

human being—nothing had ever had such a strong influence over her. All the aversion she had expected to fear had changed to attraction. He was a perfect gentleman, she told herself, in spite of his football playing, and his talk and manner were those of an intelligent, thoughtful young fellow. Her preoccupation during the intermission was so great that she hardly noticed Jack's teasing, and the little group of which she formed a part at supper had no end of amusement out of her absent-minded attempt to eat her oyster pattie with a tea-spoon.

That second two-step did not come until the next to the last dance on the programme. As partner after partner came and went she found herself beginning to look eagerly for that tall, broad-shouldered one to make his appearance. Why did his little nod and smile every time they passed send such a thrill of pleasure through her and cause that happy little involuntary smile to dwell upon her own face? When the time finally did arrive she had ceased to wonder; satisfied with the simple thought that at last he was with her again.

She never forgot the supreme pleasure of that dance. The air was again the "Directorate," repeated by request, and the music was intoxication itself.

Though she did not know why they were oblivious to dancers, hall and everything but the music, the light and that all-absorbing sense of each other's presence. He finally understood. It had come to him on that Thanksgiving afternoon, when borne on the shoulders of enthusiastic students, as he saw her in the crowd clinging to Jack's arm, that this was the only girl in the world for him, and now even the glorious triumph of that hour could not compare with the sweetness of these all too fleeting moments. When the last echoes of the inspiring two-step died away they found themselves near a little alcove hidden by draperies and tropical plants, and almost unconsciously they entered it and sat down on a low divan. At first the conversation was rather fragmentary, each being busy with the tumultuous flood of their own thoughts; but gradually the effect wore off and they began to talk more naturally. When the notes of the final waltz stole upon them Tom Armstrong arose, but she laid a determined hand upon his arm.

"I was going to take you to your partner," he said.

"It is only Jack," she replied, "he won't care. You will stay here and talk to me a little while longer, won't you?"