

The sisters were football enthusiasts. For the past four years the beautiful Rosedale home of the Fairbanks had been the rendezvous for students, and, as many of these had been football men, the young ladies had become as devoted to the game and almost as expert in its fine points as any of its champions.

"Don't they look well and fit," exclaimed Betty as the string of runners went past.

"Yes, and fit they are every man," replied Lloyd. "There's Campbell! He's a truly great captain, knows his men, and gets out of them all that is possible."

"Yes, and there's Brown; and McNab, isn't it? Aren't they the quarters?" asked Betty excitedly.

Lloyd nodded. "And yonder goes 'Shock,' the great Shock."

"Oh, where?" cried Betty. "Yes, yes. Now, do you know I think he is just as mean as he can be. Here I have been bowing and smiling my best and sweetest for four years, and though he knows a lot of the men we know he is just as much a stranger as ever," and Betty pouted in a manner that would have brought deep satisfaction to Shock had he seen her.

"Here are the three halves, aren't they?" inquired Helen, the elder sister.

"Yes," replied Lloyd. "There's Martin and Bate. Fine fellow, Bate—and——"

"Oh!" broke in Betty, "there's the 'The Don.' I do wish they would look. They needn't pretend they don't see us, the horrid things."

"Of course they see you," answered Lloyd, "but