

better for him. Even the boys noticed it at the breakfast table, but said nothing.

The whole morning was taken up with gayeties. Heath University being only a few miles away had sent a big crowd of fellows to yell for their favorites, while Simms and Long had a great many sympathizers on the grounds. Bands of students marched through town all morning displaying their colors, blowing tin horns, yelling at the top of their voices and flirting with all the girls they could find on the streets. A great many passed the time away in becoming acquainted with the new men from the different colleges and the athletes who were to contest in the afternoon. Several of Jack's fraternity men from Heath and Long were among the visitors, and most of his time was spent that morning in helping to give them a royal welcome at the chapter house.

About half past twelve the crowd began to move toward the athletic field and about the same time Jack with his blue and white flag and several yards of ribbon started out for the Archibald mansion. He found Miss Carrie dressed as patriotically as she could possibly be. Her gown of dark blue was trimmed with white, while her white student's cap embroidered in blue and yards upon yards of ribbon helped to complete her outfit. He thought she never looked so pretty as this afternoon while they strolled along under the shade of the maples and horsechestnuts now in bloom that lined the street leading up to the campus from that part of the town. A great deal of her old vivacity had come back. She too felt that things would turn out all right after all. It was a hard trial for both of them, after they had reached the athletic field, to bear the scowls and black looks of disappointment that greeted Jack on every side. From the most popular man in college, he had dropped to be, at least for the moment, the most unpopular. It was harder still for her to bear the "I told you so" look that Madge Graham gave her as they passed down

through the crowd on the grandstand to their seats which were very fortunately near the front.

The contests soon began, and then nobody had eyes for them or anything else but the events taking place on the field. Officials, big with their own importance, bustled around inside the inclosure, while bare armed and bare legged athletes lay around in their sweaters or long bath robes, or grouped themselves picturesquely around the doorway of the athletic house. Heath won the hundred yards dash with Nordson a close second, and the Varsity a third. The two-twenty went to Nordson, while the Varsity counted a second and Heath a third. The Varsity also picked up a point in the four-forty.

Simms made her first points in the high hurdles, winning first and breaking the record by four-fifths of a second. Then she won the broad jump and a number of other points among them, the half mile in which her man lowered the record three seconds. Everybody had programs. By a carefully arranged chart, and through the courtesy and obliging good nature of the announcer, all could follow the scores as they were made and see which way the land lay. Simms and the Varsity were almost neck and neck with Heath and Nordson good seconds. Toward the end, Simms was gradually drawing ahead and after the two-twenty hurdles the points stood; Simms twenty-four, the Varsity twenty-one, Heath seventeen, Nordson twelve, Lime Lake nine, Long four. The mile run, mile walk and pole vault were still to come off. Heath had a sure first on the vault and the Varsity and Lime Lake would divide the other three points. On the walk the Nordson man was conceded to be the best and Simms and the Varsity would have to divide the other two places. It all depended on the mile run, and then it began to dawn on the people that they had nobody that would stand a ghost of a chance against the man from Simms who had broken the half-mile record and was going to run in the mile for a certainty except—

Some one suddenly called from the back of the