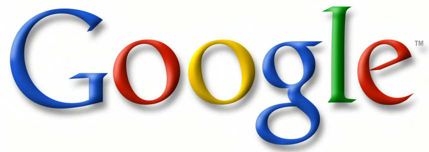


This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ETON COLLEGER

Educ 921.50.35

Harvard College Library

FROM THE GIFT OF

WILLIAM ENDICOTT, JR.

(Class of 1887)

OF BOSTON

THE·SAVILE
ANNO
1904
PRESS

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

AN ETON COLLEGER

1898—1902

BY

C. H. M.

ETON COLLEGE
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., LTD.
1905

Edu 171.50.35

Gift of
William Endicott, Jr.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

AN ETON COLLEGER

1898—1902

BY

C. H. M.

ETON COLLEGE
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., LTD.
1905

PREFACE.

DURING the few years that I had the honour of enjoying the bounty of King Henry the Sixth as a Colleger of Eton, I met many people, wholly or partially ignorant of Eton life and its ways, who were most anxious to know how we "got on" in College. They asked many questions, and I gathered from their general tenor that the world at large, or such part of it as was at all interested in Eton, believed that the Collegers were badly housed, badly fed, and generally had a most "rotten time of it," if I may use schoolboy slang.

Looking back on my school-time, I can say with perfect sincerity that, far from being badly housed and badly provided for, I have never spent such happy years as those with "Mother Eton" in the classic shades of College.

Now that I have left, I am most anxious, if possible, to dispel the absurd ideas that many people

seem to hold on the subject; the more so, as among the numerous books that give most detailed and amusing pictures of Oppidan life, I do not know one of any at all recent date dealing with that of the "Good Old Eton Colleger," the oldest inhabitant and founder of the greatest school in the Empire. I hope therefore that these few reminiscences, which I put before the public with all humility, may, if they fail to amuse, at any rate interest the reader and show him that College is not the "Dotheboys Hall" that some people will insist on making it out, despite all sayings to the contrary.

C. H. M.

H.M.S. Triumph,
June 1904.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Concerning Buildings and Organization . .	1
II.	The Captain of the School. Sixth Form. Fagging	29
III.	Chamber. The Captain of Chamber. Chamber Singing	45
IV.	Passages. Tea-Rooms. Reading-Room. College "Pop"	76
V.	The Keeper of the Wall. Football Colours. The Wall-Game	109
VI.	College Field. The Field-Game. College Sports	141
VII.	College Cricket. College Teas. College Supper. College Concerts	159
VIII.	College Aquatics. The Fourth of June .	186
IX.	"All Sorts and Conditions of Boys." Work in College	215
X.	The Greatest Event of My Life at Eton .	240

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

AN ETON COLLEGER.

CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING BUILDINGS AND ORGANIZATION.

College at Eton, or "Tuggery," as it is known to the School generally, consists of the block of buildings in which the seventy Foundation Scholars live and have their being. These seventy (known to the non-scholars or "Oppidans" as "Tugs," from the Latin "togati" or "wearing the gown," the mark of a Colleger at all schools and roll-calls) are boys, who at the ages of twelve or thirteen have obtained scholarships at the competitive examinations held yearly at Eton in the summer time. These scholarships have no actual money value, but entitle the

holder to get the main part of his education, board and lodging, free, thus working out to be worth about £120 per annum to the boy's parents. They may be retained until the end of the term, known at Eton as a "half," in which the holder reaches the age of nineteen, and, in exceptional cases, for perhaps two halves longer with due sanction from the Head Master.

College proper is divided into three main blocks of buildings, Long Chamber, New Buildings, and last, but not least, the Hall with the kitchens and cellars underneath it. There are also the official residences, the Chapel and the Cloisters, not to mention various "Yards," but, as these are not such an integral part of the actual dwelling-places of the boys, I propose to deal with them more fully a little later on, when I have done justice to the parts that more nearly concern my narrative. To obtain a general idea of the "lie of the land" I must first request my reader to study for a few moments the plan at the end of this volume.

Long Chamber is situated on the upper floor of a block of buildings, dating from the foundation in

1441, which runs the entire length of the north side of the School Yard opposite the Chapel: it was, up to about sixty years ago, one long dormitory, the only living room of seventy boys, who had their meals alone outside in the Hall. Now-a-days however it is divided into two entirely separate main portions. The first part, known as "Chamber," is a big airy room subdivided into fifteen cubicles, in which the fifteen bottom boys live, usually for their first year, after which they rise to the dignity of a separate room in another part of the building. Adjoining Chamber is Sixth Form passage, where dwell the great and powerful Sixth Form, who correspond to prefects in other schools. This part of the building contains seven rooms varying in size and all containing fire-places, luxuries only shared by three others, the remainder of the rooms being warmed by hot pipes, with the exception of the library and tea-rooms, of which more anon. On the further side of Sixth Form passage are the quarters occupied by the Master in College, entered either direct from the School Yard or by two doors opening from the passage itself. His "pupil room" lies beneath, and

can be similarly reached either from above or below. Passing down a short passage by one of his doors the visitor turns to the left, past the letter-box and slab, where letters are delivered, and at once enters New Buildings. This exceedingly handsome red-brick structure, overlooking Weston's Yard, was built about the year 1843, when the old Long Chamber was abolished. It consists of a long two-storied building with a tower at each end, entered by three outside doors, one in each tower and one in the centre. The end farthest from Chamber is tenanted by the Matron in College, and contains the sick quarters or "staying-out" rooms, while on the ground floor of the other tower are the Provost's front door and hall. Above the latter are situated, one over the other, three most excellent boys' rooms, known respectively as "top, bottom and middle tower," and all containing fire-places. These are generally considered to be the best rooms in College, and, as such, are usually occupied by the biggest swells in the place. Top tower, being separated from the remainder of the building by a narrow and tortuous staircase, was, though I blush

to say it, much frequented at one time by those who would woo the illicit joys of "My Lady Nicotine," and wished to do so without risking the penalties incurred by discovery. Those also, who wished to work quietly without interruption from the vulgar herd below, greatly coveted it as an abode. The vulgar herd however occasionally asserted themselves by blocking up the staircase with saucer-baths, chairs and such like trifles, thereby placing the unfortunate student in a state of siege, from which unassisted escape was an impossibility.

The remainder of New Buildings contains on the ground-floor on one side of the main entrance the College library and reading-room, a bright, cheerful apartment containing books, papers and periodicals together with sundry photographs of College groups and one or two old College masters. It is here that the Debating Society or "College Pop" holds its weekly discussion, and on the wall by the fire-place rules and notices relating thereto may be seen posted up. On the other side of the entrance are Upper and Lower tea-rooms, where all boys who are not entitled by their position in the School to

mess in their own rooms partake of their breakfast and tea. The boys allowed to mess separately are Sixth Form, "Liberty" (or the six bottom Collegers in Division I., who are not entitled to all the privileges of Sixth Form), and a few boys in the next two or three Divisions.

I have frequently heard the tea-rooms held up by Oppidans, and I am sorry to say once or twice by discontented Collegers, as one of the greatest disadvantages of College life as compared to that of an Oppidan, who messes in his own room from the first day of his arrival; but, for my own part, I think their institution is one of the greatest points in the universal scheme of good comradeship that prevails throughout College. My reasons for thinking so are these. When a little fellow comes to school knowing no one, and, as so frequently happens, is not quick at making friends, he comes out, if I may use the expression, largely in the tea-rooms. His meals are always cheerful and lively, and he does not have to take his tea in solitary state till he meets a congenial soul with whom he can arrange to mess, as usually happens in an

Oppidan house. Breakfast and tea are thus splendid opportunities for discussing the latest school gossip and, if schoolboys know of such a thing, harmless scandal. I have heard the rooms stigmatized as noisy, and—well, I admit the soft impeachment—but I also think that the time is yet to come when Eton shall bring forth a race of sons who object to a little noise at meals.

This system of close comradeship, which is inculcated from the beginning both by the cubicle system in Chamber and by the tea-rooms, is, in my opinion, an excellent antidote to home-sickness, and a preventive against the evil habit of boys forming numerous cliques among themselves, to the detriment of games and practically everything that makes English school life what it is and (I hope) always will be.

The only other rooms of importance on the ground-floor are "kettle-room," a small kitchen with a closed range, where hot water can be obtained and where the youthful fag makes his first essays in the art of cooking with results that frequently surprise his fag-master quite as much as himself. A

little beyond kettle-room lies the kitchen, a resort of toast-makers, where food is prepared only for the staying-out rooms and boys' maids. With regard to these latter, it might be as well to give a few words to the system of service in vogue among the boys. The Master and Matron in College have their respective domestic staffs, while in the building itself there are about five men, who perform general duties of washing-up, and five maids, who look after the boys' rooms and make their beds: they are controlled by the Matron directed by the Master. From this digression however we must return to the description of New Buildings.

Running the entire length of the first and second floors are two long passages, whence open the rooms where the majority of College abides, the passages being reached by two staircases, one in the tower mentioned above and the other towards the further end. As regards the size of the rooms, there is a slight variation, but generally speaking they are about eight feet by twelve, containing a folding bed, a table, a lavatory basin, a bureau (known as a "burry"), a Windsor chair, and a

ledge, beneath which run a couple of hot pipes. These necessaries are provided by the authorities, and the boys are at liberty to purchase any private furniture that they may fancy: thus with pictures, easy chair, cushions, etc., according to the taste and fancy of the owner, the room may be made delightfully comfortable at a very small cost. The windows of every room and passage are diamond-paned hinged panels, opening outwards where made to open, and securely barred.

Since the disastrous fire at Mr. Kindersley's house in 1903, the centres of these bars have been cut away so as to provide an emergency exit in case of a similar occurrence: also gas and candles have been abolished, electric light now being installed throughout. Altogether there are in College fifty-five rooms and fifteen cubicles, not counting the apartments of the Master and Matron and the quarters allotted to the domestics. There are eight separate exits, all, with the exception of one leading into a schoolroom beyond Chamber, being to the open air. Fire-proof material has replaced or covered, alas, some of the older woodwork, and

three hydrants (of doubtful efficiency) have long been installed in different parts of the building, having been supplemented after the disaster of 1903 by several small hoses, which can be attached to ordinary water taps. It will be seen therefore that, though the age and dryness of the fabric would make it hard to extinguish, but little danger would be incurred by the inmates of the rooms, should a fire break out. I might also add that lately draught-proof (!) doors have been fitted to nearly all the staircases with the sanguine idea of checking the spread of a fire owing to the passages acting as flues.

Leaving New Buildings we pass across "Weston's Yard" *en route* for the School Yard. "Weston's Yard," named from a departed benefactor, is a broad triangular gravel expanse about 150 yards long and eighty yards across at the widest part, bounded on two sides by New Buildings, Chamber and Lower School, and on the third by the garden walls of some masters' houses opposite. At the west end lies a gate leading into the Slough Road, and at the east a similar one leading to the Playing

Fields. In the centre stands a gigantic lamp-post supporting an immoderately large lamp with three powerful incandescent burners, which, to those whose rooms are brilliantly illumined all night when they desire to sleep, seem to give off a light equal to about one million candle power. This lamp-post, why I know not, has always been regarded with great respect, not to say affection, by many including myself. There is nothing remarkable about it; it is merely a tall, rather dingy iron post with an absurdly large lamp on top of it: but somehow or other it appears exactly suited to its surroundings; it looks conservative, and, when not seeming excessively dissipated owing to damage to the mantles, profoundly intelligent. A few years ago the old burner was removed and the new and larger one put on: no one thought it vandalism, no one objected to the change; they merely recognized that the old lamp-post, which combined in itself the duties of jackstaff, wicket, climbing pole and target, had gone up in the world and had at last met its dues, everybody being pleased accordingly. There are also some fine old

trees near by, horse-chestnuts if my memory serves me right, into the topmost boughs of which small lower boys may frequently be seen throwing stones, I imagine with the idea of luring from its fastness the unripe nut, or possibly with vague hopes of sparrow pie for tea. Stone throwing is strictly forbidden, a fact which probably enhances the pleasures of this game.

Weston's Yard used to be, and I suppose still is, the scene of many revels. Cricket, football and even rounders all had their turn, and many were the sanguinary battles between combatants (armed with lump-sugar) that took place there. Once even the Royal Stag-hounds dashed through, the stag being finally run down in the Playing Fields. On the morning when we received the news of the relief of Mafeking a holiday was proclaimed, and each house set to work to decorate as best it could. We Collegers started by spreading long streamers of many-coloured football scarves from the windows to the lamp-post, which really looked very well, but had a pleasing and curious effect on any horse that came round the corner unawares. On the same day

I remember rather an amusing incident took place, which will, I think, bear repeating here.

A boy, either for bravado or mischief, hung from his window a Boer flag, or a flag with a Boer's head on it, I cannot quite remember which. In a moment the news was passed through the whole of Eton by that method of wireless telegraphy peculiar to schools and ships, and the house was quickly surrounded by a large crowd plentifully armed with lump-sugar. Almost at once the fusillade began: every pane of glass was smashed and the road became white with broken sugar. A few boys placed baths in their windows to prevent damage being done to their pictures, and one of these fell into the street, fortunately doing no damage. The authorities did not interfere; they knew that some-one would pay for the glass and that there was no real ill-feeling among the boys, who, as soon as the sugar gave out, quietly dispersed. That evening I picked up a London paper. I saw an alarming heading, "Riots at Eton College"; continuing to peruse the article I picked out the following gems: "Disorderly mob," "Attempts to restore order

unavailing," and finally the astonishing statement that "hip-baths were used as missiles," the paper apparently imagining that Eton was peopled by a race of young Samsons. I have always remembered that article as a fine example of the liberty of the press.

But to return to our stroll through Weston's Yard. Turning through the tower separating Chamber from Sixth Form passage the visitor passes through a narrow oak-covered way known as Fourth Form passage, the dark walls of which perpetuate the names of generations of dead and gone King's men and other Etonians, whence a few steps lead him into the School Yard. Many an abler pen than mine has done justice to this magnificent court, so I will only attempt to give the reader the merest sketch of its great and majestic beauty.

Along the north and east sides run the weather-beaten, reddish-purple brick walls of Chamber, and the few rooms, tenanted by a couple of old retainers, nestling round the clock-tower, which, rising proudly in the centre of the east side, spans a broad archway leading to the cloisters, whose delicately carved

stone-work shows up in clear relief against the more sombre building above it. High between the bell turrets the old clock, with its dark face and dull gold hands and figures, chimes the quarters as clearly and melodiously as it did 350 years ago. Opposite Chamber, on twelve or thirteen feet of solid masonry to protect it from floods, the Chapel towers above all its surroundings, the pinnacled roof and tall Perpendicular windows almost dwarfing the clock-tower and the big stone-faced bow-window just above the archway. Facing the clock stands Upper School, its crumbling façade supported by a row of worn stone pillars, having almost the appearance of a bit of cloister pierced in the centre by the broad archway leading in from the street, while in the very middle of the yard is a small bronze statue of King Henry the Sixth surveying with calm complacency his eternal handiwork. On the pedestal supporting this "our pious founder," his numerous virtues are set forth at some length, and among them he numbers that of being "pientissimus," a somewhat unusual superlative. The clock is, I believe, of very great age indeed, but still goes

excellently except in snowy weather, when it has been known to strike 74 and 113 instead of sticking to the more usual limit of twelve. Every quarter of an hour the chimes cause the numerous pigeons which nest among the buildings to fly round the yard with every symptom of alarm; but I have long ago come to the conclusion that it is only their method of taking exercise, as no bird, not even a pigeon, could be frightened by the same noise ninety-six times daily. As the yard is roughly something like a hundred and fifty or a hundred and sixty yards square, they must find it equivalent to quite a long journey.

School Yard once seen is never forgotten, and to Etonians it is full of associations. It is here that the daily roll-calls, known as "absences," take place; here is the original "Eton Fives Court" made by the Chapel buttresses and the platform of the bottom Chapel step, an accidental design originally, but one now known over the length and breadth of two continents. That black door under the arches, how many of us have crossed its threshold in fear and trembling to ascend a few

moments later the dreadful stairs up to the Head Master's schoolroom! Or who will ever forget crossing that threshold for the last time with Gray's Elegy in hand, and realizing, dully at first perhaps, that his Eton life is nearly over and that very little remains now but the packing up and a few last good-byes, with a final look at "each bend of river and each old tree" before starting out into a larger sphere of life and becoming an Oxford or Cambridge "man"? How many of us as we hurry towards Hall think for two minutes of the people who have crossed those very same stones long before us? Not one in a thousand. Schoolboys rarely think of any time but the present, they are not expected to. It is when they have left and have started in life that they return to the old school and see strange faces all round them, strangers doing just as they did (and of course doing it much worse), strangers everywhere, but the old buildings unchanged, the same as ever. Then perhaps they stand still and think for a minute. How often, while looking thus over School Yard, have I longed to hear even a fraction of the unwritten history

that those stones could tell: stories of success and failure, joy and sorrow, comedy and tragedy! How much unwritten history of men who afterwards made history! These men are now-a-days, in a great many cases, only memories, mentioned occasionally by the halfpenny press when some august personage pays a visit to the School, while in others the noon-day of their success has eclipsed the sunrise of their boyhood. Eton however cherishes the memory of her sons as boys, and boys alone. But I am forgetting myself and must return to my description.

Upper School, mentioned above, is a building of no great age constructed of Oxford stone, which, having crumbled away badly, gives it a spurious appearance of antiquity. It consists of one long room lighted by high red-curtained windows and panelled with oak, the walls being covered from top to bottom with many thousands of names more or less well carved. It has at the ends and in the centre of each side high desks, at which masters used to sit and overlook their pupils, who are placed on forms before long desks in the well of the room.

Along the wall above the panelling runs a row of busts of eminent Etonians, whose qualification for admittance, apart from eminence, is that they must be dead, apropos of which I recollect rather an amusing story. An Eton boy high up in the School met a party of Americans wandering about School Yard, who asked him some question. He, having nothing to do, offered to show them round, and did so. After showing them Upper School and explaining the busts, he parted from them amid profuse expressions of gratitude, among which the leader of the party said: "Say, sir, I hope when we come over to the old country again next fall we'll see your figure-head a-topping that ornamental dado." A well-meant but somewhat unfortunate compliment.

It is a great privilege to obtain permission to have one's name carved upon the panelling: space is so scarce that only those who can show a relation's name that is the same as theirs carved up, are allowed to have their own put up as well, to my mind a most excellent rule.

Upper School is no longer what it was: the new and more convenient school-rooms, that have lately

been built, have superseded it, and are, I frankly admit, better in every way. Some Divisions are still taken there; but the room is chiefly used for examinations, or when the Head Master wishes to address the whole school at once. Speeches are also held there on the Fourth of June. From Upper School opens the Head Master's room, where the Sixth Form are taken and punishment inflicted on the froward. On the panels round the staircase leading from this room to the School Yard are carved the names of those boys above Remove, who on leaving are not entitled to be recorded elsewhere, with the date of their departure.

Turning once more to the clock-tower we observe between it and the Chapel a tall battered oaken door leading through to a small quadrangle known as "Brewer's Yard," where the College brew-house used to stand. Hence only can an outside view of the Hall be obtained. Just over the archway under the clock leading through to the cloisters stands a small statue of the Virgin, to which for many years any Colleger passing beneath was wont to doff his hat, a very pretty custom, which has, I

fear, become entirely extinct. Passing through this archway we enter the cloisters, of which I only propose to say that they are much like other cloisters, neither better nor worse, barring the fact that they have no tracery in the windows. Turning along the south side we come to a flight of steps leading up to the Hall. Opposite these steps stands the College pump, known as "Cloister P," the sole supply of drinking water for all the boys' rooms. A large jug of this cooling beverage is kept on the table in Chamber, and on a shout of "Cloister P" from the senior boy present, the junior has to rush down forthwith, whatever the weather may be like, and replenish it at the pump, a delightful job on a cold snowy night. The water moreover is so sacred that to spill a drop of it in Chamber is, or was in my time, always punished by a castigation. We turn our backs on the pump however, and, having ascended the steps, turn to the right through an oaken screen and enter the Hall. It is a high vaulted building, easily capable of holding five or six hundred people at the School concerts, and lit with electric light. Over the doorway runs a long

gallery, whence those who delight in seeing others eat may watch the Collegers at meals, or listen to the quaint old grace that on Sundays is sung before and after dinner.

In my time dinner took place daily at 2 p.m., but I believe that the hour has since been altered to an earlier one, perhaps an improvement, as a heavy meal at 2 p.m. does not make one over-enthusiastic about an hour's school at 2.45. Behind the gallery is a large window containing a small amount of stained glass of a rather nondescript pattern. Down the length of the Hall, along the tiled floor, run six tables of varying size, five for the boys and one for the carvers. These tables are known respectively as Sixth Form, Upper, Middle, Lower and Chamber tables, according to the position in the School of the boys who use them. Across the further end from the door runs a dais surmounted by a carved oak canopy, under which is placed the table where the Master in College and one or two other officials may dine, if they wish to do so. Above this canopy is a rather remarkable stained glass window showing some very realistic scenes of

the early days of the School. To the left of the dais is a big bay window wherein are emblazoned several coats of arms, and in the recess formed by the window stands an oak side-board where the boys keep any private relishes that they may fancy to assist them with their meals. This side-board is not really an old one, though I always believed it to be so. The walls are panelled with oak to about half their height, and are hung along both sides as you face the dais with some very fine portraits of benefactors and eminent Etonians. On the opposite wall hangs a portrait of Henry the Sixth, a work of considerable age. There are also three very fine old fireplaces, which were found behind the panelling not many years ago and uncovered. They are situated one in the centre of each side and one behind the dais. Until quite recently coke and wood fires were always burnt in them in cold weather, but they have now been superseded, why Heaven alone knows, by hideous stacks of hot pipes, and remain cold and deserted.

The only other daily meal served in Hall besides midday dinner is a cold supper at 9 p.m., at which

attendance is not compulsory. The Sixth Form and Liberty always have a cheese and a plate of butter as well as their ordinary food at lunch, the cheese being supplied by the boys and the butter by the College. These dainties are brought in daily by two of the fags, who take the duty in rotation, and for some reason it is a heinous offence to forget them, the first case occasionally, and the second invariably, being punished by a "working off" or caning administered by the junior member of Sixth Form. All boys have to attend Hall punctually, unless detained by a master: but in cases of being made late by games any member of Sixth Form can give "leave" from five minutes to a quarter of an hour, when all boys are supposed to be present. Sixth Form and Liberty however have no recognized restrictions as to their time of entry. Lateness is usually punished by an imposition of thirty to sixty lines awarded by the highest boy, if in Division I., present at the defaulter's entry.

No account of Hall would be complete without mention of "Mr. Line," the old College butler: he is responsible for all the arrangements with regard

to service, and does his work most admirably: may he live to do so for many years more!

The only outside view is to be obtained from Brewer's Yard, mentioned a few pages previously, and from here a very curious sight may be seen. Originally in the time of Henry the Sixth the building was commenced in stone, but in the succeeding reign Edward the Fourth, wishing to spare expense, continued the work in brick, leaving it standing as at this day with stone buttresses on one side topped by a red-brick wall, a magnificent structure, but a rather pathetic memorial to mediæval stinginess.

Before closing my chapter I propose to give a few words to the system of government in College, as I consider it to be a very fine example of the working of the maxim "Boys should be governed by boys," which prevails throughout Eton.

The official representative of authority is the Master in College, who, when appointed, must retain his post for seven years, or longer, if he wishes to do so. He is held responsible for the discipline, general tone and, to a certain extent, the work of

the Collegers, much in the same manner as a house master: but, and a very big but, there is an enormous difference between the two positions as I will endeavour to explain. The Sixth Form, who alone have the powers of the Monitors of other schools, consists of twenty boys, the top ten being Collegers and the remainder Oppidans. Now there are some score of boys' houses in the School with only ten "Monitors," if I may make use of a non-Etonian expression, to be divided amongst them, while College, one house of only seventy boys, must contain ten in itself. The results are obvious. The powers and privileges of Sixth Form are very great indeed and very well established, making them perfectly capable of maintaining the most rigorous discipline, a power which they invariably exercise. The Master in College on the other hand is a comparatively new invention, as, up to about fifty or sixty years ago, the boys alone held control, the Head Master coming in to read prayers and perhaps to quell any unusual noise or disturbance. I do not say for a moment that I consider that to have been a desirable arrangement, far from it, but it

has after all produced the present most effective organization.

The Master in College may order any measure or disciplinary change that he may think desirable, but he is powerless to enforce at any rate the spirit of it, unless he is backed up by his Sixth Form, as of course he almost invariably is. If for any reason he should be on bad terms with them, his position at once becomes very difficult and unpleasant, the more so as the Captain of the School has the right of appeal to the Head Master, and is, strictly speaking, responsible to him alone, a privilege which, I am glad to say, I have only once seen used, and then in a most trivial matter. It will be readily seen from this that, though the post is in many ways a pleasant one, the Master in College requires great tact, and must be a man acquainted with College traditions, for which reasons an old Colleger is nearly always offered the appointment. This delegation of authority to mere boys may sound very curious to an outsider, but after all, who are more likely to understand the habits and ideas of the juniors than young men of eighteen

to twenty, who only a very few years before quitted that state of life themselves? Also what better government could one devise for a place like College than a responsible "parliament" of ten with an older and more experienced mind, to whom they can, if they require to do so, look for assistance and advice?

The only other person of those in authority requiring mention is the Matron, who is medically responsible for the boys, looks after the washing, superintends the servants and such like essentially feminine duties. She is expected to understand nursing and has, generally speaking, a very pleasant post, which she may hold for life, so long as she is capable of performing the duties. She is usually most deservedly popular with the boys and must have, during her term of office, unequalled opportunities for the study of feigned diseases.

I propose to refer the reader to the next chapter for a fuller account of the powers of Sixth Form, as they are too numerous to be recounted shortly.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL. SIXTH FORM. FAGGING.

THE Captain of the School is, as I need hardly inform my readers, the Colleger who, as top of Sixth Form, is *ex officio* Head Prefect or Monitor or whatever word you like to use. The Oppidans, of whom there are about nine hundred and fifty, also have their Captain, who is eleventh in the School, coming just below the bottom boy in College Sixth Form. He is a great man, but cannot of course have such absolute control of his scattered subjects as his confrère in College has of his.

After reaching the part of the School known as "First Hundred," no boy can pass another, however superior his work, but must rise in exact seniority as those above him leave.* Unless therefore some boy, who entered very young or has stayed very

* The "Select" in the Newcastle Scholarship (see p. 91) can pass those boys in First Hundred who have not so distinguished themselves.

late, monopolizes the post for a long time, those boys who pass top of their elections into First Hundred generally find themselves later on occupying the proud position; wherefore, as a general rule, the Captain has his fair share of brains. His duties are theoretically very simple; he is supposed to enforce and generally supervise all disciplinary measures passed by the authorities or by the Sixth Form themselves for the control of College. He is not an absolute monarch as a rule, because the remainder of Sixth Form support and help him throughout in his work, unless he is one of those unfortunate beings who, trusting in their own incompetence, are entirely intolerant of the advice of others. It sometimes happens that, should he be a strong capable man supported by a weak Sixth Form, he does everything exactly as he pleases without asking anyone for an opinion, which, in this case maybe, he is much better without. The reverse however is sometimes seen. A weak feeble boy, who spends all his time with his books, rises to the top by hard work and is surrounded by a set of "bloods," who really do all the running of the place by their

influence on the Captain, who will do anything for a quiet life: this is not unnaturally nearly always a most unsatisfactory arrangement.

His privileges do not differ, barring a few exceptions, from those enjoyed by all Sixth Form. He has, should he strongly disapprove of any measure passed by the Master in College, the right of direct appeal to the Head Master, a right, I am thankful to say, seldom if ever used. The Master in College is absolutely powerless without him; he may make any number of rules that he thinks desirable, and may, while he is actually present, see that the letter of them is obeyed, but he cannot, without the support of the Captain, enforce the spirit of them to the smallest degree, and herein lies one difficulty of the Captain's position. He occasionally does not get on very satisfactorily with the Master; the latter is sometimes rather apt to try to shut his eyes to his own weakness, and, forgetting that Sixth Form know far more about the internal feeling in College than he does, makes petty regulations, themselves unworkable, without consulting those who have to administer them. The result is always the

same: the new regulations, whatever they may be, are not carried out, and the Captain accused of slackness, perhaps disobedience. He, as likely as not, becomes piqued and an open rupture follows making everybody decidedly uncomfortable. I have of course exemplified rather an extreme case and can only add in fairness to the other side that the reverse is not unknown. The Captain of the School sometimes tries to stand too much on his own dignity and hampers many excellent and foreseeing arrangements carefully thought out by the Master, to the latter's not unnatural annoyance.

The Captain's further privileges are as follows. He arranges who takes each of the fags. He is *ex officio* in "Pop" (the crack society of the School) and last but not least he always sits in the best seat in Hall and at prayers. His position, as the reader may have gathered, is largely dependent on his individual strength of character, the more so as he nearly always finds among the remainder of Sixth Form at least one inveterate obstructionist, who opposes on principle every sort of innovation good or bad. Also, when an address or something

similar has to be presented to a distinguished visitor, together with the Captain of the Oppidans he appears as representing the School. The position is an excellent one for a boy with anything in him, as it teaches him to use authority and sometimes to bear very grave responsibility.

I now propose to devote a few lines to the numerous and in some cases rather remarkable privileges enjoyed by the whole of Sixth Form. The first thing that strikes an outsider, who sees a member of Sixth Form side by side with another boy for the first time, is the difference in dress between them, the former always wearing plain stick-up collars and white evening ties, while the latter affect rather curious "Dissenting Minister" collars, that is to say if they are in "tails." It might be as well to explain that a boy discards his Eton jacket for a black stuff morning tail-coat as soon as he reaches the exalted height of five feet five inches.

Sixth Form, and in this case Liberty, when they are wearing their gowns, always go hatless except at "absence," when they usually borrow a hat so

that they may just place it on their heads in time to raise it and say "Here, sir," when their names are called. They are not bound to come into Hall punctually so long as they arrive within a quarter of an hour of the commencement of dinner, and, when there, they sit at a separate table and have a separate joint which they carve themselves instead of trusting to the doubtful ability of the carver at the side table. They may invite guests to dinner, even if they are not in the School, and frequently do so on Sundays.

In Chapel daily when the bell has ceased tolling and all boys have to be seated, Sixth Form, Oppidans and Collegers side by side, march in in procession immediately preceding the choir and go to their respective pews. No boy living in Chamber is allowed to visit any room in passages without getting permission from a member of Sixth Form and *vice versa.* Whenever a game of cricket or football is prolonged to a very short time before dinner, Sixth Form can give the players five, ten or fifteen minutes' leave to be late for Hall. Lights have to be out nightly in Chamber at ten o'clock and

in passages at ten-thirty; Sixth Form passage however remains illuminated till eleven. Every night one Sixth Form boy visits Chamber at ten, and two of them patrol the passages from the same hour, when boys have to be in their rooms, till "lights out," to see that no one leaves his room without permission after the proper time. They do not come in to supper at nine in the evening, but have a cold supper served in Upper tea-room, Liberty having the same in Lower tea-room.

Every week they take in rotation a duty known as "Head's Praepostor," who is excused early school (7 a.m. in summer, and 7.30 in winter) and attends very few schools during the day. He carries round notices for the Head Master at eleven o'clock, assisted by the corresponding Oppidan praepostor, and warns any boy who may be wanted after twelve. He attends all "swishings" and provides the "holders down" from among the College fags. His privilege of being excused early school is old and highly cherished, but I fear absolutely indefensible; wherefore perhaps the time is not far distant when a latter-day Gallio in the

form of a new Head Master will face public opinion and abolish this most delightful sinecure. Sixth Form have the power of enforcing their commands by canings administered on the offenders at the above-mentioned Sixth Form supper. The Captain of Liberty has the same power, but must ask the Captain of the School's permission before exercising it. This form of punishment is usually reserved for fags, but, if necessary, can be inflicted on any boy below Division I. Lateness for Hall is usually punished by having to write out from thirty to sixty lines of Latin or composing a four to eight line epigram on a given subject.

Caning or "working off," as it is called through the School, brings us to the subject of fagging, wherein lies one great difference between College and the remainder of the School.

For fagging purposes the Upper School at Eton consists of Sixth Form, First Hundred, Upper, Middle and Lower Divisions of Fifth Form, about seven hundred boys in all. All these are immune from fagging in the ordinary course of events, and in Oppidan houses those who have reached the

Upper Division are given powers of fagging over Lower Boys.

Similarly for fagging purposes the Lower School consists of Remove, three divisions of Fourth Form and Third Form, providing nearly three hundred fags.

Now among Oppidans no boy, unless he be particularly brilliant, takes a form higher than Remove, and even this is unusual. In College it is exactly the reverse, no new boy ever fails to take Lower Division. It is impossible however to have no fags owing to this, so every Colleger is fagged for exactly three halves after he comes to the School, whatever Division he may be in. It is quite possible for a stupid Oppidan to remain a Lower Boy for three or perhaps four years, so there are always innumerable fags. In College it is the exception to have more than fourteen or fifteen, wherefore the arrangement is that only Sixth Form and the Captain of Liberty have fags of their own, while the remainder of Liberty have the power of fagging indiscriminately among those boys who are not on duty for their masters. If new boys are

plentiful the top three or four may have more than one fag apiece. Upper Division have no powers of fagging at all, and herein, to my opinion, lies the only point in which College stands at a disadvantage with the rest of the School. This disadvantage is not so great as it might appear at first sight, because the majority of Collegers get into Sixth Form as a matter of course, owing to there being ten places to be filled from only seventy boys. Among Oppidans it is different, there are over nine hundred boys to fill the same number of places, wherefore a very large number leave whilst in First Hundred of Upper Division. The duties of fags are multifarious, and vary considerably with the idiosyncrasies of fag-masters. Among Oppidans each new boy is allowed a fortnight's "grace" before beginning to fag, in order to give him time to find his feet: but in College no such indulgence is granted. I was myself in a house for a short time before entering College and came to the conclusion that this fortnight of leisure was a well-meant mistake, as the strangeness of surroundings and perhaps loneliness of a new boy, who has no fagging to attend to, are

felt much more keenly when he is not in school or actually playing some game.

I now propose to give a short account of the ordinary daily duties of a College fag. If it so happens that his fag-master is excused early school, or is Head's Praepostor, he generally wants to be called just before the less fortunate hie them to their studies, that is at seven or half past. As soon as the fag returns from early school he hurries to the room or landing where is situated his master's mess, and obtains bread for toast which he prepares in the kitchen below. He has then to get hot water in a small kettle for the tea and any hot dish that may be waiting on the hot plate in kettle-room. He is often sent out to "Little Brown's," now alas! no more, to purchase some of Phoebe's best home-made cherry jam or to bring up a six-penny order of sausages, kedgeree or some such alluring breakfast dish. If, as generally happens, the mess has two or three fags, they take these duties alternately. After breakfast he has to empty his fag-master's bath, if the servants have not already done so, and in winter see that his fire is kept

properly alight all day. At tea he performs much the same duties as at breakfast. During the day any boy who wants a fag comes to a spot somewhere near the door of Chamber and shouts "Here" at the top of his voice, when all the fags who are there have to run full speed to the shouter, the last comer usually being sent on the message, or whatever it is. It is a very bad thing to get the reputation of being quick at messages, as in that case one is nearly always selected to go the longest distances. Two fags daily take the duty of bringing Sixth Form and Liberty cheese into Hall in the afternoon and bringing it out again in the evening, while two more are detailed weekly to keep the library in order. These latter have to tidy it up in the evening and collect any hats or gowns that may be left there after 9.30 p.m., which are impounded until a fine of sixpence has been levied on the owner. The senior of the two reports himself nightly at Sixth Form supper and fetches any boy who may be wanted to pay a fine or perhaps for execution. During their week of duty these boys are excused running to "heres," a privilege more

valued perhaps than any other that could possibly be given. Sometimes a fag, if he is considered competent, has to cook dishes of poached or buttered eggs for his master, producing now and again the most remarkable results: apropos of which I remember rather a pleasant occurrence. A new boy, who shall be nameless, as he is now one of the leading lights of a great university, was told to boil some eggs for his master's tea. He took them with a puzzled expression and disappeared into kettle-room, where he was presently discovered, having placed the eggs in an empty marmalade pot and heaped hot coals on them, apparently intending to stew them after the reputed ancient Egyptian or Chaldean method. He became in later years a great classical scholar, which may possibly account for it.

Many and ingenious are the subterfuges adopted by fags for shirking work, of which the following are among the commonest. Toast can be made far more quickly by placing it on the hot plate in kettle-room, or making it over a gas jet, instead of the more usual method in front of a fire: but unfortunately when finished it generally tastes nasty and

is discovered, causing the maker to attend Sixth Form supper. "Here" shirking is a common amusement, which, if detected, is always severely dealt with. It is however very difficult to bowl out, as the shirker, if he thinks that he is about to be pounced on, generally removes his collar, tie and coat with the utmost despatch, and swears that he was not fully dressed when the "here" was called. As this is obviously rather a mean and shabby trick, the Captain of Chamber, if he is worth his salt, generally deals with the defaulter himself without reference to higher authority. As regards the powers of this last-mentioned official, I propose to explain them fully in my next chapter. The cold water taps supplied to every room are fitted with a spring cock in order to avoid undue waste of water, which only flows while the cock is being pressed. If, when filling a bath for his fag-master, a fag has to remain with his hand on the tap the whole time, it is obvious that the job becomes a very long and tedious one, as the water does not flow very fast. To avoid having to do this nearly all fags place a loop of string round the tap and insert the end of a poker into it, so that its

weight acting as a lever on the spring causes a continuous flow of water, which enables the boy to leave the bath while filling and return to it when it is full. There is no harm in this arrangement, and I never heard of a fag-master objecting to it, except in one case, in which, I regret to say, I was the principal actor. One Sunday evening I turned on my fag-master's bath and left it running in order to do something else. I forgot all about it, and repaired to the Master in College's rooms, where, according to custom, a large number of boys had collected for the purpose of singing hymns and listening to sacred music, the Master at that time being a great musician.

My fag-master was there, and presently another member of Sixth Form came in, and asked him with affected concern whether he had a life-belt, going on to say, "There is nearly a foot of water in your room, old chap, and I only reached the sanctuary of this place by a desperate struggle against the current." It then occurred to me what had happened and I beat a hasty retreat. I attended Sixth Form supper on Monday night and in future always had

to remain in the room while the bath was filling. I once knew a fag who made his master's tea by filling the teapot with tepid water from a tap in the passage. He was not encouraged to repeat the experiment. I propose to show how fags live and are looked after in my next chapter on the subject of "Chamber," so I will end my chapter by wishing Sixth Form and Liberty the best of luck in the coming Scholastic and Athletic year, and, last but not least, competent and trustworthy fags.

CHAPTER III.

CHAMBER. THE CAPTAIN OF CHAMBER. CHAMBER SINGING.

"CHAMBER," as I explained in my first chapter, is that part of the old school buildings next to Sixth Form passage, in which the bottom fifteen boys in College live for generally their first three or four halves. As a rule the top boy or "Captain of Chamber" and perhaps the next junior to him are not fags, which is rather a good thing, as small boys, who have just come to the School, have more respect for a freed-man than one who is subject to the yoke of serfdom under which they themselves toil daily.

The visitor, on entering College by the tower staircase from the School Yard, turns to the right out of Sixth Form passage and passing through a door, with perhaps a few notices of the next

Chamber cricket or football matches on it, at once enters the oldest and, until lately, the most unaltered portion of the building.

Imagine a long high room lighted from both sides by numerous diamond-paned windows set about six feet from the ground. A ceiling made of dark oak planks, a few of which are beginning to part slightly from old age, perhaps giving the nervous visitor an uneasy feeling that they are about to fall on the heads of the luckless boys beneath. You need have no fear, Ladies and Gentlemen; that ceiling has looked down on many dead and gone generations of Etonians, and will look on as many more before requiring the hand of man to keep it in its place.

Along each side of the room runs a long partition about seven or eight feet high and six or seven feet from the side walls, with doors and curious little windows cut in it at regular intervals, all closed by thick red serge curtains. Over each doorway is a name painted in white letters on a small slip of black metal, showing the name of the occupant of the stall within. This partition, like the

ceiling, is made of dark stained oak, and the walls around are panelled to about half their height with the same material, giving the place a look of venerable antiquity, the slight suggestion of gloom being relieved by the cheerful appearance of the red curtains. The walls above the panelling are covered with a rather bilious looking coating of plaster, which has however the advantage of preventing the room from being too dark.

From top to bottom of the panelling are rows and rows of names, dating from all periods, some carefully carved, some just scratched with an old knife, some black with age and almost indistinguishable, others showing by the glaring white of the freshly cut wood the handiwork of yesterday. I have sometimes wondered as I have looked at my own name carved only a few years ago beside others in my old stall, how many of those rough scratchings on the wall are the only records of men, who after showing great promise at school failed utterly in after life and are now perhaps nothing but a memory, recorded on some churchyard tablet, or hidden deep in the recesses of some dear

woman's heart. Names, names, nothing but names: I think myself that their carving should be encouraged at every school in the kingdom. Blank's rude handiwork on the wall of his room brings no painful thoughts with it: one does not think of the awful mess that he made of his after life, only of what he was at Eton. "By Jove, yes, old Blank, he made that wonderful kick on St. Andrew's Day and jolly nearly won School Sculling, awfully amusing fellow he was too, etc., etc." As soon as a boy leaves, he goes, so far as the School is concerned, into the "obituary." One stage of his life is ended and he is, or should be, recollected by his schoolfellows only on the principle of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* But to return to my description of Chamber. The floor of the passage between the stalls is covered with boards zealously scrubbed to a snowy whiteness, with any nails that may be showing worn quite smooth, and glistening like silver. It is much used as a cricket pitch in the summer when passage cricket is in vogue.

At the further end of Chamber is a door leading into "Prayer room," a schoolroom used for that

purpose by the Master in College. This door is not infrequently employed as a wicket, much to the annoyance of the Master, should he be holding school on the further side at the time, the more so as he cannot get through the door to stop the youthful enthusiasts, but has to send a messenger round the outside of the building, the key being kept, I believe, in the School Office. On the boarded ceiling you may observe some rather curious frescoes apparently done in some species of light brown paint: they are not however intentional, but are caused by the action of muddy footballs kicked up by light-hearted youths so as to leave marks well out of the reach of either duster or scrubbing brush, a fine example of the passion innate in schoolboys for smashing or dirtying anything, when they know that they cannot be brought to book for the damage. In the centre of the right hand side as you enter there is a recess between the stalls about ten feet long and seven or eight broad. In this recess stands "Chamber table," an immense piece of furniture constructed of old oak of unknown age, fondly believed, with what

truth I know not, to be as old as the School itself. It was originally a round table on four legs, but time has chipped many pieces from the sides and shortened one of the legs, so as to make it appear in a somewhat intoxicated condition when moved or disturbed. Two leaves are also attached, which were once intended presumably to be capable of being lowered: but time has fixed them firmly in position, and I think any attempt to meddle with them now would be regarded as the rankest sacrilege. Bored through the middle of the table is a large round hole, worn and bevelled smooth by age, probably made in the dark ages by some gay spirit with a red-hot poker, but so long ago as to show no sign of a burn now-a-days. The whole surface is pitted and scored in every direction with deep cuts and gashes that may once have been in some cases the letters of a name. Curiously enough not one of these marks is anything approaching to fresh. So sacred has the table been regarded for many many years that any damage done to it has always been punished with the utmost rigour of the law, so as to deter other offenders. On the rugged surface

lie the papers taken in by the boys, and beside them stands the battered, white-enamelled iron jug containing "Cloister P," the only supply of drinking water kept in the whole of College, with its attendant satellites of two rather more battered enamelled cups. This jug has to be refilled by the junior fag on a shout of "Cloi-oister P" from the Captain of Chamber or senior boy present at the time. As soon as he hears the magic cry the fag seizes the jug and rushes downstairs, across the School Yard and into the cloisters, where he fills the jug and returns at top of his speed. It was at one time considered a great jest to pass the word for all the fags to leave Chamber quietly and then to shout, so that some boy who was not a fag and was not very popular should have to perform the duty, much to his own disgust and the delight of the multitude assembled outside the door. The water thus procured is religiously kept for drinking. Should any be spilt, the spiller is at once seized and his head placed under the table: whereat the captain, or his representative, inflicts seven stripes on him with a very stiff canvas-lined indiarubber "siphon," or pipe used for

filling baths by attaching it to the water taps in the stalls or rooms. These siphons are supplied to every boy in College and fulfil numerous duties other than those for which they were originally intended, being frequently used as weapons of offence and defence, and also as trumpets and fog-horns in moments of enthusiasm. Should any unlucky wight upset a whole jug of Cloister P, he at once receives ten from a siphon, a punishment which, in the opinion of many, hurts considerably more than a caning. This, as it may be guessed, puts rather a check on cricket and football, as the jug may not be moved from the table without express permission. Behind the table stands the old Chamber fireplace, a large open grate many years old, affixed to rather a gloomy mantel of black plaster and flanked by an immense wooden coal-box capable of holding more than half a hundred-weight of coal. Great "bloods," such as Collegers in the Eight or Eleven, are wont to stroll in and burn their names on it with a red-hot poker, a deed which shows that the inscriber is one of great eminence, though why I am afraid I cannot tell you.

Chamber fire during the winter has to be kept up by the fags, who take the duty in rotation. It is never allowed to fall below the top bar except by the unanimous wish of the boys on hot evenings. It is no excuse that the offender was playing football or cricket, and that the fire went down in his absence: he must either make arrangements to have it kept up, or pile it up so that it will remain all right until his return. Should it fall below the first bar, the luckless fag who is to blame receives seven with a siphon, below the second bar fourteen, and should the fire go out altogether, a "Chamber siphoning," or two from each occupant, amounting to twenty-eight stripes in all. Once when I was Captain of Chamber I found ten or eleven boys sitting round watching the dying fire, preferring to sit in the cold all the evening, if they might only see the almost unheard of punishment of a Chamber siphoning, rather than warn the unconscious "fire fag" in his stall. I disappointed them however by treating it as a one bar case and making them restore the fire themselves.

As he stands by the table it may perhaps strike

the visitor that there is a little noise going on. There certainly is, and it is at first rather worrying, if one wants to work; but one soon gets used to it. No one ever thinks of going to his friend's stall to speak to him, he merely addresses a remark, from wherever he happens to be, loud enough to be heard, and when fifteen boys with fine healthy lungs are each expressing their opinion as to whether Sploggs *major* will win the Steeplechase, or some other event of absorbing interest, well—"parrot houses ain't in it," as a long-suffering boys' maid once pathetically remarked to me. Well, well, it does no harm, it is better than sitting cooped up in a dingy little room not knowing a solitary soul and feeling very lonely indeed, a stage which many a young Oppidan goes through in his early days. If any boy really finds a difficulty in working through the noise, I don't think you will find any fag-master in College who will not allow his fag to work in the warmth and seclusion of his own room as often as he likes, and be glad now and again to give him some small assistance up the steep road leading to the summit of Parnassus or

show him the way through some ponderous and obscure passage of Thucydides; in my humble opinion a very kind and helpful indulgence.

Just as the argument *in re* Sploggs has reached its height, and the Captain of Chamber, who alone has not spoken, has roared "Less Noise" in a stentorian voice, but without much effect, a long-drawn distant shout of "He-e-e-ere" comes faintly down the passage. Instantly there is silence, and then every curtain flies back, a wild rush taking place in the direction of the voice. The boys perhaps strike the casual onlooker as being somewhat untidy and dishevelled. Fags sometimes are, I fear, and also it is still early in the September Half, and the new boys have not quite found their feet yet and got into Eton ways. As soon as the rush is well started a rather older boy strolls out towards us and sits carelessly down at the table, perhaps not sorry (dare I suggest it?) to show the strangers that he at any rate is not bound by the thrall of servitude, or in other words that he is no longer a fag. We leave him however and, taking advantage of an empty stall, pull aside the curtain

and look inside. Against the back wall stands a large wooden box about five and a half feet high, into which the bed shuts up during the daytime. In passages the boys are allowed much longer beds, the boxes of which are shrouded by red curtains and plentifully supplied with pegs, thus making very efficient wardrobes. Between the bed and the wall a space is always left to receive dirty clothes, football boots and such gear as cannot be stowed in the drawers.

This space is known by the old and remarkable name of the "glory corner," a seeming misnomer, as only defiled clothes are placed in it. For remaining furniture the stall contains the tap and basin, a bath (secured to a hook in the wall when not in use), the "burry" and a table. A Windsor chair is supplied and occasionally supplemented by a deck or easy chair, or camp-stool. The curtains are all red serge, and all the tablecloths of the same pattern, a red background with impossible black flowers on it. A few pictures and photographs are generally seen, and a mat over the linoleum to stand on while dressing. A mirror is

also provided. Underneath the high window is an immense sill, which is usually the receptacle for all kinds of "duds," to use a Yankee expression. The most prominent features about the walls are as a rule the inmate's gown and surplice, an article worn by every Colleger on Sundays and Saints' days when in Chapel.

A stall may not be palatial, but it is quite comfortable and seems delightful after a private school dormitory. Every boy on arrival is provided with a Windsor chair, a bath and a can, which are put down to the charge of his parents. These necessaries are a decidedly good speculation, and I doubt if you would obtain anywhere else a bath, can or chair which would last you nearly all your life despite rough usage, as I know very many of those bought by young Collegers have done.

A boy when he first arrives is also provided with a gown and surplice, neither of which he is allowed to wear until the quaint old ceremony of "gowning" has taken place. This is usually performed after Hall one afternoon, when the newcomers are ushered by the Master in College into

the Fellows' library, where they kneel wearing their gowns before the Provost, who, laying his hands on the head of each, says the following words:

"Ego (*here the full names of the Provost*), Praepositus Beatae Mariae de Etona, admitto te (*here insert name of scholar*) in nomine Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti."

After this they are properly admitted as Foundation Scholars.

The gowns worn are similar in cut to those worn at King's College, Cambridge, but are very much heavier, being made of thick black cloth. They are never worn outside the School buildings except when actually walking from or to School or Chapel. Also they are only worn in regular school hours; thus a boy proceeding to "extras," a regular part of school routine, which allows those who are fairly high up in the School to specialize in some branch of work, would never think of wearing his gown. Pegs are considerately provided just inside the gates of School Yard, so that boys wishing to go down town between schools can leave their gowns where they can get at them easily without having to go

all the way to their rooms. These gowns may be supplemented by new ones every three years, but they are not the property of the wearer, who, on leaving, has to hand them over to one of the College servants as a perquisite, which is, in my opinion, a great shame. The surplices are magnificent pieces of work, being of the old-fashioned, fully-pleated lawn and requiring an immense amount of stuff. They are always made with three deep tucks in them, which are gradually taken out as the owner increases in stature. They are of the same pattern as those worn at King's College, Cambridge, and are generally taken into use again should the wearer go on to the College which Henry the Sixth originally founded for the benefit of the scholars of Eton. While wearing their gowns all Collegers, except Sixth Form and Liberty, as before mentioned, wear ordinary top hats, but with a surplice no headdress is worn.

This digression has taken me a long way from my subject, so I must apologise to my readers and return to my description of Chamber.

Only four stalls require any special mention

above the others, and they are the four corner ones. The first one on the left as you enter is the Captain of Chamber's. It has two great advantages in being near the door and having a double window, which of course makes a tremendous difference in the light. A few years ago the Master in College presented a picture of the old Long Chamber to this stall, a fine old engraving, which has become the perquisite of successive Captains. Each one on getting into passages writes his name on the back, giving the dates between which he was in office, thus forming what may some day be rather an interesting memorial. There is nothing remarkable about the corresponding stall on the other side, but the two at the other end are both worth peeping into. The one on the left as you go down contains in the back panelling a secret door, which has long been screwed up, leading to a passage by which in the old days the Head Master used occasionally to enter College by night to see that all was correct. This door was opened a few years ago to see what remained of the passage, but it was found to be bricked up inside, after which, during the time at

any rate that I remained in the School, it was not screwed up again. The line of the passage can still easily be traced in the panelling outside the Head Master's schoolroom at the back of Chamber. Dr. Keate is said to haunt College regularly, entering by this means, but, although I slept for three halves in the stall, I was never fortunate enough to see a manifestation of him. In the corresponding stall on the other side there is in the side wall about six feet from the ground a small iron cupboard containing a bell-pull connected to a wire, which is still visible outside. This bell dates from the days when all Collegers were locked into Chamber at ten o'clock every night, and only had communication with the outside world by means of it. It originally rang in the porter's rooms and was used in cases of sickness or emergency.

Chamber and all that therein is is kept in order by the Captain of Chamber, who is an autocrat in the highest sense of the word. He has a few traditional laws to enforce and makes others as it suits him. There is no appeal against his word, and any attempt at disobedience is instantly punished by a

siphoning. He is sometimes only a fag himself, but he has complete control over all the other fags. Should his subjects become mutinous he has Sixth Form to back him up, but should he himself become slack they are down on him at once. If he takes a real interest in his job he may do a great deal of good in showing small boys the way they should go and in preventing eccentric or effeminate youths from being ragged more than is good for them. New boys freshly removed from private school care, and having an innate dislike for cold water, are sometimes prone to forget to wash themselves sufficiently. No one at Eton will tolerate dirtiness for an instant. The offender is mildly ragged and it is explained to him that he is an unsavoury object: but should the Apostle of Cleanliness become too full of righteous indignation and begin to do any real damage to the boy or his belongings, the captain steps in at once and probably siphons them. If the youth still remains unclean, consultation is held and a "Chamber washing" decided on. The victim is placed in a cold bath in the space before the fire and vigorously scrubbed by everyone

present, probably before an amused audience of Sixth Form and passage boys. This treatment never fails to produce the desired effect, but, as it usually produces rather a disorderly scene, permission is obtained beforehand from the Captain of the School. Such occurrences are however very rare, be it said to the credit of College, and I only remember one "Chamber washing" during my whole time at Eton. Should Chamber become stuffy at any time, the captain merely has to shout "Chamber windows," when the windows of every stall must be opened at once, whether the occupant likes it or not. The evening begins to get dark: "Chamber gas" is called, and every burner immediately lighted. I am speaking of course of Chamber as I knew it before the installation of the electric light. The captain further has the power of ordering any boy's stall to be forbidden entry, should the occupant wish to be unmolested. Any damage done to the papers is at once punished, and it is also forbidden to cut up a name anywhere except in one's own stall, this last rule being made, I believe, by the authorities.

Many and various were the ways in which we used to kill time in the long winter evenings. Cricket, football and even paper dart throwing all had their turns. At one time it was considered a great thing to take up one of the boards and search for any money that might have been dropped through the cracks; I do not think any was ever found, and, as the "Weekly Despatch" had not yet started everyone doing the same thing, Sixth Form were brutal enough to interfere and end this exhilarating sport. Wednesday is a great day in Chamber, for it is then that the Master sits at the table after prayers and doles out the weekly sum of one shilling pocket money, an amount that may be increased or decreased according to the wishes of the boy's parents. If a boy wishes, he may let his shillings save up and draw them out in a lump any Wednesday that he likes, a most convenient arrangement. The only money actually given to the Collegers by the authorities is on "Threepenny Day," an annual festival coming round on Feb. 27, when every Colleger receives a new threepenny bit from the Provost in Hall. I do not know what

endowment the money comes from, but in the old days it was given as the price of half a sheep! the boys being supposed to have a good feed at least once a year.

Another amusement that was considered very witty was to change the name plates over the stalls, and then worry some boy until in desperation he rushed to his stall and, either in jest or earnest, requested that everyone should be refused admittance, being greatly discomfited to find that he was not in his own stall at all and could not keep his tormentors out. A more absurd amusement still was to make "Chamber stink" by throwing a glass of water on to the fire bars, when a cloud of evil-smelling dust and steam rose into the air and finally settled on everything. This offensive trick finally became a penal offence and was only indulged in by the captain and boys who came in from passages and wished to show that they were above the laws governing their juniors. Let us hope that the march of civilisation has relegated this "amusement" at least into the memories of the past.

At a quarter to ten every night the captain shouts "Stalls" at the top of his voice, after which no one may leave his habitation without permission. At five minutes to the hour he shouts, "Five minutes to, stop talking," and on the stroke of ten one of Sixth Form comes in and sees all lights out. Talking then becomes general until the half hour, when the captain shouts "Good-night all, stop talking," after which silence reigns supreme till half-past six or seven next morning, when the unwelcome voice of "Bob" breaks into one's slumbers with "Now then Mr. Blank, sir, 'arf pas' six, sir, early school at seven, sir."

I must not forget the Chamber Debating Society, or Chamber "Pop," which meets, or at any rate used to meet, every Saturday night in the Master in College's pupil room. It discusses very learned subjects such as "The Advantages of Cavalry as an Arm of War," and usually consists of about six members. The speeches are recorded in a book kept for the purpose, and it is curious to observe that most of the decisions on points of national importance differ from the views held by the world at large in a

most unaccountable manner. The society has had a chequered career, frequently being dissolved, and then suddenly springing to life again, somewhat after the manner of the Phoenix.

A boy has a very merry time in Chamber taken all round; it is noisy certainly, and somewhat primitive in its methods, but very sociable and quite comfortable. Also he gets to know the boys with whom he will be intimately associated for the next five or six years very early in the day, which is always a good thing. If the captain is tyrannical and disagreeable, the pleasure is to a certain extent marred; but, if a new boy is really unhappy during his first year, he nearly always has no one but himself to blame, the most usual cause being that he has been spoilt at home, or pampered at an expensive private school, and so cannot knuckle under to the discipline, which is, or used to be, exceedingly strict, and consequently remarkably wholesome.

Before closing my chapter I propose to give an account of a great event that takes place yearly in Chamber during the winter half: namely, "Chamber Singing."

This ancient and cherished festival is celebrated annually on the first Saturday after fires are allowed, generally about the middle of October. A meeting is held in Chamber, which is attended by practically the whole of College, when all the new boys, and anyone who has not sung before, have to stand on Chamber table and sing a song of not less than three verses. The audience sit round in a semicircle, all the chairs being brought from the stalls for the occasion and supplemented by some from the passages. Many boys select the tops of stalls as coigns of vantage, perfectly oblivious of the probable state of their nether-garments on reaching the ground again. The chairman, who is always the top boy of last year's election, sits in the centre and controls the proceedings.

As Chamber Singing is always both amusing and interesting, I do not think that I can do better than to give an account of the last one that I attended before leaving Eton for good. If any of my readers perchance see themselves portrayed in my little sketch, I crave pardon, and can only express a hope that no one will be dissatisfied with his likeness.

Several of us were sitting one cold October evening finishing tea in Upper tea-room, and freely discussing the play of the Oppidan Wall Eleven, who had won their first match that afternoon, when our conversation was interrupted by someone suddenly exclaiming: "By Jove, it's Chamber Singing to-night, let's go." "I generally do go to festivals of that sort about two hours before they start," I remarked; "I think it encourages . . ." My caustic witticism was here interrupted by a third speaker, who shouted as loud as bread and marmalade would permit: "That madman Mankfield will have to sing, poor devil; what larks!" These somewhat mixed sentiments were interrupted by a general laugh, when the first speaker said: "Singing is bad enough for a sane mortal, it must be fearsome for a lunatic like Mankfield." The youth in question was of a class usually dubbed by schoolboys as "rum specimens." He was not in reality, I suppose, any madder than Tooler, who got the Newcastle, or Martin the Captain of the Boats, but appearances were certainly against him. He was very small and freckled, his face was perfectly

round with an absurd snub nose in the centre. He had a wandering eye, and his hair was usually in the condition described by our friends across the Channel as "*coupé en brosse*," while his clothes not infrequently bore clear traces of his last meal: also, to crown all, he stuttered. This wretched boy was, I fear, somewhat ragged by young Collegers and also by his Division, who with one accord sized him up as being "mad." I believe this ragging really did him a great deal of good, but I fancy his first year at Eton must have been a strenuous one. He was naturally the butt of most practical jokes and the hero of many improbable stories, so his rapidly approaching vocal effort was looked forward to with the greatest interest by everyone who was to be privileged (?) to hear it. About an hour after the conversation above detailed we troop in a leisurely manner towards Chamber, where there are already signs of something unusual impending. Upon the door is pinned up the list of singers, each glorified by the title of "Mr." with the names of their songs following. Round the already cleared table is a circle of chairs occupied by the élite in a state of disorderly

excitement, while on a long form by the fire-place sit the singers looking preternaturally solemn and uncomfortable.

Punctually at 7.30 the chairman announces the name of the first performer, who climbs on the table and sings a few verses in a hollow and unemotional tone under audible comments from his audience, who nevertheless chivalrously give him a round of applause, when, after a somewhat abrupt ending, he jumps heavily on to the floor. Other singers follow, some singing serious songs in a dreary and cracked tone, while others roar them out without regard to tune or time. A few hoary old airs are well received, though every song, good or bad, gets a certain amount of applause. A few misguided individuals think that they will make a great hit in the comic line, but only succeed in getting themselves generally disliked. At last, when all the other new boys have sung, Mankfield's turn arrives. His appearance from behind the table with a doleful and dirty expression is greeted with a roar of laughter, calculated to bewilder a far stronger mind than his. As he climbs up he is made the target

for a salvo of paper balls and sugar, the throwers of which are politely (!) requested to "stow it," one or two of the more unruly being thrown out in the approved music hall style. Meanwhile the cause of the disturbance, speechless from nervousness, has been getting up steam with sundry clicks and grunts and cruising round the table in a manner that seriously alarms us for its safety. At last, instead of bursting into melody, as we had hoped, he splutters out: "B-b-but I d-d-d-don't kn-now any song." A yell of laughter from everybody greets this announcement, and shouts arise on all sides: "Let him get down"; "No, no, go on"; "Sing 'Three Blind Mice': 'Three Blue Bottles': 'Mary had a Little Lamb'" (this from some humourist in the background) and so on *ad infinitum*, suggestions that reduce the wretched youth to a still further stage of imbecility. At last he begins to click and whirr again, but all to no avail, and after some renewed uproar he is permitted to get down on the distinct understanding that he is to sing again (?) next year.

As this was the last Chamber Singing that I ever

attended, I cannot say whether he did make another vocal effort or not: but I hope that he was magnanimously overlooked. After order has been restored, the chairman rises and sings: "There was an old nigger whose name was Uncle Ned." He has a clear and pleasant voice and his song is loudly applauded. On his again taking his seat many others are called upon, and the invariable "Emperor of China," "Clementine," and "Green grow the rushes oh" are rendered with considerable spirit. The Keeper of the Wall is called on for the "Song of the Wall," the words of which few people know for certain, while the Keeper of College Aquatics obliges with the "Boating Song." The Captain of the School, who happens to be leaving at the end of the half, then sings our magnificent "Vale," written by Mr. A. C. Ainger, whose pathetic words produce a momentary hush, soon to be dispelled by the raucous airs of "Balm in Gilead" and "What's to do with a drunken sailor," the choruses of both being prolonged *ad libitum*. After this someone suddenly suggests that it is ten past nine and that supper is in full swing, whereupon the meeting hurriedly

adjourns to refresh itself with truly British beef and beer, the latter beverage being particularly grateful to dry throats. As the songsters pass through School Yard on their way to Hall snatches of songs and choruses are loudly and discordantly bawled out, I hope from mere light-heartedness and with no ulterior motive of annoying the long-suffering Master. The dwellers in Chamber are left each trying to find his own chair in the improvised auditorium, and congratulating themselves on their first and last compulsory attendance at Chamber Singing.

In order to make the foregoing chapter a perfectly true description, I have a sad duty to perform, one that I have purposely left to the last moment.

A few months back I paid a visit to Eton, and, as a matter of course, entered Chamber to view my old stall. What a change had taken place there! The old oak ceiling was covered over with white flaring sheets of fireproof Uralite, all the window-bars had their centres cut away to admit of escape through them, if necessary, and, most terrible of all, the old fireplace, that had been used with perfect safety for so many years, had been condemned as

unsafe and replaced by a young furnace in the form of a new grate surrounded by coloured tiles of the most offensive hue. I could not bear to investigate further for fear that I should find a steel-plated table, asbestos curtains and other things equally horrible. These precautions are the results of the late fatal fire at Mr. Kindersley's house, and are, I suppose, all for the best, but they seem very strange to an old boy, making such a great alteration as they do in the most ancient and most delightfully old-fashioned part of dear Mother Eton.

CHAPTER IV.

PASSAGES. TEA-ROOMS. READING-ROOM. COLLEGE "POP."

STRICTLY speaking, the word "passages" only describes to a Colleger the two double rows of rooms along the passages in New Buildings, but for the purposes of this book I propose to make it include Sixth Form passage, the Tower and the "Muke," of which more anon.

It is a great day for a boy when he gets out of Chamber, and obtains at last a little domain of his own, diminutive perhaps, but indisputably his. He can now have his people down to tea, and entertain them in his own castle without borrowing from a friend, as he had to do in Chamber. He can surround himself with more comforts, more books, more pictures, an easy chair or two perhaps and any little knick-knacks that he may particularly prize,

without the risk of an erring football popping in and destroying them.

A boy when he is getting to fourteen or fifteen years of age begins to develop his faculties. He has held his scholarship for a twelvemonth, or possibly longer, and time is beginning to show whether he was skilfully crammed for the examination or whether he is a lad of real promise. He probably finds on finishing his time in Chamber that he does not know much more than he did on entering, solely because he has been getting into Eton ways and Eton hours. Many private schools do in their top forms work quite as hard as in the Lower Fifth at Eton, but they do not do nearly so much of it. About the time a boy gets into passages he may begin to show tendencies towards some special branch of work, Classics, Mathematics, or more rarely Science. He begins to take his work more seriously and to think of going in for junior or Assistant Masters' prizes, being very glad consequently to get a room of his own, where he can keep his books and instruments and work more or less uninterruptedly during the evenings. His tutor has for the first year been

carefully watching and waiting for the first signs of what he is going to do, and whether he is going to become a scholar or not.

Naturally I am not able to speak authoritatively on this subject, but I always imagine that tutors do not expect much of boys during their first year. They must, at any rate, if they are old Collegers, know the difficulties that surround work in Chamber, and also the feelings produced in a boy by the complete change from the restraint of a private school to the almost unrestricted liberty enjoyed by Etonians. The tutorial system is peculiar, I believe, to Eton, and I propose to give a detailed account of it in a later chapter.

Life in passages is in many ways not unlike that in Chamber. We are quieter, tidier and probably have more self-respect; fags are no longer amongst us, and we affect to look on them with scorn. We are allowed the use of College Reading Room, and begin to talk of Lower Boat or Upper Sixpenny (cricket) colours as possibilities, not ideals. It has happened that boys in Chamber have got colours, but they are exceptions and few and far between. Up till now the budding athlete has only

shown his prowess in the "College Junior" or Chamber Sports; but now he may, if he fancies himself, enter for the School Junior Sports with a good chance of winning a cup to decorate a bracket in his room. A junior at Eton is any boy under sixteen years of age, and there are a large number of races open to them alone, which excite nearly as much interest as the corresponding School events. There is nothing to prevent a junior entering for any of the School Sports, if he thinks himself good enough, and records shew the names of several winners who were under sixteen; but in these cases the entries have usually been very feeble or the junior a boy whose name as an athlete has been known a few years later throughout the length and breadth of the land. Upper Sixpenny cricket colours are also only held by juniors. During his second winter the boy begins to show whether he is going to be any good at football, and which game he has a turn for, the Wall or Field. He moves, unless he is hopelessly bad, into Lower College game, where he is no longer considered as a beginner, but as a player, who should improve every

day. In the summer, if he is a "wet-bob," he thinks no longer of Lower Boy races, which are also open to College fags, but begins to turn his thoughts to Novice Pulling and Sculling, races open to every boy in the School who has no boat colours. If a "dry-bob," the cricket clubs fill his mind, and he wonders if he has any chance before the half ends of wearing the brown and white cap of Sixpenny or the blue and white of Lower Club.

Life in passages is not so exposed to the world as in Chamber, and the casual visitor thinks perchance that it is very orderly and somewhat dull. He is wrong, entirely wrong. When a boy enters passages the good time of his school life is just beginning, and in the intervals of his work he commences a thorough round of healthy, and I fear frequently illicit, enjoyment. If he is a clean-minded, athletic youth he goes in furiously for cricket, football or rowing. He goes mad over his batting average, or is always trying his "rigger" (a light fixed-seat racing boat allowed to be used by anyone not a Lower Boy) during short "after fours" until he can handle it to his satisfaction. If he is not

particularly good at games, he sets to seriously with his books, not showing his prowess to others like the athlete, but laying very likely the foundations of a world-wide reputation fifteen years later. For the boys who think that they can become men a year or two earlier by secret drinking, smoking and other kindred amusements, neither working nor playing with all their hearts, I have no word save that of contempt, but I will express a pious hope that they may find out their mistake in time.

Among the rooms themselves one may happen upon not a few interesting things, making it not very difficult to get a very fair idea of the character of the occupant by a casual glance through his door. Passing from Sixth Form passage by the letter slab into New Buildings, we see a few steps on the left leading to a small black door, showing indistinctly on its battered surface the number 27, painted in a sad and bilious-coloured gamboge. This is Bottom Tower room, at present tenanted by the Captain of the School, who also holds the offices of Keeper of the Wall and the Fives. He has his School Field and Twenty-two, and is Keeper of College Field

Eleven, not to mention a host of other distinctions; furthermore he is working fairly hard for a scholarship at Oxford. At present, it being a fine Saturday afternoon, he is not indoors, so we can spare a few moments to inspect his apartment without fear of interruption.

The first object that strikes the eye is a large document trimmed with broad light-blue silk and hung up in a conspicuous position on the wall. It has a big heading "Rules of the Eton Society" and is tastefully decorated with a criss-cross pattern of canes tied up with bows of blue ribbon. This denotes that the owner belongs to "Pop," perhaps the most coveted distinction in the School, and one conveying an immense number of privileges with it. Canes by the way seem to be one of the staple decorations of the room; they are hung on nearly every picture and are of all sorts and sizes, denoting that the occupant of the room is in Sixth Form and has powers, figuratively speaking, of life and death over fags. All round the walls are different coloured ribbons pinned up in a pattern of two *Z*'s placed face to face, denoting the colours

that their owner has gained since he first came to the School, some being old and begrimed with the dirt of years, while others, such as the School Field and Twenty-two, are obviously very new. On top of the "burry" stands a handsome silver cup in a worn leather case. This cup belongs to the Keeper of the Wall and has been handed down from boy to boy for several generations. It was once the property of J. K. Stephen, a very famous Keeper, and has the names of his eleven, which defeated the Oppidans by a record score, engraved upon it. After his sad death it was presented as an heirloom to College, where it has remained ever since. On the other side of the room stands a corresponding cup, the property of the Keeper of College Field. It belonged at one time to Mr. H. C. Goodhart, who was Keeper of the Field when Stephen kept the Wall. After his brother's death Mr. A. M. Goodhart, late master in College, presented it in his memory. All round the room are Eton pictures, curios and caricatures, the majority of which have caps of various colours and ages tastefully displayed on them. Above the mantelpiece a general printed

letter from the late Queen, thanking the boys for their torchlight procession at the time of her Diamond Jubilee, shows out very conspicuously. Several of the pictures look somewhat old, the frames being considerably battered and chipped. These were probably given to the boy by his fag-master in the days when he was a fag. There are many pictures and little odds and ends, such as brackets and vases, that pass from boy to boy in this manner, each holder passing them on to his fag when he leaves. No one knows how old they are, or how many people have possessed them, and they continue in circulation till they fall to bits with age, or till some boy, not having risen high enough to have a fag of his own, forgets to dispose of his share and carries it off with him. It is a very nice custom for a fag-master to give his fag a few useful things when he leaves, as they help to make his room cheerful when he first gets out of Chamber, and has not had time, or perhaps even sufficient coin, to start decorating his new abode. Turning our backs to one of these pictures we are immediately confronted by the table, which stands in the

centre of the room. On it and even on the floor around it lie a very large number of books in considerable disorder. An immense Lexicon occupies a prominent place, and all round are jumbled together rough and fair copies of Latin verses, Greek Iambics and even History papers, a sign that the Captain, though a hard worker, finds that his athletic pursuits make it necessary sometimes to polish off a large amount of work at once, and dart quickly from one subject to another. As we are still looking round, a small boy enters dragging a bath and carrying a Brobdignagian hot-water can. These he carefully arranges by the washing-stand and proceeds, oblivious of our presence, to make up the fire. From these signs we gather that the owner of the room will soon be returning, and, fearing that he may resent our intrusion, beat a hasty retreat. We wander maybe into one or two other rooms, but they are all much alike. One perhaps has no ribbon on the wall, but photographs of places in Italy or Greece, engravings of famous busts, finely bound prizes in a glazed bookcase and one or more Oxford and Cambridge certificates

framed on the wall, denoting the abode of the scholar, or in Eton parlance the "sap." Another room obviously belongs to a wet-bob; the wall is covered with plain-coloured ribbons, with the names of the boats that the owner has rowed in, in gold letters on them. Small silk flags, denoting the colours under which he has raced, are given prominent positions. Other rooms glitter with the silver trophies of the athlete, or the choice engravings of the youthful connoisseur; but large or small they are all cheerfully got up, as the smallest boy has a perfectly free hand to purchase anything that he may wish, or can afford, if he thinks that it will enhance his comfort. One or two rooms require special mention. In Sixth Form passage one of the smaller rooms has a most curiously painted mantelpiece covered with some more or less artistic designs in oils, the work of some past Etonian, who has chosen this quaint method of perpetuating an unknown name. Another room has the winners of the Derby from 1856 carved upon the panelling, originally the work of some sporting enthusiast, but now only kept up as a matter of sentiment. During

the yearly visit of the plasterer a large space high up on the wall of Sixth Form passage is always left uncovered. On it in brown paint, beginning to pale with age, is the name Jno. Loding roughly painted up, with the date 1774. I wonder if Mr. Loding ever dreamt how jealously his hasty autograph was to be preserved for future generations to gaze on. Towards the end of Upper passage are two rooms hidden away down a small recess, known as the "Muke." One of them is very large and well lighted, and is generally patronized by some member of Sixth Form who is desirous of privacy, but does not wish to be banished to Top Tower. The rooms at the ends of the passages are much larger than the others, and were at one time much used by the exponents of the noble art of self-defence as an arena and School of Arms. From Lower passage there is a door communicating straight with the Staying-out Rooms, supposed only to be used in cases of emergency or at night. I doubt however if anyone has ever seen the key of it; certainly no one had up to the time that I left the School.

Many are the amusements, some of them rather pointless perhaps, that go on in passages of a night-time. Wild chases take place up one set of stairs, down another, half round the building, in and out of half a dozen rooms, until pursuer or pursued drops exhausted from exertion or laughter. A certain amount of passage football is played, but not nearly so much as in Chamber. Harmless games of cards, such as Whist, Pope Joan, Nap, and I suppose now-a-days Bridge, are occasionally indulged in. There is a stupid rule forbidding these, as they are supposed to encourage gambling. Mild practical jokes, usually leading to a wild mêlée, are sometimes the order of the day. I remember one boy having half an ounce of gunpowder secreted in his candle, which suddenly, while he was peacefully working, fizzed up like a gigantic squib, and filled his room with smoke to his unbounded horror and amazement. At one time the loft under the roof was used as a smoking room by Sixth Form, but the trap-door leading to it was screwed up on discovery and the entrance rendered impracticable. Some years ago, during a small fire on the other side of Weston's Yard, two of

the boys tried to work one of the College hoses on to it, but, finding the jet not strong enough, abandoned the attempt. Forthwith some festive youth turned the still flowing hose down the passage, causing considerable damage to the surrounding scenery. Water fights were quite common at one time, but, during one of them, the Master's quarters were somewhat badly flooded, after which they were discontinued. Not long ago some adventurous spirits discovered a way out on to the roof that could be used with great effect after dark, and for some time "tile-scrambling" became quite a popular sport. The secret was known only to a few, and was discovered owing to one of the initiated leaving his scarf behind him. He was obliged to confess the means of egress to save himself from expulsion, and by bricking up a window the authorities made this pastime impossible. The route taken was very complicated and required a considerable amount of up and down climbing, being incidentally rather dangerous, which to the schoolboy mind naturally added considerable zest to the undertaking. On the last night of the half a great deal goes on in passages; most boys leave by the 7.30

special to London next morning, and no one ever finishes packing before 1 a.m. All lights are turned out as usual at 11 o'clock, and every one supposed to be in bed; but on the contrary they wander up and down borrowing candles and saying good-night or good-bye to each other for hours. The Master, hearing suspicious noises, usually starts down the passage to see what is the matter, and then most amusing scenes are witnessed. He finds hardly a boy in his room, but he finds not a soul outside, the absentees dodging him most cleverly round the building. His progress is hampered by many natural obstacles in the form of portmanteaux and play-boxes, and, at the end of his rounds, he is not as a rule in the most angelic of tempers. Now and again he makes a big haul of people in one room and trouble ensues, but as a rule he is prepared to pass over a great deal on the strength of its being "last night."

We will now leave passages, and, turning down the stairs, wend our way towards the tea-rooms. They are two in number, and are known as Upper and Lower respectively. As regards furniture and

appearance they are much alike, barring the fact that one is nearly twice as big as the other. The rooms themselves are not very interesting and require but little description.

Upper tea-room, which is by far the bigger of the two, contains three long tables, two against the walls and one down the middle, also a small square table in a recess, where the four top boys sit. The room is lighted by a large panelled window divided into six panes running along one side. There is a big cupboard on one wall where tea and sugar are stored, and the boys keep jam and any private foods that they may fancy. The other walls are plastered and embellished to about a third of their height by a dark wood dado. There is a large fireplace containing a small hot-water boiler in one corner, and above it is a board on which are inscribed the names of all the scholars and medallists in the Newcastle Scholarship ever since its foundation in 1829.

Lower tea-room has only two tables running along the sides, a much smaller fireplace and a similar square table and recess to Upper tea-room. Both rooms were in my time lighted by gas, which

I suppose has now been superseded by electric light.

Lower tea-room contains boys from about the tail of Middle Fifth Form to the bottom of Lower Fifth, while the remainder, up to about five or six places off Division I., mess in Upper tea-room. Every boy, unless he be particularly disagreeable or unsociable, joins with three or four others to form a "mess," which usually provides a common stock of jam and other comestibles, the necessaries of life such as bread, butter, tea and sugar being provided by the College. A hot breakfast has for the last few years been supplied as well: but before that time boys could have a sixpenny or shilling breakfast sent in daily from a shop outside, and charged (with written consent) to their parents. Hot water for tea is obtained from kettle room, the kitchen just across the passage, out of immense urns, the top table in Upper tea-room alone having a large kettle for its exclusive use, which has to be brought in daily by the junior boy on the order "kettles" being given by the senior present. Hot water may not be drawn from the boilers or toast made at the fire without

permission, both water and fire being preserved for the select table. Each tea-room has a captain, who sees that the above-mentioned privileges are not encroached on and keeps order to a certain extent. Anyone disobeying his orders is liable to be "forked," that is to be chastised with a toasting fork before the assembled multitude. This rather distressing punishment is fairly common in Lower tea-room, but is not often resorted to by the elder boys.

Breakfast takes place immediately after early school and tea immediately after "lock-up," except in the summer when the most usual time is after six o'clock "absence." Both are movable feasts, especially tea, which sometimes goes on for nearly two hours. At breakfast people are usually in a hurry and very likely have work to do before Chapel, so there is not much conversation indulged in, but at tea nearly everybody is looking forward to the long evening, and but few are really busy and desirous of getting away, which makes the meal a great time for gossip. A common topic of conversation in Lower tea-room is the delinquencies of fag-masters. A boy will come in and say with bated

breath: "I say, Smith *minimus* has upset Tooler's eggs and bacon all down the stairs. Tooler's most frightfully sick about it." Smith here enters and is greeted with cheers, his probable fate being freely discussed. The general consensus of opinion is that he will be worked off, and the conversation turns on different styles of castigation. Everybody assures the unfortunate Smith, who is a new boy and has not suffered before, that it hurts frightfully, etc., etc. The culprit meanwhile attempts to assume a jaunty air and to pretend that he likes the idea, but his gaiety is too obviously forced to be a success. An elder boy here wanders in, and, sitting down at the square table, turns round in his chair and begins to heat a toasting fork red-hot, for no particular reason except that he is allowed to do so and the denizens of the other tables are not without incurring the penalty of a forking. When he has bent the fork so that it is practically useless he throws it down and commences his tea and at the same time a discourse on the coming St. Andrew's Day match, in which he rather freely criticizes the play of both Elevens. To the casual observer he appears to be nothing more

than a bumptious fool, but his manner belies him. He is a fine player at all games that he cares for, and is considered nearly certain of his shorts this winter: also he is almost top of his election and is considered by his tutor to be a "coming man." He is merely suffering from a very common complaint: having come into notice while still young he doesn't want these new boys to forget it. In a very few years he will probably play for the School and keep College Field; a very good Keeper he will be too.

More boys have trooped in by this time and conversation is becoming general. Those who have plenty of jam or sardines are eating placidly, while those who have finished theirs are begging shamelessly from their more fortunate neighbours. Suddenly a hue and cry arises. Our friend of the toasting fork has gone to the cupboard. His sardine tin is not there! Who is the culprit? At last one boy says he is. "I'm awfully sorry, Greene, I really am, they're just alike, you know, I haven't eaten any yet."

The captain, always strong in the interests of discipline, grasps a fork, and the sardine-stealer

looks much alarmed, until Greene, who is a very good fellow at the bottom, interposes. "It's all right," he said to the captain, "he couldn't help it, I've done the same thing often enough myself." The offender looks relieved, and after being told not to be "such a bally fool again" is allowed to resume his tea. Conversation is just turning on the ever fruitful topic of the last Chamber football match, when of a sudden a tremendous uproar is heard in the next room. Shouts and yells, stamping of feet, banging of spoons, knives and forks on the table, and even bumping of chairs on the floor: a medley of noises varied occasionally by the sound of a smashing plate or cup.

Lower tea-room at once takes up the strain, and for some minutes the noise could, I should think, be heard over the entire town. Silence, after repeated orders from both captains, is at length restored, and all Lower tea-room begins asking in one voice: "Who is it? Is it Morgan or Ratcliffe or who?" These remarks may sound somewhat inconsequent, but they are easily explained. The noise that you have just heard, reader, is an "ovation," and means

that some boy has lately got a colour and is appearing for the first time in tea-room wearing a blazer, probably a borrowed one. The custom of receiving the fortunate one with terrific applause is traditional as a method of expressing the general congratulations of College. Ovations take place elsewhere than in tea-rooms only on very great occasions, when any boy who has won one of the School races, or got his Eight or Eleven, and the St. Andrew's Day team after the match are received with an ovation in Hall. The Master in College objects to such a proceeding, as it usually leads to considerable loss of crockery, but his protests have not so far led to much result. In the old days the Wall Eleven used to enter one by one and each receive an ovation, but, as two or three plates and glasses were usually smashed at each entry, this practice was stopped with some difficulty, and a general acclamation substituted, an arrangement which certainly is eminently more satisfactory.

Upper tea-room is much the same as Lower in its habits. Messes are arranged and food provided in exactly the same manner. Fashions in comestibles

are always changing. At one time the messes all used to get immense eight pound pots of jam or marmalade and became heartily sick of them before they were nearly finished. When the stuff was getting low in the pot it was almost impossible to help it with a spoon or fork, and I remember one case of a boy, who, trying to extract a few last dregs of comfort from a pot by turning it upside down, disinterred four forks which had been dropped in and had probably remained buried for weeks—rather a bad exposure of the vigilance of the servants. "Talking shop" is at all times barred and I have even known boys to be forked for persisting in doing so. Taken all round, meals in tea-room are very pleasant and are invaluable in teaching boys to be sociable and not to be too fond of airing their own opinions, a habit which is not infrequently somewhat severely snubbed. We will now leave tea-rooms and, retracing our steps past the Weston's Yard door, turn into Reading Room. A high broad room, shaped like a carpenter's gnomon, well lighted by broad windows in the day time and electric light at night, forms the Collegers'

library. An old grate standing in a deep fireplace diffuses a pleasant heat in winter, and between thirty and forty bookshelves provide a good supply of literature, Classical, scientific, serious and frivolous. The walls not occupied by bookcases are decorated with numerous photographs, chiefly College groups and old College masters. Of the three tables two are littered with papers and a third contains a writing table for the use of members of the Debating Society, which is usually but poorly supplied with pens and paper. The writing table has been a source of a great deal of bitter argument at different times. Its installation is comparatively new, and shortly after it came into being those who used it became much exercised as to the purchase of a pen-wiper. The Secretary of the Debating Society, a great upholder of tradition, insisted that a small bottle containing lead shot should be purchased, and the pens dipped into it to dry them, a method which he declared was always employed by the ancient Britons, or some such people. The Society, taken by the novelty of the idea, weakly agreed, and the shot were duly procured. After a time however the

fact that every nib used was broken by this treatment was discovered. The Society then became annoyed and determined to dissuade the Secretary from proposing such ideas in future. They passed numerous regulations, among others one stating the pen-wiper was to be known as "College shot" and that is was to be cleaned by the Secretary boiling the contents in a saucepan every Saturday night; before these regulations came into force however the bottle was removed and has not, I think, been seen since. The furniture in Reading Room is very plain and strong with the exception of one carved chair upholstered in red velvet, which I think may have been rather handsome, but now is considerably the worse for wear. It is reserved for the use of the President during College debates. All round the room are long settees, which are usually preferred to chairs, but the one at the end seems to be reserved exclusively for gowns and surplices, which are left there in heaps during the day time; hats also and books are to be found on every window sill. At one time boys used to leave their belongings about all night, so as to get them first thing in the

morning. This resulted in Reading Room being perpetually untidy, and at last a rule was made that any boy who left property about after 9.30 was to be fined sixpence, the two library fags, who clear up the room, having orders to impound all books and clothes after that hour. For some time this rule has proved a lucrative source of income to the Debating Society. Many amusing tussles are witnessed during the long winter evenings in Reading Room, the struggles generally being confined to the elder boys, as juniors are supposed to keep themselves to themselves and not annoy their neighbours; the furniture is, I fear, frequently damaged by the enthusiasm of the combatants.

The bookshelves are well stocked, and nearly all the leading dailies and weeklies may be found on the table. The selection of papers is a frequent source of trouble, as everybody wants his special hobby humoured. At one time the authorities objected to the *Sketch* as not being good for our morals, whereupon the boys retaliated by taking in the *Sporting Times*, and the matter dropped. Every boy on leaving is supposed to present some book to

the library, an excellent idea if only it were carried out. Several shelves contain standard works of reference, which may not be removed from the room, but the majority contain light literature, which may be taken out for a week, the borrower writing his name in a book kept for the purpose and checked by the library fags. New books are often purchased and the library is run very successfully excepting in the fact that the cataloguing of the books is very bad. I dare say this may be better arranged now, but up to the time that I left no satisfactory list of books even had been compiled.

The College Debating Society, known as "College Pop," which meets every Saturday night at 10 p.m. in Reading Room, is a society of considerable antiquity for a School Society. It was founded in 1855, the late Bishop of Calcutta being among the early Presidents. It consists of three officers—President, Secretary and Treasurer, and seventeen members. The only qualification for election is that the candidate shall be above the Middle Fifth and shall be properly proposed and seconded with his own consent. The candidate is disqualified by certain

numbers of black balls, varying with the number of members present. Members have to attend debates on Saturday night unless specially excused, a fine of sixpence being exacted from an absentee. A member can also be permanently suspended for disobeying the President's orders or failing to attend debates repeatedly. Members are presented with a copy of the rules, which they have trimmed with purple silk and hang up in their rooms. The officers are not elected but take their positions by seniority. The subject of the next debate is put up on a notice-board on the right of the fire-place together with any motions that are to be put forward. Members take the duty of proposing debates in turn, two being put up at each sitting; both subjects are voted for, and the one getting most votes is chosen as that for debate, a seconder, or rather an opposer, being chosen at the same time. All motions put up by private members are discussed at Private Business before every debate if they are properly proposed and seconded, the only subject forbidden debate by the rules being that of religion.

Boys not below Middle Fifth are allowed to

attend the debates as spectators, but must wear their gowns to do so. Members are not allowed to read their speeches but may take as many notes as they like, the speeches afterwards being recorded by the speakers in a book kept for the purpose. These books have been preserved from the foundation of the Society, proving in many cases a most interesting and amusing record. There have been a few attempts (the last was, if I remember right, early in 1901) to convert College Pop into a democratic assembly, and give it a voice in the control of College, or, in other words, to give ten boys not in Sixth Form a voice in the government. Sixth Form and Liberty are nearly always in College Pop, and the President is almost invariably among the first four or five in the School, while the other officers are generally not below Division I. It follows therefore that the boys who at present hold the reins are always in a very large majority in the Society, a fact that makes the idea of a democratic assembly impossible, even if it were desirable. Motions are frequently put forward suggesting alterations in *régime* that are thought

desirable, and, if passed, are meant as suggestions to the Captain of the School, but the Society has no power to coerce him should he not feel inclined to follow its advice.

Some time ago a subscription for a testimonial was got up. It was an unpopular one and scarcely any subscribers came forward. The Captain of the School then made a mistake and put up a notice demanding *2s. 6d.* from each boy. Indignation meetings prevailed, and, when it became known the Sixth Form were, in spirit at any rate, against it, the younger boys were only waiting for a lead to refuse to pay altogether. The Captain declined to withdraw his demand, and matters began to look rather serious. Somehow or other the question came up in College Pop, and he was called upon to withdraw by everyone, including Sixth Form and Liberty, present. He refused, and, I think, left the house. A stormy debate ensued, and finally it was agreed to support him as a matter of precedent, no one being quite sure what would happen if a captain was once defied.

A few small boys talked very big about refusing

to pay, but I doubt if anyone would have dared to do so. I may add that before two days had elapsed the testimonial had received subscriptions to the amount of £8 15*s*. I always consider that incident to be rather interesting, as it was in a small way the exact counterpart of a great many political occurrences in real life. An autocratic monarch makes a mistake, and at once fans into life a smouldering flame of socialism. The revolutionaries are only waiting for a leader to rebel, but no leader is to be found. Matters begin to look serious, when the Parliament, Congress, Legislative Assembly, or whatever you like to call it, steps in and requests the autocrat, who, either from pure courage or desire not to appear a fool, has remained firm, to withdraw his demand: he refuses. The assembly, who, all but a few, hold high positions in the State, begin to wonder what will happen if they pander to popular wishes. How will their own positions be affected? If the offending ruler is removed, who will succeed him? And what is to prevent the successor being removed in his turn? Furthermore, if a republic is formed, what will become of them-

selves, who are inseparably bound up in the autocracy? Their power will vanish, and those whom they look down upon now will become "each as good as the President." Impossible!! So finally they support the Monarch "out of respect for the constitution." The populace who never had much real grievance subside with a parting grunt, realizing that they might be much worse off. Boys are very like men in some ways.

The room is cleared on Saturday night just before prayers by the fags, and all the chairs arranged in circle round the room, the President's throne of state being placed in the middle with its back to the fire. A table is placed for the Secretary exactly opposite at the other end of the room. At about a quarter to ten members begin to troop in, and at ten the President takes his seat. The Secretary calls over the names, and, there being no Private Business to-night, the spectators are admitted.

The President reads the subject of the debate, and "Mr." Blank rises with the intention of convincing us that "This House considers the custom of War Correspondents accompanying armies in

the field undesirable." Many speeches are made, bad, good, and indifferent, and at about 11.15 the house divides and decides to allow War Correspondents to continue to live. Now and again a good speaker is met with among the members, or honorary members who are composed *ex officio* of those of the Society who have left the School. Anyhow the debates teach boys not to be afraid of disagreeing with others, and also perhaps do useful work in freeing a boy from nervousness which might seriously hamper him as a speaker in later life. Also they are very pleasant and amusing.

I will end my chapter with the best of wishes to the present officers and members of College Pop. May they continue in the traditions of their forefathers, and never aspire to become the "Republican Assembly of the United Free Collegers," or some such high-sounding title.

CHAPTER V.

THE KEEPER OF THE WALL. FOOTBALL COLOURS. THE WALL GAME.

AFTER the Captain of the School the most important person in College is without doubt the Senior Keeper of the Wall. The term "keeper" at Eton is used to denote the captain of any game. Thus we have the Keeper of the Wall and the Keeper of the Field, meaning the two captains of the School football Elevens: also the Keepers of the Fives and Racquets and so on. The Captain of the Boats (bare your heads, O ye readers), the Captain of the Eleven, and the Captain of the Shooting Eight are the only ones of those in authority to be known by such a title, probably because they mix more with the outside world and have been corrupted by it.

The Wall-game is in College far the most im-

portant of games, as the Colleger v. Oppidan match on St. Andrew's Day is the greatest event of the School year, the Fourth of June alone being excepted, and one to which I am, later on, devoting an entire chapter.

The Senior Keeper of the Wall runs all the football in the Michaelmas half assisted by the Junior Keeper and the Keeper of College Field, who plays second fiddle to him, unless, as occasionally happens, the two offices are combined in one. If the Keeper of College Field plays in the School Field Eleven, his position becomes correspondingly more important.

All football at Eton is compulsory, and any attempt at shirking or slackness is very severely punished, the Keeper being nearly always in Sixth Form or Liberty, and having full power of chastisement in the case of refractory or lazy small boys.

There are three games in College, "College game," in which the boys who have colours play (the vacant places being made up by the next best players), "Lower College game," in which the next junior boys play, and "Chamber game," in

which the new-comers learn the rudiments of football. Each of these games has its own keepers, appointed by the Keeper of the Wall, who arrange their own sides and, to a certain extent, times of playing. These junior keepers report any boys who may be late or slack to the authorities, who deal with them according to circumstances.

Football is played between twelve and two nearly every day of the week, on half-holiday (Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday) afternoons and, for Chamber game alone, between four and five on whole schoolday afternoons. On these days there is a compulsory kickabout for the remainder of College, which must have at least one College Wall colour in charge. It takes place in College Field, the boys being ranged in three circles, according to games, round the colours, who stand in the centre. Sixth Form and Liberty are not bound to attend. This brings me to the subject of colours, concerning which the arrangements at Eton are rather curious, so I propose to devote a few lines to the system of awarding football caps, leaving cricket and rowing to a later chapter.

The football colours that are nominally open to the whole School are as follows: "School Field," or the Eleven that plays the "Eton Field Game," and represents the School in all matches against Old Etonians or others who may play the game. The side is made up gradually throughout the season, and the colour is one of the most prized of all. The cap consists of scarlet and light blue quarters, and though it may sound rather loud, I consider it to be one of the prettiest that I have ever seen: furthermore it carries one or two privileges with it. Thus the Keeper of the Field is allowed to wear a silk cap, and the whole Eleven, if they wish to do so, white linen shorts, which are much nicer than the heavy flannel worn by the rest of the School. The colour is, like many at Eton, incomplete: that is to say that, although the cap, stockings, shirt, scarf and sash are generally worn, no blazer exists. The Eleven may also wear collared sweaters, trimmed with scarlet and light blue, a privilege only shared by five other colours.

"Mixed Wall," a cap of broad dark-blue and red stripes, is bestowed on the eleven best players

out of the Oppidan and Colleger Wall Teams on St. Andrew's Day, the winners giving six caps and the losers five. This colour is purely one of merit, and is given regardless of the places in which the recipients play—an arrangement increasing in some ways its value, but having the disadvantage of making it impossible for the Eleven to play any matches, as it often happens that five or six boys only play in one place, while several other places cannot be filled up. In the so-called "Mixed Wall" matches the team is made up as far as possible from the Mixed Wall colours, the vacant places being filled by the next best players from the Oppidan or Colleger Elevens. The Keeper of the Wall, like his confrère of the Field, may wear a silk cap and the remainder of the team trimmed sweaters. The colour is incomplete, the shirt and scarf not being worn. Also, last but not least, the Keepers of the Wall and Field must be elected *ex officio* into "Pop."

House colours, worn only by the house football Elevens, are very curiously arranged as regards bestowal.

When a master leaves or dies, his house, instead of being taken on as it stands, breaks up, the boys being dispersed throughout the School. Thus the new man starts with an entirely new set of boys with perhaps a few from the old house thrown in.

No house has a ribbon that everybody wears, all the boys in the School who have got no colours wearing in winter a dark blue and black narrow-striped cap and in summer a thin pink or grey and white one, as each may elect. This is known as a "scug" cap, a "scug" being a boy who has no colours. No house on first starting has any football colours, and has to beat some house Eleven who have already got theirs, in order to get them. When a house gains this coveted distinction, it generally revives some old colour that belonged to an extinct house, but this can only be done if every boy who originally held it has left the School. Every winter a series of matches for the house football challenge cup takes place, the houses being drawn against each other in rounds, and in these matches colours are frequently gained. Matches are also arranged throughout the season apart from the house-cup

ties, in which a young house plays expressly for them.

As soon as the coveted cap has been gained, it is not at once bestowed on the whole Eleven, the arrangement being that a few caps are given, having regard to the merits of the house. Thus, supposing a team is defeated in the first round of house-cup, it may perhaps give two colours, if it survives to the second round very likely four, and so on, the two houses left in for the final giving eleven each, and the winner a twelfth man.

This rather peculiar arrangement has the advantage of enabling one to estimate at a glance the merits of any particular house by the number of colours that it has got. The boys who play for their houses without having their house colours are allowed to wear dark grey flannel shorts, instead of the knickerbockers buckling at the knee which are worn by the general ruck.

Everyone in the School wears dark grey flannel knickers or trousers when changed with the following exceptions: the Eight and Eleven wear white, and the "Twenty-two" (the second Eleven) pale

grey known as "twenty-two flannel," while the School Field Eleven, as explained above, may wear white linen shorts for football. For beagling khaki knickers are worn owing to the difficulty of tearing them with brambles, etc. During the summer, boys in the Boats often wear white ducks, even when not changed, for coolness, the Eight wearing their white flannel in the same way.

In College the arrangements regarding colours are different. Instead of one house-colour we have three, College Wall, College Field and College Cricket. The College Wall and Field Elevens have caps of narrow and broad purple and white stripes respectively, while College Cricket flaunts a purple cap with a white fleur-de-lis just above the peak. Both the football Elevens give yearly eleven caps and a twelfth man: but College Cricket gives only a few choices, having regard to the merits of the players. The reason that the arrangements regarding football colours are different to those in vogue amongst Oppidans is easily explained. An ordinary house does not contain more than from thirty to forty boys at most, whilst in College there are

invariably seventy. This of course gives the Collegers a much larger selection to choose their football team from, and unfortunately makes it impossible for them to enter for the house-cup. Matches however are played regularly during the season against the Masters, Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and house Elevens with varying results. The Wall Eleven has a better time of it, as it plays the whole School on St. Andrew's Day, the greatest match of the year, of which a full account will be found in a later chapter. It is impossible to grant "shorts" for playing for College without having one's house colours, for, as has been explained above, nobody does such a thing; shorts are given however to a few boys who play conspicuously well in the ordinary games without actually getting their cap. This distinction is nearly always granted for prowess at the Field-game, and I believe that at most only three or four players at the Wall gained it during the ten years previous to my leaving the School.

It might be well to mention also while on the subject of football the "Association Football Eleven"

that appears spasmodically during the Easter half, when no regular football is played, fives, racquets, and beagling being the order of the day: very few boys play, more's the pity, and those who do are generally "bloods" at the Field-game.

In 1901, if my memory serves me rightly, the Eleven played both Westminster and Charterhouse, defeating the latter, greatly to their annoyance. "Rugby" is occasionally played as well, but does not gain many adherents.

It is perhaps a pity that Eton is debarred by her special games of football from playing other schools, but for all that I think that many Old Etonians, who in later years have shone at Soccer or Rugger, would give a great deal for a good game of Eton football under the shade of the Wall in College Field, or even in the bleak expanse of the newly-acquired Agar's Plough.

I now propose to leave the subject of football in the School and turn again to College, giving, in hopes that it may interest my readers, a short account of the "Wall Game," which is played far more by Collegers than by Oppidans.

There are, in my opinion, only two plausible ideas extant as to the form of football which by a process of evolution produced the present complicated Wall-game, as I do not think anyone even suggests that the game originated in its present form. One very widely accepted theory, which I do not personally believe in, is that passage football was very largely played in the old Long Chamber at nights, and during the game the ball was frequently brought up and kept against the sides of the room, a fact which gave someone the notion of developing the practice against the Long Wall in College Field, an idea which gave birth to the present remarkable game.

The other theory, which I am inclined to support, is that in the old days the boundary line of College Field, where the ordinary football was played, was at the Wall itself, which runs along one side of the ground, instead of being removed about ten yards from it, as at present. This arrangement made it impossible for the ball to go out at that side unless actually kicked over the wall, so it was rather a point in the game to keep the ball in the part of

the ground where use could be made of such an excellent natural barrier. This resulted in the ball getting frequently jammed against the wall, where long, and, I should imagine, painful "bullies" ensued. The time lost in these must have been so great however that they were at last forbidden, and the boundary definitely altered. This must have annoyed many boys who had developed tactics applicable only to these "wall bullies," wherefore I suggest that the present game was gradually started by those who had drifted into football methods that were not of great use in the fast Field-game, and were not anxious to fall into the background as players. There is of course in this reasoning a great deal of guess-work, as the most painstaking inquiries by those interested have failed to elicit more than a few actual historical facts. I do not propose to give here a very detailed account of the rules of the game, which are complicated and hard for an outsider to understand; but I hope that the few words I shall write will at any rate give a general idea of the play to the reader who has perhaps never even seen it, and enable him to read the minute

description of the St. Andrew's Day match that follows with interest.

The game is played in a long strip of ground about nine or ten yards wide, contained between the boundary line of College Field on the one side and the wall dividing it from the Slough Road on the other: it is in fact a small strip cut off from the Collegers' private cricket and football ground. Crossing one end at right angles is the garden wall of a house occupied at the time of writing by Mr. J. M. Dyer, in which is an old door about twenty yards outside the boundary line constituting one of the goals. On the wall itself about twenty yards from this house is a white line running vertically from top to bottom and known as the "Good Calx Line." About half way between this and the back wall is a white stone tablet with a defaced inscription (supposed to commemorate a fatal fight) high up upon the Wall itself. This tablet is known as "The Stone," and painted exactly under it are three parallel white lines, eight inches apart, rising about two feet from the ground. At the other end of the field there is no back wall, but a line on the

grass, behind which the ball is out of play, and a white line on the wall known as the "Bad Calx Line," corresponding to the "Good Calx Line." There is no stone, no triplet of white lines, only an old elm tree on the boundary outside the ground, on which a goal corresponding to the door at the other end is clearly marked. Equidistant from the two Calx lines are two iron staples driven into the wall near the top, to which a ladder can be hooked, so that the wall can be scaled when no game is in progress, some iron steps providing an easy descent on the other side.

The game begins "under the ladder," which, paradoxical as it may seem, is of course removed, and the object of each side is to force the ball behind the Calx line which their opponents are defending, and where a "shy" may be scored by getting the ball off the ground and against the wall with the feet, touching it with the hand and calling "got it," when the toucher has a throw at goal, which is usually blocked by the defending side: the attackers may pass the ball on when shied, striking it with their hands, but may not touch it more than

once. The names "Good" and "Bad" Calx are easily explained: in "Good" the ball cannot go behind, and shies are even scored against the back wall, naturally giving the attackers a great advantage. In "Bad" the ball is more likely than not to be kicked over the back line in the course of a rush, which gives the defenders, if they touch it first, a free kick off. "Calx," as I need hardly state, refers to the painting of the line, being merely the Latin for chalk. A goal is rarely scored in a match between skilled players, and is equal to ten shies.

The game starts with a "bully," corresponding to a Rugby "scrum," under the ladder, and every time the ball goes out, which happens very often in the narrow ground, the bully forms up against the wall opposite the place where it is stopped outside the ground, and not where it crosses the boundary line, except in Good Calx where no bully forms further in than the three white lines under the Stone. It will be seen therefore that to gain ground rapidly the best course to pursue is to kick the ball hard over the heads of the opposing side, but always out: it is no good kicking along the wall, known as

"cooling," as the ball will probably be returned with disastrous results. Also it is not a good thing to kick very high, as it gives the opposing side time to get to the ball and stop it as soon as it touches the ground without giving it time to go very far. Should the ball be kicked over the wall, the bully forms up under the point of crossing. Early in the game both sides as a rule turn the ball out of the bully and try to rush or kick it along so as to gain ground rapidly, but, when one side is getting forced back seriously, the players attempt to keep the ball close to the wall and hold it, usually by kneeling on it, and in bullies of this nature does the real play of the game come out. Kicking out is left as a rule to the behinds and those who play away from the wall (known as the outsides) but any player would kick out at once should he get the ball to himself with a good opportunity of doing so. When the bully once gets past the Calx line the play alters altogether. Three lines are drawn on the ground the same distance apart as the white lines on the wall, and drawn from their bases should the bully be under the stone. A very complicated bully,

which it would be useless for me to attempt to explain, is then formed up, the lines being used to mark the points to which players are allowed to bring their hands and feet. The main idea is that the attacking side attempt to raise the ball and hook it back to their side where a shy may be scored, while the defenders attempt to pass the ball back so that it may be kicked out, keeping one foot firmly planted on it so as to prevent its rising, and a shy being scored in the middle of the bully. So difficult is it to arrange the players in these bullies that I have known men of seven or eight years' experience say that they are unable to do so. The umpire has as a rule to lie flat on his back in the mud and look up to see that no one is overstepping the distance allowed him for head, feet or hands. When a ball is put into an ordinary bully no warning is given, but in a Calx bully the umpire first says "Are you ready?" and then "Coming!" before he places it. In no case may anyone touch the ball before it has rolled against the wall. The penalties for breach of rules are all the same, namely a loss of ten yards distance to the offender, but in the

case of kicking the ball before it has touched the wall no penalty is exacted; the bully merely forms up once more and the ball is again put in. In case of doubt as to which side touched a ball sent behind in Bad Calx, the umpire may place the bully five yards from the Calx line, a fact unknown, I believe, to many players. Umpiring is not very easy as the narrowness of the ground causes a great many people to be on the ball at once, making their movements hard to see clearly. The places are as follows:

"First," "Second" and "Third Wall": these play behind each other against the wall; and are useful chiefly in close bullies, being as a rule the biggest players on the side, but I have seen often and often very fast and effective rushes made by two or three Walls together against demoralised or much lighter opponents going sometimes three quarters the length of the wall. The two "Seconds" play outside the Walls and, except in Calx, perform much the same duties. These five players compose the bully and play a very important part all through the game, especially in Calx. They wear padded

caps with ear flaps, and the Walls heavy corduroy trousers and sweaters, padded with flannel and sacking as well. The bully forms up with the three Walls one behind the other, holding the innermost man up, and the two Seconds outside against the Walls, one supporting the other, the players taking it in turn to go innermost. They form up, stooping forward slightly, so that the heads and shoulders of the opposing sides meet, but leave a space between their feet for the ball to be put into. These players may use their outside hands to force their opponents' heads or bodies away from the Wall; they may not hit, but may shove sharply and hard with the clenched fist, which is usually encased in a heavy leather glove, hardened to the consistency of metal by mud and blood worked into the seams. Players are not often hurt by this "fisting," which has the effect of hardening the face, but at first very sore cheeks result from it. This rule is a necessity, as, without it, it would be impossible to get a well-backed-up, powerful player off the ball. "Third," "Fourth" and "Lines" play outside the Seconds and work chiefly at kicking out

and rushing the ball along when it is loose. Third puts the ball into the bully when there is no umpire, and Lines always runs outside to stop a ball that is kicked out against his side. A great deal depends on the three "Outsides," who are fed by the bully, who are supposed, while attacking, to give them the ball with a clear field to kick it out.

In Calx, or while holding the ball, they do not do very much, except prevent the opposing Outsides from hampering the work of the bully or hooking the ball out with their feet. "Flying-man," "Long Behind" and "Goals" are the three backs in that order. Their duties consist chiefly of kicking out, but they must be prepared to stop a rush by kneeling on the ball should it be driven past the bully with the opposing side close on it, on which occasions they are not at all unlikely to get kicked or ground up against the Wall, a painful but not serious predicament. They are allowed to catch the ball if it is "cooled" to them, and, without moving forward, give it a drop-kick: a feat requiring some nerve when the opposing bully is rushing down madly on top of them.

The game may look rough and dangerous, but it is not really so; the human body will stand a lot of hard squeezing and shoving without giving way, and accidents at the wall other than scrapes and bruises are not at all common, partly no doubt owing to the protection afforded to the Walls and Seconds by their dress. A boy occasionally gets his face driven into the mud and risks suffocation, but, on the cry of "Air" from any player, the bully breaks at once and the unfortunate one is released. Personally I have only heard one cry of "Air" during the whole time that I have played the game, and then it was not really necessary. It is difficult for one who has never played really to appreciate the game, as, contrary to appearances, brute force is of very little use against a really scientific player, although weight is naturally a very great advantage to a side. I propose to give now an account of the great "Collegers and Oppidans" match on St. Andrew's Day, in hope that it will at any rate interest, if not greatly elucidate, any of my readers who may perchance never have seen a Wall-game.

It is about ten minutes past twelve on the

thirtieth of November: a cold and bleak day. The early morning has shown signs of rain, but it has now cleared up, though the sky still bears a dull leaden colour; the ground, it may be added, is in perfect condition. College Field bears a different aspect to its usual look of respectable antiquity. On top of the wall sits a crowd of Lower Boys and cads, whose attempts to promote circulation in the feet by a vigorous drumming of heels on the brickwork produce a sound like an army of giant woodpeckers, successfully dominating the buzz of conversation, which may be heard amongst the spectators at a lower altitude. About forty yards from the wall runs a line of small trestles, along which a rope is stretched to keep the ground clear of a rapidly increasing crowd, consisting mainly of Old Etonians and boys' parents and friends, though the School is well represented and will be better so in twenty minutes' time. Some philanthropist has put down a row of boards for the spectators to stand on, but even with this assistance it is hard to keep one's feet warm in the wet mud, which by this time has been thoroughly churned up. Ten minutes pass

and someone suddenly exclaims: "Here they come," as a purple and white cap shows in the distance by the Weston's Yard gate. No, it is only the College twelfth man in his greatcoat and cap. He strides quickly down and passing inside the ropes (enviable privilege) has a few minutes' earnest conversation with Clarke of the School Stores, who is gradually succeeding to "Old Powell's" place at the wall. He then walks with him to the stone, carefully inspects the ground under it and stalks back again, obviously conscious of his own importance. The ground itself is invisible for sawdust, but the freshly-marked white lines show clear and distinct.

Here they are at last: the Oppidan team in their purple and orange begin to straggle through the Weston's Yard arch in twos and threes. The Keeper, who is clearly very nervous, talking with assumed nonchalance first to one man and then to another, is giving perhaps some last advice or caution. Now the mauve and white of the Collegers begins to appear; they come more together, perhaps with more confidence, and the Keeper, who seems to limp a little, is talking earnestly to the first

Wall, on whom so much depends. The old choices recall last year to each other, while those who are making their first appearance may easily be recognised by their anxious faces and the feverish brilliancy of their conversation. The twelfth man is hurriedly searching for his note-book and pencil, as it is his duty to write the account of the match for the *Chronicle*.

A long-drawn shout of "Collegers" sounds from Mr. Dyer's wall, where some O.E. is seated, and is immediately answered by an echoing cry of "Oppidans" from somewhere about the middle of the ropes. At once the Babel commences, which continues throughout the match, shout against shout to see which side can make the most noise. So traditional is this shouting that all young Collegers, who have not been in the School a year, have to stand on a form in tea-room on St. Andrew's Eve and shout "Collegers" three times at the top of their voices before the assembled multitude, to make certain they will do themselves justice on the morrow. For a few minutes however silence reigns. The two umpires and the referees, Messrs. Hurst,

Tatham and Conybeare, have come on to the ground, and the two Elevens, who have been talking together by the door, are slowly walking towards the ladder. The two twelfth men in their greatcoats and caps proceed to the middle of the ground, one hugging the spare ball and the other his precious note-book. Only a couple of minutes more; the bully "forms down" and waits.

"The half-hour strikes, the game begins." On the first stroke of half-past twelve the ball is put in, and the match starts. Shouts rise afresh, and for a minute or two the ball remains close in the bully; ah, Third has it! no, he is over it, he is too impetuous. "Oh, well backed up," shouts the Keeper, as Fourth is on it; "Oh, don't cool, man; your's, Long! Oh, good kick; well stopped, well stopped." The ball flies out from a kick by the Oppidan Long and is cleverly stopped by College Lines. The bully forms down amid a burst of cheering, but twenty yards are lost. The ball goes this way and that, but always seems to stop nearer Bad Calx, which College are defending, than Good, which they strive in vain to reach. "But how can a house with only

seventy boys," I hear someone say, "hope to win against the whole School with their nine hundred to choose from?" How indeed? but I think they will make a remarkably good fight of it even if they don't actually win what an Old Colleger can only consider the greatest of all football matches. The secret of the matter is this: all young Collegers play the game regularly from their first football half; they are carefully trained and coached and play many matches between themselves. As a result, after a year in Chamber and perhaps two in Lower College game, a boy who has any turn for football enters College game with a fine working knowledge of play, and then, if at all promising, is carefully brought to the perfection required for St. Andrew's Day. All boys play at least three times a week, not counting matches on half-holiday afternoons for perhaps four winters before aspiring to the coveted mauve and white. The Oppidans on the other hand only have one game, i.e. "Oppidan Wall Game," the players for which are chiefly selected for size and strength and proficiency at the Field-game. They play many games and matches during the season, but their

early picks-up are naturally very much guess-work, and it frequently happens that a good player, who does not push himself forward, is not found at all, or perhaps only at the last minute. The result is that any average Oppidans' side taken collectively rarely has a fraction of the skill of a College one, but their weight and strength are always enormous, factors which cannot be discounted when combined with even only a small amount of skill. Records show the names of many magnificent Oppidan players, but I think College can show almost twice as many, including one or two Elevens in which every player was as nearly as possible a perfect man for his place.

The name of the College Keeper, J. K. Stephen, stands alone above all players surrounded with the names of his magnificent Eleven which scored a victory by ten shies to nil. Among Oppidan players many of us will still remember the name of H. C. Pilkington, Keeper in 1897, whose skill was a great factor in his well-merited but hard-earned victory in that year. But to return to the game: what can have come over College! they seem to be losing ground every bully, they cannot even hold.

Ah, now they are under, they must sit tight now. Good Heavens! the ball trickles out and rolls straight to the Oppidan Fourth. Oh, good kick, good kick! Oppidan, Oppidan! "They're in Calx, College loses," shouts an exultant O.E. with a Mixed-Wall tie on. "Oppidan, Oppidan!" They are in Bad Calx, the umpire has drawn three lines on the ground and the bully is beginning to get ready. "Oh, how dreadful dear Arthur looks," exclaims an anxious matron, "I'm sure the game is not safe; look at that great big boy in the funny cap, he nearly kicked him to death just now," etc., etc. Arthur, I might add, plays Fourth and has just had a rough five minutes pluckily trying to stop a rush. By this time the bully has formed down. The College Keeper, who plays Second, looks anxiously round at his men. His nose is bleeding and he is covered with mud; but he is not hurt, Gentlemen, and means business, as you will presently see. "Are you ready? Coming!" rings out clearly. The umpire dashes out and runs close up to the wall looking for the shy: the other umpire and referee with the two twelfth men, forgetful of all else, stoop down

peering this way and that for a sight of the ball in the bully. Why, what a long bully it is: the Oppidan Keeper, who is "getting," that is, trying to get the ball up against the wall, so that it may be touched for a shy, yells a hoarse objurgation at his side. Then there is silence again only broken by the gasps of the struggling players. The Outsides jog at each other like sportive puppies under the delusion that they are preventing each other from getting round, a perfectly unnecessary precaution as the ball is close and no one may get in front of it. Suddenly a shout comes from the College Second, "Run round." A wild commotion begins in the bully, as the College Outsides dash quickly round it to the wall. "Got it," cries a muffled voice; there is a moment's hush and the umpire's voice utters the magic word "shy." The ball is hurled at the tree, and a roar of "Oppidan" resounds from seven hundred throats drowning the equally fervent cry of perhaps fifty Collegers or so. Again the bully forms down: but College get it out fairly quickly this time and touch it behind. The players on the bully run down the wall, while the Outsides spread out

ready to touch or protect the ball as soon as it strikes the ground. First Wall kicks off, despite his heavy clothes, in place of Flying Man. He gets the ball true, and soaring up it flies far over the heads of the expectant players, a magnificent kick, some say the longest ever seen at the wall: anyhow College are placed ten yards to the right side of the ladder. A change comes over the match: College gain yard upon yard, and in ten minutes are nearly in Good Calx. The hour strikes: "Keep it in, keep it in!" shouts the Keeper excitedly. Oh, what a pity! Fly misses his kick, and the ball trickles slowly over the line. Half-time is called amid another turmoil of shouting in which "Collegers" seems strangely predominant.

The game continues, College now playing towards Bad Calx. Bully follows bully, each time leaving them nearer their goal. They are nearly there, will they get in? The spectators are almost mute with excitement. A burst of cheering betokens that the line is past. Oh, shame! they are only a yard in and cannot form up properly. The Oppidans get it out easily, but fail to touch it behind, and a rough, loose

bully follows five yards outside. The next two bullies are very long, the Oppidans holding splendidly, and during the second one the half-hour strikes. Time is up, and next time the ball goes out the match is over. A few minutes elapse and the ball is skilfully passed over the line leaving College, who had the best of the game except for the first twenty minutes, the losers by one shy. Someone loudly proclaims that it is a "moral victory." It may be; but we don't think much of such things on St. Andrew's Day.

While writing this account I had in my mind the match of November 1901, when the sides were as follows:

COLLEGE.

Name	Position
W. Olphert	Walls.
J. M. Keynes	Walls.
G. Hamilton	Walls.
J. R. Turner (Keeper) ...	Seconds.
A. A. Pallis	Seconds.
O. C. Williams	Third.
P. H. Loyd	Fourth.
A. D. Knox	Lines.

E. A. KEELING (Keeper 1903) ... Flying Man.
R. H. DUNDAS („ 1902) ... Long Behind.
C. J. C. BROWNE (Keeper 1904) Goals.

C. H. MALDEN (12th Man) ... Wall.

OPPIDANS.

Hon. G. W. LYTTELTON (Keeper) }
F. A. SUTTON ... ... } Walls.
B. C. JOHNSTONE ... ... }

R. G. LONGMAN ... ... }
W. H. C. LLEWELLYN ... ... } Seconds.

J. S. HUGHES ... ... Third.
J. S. MELLOR ... ... Fourth.
N. M. WILSON ... ... Lines.

A. F. LAMBERT ... ... Flying Man.
J. K. HENDERSON ... ... Long Behind.
E. B. HENDERSON ... ... Goals.

M. CANE (12th Man).

CHAPTER VI.

COLLEGE FIELD. THE FIELD-GAME. COLLEGE SPORTS.

College, as the reader may observe by studying the plan at the end of this volume, is situated right on the edge of the Playing Fields, a great advantage to the occupants in the matter of games. The field adjoining the buildings has from time immemorial belonged to the Collegers exclusively, and is used for everything, the Wall and Field Games, Cricket and Sports. The wall runs along one side, so of course all Oppidan Wall-games must take place there, and the Field is occasionally lent to other houses, but generally the Collegers alone play there, and in consequence the ground is known as "College Field." The value of having a private field close at hand cannot be over-estimated, and when the new ground was bought on Agar's Plough three quarters of a mile further away, and a portion of it given to

the Collegers, an attempt was made to deprive them of their ancient ground, which produced such a storm of protest from past and present Etonians alike, that it was speedily abandoned. Agar's Plough, it may be added, was a very great acquisition to the School indeed for two reasons. Firstly its purchase prevented the jerry-builders of Slough defiling the very borders of the School with their £45 per annum Delectable Villas, and secondly it provided a piece of ground which was immune from floods, the greatest curse of Eton, where nearly all the boys could play at once should the remaining fields be under water. A magnificent cricket pitch has been laid out there and numerous trees planted, but at present the place is cheerless and unsheltered, and must continue to be so for many years until the trees have had a chance of growing up. An idea of its size may be gained when I state that a straight quarter-mile course has been prepared, without nearly going the full length of the shortest side.

College Field is, on the other hand, with perhaps the exception of Upper Club, where the Winchester match used to be played, the most beautiful of Eton's lovely

playing fields. Along one side runs a path separated by a few hundred yards of tree-covered grass from the weir stream of the Thames, and shaded by fresh green limes. Opposite stands the Wall, its old red brick face, mellow with age, reflecting the light of the afternoon sun, and contrasting sharply with the sombre foliage of the majestic old elms, which tower above it, and plunge the sluggish waters of the brook Jordan into impenetrable shadow. Crossing Jordan, which marks the boundary of the field, is an old-fashioned pretty little red brick bridge, a very pleasant place on a hot summer's afternoon with the tinkle of the water below you and the gentle rustling of the shady boughs above. At the other end to Sheep's Bridge, as it is called, rises in picturesque irregularity the stone and dark red brick towers and façades of the College Buildings with the delicate carving of the Chapel roof standing out clearly above them. Over the end of the wall peeps a quaint, weather-worn, Elizabethan boys' house, overhanging the old, ivy-covered gateway into Weston's Yard, and shaded by the dark foliage of a huge horse-chestnut whose creamy spikes of blossom swing slowly to

and fro responsive to a breath of warm summer air, playing lazily among its branches. Truly a fair picture, and one that brings a lump into the throat of many a boy, who, crossing the turf after a pleasant afternoon's cricket, realizes perhaps for the first time that it is his last half, and that in a few weeks he will be an Oxford or Cambridge man and his boyhood left behind at Eton, only a cherished memory enshrined at the bottom of his heart.

The proximity of the river is perhaps the only great disadvantage that College Field labours under. It is usually one of the first pieces of ground to get flooded when the river begins to rise. The ground next to the water goes at once, but the raised path acting as a dam keeps the flood from the remainder of the field usually for some days. The water gradually however soaks through the gravel and pools begin to appear in the grass, which are augmented by a steady flow from a fire hydrant near the wall, the cover of which is invariably cracked by the pressure of water underneath it. At last the path is crossed by the rising torrent and College Field becomes a veritable lake. I do not think the

boys object much to the floods themselves, but to what they leave behind them as a legacy; generally an odoriferous film of black slimy mud over everything. During the time the water is out many amusements impossible at other times rise into popularity. Beagling becomes a most exciting pastime, when a jump over a hedge may land you in six feet of water hiding a sunken road. Sailing in baths was at one time a favourite form of enjoyment, but was stopped by the Head Master coming on some navigators unexpectedly, and next day issuing a notice to the effect that "Boys are warned that sailing on the floods in vessels of any description is henceforth forbidden." I fear however that I am wandering from the subject of my chapter, so I must pull up and discontinue my yachting reminiscences. The ground is about a hundred and fifty yards long and a hundred and twenty wide giving plenty of room for a football ground, or in the summer several practice cricket pitches. The part on the riverside of the path is not kept in order at all and the grass is allowed to grow long, as it is only used for laying out a place for long jumping in the spring

half, and for throwing the hammer and weight, both of which damage good turf very much by making big holes where they strike after the throw. The ground on the other side is carefully looked after, and, though used for cricket, is considered primarily as a football field. It is marked out with a shallow furrow about an inch deep, a method employed throughout the School in place of the more usual white lines. At the end towards College is a high wire fence dividing the ground from the path, and constructed in the fond hope that it would prevent footballs coming towards the buildings with their accompanying windows, or straying into Weston's Yard, a hope which I am sorry to say has not been realized. The turf in the field is fairly good considering that with the exception of the spring half and the holidays it is played upon every day.

I propose now to give a few words to the Eton Field-game, the most widely played and popular game in the School, and one which claims, I believe with perfect justice, to be the progenitor of the modern Soccer. The ground played on is of the ordinary size but has no markings of any sort, except

the boundary furrow, and, for matches, a touch of chalk exactly in the centre. The goals are half the width of those for Soccer and a foot lower, also the ball used is considerably smaller. The broad principle of the game is this. Six or seven forwards supported by three backs try to work the ball up to the enemy's back line and touch it behind off one of the defenders, when a rouge (corresponding to a try) is scored. This may be converted into a goal, by a process that will be explained later on. Actual goals are not very frequently shot by evenly matched sides and are equal to three rouges. No one in the field is allowed to pass or to take a pass, and anyone who does so "corners," his side being penalized. Thus the forwards on getting the ball dribble full speed towards the back line, being closely supported or backed up by their own side, who should be ready to get on the ball at the moment that the man who has had it loses it, and so continue the rush. This principle makes the game a very fast one indeed, and difficult to play for anyone who is not in fairly good condition. The behinds protect goal and feed the bully, also

checking anyone who may distance the forwards in dribbling, but no one, not even the goal-keeper, may use his hands. All the forwards are known collectively as the bully, and start the game with a species of scrum in the middle of the field, which is repeated after a goal has been scored. Whenever a claim of "cornering" is allowed or the ball goes out the bully forms up at the place where it occurred. "Sneaking," the equivalent of "offside," is penalized by a free kick. The places in the game are as follows:

"Post," roughly corresponding to centre forward, usually a small man who forms up in the centre of the bully, and is supported on either side and behind by right and left "Side Post" and "Back-up Post," these four forming the bully. "Right and left corner" play on each side of the bully and put the ball in, each side taking the duty alternately. When the ball goes out, the side who did not kick it out have the privilege of placing the ball into the bully, a great advantage as it can be dropped between post's feet, should he require to hold it. The corners also prevent the ball from rolling out of

the bully, if a rush is to be attempted, or help to kick it out if it is decided to play loose. The play of the bully varies very much with circumstances. The Keeper of a slow side, far superior in weight and strength, may order post to keep the ball between his feet, and attempt to gain ground by rushing the bully up the field; but by far the more usual game is to turn the ball out at once, when the bully breaks up following the ball up the field. The other places are: "Flying man," who plays just behind the bully and is often the first on the ball when it is turned out. He alone is allowed to take a pass, but may only touch the ball once, when it is passed to him, otherwise his side pays the penalty for cornering. This rule is very useful on approaching goal, when a clever kick from a ball passed inwards (on the Soccer principle) may decide the game. This place is very often filled by the Keeper of a side, as he can from his position supervise the other players very effectively. He must be fast, a sure kick and a good dribbler, as he is perhaps the most important player in the field. The behinds consist of "Short," who roughly corresponds

to half-back, and who is supposed to feed the bully with short straight kicks placed among his own men carefully and with judgment. If the other side gets away he may have a stiff job of tackling and hard kicking, but as a rule the long kicks are left to "Long," who plays behind him again, and is supposed usually to be the best kick on the side. "Goals," as the names implies, corresponds to the Goal Keeper, but he does not play entirely in goal and usually assists Long until the bully is close upon him. He is never allowed to use his hands. Apropos of this last rule a curious point has very frequently arisen. When a good straight shot is coming into goal is goals justified in stopping it with his hands, if he can do it no other way, and paying the penalty of his act in giving the enemy a free kick, which may or may not score a goal? If he does not use his hands the goal is scored for certain; but if he does there is still a chance of saving it. A large number of players do not consider it in any way wrong, but I myself cannot agree with them, though I see quite clearly that an alteration in the rules will have to be made before

the practice can be stopped. It will be seen by the foregoing account that only ten players are really required for the game, but all the same a side is nearly always composed of eleven, the odd man taking the place of "Extra Corner" and playing alongside the bully. In ordinary games, not matches, an "Extra Long" is occasionally employed, but this is not a regular place, and is only filled up when room is required for an extra player. When a "rouge" is scored an attempt is frequently made by the side that has scored, especially should they be the stronger and heavier, to "force" it. To do this the ball is placed on the ground a short distance from goal, five yards if my memory serves me rightly, and the defending bully and behinds formed up round it, the ball being finally placed between post's feet. The attacking side forms up against the defenders keeping out four or five men, and not closing round the ball, but leaving a perfectly clear space leading up to it. The four or five who have not formed up, and are usually the most powerful players on the side, retire up the field for about twenty or thirty yards. Here they get one behind

the other, each man clasping the man in front of him tightly round the shoulders, the smallest usually being in front, and advance full speed on to the bully, being very careful to keep step. When they reach the bully, the leader makes a jump at it and tries to get the ball between his feet; and then, when the "ram" is in, the defenders are allowed to touch it. A great struggle ensues; the attackers trying to drive the ball through the goal and their opponents to get it away to the side. Occasionally it rolls out of the struggling mass of players untouched, so one man is generally detached from each side to kick it away or bring it back to the line, as the case may be. An attempt to force a rouge frequently results in the ball being driven behind outside the goal and another rouge scored.

The Eton game is in many ways vastly superior to Soccer, and to those who wish to play Soccer or Rugger at the Universities it gives a fair training. It is the fastest form of football in existence, and for this reason would be an impossible game for a club that could only play say once or twice a week, as the most excellent condition is required for a

really useful side. The dribbling is marvellously rapid, and there is no waiting for the ball to come over to your side. The behinds have a great deal to do, and with the light ball occasionally give marvellous exhibitions of volleying. The shooting is always weak owing to the smallness of the goal, as a shot is rarely tried except at the closest quarters: a fact which may nearly always be noticed to tell against Old Etonians who have subsequently become internationals. As may be easily gathered from the foregoing account, the game is essentially one of attack and counter-attack, not defence. That is to say an immense amount depends on the bully. A weak side cannot repeatedly check a vastly superior side in their rushes without any attempt at reprisals, simply because they have not enough trained kickers or behinds. A side with a weak bully and very good behinds will undoubtedly have the worst of a game against a strong bully with weak behinds. There is not so much for the behinds to defend in some ways, as the goal is very small and in the event of a rush the first duty of the bully is to get back. I remember a House Match a few years ago

between a House that was in no way above the average, and a decidedly weak one led by the Keeper of the Field, an almost perfect player at short. He gave the most magnificent exhibition that I have ever seen of individual play. His kicking was faultless, he was all over the field at once, and simply galvanized his bully. Nevertheless his side was defeated, not easily it is true, but defeated. In a word the Eton Field-game is not one of individualism, it is one of combination.

Towards the end of the Easter half, when the grass in College Field is beginning to recover from the previous football season and assume quite a pleasant shade of green, curious little flags begin to be dotted over the ground, and long strings supported on pegs appear in unexpected places seeming specially designed to trip up the unwary wayfarer. These are signs of the times and show that the sports are fast approaching. A long jump is cut out near the river, and the ground begins to get all pock-marked near the same place by the hammer and weight being hurled into it by lusty hands. Every afternoon white vested figures are seen toiling pain-

fully round the three and a half laps to the mile, or rushing madly down the string-marked hundred yards course. A dark brown stain on the turf shows where the high jump has been erected, and a ring of trodden-down greasy grass encircling the field proclaims the course of the longer races, and makes the marking flags at the corners almost unnecessary. Every half-holiday afternoon shivering fags may be seen trotting manfully home, having been running over the steeplechase course across country and pluckily having tried "School Jump," an impossible fifteen-foot brook at the finish, which, I can say from experience, is most unpleasantly deep and cold. A list of events is put up in Sixth Form Passage, being divided into two headings, "College" and "Chamber," the latter being for boys who have not yet reached passages or are in their first year. In case any fag should not be desirous of testing his athletic powers his fag-master invariably puts him down for a few events as he may think fit, gives him hints on training, coaches him, and on the eventful day very often runs round with him in the long races. The heats are run off at different times

as convenient, and the finals of the long races usually take place before the general sports day, so as to give competitors a chance if they are going in for other events. When the actual sports day arrives, it is nearly always raining or sometimes snowing; why I don't know, but such is the case, a fine day being a rare exception. In event of floods being out, the ceremony may be transferred to Agar's Plough or the mile run along the Dorney Road, which used in old days to be the recognized course. On reaching the ground on the eventful "after twelve" or half-holiday afternoon, the visitor sees a very motley crowd assembled, the competitors shivering and feeling as if they have had no breakfast for the last six weeks, but trying with no measure of success whatever to appear cheerful and perfectly at ease. The Captain of the School and the Keepers of the Wall and Field are wrangling hotly over some unimportant detail, probably connected with the starting pistol. Competitors from other houses for the 220 Yards Strangers' Race stand mingled with a nondescript crowd of College, Oppidan and "cad" spectators, among whom circle unceasingly

reporters for the *Sportsman* and *Field* (who always seem by the way to be nearly stone deaf), getting horribly mixed as to names, events and everything else, as their next issue will undoubtedly demonstrate. The hundred is the first race. The competitors go to the starting point and disrobe. "Are you ready?" shouts the starter clearly and with unnecessary emphasis. The competitors lean forward and wait for the pistol. A faint click is heard. Half of them start, while everybody else talks at once, leaving Mat Wright, Clarke or someone to argue about the pistol. The false starters are brought back and the race started again, this time successfully. The Sports then go on just like any others. The losers in the mile wonder why they ever went in for such an absurd race, while those who failed to "pull off" the hundred inwardly determine to abandon sprint races. The lucky winners wonder what sort of cup they will be able to get for themselves, and seize the challenge cup, of which there are a very fair number in College, from the last holder with all possible despatch so that it may at once adorn a bracket in their room or stall. I may

add that some very good times for races and distances for the hammer and weight are not infrequently done; but as a rule the jumps are nothing very wonderful. College Sports are a very good show as a rule and are thoroughly enjoyed by the boys. May they long continue to be so!

CHAPTER VII.

COLLEGE CRICKET. COLLEGE TEAS. COLLEGE SUPPER. COLLEGE CONCERTS.

PERHAPS the prettiest and at the same time one of the most rarely seen caps in Eton is a dark purple one, bearing a white fleur-de-lis on the front. This colour is known as "College Cricket" and is awarded to three or four of the best players in the College Eleven, thus somewhat resembling a House football cap. The reason why College alone of all the Houses should possess a cricket colour is not very clear, but the distinction is one of some antiquity, and probably dates from the days when the Collegers intermingled scarcely at all with the Oppidans. The colour has always been worth having, that is to say it has never been given to the first four or five choices absolutely regardless of their merits, but on the contrary in bad years it

has once or twice been given only to the next year's Keeper, who of course must be entitled to wear it. An attempt has always been made to keep a regular standard of play, with regard to the recipients, and as a rule the Keepers do not award the cap to any boy unless they consider him good enough to play for Lower Club even if he is not generally picked up in its matches.

Cricket has not in my opinion flourished very much in College of late years, because, I think, not enough encouragement is given to beginners. I can almost hear, as I write this, howls of execration and denial of my statement, but nevertheless I adhere to it. I admit that I was myself a "wet-bob," but I was "no bigoted one," and when I decided on a military career I had serious ideas of changing my mode of life as I realized fully that the ability to play cricket would be of far greater use to me than the power of propelling a racing boat at high speed through the calm waters of the Thames. I came to the conclusion however that in the two years that remained to me before leaving I should not have the least chance of obtaining

even a moderate amount of skill at the game, as no one would have taken the least interest in my progress; nor should I have received any coaching from those above me. Perhaps this state of affairs has altered since I left. I certainly hope so, because I am sure that no great cricketers will ever be produced from College until some further interest is taken in the welfare of Chamber Game, and those who are capable of coaching cease to confine their attentions solely to the few boys who at first sight seem likely to yield good results.

The games are arranged exactly as at football, being divided into College, Lower College and Chamber, and are peopled by the same class of players. There are only two grounds where they can play, College Field and a small corner of Agar's Plough, a fact which makes it customary to fit in the games as necessity requires, without much regard to regular times. College Game plays very rarely as a separate entity, as some of the players are nearly always required to make up the sides in one or other of the School "clubs," the gaps thus caused being filled up from among the remnants of

Lower College, who in their turn are occasionally required to fill places in one of the Junior clubs.

With regard to the "club system" it might be as well to mention the method in which cricket colours are distributed.

Every house of course arranges its own games and matches to suit its own requirements, regardless of everyone else, and College, as above stated, rewards her best players with a colour. The School clubs are open to everyone, and boys are selected by the Keepers to fill up places in the sides, the eleven representatives of the club receiving a colour. The arrangement of clubs is as follows:

Upper Club and Middle Club, now combined into one, comprise the Eleven, the Second Eleven and a varying number of good players, who on the strength of being "on the choices" are allowed to don a scarlet cap with, I think, three narrow white lines encircling it. The Eleven wear the well-known Eton blue cap, which the uninitiated are wont to associate with the Eight, and a white blazer trimmed with light blue. The Twenty-two wear a cap composed of broad black and light blue stripes, and also

pale grey flannel trousers, a sort of intermediate shade between the white of the Eleven and the dark grey of everyday wear: next below Upper Club comes Lower Club, whose representative eleven wear a dark blue cap with narrow white stripes.

From these boys, who are often just not juniors, the Eleven is largely recruited, as Upper Club is wont to consist of fair players of high standing in the School, who will never, with perhaps two or three exceptions, be quite good enough for the coveted white blazer. The denizens of Lower Club, on the other hand, are still very young, and have not yet contracted bad habits and styles of play that are difficult to eradicate. Below Lower Club come Upper and Lower Sixpenny, both clubs for juniors, the first-named rejoicing in a brown and white cap, and the last being without a colour. Lower Sixpenny at one time had a peculiarly hideous red, white and yellow cap, which was abolished, and might only be worn by the holders after lock-up. A few caps still remained in the School when I left, but by this time they must all have disappeared. A curious feature about all the

cricket colours, with the exception of the Eleven and Twenty-two, is that they may only be worn for one year, unless again awarded by the Keepers. This arrangement does away with the difficulty, so often experienced, of getting rid of a player who has gone off, and whose services are merely an encumbrance to his side.

When elected to play in a School match a boy, whatever colour he has got, must at once provide himself with Twenty-two colours, which he may only wear while playing, an arrangement which seems to me to be devoid of common sense. Everyone except the Eleven and Twenty-two wears brown boots or shoes for playing in, but for a School match white boots must be purchased. These the player is allowed to wear ever afterwards even if he never plays for the School again, a curious little distinction.

The Eleven is only made up just before the Harrow match, and changes frequently take place between that great event and the match against Winchester. The players in the latter, however, have to buy a full rig out of Eleven colours, which they may not wear again unless they play at Lord's.

I do not see, however, that this could well be avoided, as it would not do to have the Eton Eleven proceed to Winchester clad in all the colours of the rainbow.

A stimulus has lately been given to cricket among small boys by the institution of a Junior House Cricket cup to be competed for annually.

College is allowed to enter, but must send two elevens instead of one, a fact which seriously detracts from her chance of gaining the prize. The same neglect in the cultivation of talent among newcomers is apparent throughout the whole School as in College, and is in my opinion, which, as that of a wet-bob, is not perhaps very valuable, responsible for the numerous defeats sustained at the hands of Harrow, who should have a very much smaller number of players to choose from.

The success of the Eleven at Lord's or the Eight at Henley has a material effect on the rowing and cricket of the School for the next twelve months, and the repeated victories of the Eight during the years from 1890—1898 caused a very considerable preponderance of wet-bobs in the School, presumably

because each newcomer in the September saw vaguely reflected in himself the achievements of the summer before. The Keepers of College Cricket, unless perchance they be in the Eleven or hold their heads high in the world of games, are not nearly such important personages as their confrères in the football half, a fact which is perhaps responsible for their neglect of the junior games, though it certainly ought not to be so. I remember at the commencement of my first summer half playing cricket in Chamber Game, while waiting for an opportunity of passing the swimming test, in order that I might be allowed to go on the river. The only attempt at instruction that I can recollect during that period was when the Keeper of College Game and a friend came down one evening and made us bowl at them for nearly two hours, while they gave a display of fancy cricket, apparently to their own great satisfaction.

That evening's entertainment effectually extinguished any ideas that I may have had with regard to remaining a dry-bob.

I have several times seen long articles in the

Eton College Chronicle, and even in the *Field* and other papers, about the state of cricket at Eton; but I have never yet seen any attempt to remedy the lack of instruction and apathy shown by the authorities towards the junior games. Yet great is the wonder that the most careful and painstaking coaching of the Eleven fails to enable them to make a good show against Harrow. Perhaps these things are now altered, and this year's (1904) glorious victory the first-born of a new system.

Upper Club, the original cricket ground for the Eleven, is by far the most beautiful of the Playing Fields. It is just big enough for a match ground and surrounded on all sides by absolutely magnificent elm trees, of which Eton can boast a goodly number. Behind the trees on one side runs the Slough road, divided from the ground by a wooden paling, while behind the opposite row of trees runs a long strip of grass known as "Poets' Walk." Along a third side runs a gravel path, separated by a strip of neglected turf from Jordan and the elms bounding College Field. In the angle formed by the Slough road and Jordan stands a cosy little red brick house

with a microscopic garden, which is used as a pavilion.

Upper Club on the day of the Winchester match is always honoured by the presence of a gay bevy of beauty, resplendent in the latest summer fashions, and listening with amused tolerance or good-humoured laugh to the solicitous patronage of their youthful brothers or cousins, who are anxious to show them that the smallest Eton boy can at any rate look after and chaperon a mere girl, even if she be twice his age. The rustling of the elms, which are at this time in their full beauty, blends pleasantly with the music of many voices, while the colour contrast between the dark foliage of the trees and the gay silks and chiffons of those who are standing in their shade is made complete by the white-flannelled heroes of the day, who are manfully trying to uphold the honours of their respective schools in the midst of the smooth greensward.

The Winchester match is a great event, always taking place in June, and in fine weather is nearly as big a social function as Lord's, being also a good time for meeting old friends, who, like homing

pigeons, have torn themselves away from dull offices or dingy manufactories to gather once more with the long unseen friends of their boyhood. All this is very nice and pretty, and the ladies delight in it, but the question is: "Is it good for the cricket?" The answer is, I fear, in the negative. Upper Club is not a good cricket ground. It is rather too small, and much too much surrounded by trees, which seriously affect the light. A magnificent pitch has been laid out in Agar's Plough, which was beginning to be used when I left for nearly all the important events with the exception of the Winchester match, which association could not tear from its old haunts. This change has, I believe, caused an immense improvement in the play of the Eleven, as this year's victory can bear witness, but to watch a match in the new ground is a fearsome performance. A nice pavilion has been built, but it stands in dreary isolation. There is not a tree to give shelter within a quarter of a mile, as the poor saplings planted by the authorities are not yet out of their baby clothes of long cane supports. The grass round the actual ground is dry and brown, with here and there

a seat placed on it, on which you may sit scorched by a blazing sun or chilled to the marrow by a biting, icy wind.

I fear that I must admit a hope that sentiment will triumph at the expense of common sense, and that I shall never see a Winchester match anywhere else at Eton than in dear old Upper Club.

Often when a game is being played on a long summer afternoon in Upper Club, tea is brought to the players, who have probably got leave off 6 o'clock absence, in Poets' Walk, in order that they may continue the game immediately afterwards without having to go all the way to their houses and back again. This is a very pleasant arrangement for the players, but is rather hard on any fags who may be required to take comestibles down to the festal board for their masters' benefit.

Having mentioned these teas, I propose to leave the subject of cricket and discourse on the subject of gastronomy, or rather on the College teas that always follow any important match in the football season. In the winter, lock-up on half-holidays is at 5 p.m. and long before that time it is always too dark to

think of playing, so nearly all matches end at about 4 p.m. The visitors, provided that they are not compelled by the dicta of their universities or the calls of business to speed away forthwith from Windsor Station, are usually entertained by the College Eleven to a sumptuous tea in Reading Room. These teas are quite an established institution, and are very pleasant as enabling men, who have been away from the School for many years, to get a chance of a yarn with the present generation, whom possibly they recollect as fags, and learn in what manner the old School has deteriorated, as of course it always has to an old boy's mind. A most palatial allowance of victuals is usually provided: fish, eggs and bacon, sausages and sometimes salmon kedgeree or cutlets form *les pièces de résistance*, while marmalade and jam of many descriptions follow up as *entremets*. As soon as all are replete and the aroma of tea has produced a holy calm, the Keeper of the Wall or Field or some such dignitary calls upon someone present for a song, and a spirited concert is started, hosts and visitors alike singing many a rollicking chorus or popular Eton song, perhaps with

more vigour than harmony. A few of the best known songs, which the outside world imagines to be always on an Etonian's lips, are not often heard, or may only be sung by particular people. Thus the "Eton Boating Song" is preserved for the Keeper of College Aquatics, and the "Song of the Wall" for the Keeper of the Wall. I doubt if many of my readers have ever heard the "Eton Boating Song" in full, so I venture to reproduce one version of it here, though there are others:

Jolly boating weather,
  And a hay-harvest breeze,
Blade on the feather,
  Shade off the trees;
Swing, swing together
  With your bodies between your knees (*bis*).

Skirting past the rushes,
  Ruffling o'er the reeds,
Where the lock-stream gushes,
  Where the cygnet feeds,
Let us see how the wine-glass flushes
  At supper on Boveney meads (*bis*).

Thanks to the bounteous "sitter,"
  Who sat not at all on his seat:
Down with the beer that's bitter;
  Up with the wine that's sweet;
And oh that some kindly "critter"
  Would give us more ducks to eat! (*bis*)

Dreadnought, *Britannia*, *Thetis*,
Victory, *Third Upper*, *Ten*,
And the Eight, poor souls, whose meat is
Hard steak and a harder hen ;
And the last of our long-boat fleet is
Defiance to Westminster Men! (*bis*)

Carving with elbow nudges,
Lobsters we throw behind ;
Vinegar nobody grudges,
Little boys drink it blind,
Now were all of us sober as judges,
We'll give you a piece of our mind (*bis*).

Harrow may be more clever,
Rugby may make more row;
We'll swing together
Steady from stroke to bow;
And nothing in life shall sever
The chain that is round us now (*bis*).

Others will fill our places,
Dress'd in the old light blue;
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag prove true;
And youth will be still in our faces
As we cheer for an Eton crew (*bis*).

Twenty years hence this weather
Will tempt us from office stools:
We may be slow on the feather,
And seem to the boys old fools:
But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools (*bis*).

The third and fifth verses, which may seem a little obscure, refer to the procession of boats on the Fourth of June and the subsequent supper at Surly. A "sitter" is a personage of importance, who used occasionally in the old days to travel up to Surly in one of the boats. He was not unnaturally expected to provide something towards the evening's entertainment. The fourth verse gives a list of some of the boats, and alludes to the old Eton v. Westminster race, discontinued many years ago. The fifth line of the fifth verse seems to suggest that Surly proved sometimes too much for many a stalwart oarsman.

The Boating Song, though rarely heard at the School itself, is without doubt *the* song of Old Etonians, and is sung at every meeting, dinner or commemoration that is attended by them all over the world. Hardly a country can exist that has not heard it. Eton has given more of her sons than any other mother to the conquest and government of the Empire, and hardly ever has an expedition of discovery or exploration set out, perhaps never to return, that has not found one Etonian among

the party. Letters are perpetually coming to the *Chronicle* from the uttermost parts of the earth, from lonely camp fires or fever-haunted jungle settlements, places where men, who have vanished from their homes mayhap for ever, meet for a season and depart silent as they arrived, to go about their own or their masters' business. These letters come sometimes from the old boy himself, sometimes from an absolute stranger, saying how so and so and so and so decided to give a dinner to celebrate the Fourth of June or Founder's Day and invited the few who were there to attend. I have in my mind the following epistle that arrived not so very long ago.... "After dinner, which was of a slightly primitive nature, Blank sang your splendid Boating Song, and we all drank a toast to Mother Eton wishing her success at Henley and Lord's. Poor Blank, he was drowned not forty-eight hours afterwards, while attempting to cross the Irrawaddy."

The apotheosis of the College tea may be found in "College Supper," an annual festival taking place at the end of the Michaelmas half, attended by the members of College Pop and the Wall Eleven. I

believe a guest may be invited under very special circumstances, but I doubt if his presence would be approved of. The supper is a very big affair indeed and is held in the Hall. All the College waiters attend robed in evening dress, to carve and perform such-like duties. Four fags are appointed as supernumerary waiters, and are considered by their fellows to be very lucky, as they get a very fair share of the good food and wine provided. Everyone has a place at table allotted to him, and a regular list of toasts is made out, from the King downwards, with those who are to respond to them. Any wine is permitted, but not liqueurs.

The supper taking place as it does right at the end of the football season with no matches ahead, everyone is out of training and so can with impunity partake of the dainties provided.

The number of toasts that are drunk proves now and again rather tedious, coming as they do at the end of a longish dinner. A few speeches are made, and a good many songs sung before the company disperses, well pleased with itself, to prayers at 9.30. I consider College supper a most excellent institu-

tion, as I think it is very pleasant that boys, most of whom will have departed before the next winter, should have a farewell dinner of this sort in memory of the last time in which they stood side by side in College Field in the chill November air to maintain the honour of College against the remainder of the School.

Three of the toasts are, I think, worthy of mention: one "In memoriam J. K. Stephen" is drunk from the old cup held by the Keeper of the Wall, in silence, as is "In memoriam H. C. Goodhart" from the cup handed down to the Keeper of the Field. "In memoriam Robin Lubbock" will bring tears to the eyes of many who remember that fair young life, cut short long before its prime by a fatal accident in the hunting field. I hope another toast will soon be drunk, if it has not already been instituted, in memory of the young hero, who, having carried many of his injured comrades to safety, fell mortally wounded on the bloody field of Spion Kop.

After the supper is finished the revellers go to prayers and then adjourn to a "Rag Debate" in

College Pop, as the feast always takes place on a Saturday. These rag debates are sometimes very amusing, and are generally on some such subject as "Are pyjamas better than nightshirts?" or that "This House considers that a committee should be appointed for the reformation of Upper Passage."

I am afraid that it cannot be denied that too much is occasionally drunk at this annual entertainment, but I do not think that that is very serious, as the boy who retired to his couch having dined "well but not too wisely" is generally in a condition next morning that induces him to swear to abstain from wine for the remainder of his days. I remember one year in which the Master declared that too much champagne had been drunk, and very kindly provided what he considered a suitable amount next year. By some unfortunate oversight the boys supplied their own as before, with the result that nearly double the usual quantity appeared on the table; but, sad to relate, very little remained behind at the end of the proceedings.

Among other forms of entertainment of later

origin, which have gained a well deserved popularity among the boys, may be numbered the College Concerts. They were certainly very amusing and exceedingly well got up, and have, I do not doubt, sustained the promise of their commencement. They were introduced, I believe, entirely by the exertions of Mr. A. M. Goodhart, a great musician, who was Master in College from 1894—1902. They were usually held on Saturday nights, and there were perhaps two or three in a half. The performers were always Collegers, except when some external musician was introduced, who played but did not sing, or when some master who was a noted singer volunteered his services. The rehearsals were very frequent and the results always first class. There was as a rule a good deal of vocal and instrumental music, varied occasionally by a recitation. Sometimes members of Sixth Form would act a piece from some well-known play or book, dressed in their "speech clothes," which consist of ordinary Court dress and a gown. College in my time was blessed with at least two very good actors and several good singers, who acted as a foundation on which other

untrained or unexploited talent could be brought out. Hall was used as a concert room, and the audiences were generally very large, including amongst them people living near by, who did not belong to the School; a fact which spoke volumes for their popularity. These concerts, new as they are, deserve, though they hardly need, the greatest encouragement. At the time when I left the School they were by no means regular, though I am sure that no Colleger would regret their becoming so.

Before leaving the subject of the festivities that took place, and I hope still take place, 'neath the classic roof of New Buildings, I am prompted to put into print the words of a very curious old semi-pagan, semi-Christian song which always makes its appearance at all College gatherings. The meaning of the verses is very obscure, and I append a suggested explanation afterwards.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES OH.

I'll sing you one ho!
Green grow the rushes oh,
What is your one ho?
One is one, and all alone,
And ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you two ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your two ho?
    Two, two for the lilywhite boys
    Clothed all in green oh.
    One is one, and all alone,
    And ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you three ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your three ho?
Three, three for the rivals.
    Two, two for the lilywhite boys, &c.

I'll sing you four ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your four ho?
Four for the gospel makers.
    Three, three for the rivals, &c.

I'll sing you five ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your five ho?
Five for the symbols at your door,
    Four for the gospel makers, &c.

I'll sing you six ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your six ho?
Six for the six proud walkers,
    Five for the symbols at your door, &c.

I'll sing you seven ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your seven ho?
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,
    And six for the six proud walkers, &c.

I'll sing you eight ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your eight ho?
Eight for the eight bold rainers (reigners or reiners?),
    Seven for the seven stars in the sky, &c.

I'll sing you nine ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your nine ho?
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
    Eight for the eight bold rainers, &c.

I'll sing you ten ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your ten ho?
Ten for the ten commandments,
    Nine for the nine bright shiners, &c.

I'll sing you eleven ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your eleven ho?
Eleven for the eleven that went up to heaven,
    And ten for the ten commandments, &c.

I'll sing you twelve ho,
  Green grow the rushes oh.
What are your twelve ho?
Twelve for the twelve apostles,
Eleven for the eleven that went up to heaven,
And ten for the ten commandments.
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
Eight for the eight bold rainers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,
And six for the six proud walkers,
Five for the symbols at your door,

And four for the gospel makers,
Three, three for the rivals,
Two, two for the lilywhite boys
Clothed all in green oh,
One is one, and all alone,
And ever more shall be so.

The singer, while making his way back through the previous verses, is not usually joined by the chorus till he reaches the third verse, when, as a glance at the song will show, the metre, and consequently the air, change. Sometimes, however, the chorus helps him on the whole of the way.

I have never seen the song written down except at Eton, nor have I heard any official explanation of the numbers, but I will give an explanation that is, I believe, generally accepted by the few who have interested themselves in the matter. The words are undoubtedly of very considerable age.

"One is one and all alone" must, I think, refer to God.

"Two, two for the lilywhite boys" suggests the Great Twin Brethren. "Three, three for the rivals," probably refers to the Trinity, taking "rival" in the old sense as meaning "equal." "Four for

the gospel makers" is obvious. "Five for the symbols at your door" must refer to the "Pentacle," used as a sign on the doors of magicians in mediæval days.

"Six for the six proud walkers," possibly Odin's Valkyrie, the "Choosers of the Slain" on the battlefield, who were six in number.

"Seven for the seven stars in the sky" is of course the "Septemtriones" or "Great Bear."

"Eight for the eight bold rainers." If spelt "rainers" not "reiners" or "reigners," I should suggest the constellation so often referred to in the Classics as "the rainy Hyades."

"Nine for the nine bright shiners," presumably the Pleiades.

"Ten for the ten commandments."

"Eleven for the eleven that went up to heaven." I am not satisfied with any explanation of this that I have heard. Why, if it refers to the Twelve Apostles without Judas Iscariot, should St. Matthias be omitted? I suspect that it must refer to some mediæval legend of eleven people who were translated to heaven, possibly including Enoch, Elijah

and other Patriarchs. The next verse, "Twelve for the twelve apostles," seems to me to make it more unlikely still that "eleven" should also refer to them. If any of my readers have ever seen this song written down elsewhere, I do not doubt that they know the true explanation, but till I see it myself, I shall be content with what I have written down here, hoping that others will be content likewise.

CHAPTER VIII.

COLLEGE AQUATICS. THE FOURTH OF JUNE.

"THE Keeper of College Aquatics" is a gentleman possessed of a high sounding title of office with remarkably little work attached to it. He is in fact the senior wet-bob in College. Should he be in the Eight or one of the top two or three boats he is a great man in the School, but as Keeper of College Aquatics he has nothing to do except to keep a record of the performances of Collegers in a book that has been written up for this purpose for a great many years. He is also expected to look after the interests of Collegers with regard to getting them tried for the Boats and that sort of thing.

"The Boats" at Eton are ten in number, and

are divided into three "Upper" and seven "Lower." Their names are as follows:

UPPER BOATS.

Monarch	Victory	Prince of Wales

LOWER BOATS.

Britannia	Hibernia	Alexandra
Dreadnought	St. George	Defiance
Thetis		

The three Upper Boats give a great many privileges to those who are in them, the greatest being that they may have sliding seats in their private boats, which are not allowed to other boys.

The Monarch is a ten-oar and is chiefly composed of very senior boys, who have been in the Boats a long time, but are not good enough for any of the other Upper Boats, or of boys who are working very hard for a scholarship or some prize, and find that they will not have time to do much rowing in the summer half, and do not want to lose any time training for the Lower Boat Bumping races, or for a School race. The Captain of the Monarch must however always be the Captain of

the Boats and the Coxswain the Cox of the Eight. The top ten boys in the Upper Boat Choices, which are published yearly towards the end of the summer, are each told off as Captain of a boat in the ensuing March, when rowing begins again. Thus the Captain of the Boats is Captain of the Monarch. The Second Captain is Captain of the Victory. The third Choice is always Captain of the Britannia and is known as the "Captain of Lower Boats," the fourth of the Prince of Wales and so on.

The seven Lower Boats are represented by tub-eights which are used for bumping races and for the processions on the First of March and Fourth of June. There is only one cap denoting that the wearer is an oar in any one of them, namely a white one with three narrow crimson stripes. The Prince and Victory have a white cap with a great many very narrow scarlet stripes, Upper Boat Choices a cap composed of equal numbers of roughly half inch light blue and white stripes, while the Monarch is denoted by a white cap with two broad dark blue bands. The Eight wear a white cap and

a light blue blazer trimmed with white. The Captain of the Boats has a cap of his own, white with E.C.B.C. and crossed oars in light blue just above the peak. The only other rowing colour is Lower Boat Choices, bestowed on the best oars in the Lower Boats at the end of the summer. The cap is the same as Lower Boats, but with dark blue stripes in place of crimson. The Captain of the Boats when in half-change is allowed to wear a very curious shaggy dark blue pea-jacket adorned with gold buttons, with the Eton arms on them. The Second Captain may wear the same with silver buttons. Besides the cap worn by all the members, each boat has its private ribbon with its name in gold letters on it. These are put up in the boys' rooms, and are also worn round the soft felt "land and water" hats universally used by wet and dry-bobs in the summer. The Britannia has a dark royal blue ribbon, the Dreadnought pale pink, Thetis dark purple, Hibernia green, St. George scarlet, Alexandra black and Defiance crimson. The oar blades of each boat are the same colour as the ribbons. The Alexandra, though not the bottom

boat, does not appear in March, or take part in the bumping races early in the summer, being filled up just before the Fourth of June as an extra boat, thus allowing nine more aspirants, who have failed in the spring, a chance to gain aquatic distinction in the summer.

Before I show the part which College plays in the nautical world of Eton, I think it is advisable to give a few words to the rowing system in general throughout the School.

When a boy first comes to the School in September he has in all probability decided already whether he will seek for glory on land or water, in other words whether he is going to be a dry or wet-bob. If he is going to follow the latter calling, he makes all possible haste to pass in swimming, so that he may be allowed to go on the river. This he will probably get a chance of doing in September before the weather gets too cold for bathing at Cuckoo Weir, a swimming bath on a back-water of the Thames reserved for non-swimmers and Lower boys. After this he will arrange with one, or perhaps two, kindred spirits to hire a "perfection" for

the summer from either the School boat-house at the Brocas, or from Winter's, the rival private establishment next door. A "perfection," commonly and erroneously known as a "perfect," is a clinker-built tub pair-oar, partially outrigged, and, as clinker-built boats go, fairly light. These boats are the only form of pair-oar allowed to boys who are not in Boats, whether they be in the Upper or Lower Schools. If the youthful aspirant is desirous of trying his hand at sculling, he can, instead of a "perfect," hire a "whiff," a very small clinker-built sculling boat exceedingly easy to capsize, which will probably give him many an involuntary bath before he can reach "Athens" or the railway bridge. The youthful Colleger, who with a friend has determined to master the art of pulling in a "perfect," finds it very uphill work at first, if he is entirely ignorant of the art. Each time he goes out some smaller boy is requisitioned as a cox, and the trio for the first week or two find themselves with a crowd of similar novices making bold attempts to pull as far as Boveney Lock, getting unmercifully abused by veterans for failing to observe the rules of the river,

which are very puzzling at first, and very likely spending an afternoon in getting off the treacherous sandbank at Lower Hope. Should the boat upset the boys are never in any danger. Watermen belonging to the College are posted at frequent intervals in punts alongside the banks, their sole business being to rescue swamped boats and help the late occupants if they are in any difficulty. Very early in the day oarsmen's fagmasters, if they be wet-bobs, or the Keeper of College Aquatics, or some other enthusiasts, will probably give the youngsters advice and coaching, very often taking a great deal of trouble with them, hoping that they will go in for Lower Boy Pulling and perhaps win a heat, or at any rate do well in it. Lower Boy Pulling comes round, and is watched with great interest by the senior boys, who are very desirous to see what promising material for a future Henley the previous September has brought them. I don't think a Colleger has ever won this race or the Sculling, and I think it is hardly to be expected that they should, as they are all boys of thirteen or fourteen who have not been at the School a year, matched very

likely against boys of nearly sixteen, who may, incredible as it may sound, have been at the School four or five years and still be fags. Next year he is no longer a fag, so the young Colleger must turn his attention to the "Novice" races, and continue to do so until he dons the coveted crimson and white cap. Novice Pulling is rowed in "perfects," but the boys who wish to take up sculling are now allowed to use "riggers," light, outrigged, cedar-built racing boats with fixed seats, slides being allowed only to boys in the Upper Boats. Novice Pulling is a very important race, as the winners are nearly always given their Boats immediately, without waiting for the next First of March, and those who have done well are certain of them on that date. To get into the Boats you have to put your name down on a list, generally put on the counter at the principal tailor's some time in February. A list then appears in Spottiswoode's, the School bookseller, saying that the following boys will be tried on the river at such and such a date, when various eights of novices are taken out by members of the Eight or Upper Boat Choices. The vacant places in the Boats are filled

up from the best of those who have been tried, and the fortunate ones given their colours in time to take part in the short procession up stream that takes place on St. David's Day. Of course if the Keeper of College Aquatics is an influential wet-bob, a kindly word from him may very often pave (or should I say bridge?) the way of entry to the Boats for a young Colleger.

This is the same throughout the School, and I should hardly call it a system of favouritism, as it is obvious that in the case of a few vacancies there must be a good many boys still remaining novices, who are as good as others who have been awarded their colours; but it is impossible to row sixteen men in an eight-oared boat, and I do not think any boy would recommend another whom he did not know to be good enough for the place; it is merely drawing attention to him in case he should be overlooked. Furthermore, whoever was taking a novice trial eight would never select a boy in place of a better one whom he saw in the boat. His first wish is to keep up the standard of rowing, his second to oblige a friend. As soon as a boy "gets

his Boats" he becomes a very different man in the aquatic world. He can row for part of the Easter half if he wishes to do so, and is also allowed with a friend to row in a racing, fixed seat, coxswainless pair-oar, in which he may enter for "Junior Pulling," a race open to all boys in Lower Boats whether they be juniors or not. "Junior Sculling" is similarly an important race. The competitors in these races may select colours to row under, which are used for trimming their zephyrs and for the flag in the bows of their boat; but they may only choose simple combinations of two colours which do not belong to any house, fancy devices being reserved for Upper Boats in the School races, and House Colours for the House Fours at the end of the summer. Shortly before Junior Pulling these pair-oars become rather nuisances to novices and dry-bobs who are spending an afternoon on the river. They are very erratic (being coxswainless) and their owners expect everyone to give way to them as they dash at full speed up or down stream. I have seen many an amusing or disastrous collision at about 4.30 on a half holiday afternoon when the competitors think that the

river will be clear and give them a good opportunity for a little practice before the boys who have gone a good distance up stream come down for six o'clock absence. A novice on first getting his colours generally takes one of the lowest Boats, probably the Defiance or St. George, very likely going up on the Fourth of June to a better one. I have however known quite moderate oars enter as high as the Thetis when there were a good many vacancies, and I remember one case of the winners of Novice Pulling, who happened to be Collegers, getting their Britannia next year. The Britannia is without doubt the best of the Lower Boats, and the Dreadnought and Thetis are generally better than the others; but so far as the remainder are concerned they are all much alike, varying in different years, though the Defiance is as a rule the worst. Promotion to better boats is made entirely by selection except just at first, when it matters very little whether a boy is on the Alexandra, Defiance, or anything below the Thetis. At the end of the summer the Lower Boat Choices are published, and those who are lucky enough to have their names

included are certain of their Upper Boats next year, if there are sufficient vacancies.

As soon as a boy gets into Upper Boats he becomes rather an important personage. He probably does not get his Victory straight off unless he is a marked man, but supposing that he shows real skill as an oar, he has just as good a chance of getting his Eight from the Prince of Wales, which he will probably leave for the Victory on June the Fourth. In the Easter half Trial Eights are rowed in the same manner as at the Universities, and the Eight is as a rule drawn from the two crews, unless some hidden genius emerges from his lair during the early days of the summer, and takes a place in the Boat. Boys in Upper Boats are allowed, as I mentioned above, to row on sliding seats, and also the School races instead of being open to everyone, as the name might lead one to expect, are restricted to them. School Pulling is rowed in coxswainless racing pair-oars, generally steered from one of the stretchers. The course for this race and the Sculling is very long, the competitors rowing up to a spot known as "Rushes," a little below Boveney

Lock, turning round the "Rypeck," a light blue flag with the Eton arms on it planted in mid-stream, and returning to the starting place, the whole distance being about three miles. The courses for the Junior races are very much shorter. Boys with artistic (?) minds sometimes adopt very curious colours for these races, such as a white eagle on a dark blue ground, or blue St. Andrew's cross on yellow. They are certainly distinctive, but I prefer the plain two-colour flags of the Lower Boats; I suppose however that it is merely a matter of taste. School races are very important events, and as a rule all the rowing masters and a very large percentage of wet-bobs and even dry-bobs accompany the boats along the bank for the whole or part of the distance.

When the race is over, the three Upper Boats adjourn to their private changing rooms and indulge in a "brew." After which, it is considered rather a fine thing to jump or dive from the parapet of Windsor Bridge. Having performed or neglected this daring feat, the successful oarsmen and their friends adjourn to "Tap," a small bar in the town

controlled by the authorities, and drink a friendly glass of beer.

After any School race nearly all the boys collect outside Upper School in the road and await the arrival of the winner. Presently he or they appear escorted from the recesses of "Tap" by "Pop" and perhaps one or two other notabilities. As soon as the procession reaches the end of the Chapel, the fortunate one is seized by his companions and rushed through the crowd shoulder high amid tremendous shouting and cheering. This manœuvre, known as "Hoisting," is repeated three or four times before the assembly adjourns, and is considered quite as important a function as the race itself. During the whole time that I was at Eton I never attended a "Hoisting" without marvelling why a serious accident did not take place. The road monopolised for the purpose is the main thoroughfare through the town from Slough to Windsor, and where the traffic is incessant.

The whole street is blocked while the ceremony is going on, and the noise made frightens any horse that may be near into capering protestation. The

boys do their best to hold any animal that gets beyond the control of its rider or driver, and I do not think complaints are ever made to the authorities about it. I once saw a boy injured by a fall, and another by a kick from a horse, but neither of them stayed out for more than a couple of days. Surely the Providence that watches over sailors extends its kindly offices to schoolboys.

There is still one form of "wet-bobbing" that I have not alluded to, namely the Lower Boat Coxes. They are selected in much the same manner as the oars, and share all their privileges, rising by seniority till they reach the Upper Boats, when the coxes of the Eight and Second Eight, who steer the Monarch and Victory respectively, are chosen for lightness and ability combined. A cox when he becomes too heavy for his job is given an oar in the Monarch, unless, as is often the case, he is good enough for one of the Lower Boats. Before becoming a Lower Boat Cox a boy must be in Middle Division of Fifth Form, and get the consent of his Tutor and House Master.

The privileges enjoyed by the Members of the

Boats are rather vague and undetermined. Each boat has a separate changing room at rafts, and novices are supposed to give way to them in shoving off from the landing stage, and also on the river. Boys in Upper Boats also can inflict fines on anyone whom they find breaking the established "Rule of the River," or disobeying any order made by the Captain of the Boats. There are some funny little walnut shell tubs known as gigs, which are kept lying on the rafts. These are only allowed to be used by the Boats. Again all those with their colours purchase white duck trousers, which they wear in the summer with their ordinary school attire, a very cool and comfortable arrangement. One of the earliest rowing events in the summer is the Lower Boat Bumping Races. They are rather interesting as being the only time when the crews are matched against each other. The results are generally much the same. The boats start in order of seniority, and, as a rule, the only changes that take place are in the middle. The Britannia is rarely bumped, and the Defiance rarely makes a bump; the others often shift very considerably.

The course is unfortunately rather short, but this cannot be avoided, as above "Sandbanks," where the last boat is moored, the river makes a very sharp turn, and it is impossible to go below rafts, where every race finishes. No boating is allowed down stream, except when Windsor races are on, when no one may go up stream as the race-course is only a couple of hundred yards from the right bank of the river. This up stream rule is a very sensible one, as it precludes the possibility of a young enthusiast going miles down with the current and then finding himself unable to get back.

The Captain of the Boats also has the power to order a "check," which means that boys are forbidden to go on the river for a certain time. This is generally done on the evening of an important race, and a notice to the effect posted up at rafts and in Spottiswoode's, the School bookseller, where all School notices appear.

The Captain of the Boats is a very great man indeed, he is in fact a long way the most important boy in the School. He has a cap and coat of his own that no one else may wear, and is absolute

arbiter over any question connected with the river that may come up.

Further than that in the Easter half he runs all the Sports assisted by the Captain of the Eleven. I believe that strictly speaking he has power over every colour in the School, and can, if he wishes, give himself his Eleven, School-Field or anything. I can recollect one case where a Captain gave himself his House Colours, but, needless to state, there was a special reason for it, and, in spite of that, it was considered rather a curious thing to do. In the old days he was always asked to play for the Eleven at Lord's as a matter of form, but I do not know whether this practice still continues. The post is rather a responsible one, as he has to deal with large sums of money both for the Boats and the Sports, which is no doubt a useful experience and may turn out to be a very profitable one in later years. College has never numbered a Captain of the Boats amongst her distinctions, although the Second Captain has more than once resided within her walls.

The Captain of the Boats is also an important man beyond the confines of Eton, and is eagerly

sought for by both Universities, as he is likely to be a valuable adjunct to the crew at Putney either in the next year or the next but one.

Towards the end of the summer there is one very important race, the last one of the year, which I have not yet described, namely the House Fours. The race is rowed in outrigged clinker-built tub fours, and creates, I think, more interest and excitement than any School event, not counting of course Henley, Lord's and the Winchester Match. Occasionally the result is a foregone conclusion, when a House possesses one or more members of the Eight and perhaps several important boys in the Upper Boats, but this is not often the case, and very frequently at the actual race the most unexpected things happen. It is very difficult indeed to gauge the merits of two Houses, one sending in a four with one first-class oar and three inferior members of Lower Boats, and the other possessing three or four members of the Britannia or Prince of Wales, none of them conspicuously brilliant, but all fairly good and very equal. I think however that as a rule one may back a House with an even crew

against one possessing one or two brilliant oars and perhaps a couple of "scugs." A great hoisting takes place after the race attended by the usual formalities. I forgot to mention while on the subject of hoistings, that the heroes of the House, when they, or he, have been carried up and down the street, are brought forcibly to one or other of their tutors' houses, where their heads are forced out of window and liberally soused with cold water before the eyes of the enthusiastic crowd below, greatly to the detriment of their shirt collars and other habiliments. I do not know the origin of this custom, but I may add that it becomes excessively exhilarating when a hoister in the exuberance of his spirits drops a water jug, full or empty, into the midst of the spectators from a window about thirty feet above the street. College are not permitted to enter for the House Fours for the same reason that they are debarred from competing for the House Football Cup. Rowing among the Junior boys in the School has been greatly encouraged of late years by the institution of a race for Junior House Fours coming fairly early in the season. College may enter for

this but must send in two fours in place of one, which of course proves a serious handicap, but one that cannot be avoided, as to enter one four only would obviously be unfair.

I am glad to say that no great deal of loafing on the river is countenanced among small boys, at any rate so far as College is concerned. I think it is a very good thing that youngsters, who do not show any great signs of keenness, should be hustled and practically compelled to enter for races. A schoolboy loafer is no good to man or beast, and has as a rule only become what he is owing to bad habits contracted when quite a small fellow. New boys are apt to be morbid about "making exhibitions of themselves," as they call it, and therefore are afraid to enter for any race on land or water if they think they are not likely to do well at it. If however they are made to understand that they will have to enter for something whether they like it or not, they begin to exert themselves and realise that there will, as likely as not, be several competitors who are no better than they are. This idea brings encouragement, with the result that they begin to dig out,

and get really keen, so that when the race comes off they do much better than they expected, and run contentedly home with a fixed intention of sticking to it, and seeing what they can do next year. Of course when a boy gets older he must steer his own course, and, if he chooses to steer for a gouty, irritable and obese middle age, no one can stop him. The great boat for loafers is the "whiff-gig." This is a fairly light tub sculling boat of the pleasure boat type holding from two to four persons. It is fairly light to scull, and a peaceful voyage to Surly on a hot afternoon, several glasses of cider, perhaps a secret pipe or cigarette and a gentle paddle down in time for six o'clock absence, to be followed by a heavy tea off cold lobster, seems to be some people's idea of bliss. Mind, I am not for a moment saying that such an afternoon's pleasuring for once in a way, when the weather is almost too hot for hard work, is not very delightful, but I object to the people who make a practice of it. Furthermore I always notice that these devotees of Felicitas are among the keenest to go to Henley, and the loudest-voiced of any when a discussion or argument on

rowing crops up. The other form of boat beloved of the "scug" has long been extinct, namely the "cedar." This craft was something between a "perfect" and a "rigger," being light, cedar-built, and keelless. It held two people, and, I think, a coxswain, but I cannot quite remember about the latter. It was very light and easy to pull, and was debarred from all races for novices, excepting House or Division sweepstakes, thus ensuring the owners a freedom from the molestation of enthusiasts, as, when the boat had been taken for the summer, they could not be expected to hire another one. Again some sort of semblance to keenness could be assumed by going out for fairly long expeditions that entailed the minimum of fatigue and exercise. This craft however has died the death of the unrighteous, and when I left the School one only remained, dusty and broken, at the back of the Brocas Boat House.

Apart from Henley, the great aquatic festival of the year is on June the Fourth, a commemoration of George the Third's birthday, which I have more than once heard confused with "Founder's Day" on

December 6th. The Fourth of June is a very great day indeed, being a *dies non*, or whole holiday without any early school.

Every boy in the School appears dressed in great style. Light summer waistcoats, stick-up collars, button-holes and new hats are *de rigueur*, and patent leather boots are frequently affected. An enormous concourse of people arrive during the morning, and every House Master and Tutor gives some sort of lunch party to his pupils and their parents, accommodating them as far as he possibly can, while the remaining boys give their guests food at the hotels down town or in their own rooms. During the forenoon the long anticipated and carefully rehearsed speeches are given by Sixth Form in Upper School to a select audience, and always meet with great and well merited approval. In the afternoon a cricket match of rather minor importance takes place in Upper Club, which is thronged with a vast crowd of Old Etonians, ladies and celebrities, who, in truth be it said, care much more for each other than for the cricket, which after all is mainly intended as some excuse for utilizing the environs of the ground

for what amounts to a gigantic society garden party, which drinks its tea to the mellifluous sound of a first-class band, and occasionally feels constrained to shout "bravo" or "well hit" in order to keep up some appearance of interest in the great national game. The boy who has not got relations down for the Fourth had best proceed on "Short leave," or he will not enjoy himself. Every House is overrun with visitors and no meal takes place at the proper time. He will probably wander about by himself searching for some similar unfortunate and some place where there is room for him to lunch, and finally in sheer desperation wander into some forbidden restaurant, get captured and simultaneously into trouble. After tea comes six o'clock absence, which is also a popular entertainment. The whole School Yard is absolutely packed with visitors, and it is almost impossible to move. They always throng the Chapel steps and leave a clear place beneath for the Head Master to stand in, in order to call over the roll. Every year the Head Master turns everyone off these coigns of vantage and stands on the steps alone, where he can easily be

seen over the heads of the crowd. Here for the first time in the day, the boys in the Boats begin to appear garbed in their quaint old fancy dress.

Every boy wears a dark blue monkey jacket with gold buttons, like the blue jacket of Nelson's days, over a white linen shirt striped with the colour of his boat, and garnished with a broad silk handkerchief to match tied in a sailor's knot. Underneath this appear white duck trousers and pink silk socks encased in black pumps with gold buckles. On their heads they wear heavy white straw hats trimmed and edged with the ribbon of the boat decorated with a metal badge and appropriate imitation flowers, the whole giving a very handsome effect. Thus the Victory has a light blue ribbon with a silver shield bearing the arms of Eton, the Prince of Wales the Prince of Wales' feathers, and the Hibernia the harp and shamrocks and so on. The Thetis alone bears an irregularity, having a black instead of a white straw hat, and a green ribbon in place of a purple one. The coxswains of the three Upper Boats appear as admirals in full dress, and those of the Lower Boats, with the exception of the Britannia, as mid-

shipmen wearing white instead of blue trousers. The cox of the Britannia wears an admiral's uniform with silver in place of gold lace. The whole ten of them carry magnificent bouquets which have to be provided by the captain of each boat. These latter gentlemen by the way wear the same uniform as their men, with a device on the left arm not unlike the naval petty officer's badge of to-day. After absence, where they are the cynosure of every eye, these heroes of the hour adjourn to rafts and embark, each boat flying in honour of the occasion a coloured silk flag with the badge on it. They then row up in procession past a cheering and delighted crowd, which lines the banks, as far as Sandbanks, where they go about and come down again. Coats are then removed and they settle down for a long three mile pull to Surly in most unsuitable clothes, while the spectators disperse to supper. At Surly a gorgeous feast is provided, after which the boats row down again, timing themselves to arrive in the middle of the fireworks or about 9.45 p.m. The fireworks take place on Fellows' Eyot, a small island in the middle of the river just below Windsor Lock dividing the weir stream from the

main channel. The spectators are all on the left bank the other side of the weir stream. The boats come through the lock, round the island and up the weir stream, which is carefully marked with lights so as to minimise the risk of running aground. After this they come back drifting down stream, everyone standing up in the boat and tossing his oar, a by no means easy feat in a fairly light boat drifting along in the dark. The voyage down from Surly is beset with difficulties. If there is the slightest wind the heavy flag in the stern causes the boat to roll abominably. The river is dark and tortuous, and the coxswain hampered by his fine clothes and bouquet. Getting through Windsor lock in the dark is also rather a work of art. When oars are tossed later on at the fireworks the boats generally roll very badly indeed, and boys not infrequently fall out. I remember one fellow in the St. George, 1899 I think it was, falling out, and in some marvellous way getting in again. In doing so however, he put his foot through the bottom of the boat and she sank in mid-stream, to the great excitement of those on the bank. The water is not at all deep there, but is

quite enough seriously to damage an ornate fancy dress. The St. George has been an unlucky boat, for she foundered during the bumping races of 1898, owing to the impact with which she bumped the Hibernia.

I fear I have said but little about College in this chapter, so I crave pardon of my readers if I have disappointed them. I must conclude however, and will do so by wishing the Keeper of College Aquatics plenty of young blood in the boats this next March (1905), and the best of luck during the whole season in School, Junior, or Novice races. If Junior House Fours still exist, as no doubt they do, let us hope that College A will come in an easy first hotly pursued by College B, the remainder a bad third.

CHAPTER IX.

"ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF BOYS."

WORK IN COLLEGE.

"What a jumble of names! there were some that I knew
As a brother is known: to-day
Gone I know not where, nay I hardly care,
For their places are full: and they—
What climes they have ranged: how much they're changed!
Time, place and pursuits assist
In transforming them; stay where you are: adieu!
You are all in the old School List."

J. K. STEPHEN, *Lapsus Calami.*

IN an earlier chapter of this book, the reader, if he care to look, will find the following words written apropos of some names carved on a wall: "When a boy leaves Eton, one phase of his life is ended, and he passes, so far as the School is concerned, into the obituary." I repeat this reflection with one verse from the late Mr. Stephen's beautiful poem, "The Old School List," as an introduction to, or possible explanation of, the subject of the ensuing chapter. I

am going to write about boys; boys as I knew them, not young soldiers, statesmen, undergraduates or business men who spent their boyhood at Eton. I am not a biographer or an historian, and I do not propose to perpetrate what might be in fifty years a valuable record of the very early life of a famous man. I shall mention no real names, and shall content myself with merely seeing my friends through their schooldays, and now and again mentioning perhaps to what part of the world the chariot of fate has carried them, that is to say if I know it myself.

In any community of persons, young or old, in which the members are thrown into constant daily intimacy with each other, it is very difficult for any being to conceal his personality from the remainder, or, to speak more shortly, everybody knows all about everybody else in a short space of time. College is no exception to this rule. Eton has been said by many writers to be a little world of her own, and I have never heard the assertion contradicted. I will add to it that College is again a separate though diminutive satellite, revolving on a separate orbit

round the greater planet of the School. Or does the School reflect her light from College ? Who can say ?

When seventy boys of varying ages are brought together in the same building by the same means, and for five years lead very much the same life, a casual observer might think that their individuality would be entirely lost, and that one specimen would be a fair type of the remainder. In most professions this would be so ; but in College at Eton it is not. To an experienced eye all the boys have a certain indescribable similarity, that remains in them through life, but this applies equally to the Oppidan as to the Colleger, though they lead very different lives, and makes not the slightest change in any one of their personal characteristics.

During the summer half of every year a certain number of boys are elected to scholarships, and are admitted to the School in the following September, January and April, according to their places on the list. The number of boys elected yearly varies considerably, but may be generally estimated at twelve to fifteen. These batches of boys are known as

"Elections," to wit the 1898 Election, the 1899 Election, the 1903 Election and so on. These "Elections" are thrown very much together all through their school career. They start on the same division and rise together. They mess together, work together, and live together in Chamber all through their early days. They get into Passages at about the same time, and probably begin to get colours in the same halves, perhaps as grand finale passing on to various universities within twelve months of each other. As a natural result the boys in these Elections get to know each other very well indeed. Friendships thus formed may last through a lifetime, but it is very improbable that they will. I do not mean by this that the friendship begotten of five years' companionship at Eton is nothing, far from it; but, unless young men enter the same branch of the same professions, they must of necessity be widely separated on leaving their respective Universities, Training Colleges or Naval or Military Academies. Two Collegers passing into Woolwich or Sandhurst together, and going on to the same battery or company, will probably be fast friends through life,

but consider how few are likely to be thrown together by such circumstances. Take for example one Election that comes to my mind as I write. I will enumerate so far as I know, or can remember, the various professions that its members have espoused. One is at Oxford and will shortly succeed to an important business in London. Another is engaged in mercantile work in India. A third is a clergyman in North England. Of the others, one is a master at Eton, another in a Government Office, two more in different branches of the Army, while yet another is a sort of philanthropic charity organizer, who has taken or is going to take Orders. Of the remainder I do not know the whereabouts. How many of these men are likely to see more than a day of each other's society in the next twenty years? They will never forget each other, and will always be delighted to meet if chance offers, whatever opinions they held at school. Again they will probably take an interest in each other's movements and at times correspond, but they will drift further and further apart, unless they are drawn together by the workings of an irresistible fate, and will finally

pass the Veil only causing at most a momentary pang of regret to those who were at one time their nearest and dearest friends.

"Do you remember Blank?" "Oh yes, he was in my Election at Eton." "Well, I saw his death in the paper yesterday." "Did you really? I had absolutely lost sight of him; we sat next to each other in Hall for nearly three years. Poor fellow!" How often does such a conversation take place? Times without number.

Of course, boys who return to Eton as masters, or remain at their universities as dons, will always meet each other, as will those who have married into each other's families; but they are exceptions and cannot be taken much into account. This separation is without doubt rather a sad thing, but perhaps after all it is a good thing also. The boy may be the father of the man, but if so his sons are not infrequently very unlike him, and disillusionment is perhaps the cruellest of all human sorrows. Now, reader, if you have contrived to struggle through my somewhat lengthy dissertation on the mutability of human affairs, you will understand why I am about to

write of boys, and boys alone, giving not a thought to their future careers, brilliant, dull, not yet begun or prematurely ended.

It has very often been said that no one need do any work at Eton unless he wants to. I do not think I agree with this statement. Among Oppidans it is certainly possible to do very little without getting into trouble, if you are not very regardful of truth, but Collegers are obliged to work. They are expected to get very high places in their divisions, get distinction in trials, and also fairly frequently to get "Sent up for good," an award to be gained for a particularly good piece of work on either classics, mathematics or science backed up by a general standard of meritorious work throughout the half. A boy receives a prize from the Head Master for every three distinctions and every three times that he is sent up for good.

A few Collegers are nearly always to be met with who do not do particularly well in their work; but this is nearly always from lack of ability resultant from having been skilfully crammed at their private schools in order to gain the scholarship. If a boy

is really lazy and persistently refuses to make use of his brains, he can, after being warned, be deprived of his scholarship; as the bounty of King Henry the Sixth is not intended for persons whose characters may neatly be summed up in the terse language of the Army Act as "incorrigible and worthless."

The School hours at Eton, when I left, were as follows:

Early School, 7—8 a.m. in summer.
" 7.30—8.30 a.m. in winter.
Chapel, 9.25—9.45 a.m.
Nine o'clock School, 9.45—10.45 a.m.
Eleven o'clock School, 11—12 p.m.
Three o'clock School, 2.45—3.45 p.m.
Five o'clock School, 5—6 p.m.

Boys in the Upper Division of Fifth Form and above, do not go to regular school at all these hours, but at certain fixed times go to "extras," which, as I explained earlier in this book, are a set of studies in Mathematics, History, Science, etc., that enable boys, who are nearing the time of their departure, to specialize in one (or more) subjects with a definite view to a scholarship at some university. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday are half-holidays, and every

red-letter Saint's Day, and St. David's Day are whole holidays with the exception of early school. Founder's Day (December 6th), June the Fourth, Ascension Day and Confirmation Day (some time in the Easter half) are *dies non*, that is to say are complete holidays without any early school.

I can almost hear someone crying out: "Why, you do not work at all; I wonder you ever learn anything." Very good, my masters, perhaps we do not spend very much time actually in school, but you must remember that every scrap of work has to be prepared out of school, and all Latin and Greek authors set in school must be construed through first to his tutor by every boy who has not reached Upper Division. Again, Latin verses, Greek Iambics, History, Divinity and Mathematical papers are regularly set to be done out of school. Further, every boy's tutor takes him for an hour on Sunday, and twice during the week for private tuition, known as "Private." The Army Classes, four in number, are arranged on a totally different scheme. The boys in them do a very great deal of work in school, and have a great many extra schools, but do

not do so much as the remainder during their so-called leisure. I alluded briefly to the tutorial system in a former chapter, and I propose to explain it more fully now, only showing however how Collegers are affected, and leaving house tutors out of the question altogether.

Every boy when he first comes to the School must have a tutor. Very often his parents have arranged with some master many years beforehand to take their son, in order that he may be under the charge of someone whom they know and like, rather than be trusted to the mercy of a complete stranger. No tutor may have more than forty pupils at the same time, so it is often necessary to make a previous arrangement to prevent the disappointment of finding that the master you want is full up when the time comes for your son to go to the School. Only classical masters are allowed to take pupils, as tutors are responsible for the classical work of their charges, and not the mathematical. The responsibility of a tutor is enormous apart from his supervision of the work of the boys entrusted to his charge. He receives a certain number of little

fellows aging from 12 to nearly 14 years, who usually need careful handling to start them in the right way, and also several other much older boys who are shortly proceeding out into the world and are often in need of the most tactful and timely advice as to faults and weak points in their characters.

When the young Colleger first starts his career he probably enters division twenty or twenty-one at the bottom of Lower Fifth. He begins with some fairly simple Latin and Greek authors, and a book of Homer and Virgil. He does a copy of Latin Verses once a week, and, if I remember rightly, a set of Greek Iambics. All the construes that he prepares for his divisional master are said over to his tutor beforehand until he reaches Upper Division, when he becomes exempt. The idea of these construes is not quite so well realized as it might be. They are supposed to ensure that every boy knows the lesson, and will not be able to shirk doing it by being certain that he will not be "put on" in school. The tutors however nearly always have six or seven pupils in the same form whom they take together, as all the divisions in one form do exactly the same

work, and so cannot ensure giving them all some part of the lesson to construe any more than a divisional master.

When a boy gets a set of verses given to him to do, he is allowed a couple of hours in school to do them, and has to finish them in his own time. He then takes them to his tutor, who corrects them and goes through them very carefully with him. After that he makes a fair copy of them, unless they are so good as not to require it, and shows both copies up to his divisional master, who keeps them for reference. At "private," which usually takes place twice a week in the evening, the tutor reads some author, who is not likely to be read in school, with his pupils, arranging them in various classes according to their ability. Again a tutor is responsible for the conduct of the boys under his charge. If a master finds serious fault with anyone, he can set him an imposition and at the same time give him a "white ticket" stating his offence and punishment, which has to be signed by his tutor and returned. This informs the tutor what has happened and enables him to inflict some extra punishment,

if he wishes to do so. Should the offence be a very serious one, a "yellow ticket" is often given. This is a printed form filled up by the master who awards it, and is rather a fatal thing to possess, as no one's tutor can but take serious notice of it. Three yellow tickets in one half render a boy liable to the extreme penalty of the law at the hands of the Head Master. A common form of punishment for a tutor to give to a yellow ticket-holder is "P.S." or Penal Servitude. When in Penal Servitude a boy must attend his tutor's pupil-room in nearly all his spare time; a very annoying restriction, and one that ensures all work out of school being properly done in the right time.

Should a boy be perpetually late for school, especially early school, he may be reported to the Head Master, who will see him after twelve and award him a certain number of days "Tardy Book" which necessitates his signing his name in a book at the School Office every day before seven or seven-thirty in the morning. Lines are nearly always set at the same time, which are signed by the boys' house tutor the night before and shown up in the

morning. The last resort of any master in dealing with a defaulter is complaining of him to the Head Master. All the masters meet together every morning in the Head Master's Chambers before eleven o'clock school when they can talk over matters with each other and see the Head Master if they wish to do so.

A tutor, as the reader may have divined, is supposed to be a Mentor to his pupils in every way. He advises them in all mental and moral matters, advising them what to specialize in, what prizes to go in for, and finally what scholarship or even profession to try for. If the boy is a good sort he will make a confidant of his tutor, who will perhaps be his fast friend through life; but unfortunately a very large number of young fools think that all masters are their natural enemies, and include their tutors in the category, usually to their own exceeding discomfort.

I must however turn to the subject of the boys themselves to justify the title of my chapter.

Schoolboys of the present day, wherever they may be and whatever age they may be of, show

quite as many types and phases of character as their fathers and grown up brothers. I suppose no community of persons of any age beyond childhood has ever existed without producing one or more "characters," and College is certainly no exception to this rule. All the inmates start to a certain extent on common ground. They probably are not particularly well off, and must depend largely on their abilities for their future livelihood, and also generally have a fair allowance of brains, or they would not have got scholarships. There are of course exceptions to both of these rules. You meet now and again boys whose parents are fairly wealthy, and others whose abilities make you marvel as to how they could ever have passed in. Again, everyone is bound by numerous inviolable traditions to a certain fixed etiquette. The traditions that are peculiar to College have mostly been enumerated in the early chapters of this book, but there are one or two more that I think I ought to mention *en passant*. On whole and half holiday evenings, all boys may remove their black coats and put on change coats. On other days only Sixth Form, Liberty, College

Pop and boys with colours may do so, the latter usually wearing blazers and scarves. When going out in the evenings to extras or private, no boy with a colour would think of not wearing the scarf round his neck even in the height of summer, he would also be certain to wear his cap, while "scugs" usually go bareheaded. Again, no one in Chamber or at the bottom of Passages is allowed to make a noise or play football in the corridor, such relaxations being reserved for his betters.

A hard-worker at Eton is always known as a "Sap," and for some reason people who do quite a lot of work themselves affect to look down on him if he does a little more than they do, unless of course he combines athletic with mental prowess. I remember one by name Anson, who wasn't really anything whatever above the ordinary with his books, but for some reason got the name of "Sap." No one in College ever thinks of trying to stop a fellow working, but Anson was such an oddity that he was the butt for nearly all practical jokes that ever took place. He had an immoderately large head, with hair like a doll's that had been badly

put on, and which no hat could ever be got to fit. His face was chubby and freckled and his voice high and rather squeaky, with a tone suggestive of a badly oiled weathercock. His newest clothes never seemed to fit him, and he was always spilling ink over himself. He was a very good-hearted, foolish fellow, and took everybody's jokes in very good part, which was an extremely fortunate thing. He certainly had a strenuous career. One night some paraffin was injected into his candle with hopes of producing a conflagration, but the only result was that his room reeked of oil for some hours afterwards. The insertion of gunpowder was more successful, the candle becoming a sort of extempore squib, and filling him with the greatest alarm. He was always being set booby traps, and usually fell into them, as he never seemed to gain wisdom by experience. Once also he proceeded down town with a large descriptive placard on the back of his coat, without discovering that anything was wrong. Poor fellow, he grew older and wiser and proceeded to Oxford, where I daresay he is a shining, literary light. Elder was quite another pair of shoes. He was a small,

cheery fellow, very clever and smart, but at first he was not very popular. I don't quite know why. He did remarkably little work, and had a genius for getting into accidents that I have never seen equalled, having broken nearly all his limbs at odd times. He finally went into the army. It was a pity that he left early as he was a fine player at the Wall game, and in a year or two would have been very good indeed. Deyburne was another sap of a very different type from Anson. He was prevented by constitutional weakness from playing football, so did very little but potter round at golf and fives and work hard. His room was full of most interesting pictures and photos of classical places, statues and other congenial subjects. He was a very quiet, retiring fellow, whom no one saw much of, but was most interesting to talk to when he was disposed to be communicative. I hope he will do as well as he deserves to do at the University.

There was one fellow a little above me in the School by name Trevithick, who must have inherited, I think, the curse of Reuben. I suppose he had some brains, or he would not have nearly learnt so

many things. He went mad for a long time on Science, and was always conducting weird experiments in his room, which generally ended in hideous disasters. He constructed a telegraph line from his own to another boy's stall in Chamber which really did work rather well for a bit, but he upset a jar of sulphuric acid among his clothes, after which he ceased to care for telegraphy. He had some considerable skill at Chemistry, but got rather unpopular in the Laboratory one day for accidentally making an explosive mixture and putting it to heat in the furnace, with highly pleasing and unexpected results. He invented a patent arrangement for opening his window when in bed at night. The cord he used, however, fouled the door of his room when he was called in the morning and broke the device up. The man who called him escaped with a flesh wound. The Master in College was always suspecting him of all sorts of horrible crimes, which he had never committed, chiefly, I think, because he was in Army Class and maintained that geometrical drawing was not work, and might be done on Sunday. He came to me with tears in his eyes one evening when

I was particularly busy, and said "Look here, old fellow, it is enough to put anyone off. 'The Man' (sobriquet for the Master in College) comes rushing into my room, nearly upsets my ink, and makes candle grease spatter on my paper. He looks at my G.D., and says 'Heh! what's this wretch doing?' I said, 'Geometrical drawing, sir.' 'Oh, but why?' I said, 'Because I am set it, sir.' He said, 'Heh! curious creature!!' and rushed out. Now, does he think I'm mad, or does he mean to incite me not to do my work?" In fact he seemed quite put out about it. I laughed and tried to get him to go away, but he wouldn't, and I had to waste a valuable evening sympathizing with his grievance. Poor chap, I'm afraid geometrical drawing was always a difficulty with him; for in his final examination he came out after an hour of a three hours' paper, remarking that he had pricked his fingers with his compass and had got bored. He passed well, however, and is now on the high seas, where possibly his inventive faculty may find a useful outlet. The Master in College was always known as "The Man," and I am afraid was rather worried by frivolous Collegers

young and old. I remember one occasion on which the authorities asked for suggestions for improvements in regime and feeding. One suggestion made was that a large carriage umbrella should be kept inside Weston's Yard door for the use of those who wished to keep dry going to school in the rain, and another that cold soup should be provided in Hall. After these two efforts no further suggestions were asked for. A few years ago a very great change was made in the feeding; but before that time it was not, I am sorry to say, very good, owing to mismanagement of funds. When the much longed for reforms took place, a large faction made great uproar at the removal of an exceedingly heavy, indigestible and nasty form of small plum pudding, known as "Wagstaffe," from the Sunday menu, and the substitution of a nice, light, marmalade pudding. The recusants declared that they protested out of respect for tradition, but I am prepared to affirm, looking back on it, that pure cussedness was their highest motive. Boys are certainly most "curious creatures." I remember one fellow who came into supper in Hall after the School Concert while the

auditorium was still rigged and the heavy instruments in position. He played the piano, so a sort of impromptu dance was held, after which, out of the lightness of his heart, he refreshed the instrument with half a loaf of bread and nearly a quart of beer, to make, so he said, its tone more liquid. The row that ensued however was so immense that he had to lie very low for some weeks. A fellow called Penruddocke was a very good type of the best sort of Colleger. He was Captain of the School and Keeper of the Wall, and played for the School in other games as well. He kept College in very good order, but was most good-natured and deservedly popular. He finally got a scholarship at Oxford. He was not like some of the fellows who had done very well in the athletic line, and in consequence thought that they were small tin gods, and would not deign to speak to anyone of lesser degree, unless they especially wished to single him out as a recipient of their favours. I often wonder whether these "bloods," who are as a rule the best of fellows at the bottom and particularly charming when they have been removed from their kingdoms and rubbed

against other men, ever look back and realise what colossal harm they do by this system of "taking up" a little fellow, an occurrence which in College I am glad to say is rare. I honestly believe that as a rule they mean nothing but kindness; for, as every-one who has been at a large school can testify, a word, even a nod, from a big boy important in the eyes of his juniors, is a great honour for a small fellow who is new to the School. The protégés of these elder boys are without exception damaged as to character and probably work by their attentions. They think that they are rather important people and attempt to lord it over their own contemporaries, and usually get assistance in their work, which does them no good. Of course I am not for a moment crying down the friendship between a fag-master and his fag, which is a most excellent thing in every way, and very often does a great deal towards the formation of the fag's character. When his protector leaves, the junior, if he has anything in him, usually picks up lost time to a certain extent, and regains his lost popularity, not improbably finding that his confrères do not make it over comfortable for him,

which is no doubt a very good thing. The reverse however is occasionally the case. I can think as I write of more than one weak effeminate little fool, who has been absolutely ruined, very likely for life, by being taken up by an older boy, who, unwittingly perhaps, has done harm that he can never undo, by weakening a feeble character, which needed all the support that could possibly have been given it. Retribution is not always swift, but in cases such as these I hope it may be sure. However I will pass quickly from a painful subject. College Sixth Form know a great deal more about the ways of the denizens of Chamber than the latter ever expect. They live close to them and must necessarily hear a great deal of what goes on. This is a good thing, as a capable Sixth Form can do an untold amount of good by careful and firm handling of the fags, especially if the Captain of Chamber does his job properly.

I will end my chapter with these words: I can wish no parents a better place for their boy, and no boy a happier life than five years in College at Eton. He will work hard, play hard, eat hard, and

sleep hard. He will meet as many good fellows there as anywhere in the world and will gain great experience by rubbing up against boys in the remainder of the School. Also the absence of petty restrictions made by the authorities and the power wielded by boys who do well and get on in work or play teach self-reliance, the most important and valuable trait in the character of an English gentleman.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREATEST EVENT OF MY LIFE AT ETON.

ON January the twenty-second, 1901, a catastrophe befell the British Empire that plunged for a while the whole civilised world into mourning. I allude of course to the death of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

The personality of the great Empress had a meaning of its own to us boys at Eton. She lived for a great part of her life almost amongst us, and every afternoon, winter or summer, while she was at Windsor, her carriage would drive through the main street, past the School buildings, a little way along the Slough road and back again, only accompanied by a simple escort of two outriders, one Hindoo servant on the box and two Scotchmen behind her. She took the greatest interest in the School and

often stopped to watch games of football and cricket in fine weather.

At the '97 Jubilee the whole School gave a torch-light display before her, and another on the night after the news of the relief of Mafeking arrived. They also paraded before her on her eightieth birthday, and were represented at nearly every function that took place at the Castle. It was only fitting therefore that they should be assembled to meet her at the end of that last Great Journey from London to Windsor. I think I cannot do better than give word for word a letter written by an Eton boy, a private in the School Volunteers, describing that last solemn journey from Windsor Station to the Castle. I reproduce it without comment.

"ETON,

"*Feb. 3rd*, 1901.

"DEAR ——,

"I expect that my letter this week will savour rather of a newspaper report, for I think that I have really been affected for the first time in my life by one of the finest spectacles ever seen, and seen closer than I have ever seen any procession before.

"Well, I will begin at the beginning as if writing an account. We paraded at 12.30 in greatcoats, leggings and helmets, and marched round into the Castle at the back (turning by the South-Western railway) followed by the School.

"We came round, and at about 1 p.m. arrived at the long stretch of walk leading from the front gates of the Castle to the gates of the Long Walk, a strip about a quarter of a mile long. There were a good number of people, who had got in with tickets, covering the path, and they had to be removed. Eventually we lined up on each side of the path, about four paces apart, and stood at ease....At the bottom the gates were guarded from an enormous crowd reaching halfway up to the station, three miles away, by cavalry, and there were six guns in a square waiting to fire an eighty-one gun salute when the carriage arrived at Windsor.

"Here we waited from 1 to nearly 3 p.m. About then the first gun went off, showing that the train had arrived, and the bells began to toll. Even then we had a long time to wait, as the procession came very slowly. Soon we heard the splendid funeral

march of the band, which, combined with the tolling of the bells and the minute guns, had a very solemn effect.

"Absolute silence fell on the crowd. Boom went a gun, then a roll of drums and a few bars of the march, then the deep note of the bell. Soon we could see the red greatcoats of the leading Life Guards come very slowly through the gates. Then an interval, then an officer, then a few more Guards. At last we received a loud order, 'Attention,' 'Present arms,' 'Stand on your arms reversed,' 'Stand easy.'

"We then stood with the muzzles of our rifles on our boots, with our hands on the butts, and our heads dropped on our breasts.

"Slowly the procession came on, Cavalry, Guards, Heralds, Beefeaters. Then a long interval of about twenty yards, then Lord Roberts all by himself, in tears. Meanwhile the guns were firing, the bell tolling, the drums rolling and the march playing mournfully on; everything as close as could be, touching us at intervals.

"Then, preceded by the Guards' band and some

Beefeaters, came the Coffin, ***drawn by sailors***, as the horses had turned restive at the station, and could not be used. It was magnificent, ever so much nicer than horses, and such an honour for the sailors. They were all in straw hats and leggings. It came very slowly up the hill with the crown, sceptre, orb and garter on top within three feet of one. Then I really realized that the Queen was dead, and felt that in my position at the time I was more honoured than I had ever been before. The King followed with the German Emperor, who was so close that his coat swept our uniforms, looking magnificent. When they were nearly opposite me the Emperor said, 'Do you think that they can keep up?' And the King said 'No, we will walk slower,' referring to the coffin, I suppose.

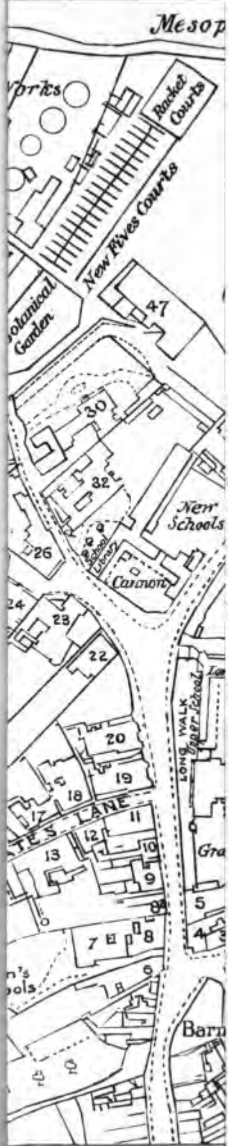
"I don't expect I shall ever see so many Royalties together or so close to me again. There followed Kings, Ambassadors and Military Attachés from all parts of the world, Mr. Choate out of uniform. One of the Battenbergs, very small in a kilt, everyone, King and all, on foot, the ladies (with Prince Edward of York) having driven round the other way. The

procession ended with the Commissioner of Police. A policeman there told me that they had 6000 men down from London, and that he had been on his feet for seven hours.

"We marched back with the notes of the bell and the sound of the guns getting fainter every minute...."

R. I. P.

ETON COLLEGE:
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., LTD.
AT THE SAVILE PRESS


Mesop
orks
Racket Courts
New Fives Courts
otanical Garden
47
30
32
New Schools
26
School Library
Cannon
24
23
22
LONG WALK
Upper School
20
19
18
17
LANE
11
12
13
10
9
8A
7
8
6
5
4
Gra
Barn