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"I do, Dunn. It was Cameron lost us the game. You know it, too. I know it's rotten to say this, but I can't help it. Cameron lost the game, and I say he's a rank 'quitter,' as Martin would say."

"Look here, Nesbitt," the captain's voice was quiet, but every man paused in his rubbing. "I know how sore you are and I forgive you that; but I don't want to hear from you or from any man on the team that word again. Cameron is no quitter; he made—he made an error,—he wasn't fit,—but I say to you Cameron is no quitter."

While he was speaking the door opened and into the room came a player, tall, lanky, with a pale, gaunt face, plastered over the forehead with damp wisps of straight, black hair. His deep-set, blue-grey eyes swept the room.

"Thanks, Dunn," he said hoarsely. "Let them curse me! I deserve it all. It's tough for them, but God knows I've got the worst of it. I've played my last game." His voice broke huskily.

"Oh, rot it, Cameron," cried Dunn. "Don't be an ass! Your first big game—every fellow makes his mistake—"

"Mistake! Mistake! You can't lie easily, Dunn. I was a fool and worse than a fool. I let myself down and I wasn't fit. Anyway, I'm through with it." His voice was wild and punctuated with unaccustomed oaths; his breath came in great sobs.

"Oh, rot it, Cameron!" again cried Dunn. "Next year you'll be twice the man. You're just getting into your game."

Right loyally his men rallied to their captain:

"Right you are!"

"Why, certainly; no man gets into the game first year!"