

needn't drag yourself in!" he said, "a Modern isn't us!"

"Well, we have managed to rub along all right without you so far!" snapped Phillpott, also of the Modern Side. There was no particular need for him to cast himself into the breach, and Ogle didn't look at all grateful. But of all the Modern Side Phillpott was the one who took the low estate of that body most to heart, and now as he bristled up to his colleague's side, with his crabbed freckled face and aggressive manner, he reminded one for all the world of a snapping bull-terrier.

"Not so much jaw there!" said Farquhar. And it was noticeable that at the sound of his voice they all stopped to listen. In a community which made it a point of honour for everybody to speak at once, the fact said a good deal. But then Farquhar was a tremendous force, even in those days, the leading light of the Second Eleven, and although one hesitates to speak of such a minor matter in the same breath, easily top of his form. "We've about had enough of you, Phillpott, and that little worm of yours, Ogle," he continued in his cocksure way. "You want your heads punched, both of you."

"I'd like to see you try it on!" cried Phillpott while Ogle involuntarily shrank back a: