

grandstand, "Where is Jack Hammer?" The cry was taken up on the instant and on every side people began crying "Hammer," "Jack Hammer" "Now is the time for Jack Hammer."

Every eye on the grandstand was on him and the men who were about to start in the mile walk paused with the starter to see what the commotion was about. A hot blush of shame stole over Jack's cheek and he became about as uncomfortable as a man can well be.

Then a little hand stole softly into his, and, unconsciously closing on it, he heard whispered in his ear, "Go, Jack, for my sake."

"Through fire and death for your sake," he muttered almost fiercely, swiftly raising the little hand to his lips there before all that crowd, and then with a bound he was up over the seats of the grandstand and off to the athletic house. Cheer after cheer followed him, and, though Carrie Archibald was almost overcome with mortification at his romantic and dramatic leave taking, she leaned back in her seat, glad to be no longer the cynosure of all eyes and filled with another far greater gladness she could not describe and almost dare not confess to herself.

Meanwhile Jack was almost tearing his suit in his eagerness to get it on in time. The walkers were off, and in a short nine or ten minutes it would be his turn to tread the cinder. Nordson won with Simms second and the Varsity third. This put Simms up to twenty-six and the Varsity twenty-two. Just then the pole vault was finally settled, leaving nothing but the mile run as a fitting climax to this most exciting meeting the Association had ever had. Heath won, Lime Lake took third, and the Varsity got the two points for second, making her twenty-four. Should she win the run and Simms get second, she would win by just one point, if not—well the Varsity sympathizers did not allow themselves to think of this side of the case.

"All out for the mile run!" came quavering up the field, and the six men waiting knew their time had come. Excitement was now at a fever heat.

As the men came jogging down to the start, the rhythmic cadence of the Varsity yell rolled out with a vibration almost sufficient to shake the grandstand down. Almost before it ended, the sharp bark of Simms rang out, and then the ear-splitting din of Heath responded.

Next the pole was a man from Heath, then one from Nordson, then Simms, then Heath, then our hero, and on the outside Rosefield, the Simms record breaker. Before toeing the mark, Jack looked up at the grandstand. There was a pale face with soft, kind brown eyes that seemed to sink down to the depths of his soul. "For Carrie" he muttered as he pawed out a footing for himself in the cinder.

"Get Ready! Get Set!!!" *Bang!!!* and they are off. The inside man from Simms sets the pace. Then comes a man from Heath, the Nordson man, and another Heath man, Jack and Rosefield. The pace is very stiff, the Simms man thinking to tire Hammer out for he has heard all about the fuss with the trainer. The first quarter is finished in the same order as the start. Then the Nordson man drops back a place; and at the end of the lap Musgrove of Heath is in the lead, and Hammer and Rosefield have passed the Nordson man and the other fellow from Heath. The third lap is practically the same.

Then the fight commences. The man from Simms who led the first lap falls behind, but still the Heath man leads. Is he going to win? If he should and Jack should make second, Rosefield failing for third, three colleges would tie for championship with twenty-six points each. The pace is becoming terrible. If it is kept up, this last quarter will be run in less than fifty-five seconds.

The excitement is so intense that nobody can keep their seat on the grandstand and bleachers, while many enthusiasts are running to the finish to be in at the death. To the runners the avalanche of sound comes in waves that keeps time to their trip-hammer heart beats.

It is the pace that kills, but they will not give