

"Go to your room!"

It was a shout of electrifying drama, the voice of his society speaking to the college.

Some one caught Stover. He straightened up, trying to collect his wits, utterly unprepared for the shock. About him pandemonium broke loose. Still dazed, he felt Hungerford leap at him, crying in his ears:

"God bless you, old man. It's great, great — they rose to it. It's the finest ever!"

He began to move mechanically towards his room, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. He started towards the library, and some one swung him around. He heard them cheering, then he saw hundreds of faces, wild-eyed, rushing past him; he stumbled and suddenly his eyes were blurred with tears, and he knew how much he cared, after the long months of rebellion, to be no longer an outsider, but back among his own with the stamp of approval on his record.

The last thing he remembered through his swimming vision was Joe Hungerford, hatless and swinging his arms as though he had gone crazy, leading a cheer, and the cheer was for Bones.

That night, even before he went to the Storys', Stover went out arm in arm with Hungerford, across the quiet campus, so removed from the fray of the afternoon.

"Joe, it breaks me all up," he said at last. "You and I waiting there —"

"Don't speak of it, old fellow," said Hungerford. "Now let me talk. I did want to make it, but, by George, I know now it's better I didn't. I've had everything I wanted in this world; this is the first I couldn't get. It's better for me; I know it already."

"You were clean grit, Joe, cheering for Bones."