

the grandstand he could see his "angel" (this was the term by which Tod addressed her photograph in the privacy of his room) wearing the Cranston colors as well as his own, and he wondered, in a vague way, whether she would throw away his ribbons if they were defeated.

More yet, Tod had never had the opportunity to play in any game to which she was a witness. He was a Senior now, and as this was near the end of the seasons it was doubtful whether he would have another chance to display his prowess before her approving eyes. True, Tod was a very fair end rush, but his playing was exceedingly irregular. One day he would put up a game which would amaze even himself; the next it would be a rank failure. It was that element of uncertainty that put him on the side-line.

As Tod pondered over these things, a chance conversation, wafted to his ears, brought him back with a rush to the present.

"Who's the Cranston full-back?" asked some one near him.

"That—oh, that's Bascombe. Plays an out-of-sight game, doesn't he?" replied another.

Tod clenched his fists and set his lips hard together. It was bad enough to be compelled to sit back calmly and watch his team being beaten inch by inch, but to hear his rival praised was too much.

"Look at that," cried a voice dolefully, as the opposing team plowed through the line for a ten-yard gain. "Oh, what will happen next?"

Tod looked on with strained eyes and tense muscles. Another swift rush and then another, and Cranston had the ball on the fifteen-yard line, almost directly in front of the goal.

"Third down, two yards to gain," called the referee.

"Oh, if we can only hold them this once," thought Tod, and his wish was almost a prayer.

All in vain however. Cranston evidently did not intend to lose any such opportunity. With increasing consternation Tod saw his rival fall back to try at goal from the field. A moment later the ball was snapped, there was a dull thud, and it rose gracefully into the air to fall fairly over the goal. The Cranston rooters went wild with delight, while the gloom only deepened on the faces of those who wore the Blue and White. Then, before either team had time to score again, the short half ended.

In the interval Tod turned his attention to his divinity. But