

"Hullo!" said Mortimer, suddenly noticing Tom.

"What are you hanging about for, you little sneak?"

"Please, sir, I want the penny."

"Oh, I had forgotten that. There you are!" throwing a penny about twenty yards off.

"Go, fetch!"

"I say, I hope that little brat won't go and split on us, Morty."

"No fear, he knows what he's about too well for that."

Just as Tubbs was starting off at full speed up came the captain of the eleven, by far the most important person in the whole school. A nod from him, or a mere recognition of the existence of a small boy, was much more than an invitation to tea from "the Doctor." Such is school life.

When a parent goes to see a younger boy at the school he is informed, with the utmost unconcern, that so-and-so is "Old Briggs," said to write the finest Latin verses of any man living; that so-and-so is "Chubby," a great swell at mathematics. Then suddenly the boy's manner changes. He clutches his father's arm, and whispers in tones of solemn awe—

"Dad! look there at that man with the striped blazer and the blue cap. That's Brown."

"Well, my boy, who is Brown? I've heard the name before. Is he Dicky who was at school with you at home?"

"No, Dad!" with an accent of pained wonder on the word "Dad." "That's our captain. He's one of the finest 'forwards' in England."

Then follows a recital of how he has been invited to play for the county in the holidays; and the old father begins to feel himself getting young again, and is appalled at his own ignorance.

"Glyde," said the captain, "I can't put you 'half-back' in Mortimer's place. You'll go forward 'inside right.' Don't get trying experiments on your own account. You'll have Dickson as centre



THE GAME WAS OVER.

on your left. Pass to him, you understand, unless you are quite certain that you can 'shoot' a goal."

"I'll remember," said Tubbs, with all respect.

"Now," continued the captain, "go and hurry up Phillips. Tell him I want him at once."

This commission quite put the half-sovereign out of Tubbs' head, and so it remained in his breeches pocket.

The rival elevens are in the field. A dense ring of boys, parents, and masters are standing all round the ropes. It would be hard to say who is taking the keenest interest, players or spectators, young or old.

Grey-headed parents vie with twelve-year-old urchins in shouting. "Well played, Phillips!" "Well saved!" "Stick to it!" "Well passed!" and from time to time, as the inspiration seizes them, the whole assemblage sets up a roar of "Ed—e—c—c—e—ns!" the prolonging of the second syllable having the effect of a hyena laughing over its dinner.

For a while neither side secured a goal, as the teams were wonderfully well matched. Just before "half time," when the two elevens change ends, St. Eden's got a goal. Mighty was the cheering, redoubled the efforts of the strangers to score too. So it went on till within ten minutes of the close of the game, when one of the strangers, by a magnificent run halfway down the field, followed by an