

dry!—and then comes breakfast. From 9:15 to 1:15, lessons; and dinner's at 1:30. We get a rest-spell from dinner until 3, and then lessons go on again until 6, except Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Them's half holidays. Every boy has to join the games then, unless he's got good excuse. Sometimes we get off by shamming a sore foot, and many other ways, well known to us boys. But whatever we're doing at 6 o'clock, games, sauntering or study, everything's dropped and we give a grand rush for 'tea.' After tea in winter, and after 7:15, in summer, comes 'locking-up.' Nobody likes that. Then we have to pitch in on 'preparation'—that's getting our lessons for the next forenoon—until 9 o'clock, when they give us a very light supper that don't make anybody dream. Then it's go to bed, and no fooling, or it means another 'licking,' sure as fees and marshals, that's all!"

Rugby school games are famous wherever the heart of boyhood throbs quicker or stronger in the enjoyment of all manful sports. They comprise raquets, cricket, steeple-chasing and football for which Rugby gives the rules the world over.

The supervision of all Rugby games is wholly in the hands of the boys themselves. This also includes the management of the great "School Close," the unequalled playground of Rugby. The details of the management are delegated to a committee of five boys locally called the "Big School Levee." This board consists of the head of the School, the head of the School House, the captains of football and cricket, and one other chosen by these four. This games' board levies taxes to be paid by all for the support of school amusements, subject to approval by the Head Master. It is also, from the boys' standpoint, the grand council or senate of the school, to be called together at any time to consider any matter pertaining to the scholars' interests at the instigation of all, or for ordering any action where it is desirable the whole school shall share—such as rebellion against too dry bread or ancient prunes, boycotts upon tuck-shops for unsavory or under-weight penny loaves; or for thrashing the insolent "louts" (non-schoolmen) of the village. The head fellow of the House arranges the games, and, as my young friend apprises me, by universal consent "does the licking." If, when called on, a boy does not play, but "funks" and goes botanizing, swimming, or fishing, a note is sent to him containing the dread word: "See me at my study at 2:15." The boy goes and is given "200 lines" to write; a terrible punishment to any lad. But if he has committed the unpardonable crime of "minching" from cricket, in the language of my young friend, "you are ordered to kneel on a stool, bend over a chair, while a "Sixth Form" fellow fetches out a sixpenny cane a yard and a half long, and gives you six rum cuts; so, of course, you ain't in love with the "Sixth Form-ers!"

Nearly all Rugby games have their own season. Hare-and-hounds and brook jumping "come in" with the Easter term. Towards the half term there is a "Big-side" run at hare-and-hounds. Then the House steeplechases

begin. The next term brings cricket; and the next that roughest and pluckiest of all English games, football, never elsewhere played so roughly and pluckily as at Rugby; while racquets are at all times in season.

In the House steeple-chases the boys of the different Houses pitch tents on the banks of the Avon, where a brook flows into that stream. This little stream is remarkably winding, and as the "course" is upwards of a mile over the general direction of the stream, the racers are compelled to cross the brook from 12 to 15 times. Some grand sprinting and splashing are done here, and the boys, at finish, resemble those misguided creatures who emerge half-blinded from the mud-baths at Santa Barbara.

Every boy at Rugby is compelled to play at cricket. On every half-holiday matches are made between the houses. Each house has its "eleven" and "second eleven;" and often a "third eleven;" the latter two being respectively called the "belows" and the "two belows." The first step of a Rugby lad towards a place in the envied "School Eleven" who play the college matches is to win his "red" by nifty and excellent play. This gives him the right to wear a necktie the same color as his hat ribbon. Then he must gain his "22 cap," that is, the privilege of wearing the regulation dark blue cap, with a blue-bound white cricket jacket. The match "eleven" are chosen from this privileged class; and the Rugby cricketing season closes with the great matches with Marlborough, at Lord's in London. Football is under precisely the same system; different "Houses" playing each other; one side wearing blue-and-white stripes; the other white; and both covering their doomed shins with the Rugby gray stockings. The best idea possible to be gained of a Rugby football match, without seeing it, may be had by reading the splendid description in "Tom Brown's School Days." Provision against actual slaughter is made in one of the "Rugby Rules" which says: "Though it is lawful to hold a player in a *maul*, this holding does not include attempts to throttle or strangle, which are totally opposed to the principles of the game."

Brook-jumping is simply an outlet for superfluous, harmless irrepressibility in Rugby boys. A whole House, or the entire school, goes out in charge of the champion jumper to the near brook flowing into the Avon. Then "following their leader" they begin and jump the stream where the banks are narrow, each time increasing the space jumped until every lad is "ducked." If a boy refuses to jump he is deliberately thrown in, and makes his way back to Rugby with his "whites" dangling with water six inches below their proper length, to receive only the sympathy of indignant housewives along the way, who, with motherly misconception of the first principles of boys' real fun, know and in fitting terms denounce "the 'orrid outrage." There is something fine and manly about hare-and-hounds. The chase is a genuine test of pluck and endurance. Two of the best runners of the school are selected as the "hares." These are provided with finely cut paper bits slung over their shoulders in

light bags. These particles of paper (now chopped like theatrical "snow") are flung out from time to time as "scent." The hares are given about a minute per mile the advantage at the start over the hounds, usually two boys from each House. The object is, on the part of the hounds, to overtake the hares, who make the chase in every possible way difficult, and for both hares and hounds to excel all previous records. The long runs here are from ten to fifteen miles. The "Big-side" run towards the end of the half-term goes the famous "Great Crick run" of 13 miles so winsomely described in "Tom Brown." But no lad is permitted to enter for this "run" whose capacity and soundness have not previously been tested by a physician.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.  
RUGBY, England, March 13, 1891.

### HOW IT APPEARS OUTSIDE.

I have been sending copies of the DESERET NEWS containing my letters to friends in the East, and have received evidences of a growing interest in Utah and of an increasing sympathy for the Mormon people. One of these will excite two smiles among readers of the NEWS. It is as follows:

"If there is a God in Israel, your position on the Mormon question is correct, whether you are making any money out of it or not!"

As is implied in the first clause of the sentence, the writer is in doubt as to "a God in Israel." On that will rise smile number one. The last clause contains a suspicion that I am advocating the extension to the Mormon people of the same rights and privileges that the government extends to all other sects for a thousand dollars a month. That is so much like the usual talk of the anti-Mormon papers here that it might almost be inferred my friends had been reading them. To those who know that my letters have been published as gratuitous contributions, and that my lectures have been given almost without charge, the above will excite smile number two.

It is a curious illustration of the degeneracy of the human spirit. It seems as though the world had gone mad over money and that every act of men and woman is judged from a pecuniary point of view.

'Tis true; 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis, 'tis true.

I have been something of a wanderer over this dear old world and my "testimony" is to the effect that the most noble, sincere, honest, self-sacrificing people on earth are the provincial and rural populations that have not yet been smitten by the money craze. If it be that we shall rise from the dead and receive "reward" according to our merits, there are but few of the scramblers for wealth who will be as rich then as are the humble men and women of today and this life, who have never sought to rise by pulling others down, and who have never grown rich by robbing their fellows.

When that time comes then I, too, will smile as I drop my hook into the abyss of remorse and fish out the poor suckers who have been villifying me because I insisted that the Mormons should have all the rights that are secured to less deserving people.

CHARLES ELLIS.