

glimmer of their lanterns and called loudly to them.

They found her swinging safely in the net untouched. But Michel had sunk down upon his knees, though his arms were still fastened about the stake. His head had fallen forward upon his breast. Michel Lorio was dead.—'New England Conservatory Quarterly.'

Foiled.

A STORY OF THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

(By James Buckham, in 'Forward.')

Dr. Mason called his son Walter into his office, one Saturday morning in October, and said, quietly:

'Now, Walter, I want you to tell me just what the trouble is. Last year you did splendidly in your studies, and your mother and I were proud of you. This year you have started in most disappointingly, and Principal Davis writes me that you are falling behind in everything and bid fair to come out at the end of the year conditioned, unless you take hold of your studies with more earnestness. I wrote to the Principal that I would like to have you come home for Saturday and Sunday, so that I could have a talk with you. That's why you are here to-day. Now, my boy, I want you to tell me, frankly, what is interfering with your studies.'

Walter Mason dropped his eyes to the floor for a moment. Then he raised them honestly to his father's face, and replied:

'Athletics, father.'

'But you went in for athletics last year,' said his father.

'Yes—in a general way. But I wasn't on the Academy team then—only played on the scrub and occasionally as a substitute. But this year, you know, they put me in centre rush of the first eleven, and I tell you, father, it's an awful responsibility.'

The big, handsome, ruddy-faced boy looked at his father with mingled pride and anxiety in his honest eyes. 'I really have tried to do my best, father,' he continued; 'but I had no idea how much time, attention, and work are required to keep a football player in practice and condition. We fellows on the team have to give three or four hours every day to practice. Then there are the meets, twice or three times a week, to learn new signals and listen to instructions from the captain. I've studied just as hard as I knew how in the time I could get for study; but I tell you, father, the atmosphere of a big school like Webster is so intensely athletic instead of scholarly, that if you happen to be in athletics to any extent, it's almost impossible to think much about books and studies.'

Dr. Mason smiled rather grimly. 'Well, my boy,' he said, 'it's just about as I suspected. I don't doubt you've done your best, under the circumstances; but I think it is plain that you have reached the point where there will have to be a change of circumstances. Your mother and I have talked it over, and have come to the conclusion that, if you wish to remain at Webster, we shall have to ask you to keep out of competitive athletics for the remainder of your course. We don't feel that we can afford either the disgrace or the expense of having our boy conditioned in his studies and set back for a year or two. It seems to us of vastly greater importance that you should make a good record as a student and graduate honorably with your class than establish a transient reputation as a

football player at the expense of your education, the feelings of your family and friends, and your success in the serious business of life. We put you at Webster to fit you well and thoroughly for college, not to develop your physique, which has never been a discredit to the family, nor to promote your reputation as an athlete. Don't you see the reasonableness of our attitude, Walter?'

'Yes, I do,' replied the boy, heartily, grasping his father's extended hand. 'You are right in this matter, father, as you always are. I see plainly that I can't keep

trained player was so important. But they remonstrated, coaxed, pleaded, and upbraided in vain. So long as he felt convinced in his own mind that he had chosen the better way, neither open taunts nor covert sneers had any weight with him. He presented his resignation to the captain of the football team in the regular way, honestly gave his reason for it, and turned to his neglected studies with renewed zeal and determination and even with a sense of relief.

Walter was honestly sorry to see that his successor as centre rush of the Webster



THEIR RESISTANCE TO SUPERIOR PLAYING WAS STUBBORN AND DESPERATE.

up competitive athletics and do justice to my studies, so I will promise you here and now to give them up. It will be hard, of course, and the fellows will go for me awfully. But I guess I can stand it, when I remember that it is for my own best good and to please you and mother.'

It was even harder than Walter Mason anticipated to carry out the promise he had made to his father. The Webster boys were amazed, indignant, and even bitterly angry at him for withdrawing from the football team just at the beginning of the fall games, when the assistance of every

Academy team was a comparatively poor player. In fact, there was no really good material left at Webster for centre rush. Walter was the heaviest boy of athletic build in the school, and the indignation caused by his withdrawal from the team was more excusable from the fact that everybody knew that he was the only really available man for centre rush. It did seem hard, when school feeling and school pride had risen to such a pitch, and when the team of the great rival academy, Fairfield, was so dangerously strong, that the Webster player who would be hardest to replace