

Tom Armstrong. He was certainly vastly different from the person she had expected to meet. He was handsomer by far than his photographs and his talk and bearing were those of a perfectly refined gentleman. It was hard to believe that this pleasant young fellow with intelligence and kindly good nature written all over his finely cut features was the same savage, uncouth, wild animal she had seen at the game. It seemed impossible that this tall figure that danced with such grace and ease had torn great gaps in the opposing line and struggled and battled like a fiend Thanksgiving afternoon. No, she could not hate, and she was bound to admire him, in spite of her reasoning to the contrary. Wherever he went her eyes followed him, and it was with pleasure instead of aversion, as she had at first expected, that she finally saw him coming to claim her for their first dance.

"I believe it is my pleasure this time, Miss Graham."

He could hardly repress the shade of surprise that flitted across his face, when she sweetly replied: "Oh, Mr. Armstrong, I have been waiting so anxiously to have a chance to talk to you. I want to apologize for my seeming rudeness, but I was too agreeably surprised, and—oh well I was taken off my guard. Jack introduced you without any warning."

"What did you expect," he asked laughingly; "did you think I would be here in my football clothes and with six inches of hair?"

"Oh, Mr. Armstrong—but really I had formed an altogether different opinion of you."

"Based on my behavior Thanksgiving afternoon? Well, I don't blame you. Your brother has told me all about your opinions of football and football men. Oh, don't be frightened, that is why I am so sincerely glad to meet you, Miss Graham. It is such a relief to find a girl who will take a fellow at his true worth, and not bow down before him and worship him simply because he is a little better than the ordinary run of football players. Why, it is an honest fact that nearly every girl I have met this evening has regarded me almost with awe and veneration as one of the greater ones of the earth, merely because the papers said I won the Thanksgiving Day game for the 'Varsity. But there goes the 'Directorate' and you surely don't want to miss that."

How exhilarating that two-step was. How lightly, yet firmly, he held her, and how magnificently he danced. It was in reality the first dance she had ever completely enjoyed, and when he de-