those hard corners of your face." Pushing up a big easy chair she continued, "I want you to take ten points in the games so that I can be proud of you, for you are the only friend I have among the athletes."

This was too much. He might have broken the news more gently, but this seemed to absolutely force it out of him. He could not bear to have her say anything more. "I'm not going to run at all in the Inter-collegiate," he blurted, "Johns insulted me yesterday, and I broke training last night. He has treated me like a dog all along, and I've decided not to stand it any longer."

She had been looking in the other direction, but slowly turned toward him her face full of remonstrance, sorrow and surprise. For fully a minute she looked at him in a kind of mute appeal and his eyes dropped, unable to meet her reproachful gaze. "Why Jack," was all she said.

Then started one of the most memorable evenings of his whole life. She argued, she pleaded, she tried every device. Sometimes it was all she could do to fight back the tears that kept coming to her eyes. It was all of no use. With his chin buried in his hands he sat and gazed at one corner of the room while she talked. Time and again he almost promised but then that old answer would come, "I can't do it. It would be nothing but a confession of weakness," and he would go off into another fit of sulks.

The call was cut short, and it was two very miserable young people who stood in the vestibule when he rose to go. When he took her hand to say "good-night" she let it rest in his awhile and said, "Jack, won't you promise me this one thing. Keep yourself in condition anyhow and don't break training even if you are not going to run."

"Yes, if you will only promise me in return to accompany me to the games," was his reply, and

they parted not to meet again till the afternoon of the sports.

The three days that intervened were a season of torture to him, but he would not give in. All the stubbornness in his nature was called up and arrayed on the side of his false pride and he could not yield. All the athletes and men of influence in the college came to him and pleaded personally for their sakes and the sake of the "Varsity." To all he gave the same answer. Even Harry Keene could not do anything with him, and at last gave up in disgust. Friday came and with it the visiting athletes. Simms had thirty-two men, and Heath twenty-three. Nordson College, a recently admitted member, brought twenty-four dark horses from whom everyone was prophesying great things, but no one knew a thing about them. Long University and Lime Lake College also sent contestants. That night was a busy one for the trainers, and ointment *ad libitum* was rubbed into brawny backs and limbs, keying the men up to the last supreme effort.

The next morning dawned bright and joyous, one of the best that the bright month of May could provide, vocal with the songs of birds and with the air subtly perfumed by myriad blossoms. It was an ideal day, and as Jack Hammer gazed out of the window at the fresh dew covered landscape, lit up by the first slanting rays of the rising sun, he felt an indescribable sense of peace growing within him, which seemed to stream into his mind from the great peace of nature. Why was it, he asked himself, that he felt such a load taken from his shoulders? It was not because he had decided to give in. Oh no, he didn't have any intention of running, but somehow or other he felt that things were all going to be straightened out that day. Probably it was a natural reaction from his superb physical state. He had kept his promise faithfully, and as far as care of himself went he was in as good condition as if he were expecting to run in the afternoon. The ice cream of Monday night had caused no evil effects while the rest from actual work had been all the