THE BROCAS AND THE BOAT-HOUSES, LOOKING TOWARDS WINDSOR CASTLE

SCHOOL BOY LIFE IN ENGLAND

AN AMERICAN VIEW BY JOHN 'CORBIN'

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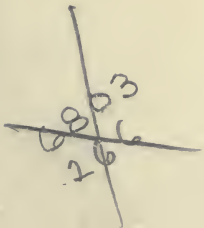
TO

MY FATHER'S
Friends SON



PREFACE

My first interest in the English schools was aroused by living for about a year and a half on intimate terms with the undergraduates of Oxford. The result of English school education, it appeared, was to make a man surprisingly solid in character and at the same time surprisingly simple and natural. The Oxonian has a firmer knowledge of himself and of the world of men than the Harvard man, and at the same time a greater measure of the spontaneity and exuberance natural to youth. The system which pro-

duces such results seemed well worth a closer consideration; and, being asked to prepare a series of articles on life in the English schools for *Harper's Round Table*, I undertook the task with enthusiasm. I went to live for a short period at Winchester, Eton, and Rugby, the schools which, more than any others, have contributed to the growth of the English educational system. At each of these I met and conversed with as many of the masters and boys as possible, and lost no opportunity of seeing their actual life.

In rewriting the articles which were the result of these studies, for publication in book form, I have benefited by the conversation of "old boys" of both English and American schools. In addition, I have read the chief books on the subject. The main facts as to Winchester are to be found in *Wyke-*

hamica, by Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A., and no single volume on the English schools contains so much interesting and instructive reading. *A History of Eton College*, by H. C. Maxwell Lyte, C.B., is scholarly and exhaustive. *A Day of My Life; or, Every-day Experiences of Eton*, by an Eton Boy [George Newton Banks], is a humorous sketch that will well repay half an hour. For Rugby, Stanley's *Life of Arnold* is the work of most value; and those portions of it which bear particularly upon education have been gathered together, with an instructive preface, index, and an interesting bibliography of books on all the public schools, in *Arnold of Rugby*, by T. T. Findlay. *Great Public Schools*, by Various Authors, contains articles of varying interest on ten of the leading institutions, those on Eton (by H. C. Max-

well Lyte) and on Rugby (by his Honor Judge Hughes, Q.C.) being of especial interest. The *Life of Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., etc.*, by George Birkbeck Hill, contains much of interest concerning education in the first quarter of the present century. *Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and their Influence on Education*, by Sir Joshua G. Fitch, LL.D., is perhaps the most thoughtful and complete work dealing with the schools as institutions. For the sports of the public schools, the *Badminton Library* is, of course, the authority. Besides these books, the periodicals are rich in articles, which may be found by consulting *Poole's Index to Periodical Literature.* The illustrations are from photographs by Richard W. Thomas and the firm of Hills & Saunders.

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ENGLISH SCHOOLS

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THE English public schools are not what we should call public schools at all —that is, you can't go to them without paying, and their object is far broader than just to teach so much reading, writing, and mathematics. A witty Englishman has said that they are called public because they are only for the upper classes, and they are called schools because they teach athletics. What we in America call public schools the English call national schools, and only poor children go to them. The English public schools are not unlike the big American preparatory schools — Exeter, Andover, St.

Paul's, St. Mark's, Groton, and others. But here, again, our terms are likely to mislead us. In England, preparatory schools are schools that keep boys until they are a dozen years old or so, and prepare them for the public schools, which in turn, perhaps, prepare them for the universities. Though the public schools are scarcely farther advanced in the studies they teach than our preparatory schools, they are of immensely greater prominence in English life. The position they occupy is almost as important in English education as that of our colleges. To be a public-school boy means as much in after-life as to be a college man means here. In spite of common-sense and reason, a fellow would much rather be able to say, I am a Wykehamist, an Etonian, a Rugbeian, a Harrovian, a Carthusian, as the case may be, than not have any

place upon which to fix the merits or demerits of his early training. With the English universities it is very different. A man may leave Eton or Rugby to go to the Military College at Sandhurst, to go into business, to travel—or to do nothing, in fact—and his case is easily explained; but if he wants to be sure of passing current among strangers, he must at least have been to a public school—even if he never passed an examination, was flogged every day of his life, and expelled at the end of his first term. One of the funniest characters in a very clever play by Mr. Arthur Pinero is a pompous old member of Parliament who tries to explain away the lack of a public-school education by saying, "The world was my public school."

In the following chapters I shall speak of Winchester, Eton, and Rugby,

and shall regard them as typical of the dozens of public schools in England. The oldest of these three was founded long before white men ever dreamed of settling in this American continent of ours, and the youngest was begun when Shakspere was a mere lad. Many of their institutions and customs are of great antiquity, and are very amusing. Yet in the way the boys are governed and taught, and in the spirit with which they go in for athletics, the schools are as modern as can be; and are perhaps even in advance of our very progressive American institutions of learning.

WINCHESTER

WINCHESTER

I.—WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM

THE oldest of all the schools is Winchester. Fellows at Andover sometimes tell you that their fathers and grandfathers went there before them. At Winchester this is a common case; and since the corner-stone of the college was laid, in 1387, there has been time not for one grandfather but for fifteen in a line. The prim and charming buildings look every day as old as they are; but if you were to go into the dormitories and see the rows of little iron bedsteads, each with a boy sleeping in it, you would find it hard

to realize that grandfathers of these boys have slept at Winchester for five hundred years back, and that all our grandfathers began by being young and small enough to sleep in such cots.

The founder of the school was William of Wykeham, Bishop of the See of Winchester, who was not only a bishop and a statesman, but one of the greatest builders of the Middle Ages. He was the chief architect of the nave of the Cathedral of Winchester; and when the King wanted a new wing on his castle at Windsor he ordered Wykeham to build it. Wykeham was so proud of his work that he chiselled on it "*Hoc fecit Wykeham*" ("Wykeham made this"). At this the King was very angry, for he thought he had built the castle himself; and Wykeham would perhaps have lost his head if he had not kept his wits about him. He explained

that it was his greatest glory to be the builder of his King's palace, and that the inscription should be read, "This was the making of Wykeham." The translation was clever enough, and, though the King was probably not deceived, Wykeham kept his head on his shoulders. Perhaps the King would have been sorry to lose so valuable a man. At any rate, you can see the inscription to-day from the North Terrace; and the incident throws no little light on the sincerity of the motto on the Winchester arms: "Manners Makyth Man."

II.—THE COLLEGE AND THE HOUSES

Wykeham's purpose in founding his school, or "college," as it has always been called at Winchester, was to pre-

pare boys to enter a college he had just founded at Oxford. This Oxford college had so progressive a constitution, and such a splendid chapel and buildings, that it was called New College. What is more remarkable is that it has been called New College these five hundred years, and to-day is still one of the most advanced colleges in all England. With one exception it is the most learned institution at Oxford; and Americans will not soon forget how easily it rowed away from Yale last year at Henley. At Winchester and New College the scholars are very proud to call themselves Wykehamists; and when a fellow has been through both, he is apt to tell you that he is a Wykehamist of the Wykehamists — which means more than you can ever understand until you hear and see a man say it.

The first result of the excellence of Wykeham's school was to make the boys too far advanced for the teaching they found at the university. In order to advance their education, Wykeham had to have a special body of tutors at New College. This innovation was the origin of the English custom of having a complete set of teachers at each of the score of colleges that make up a university. Thus Winchester is not only the father of all preparatory schools, but of the English university system of instruction by colleges.

Wykeham intended that all his scholars should be chosen from the poorer people, and left funds to support them. Within the last generation, however, the masters have followed a very different plan. In order to get the cleverest possible pupils, they examine all boys between twelve and fourteen who

apply, and admit the best each year. About eight usually fail for one who gets in. The boys who succeed are, of course, those who have had the best training; and thus the fellows who get the benefit of Wykeham's money are usually sons of university graduates, and are often rich. Many people object strongly to this, and with good reason; yet the method has one great virtue. Fellows get almost as much credit in school for being studious and able as for playing football or cricket, so that many of the richest fellows study hardest. In our schools, and even in our universities, there is still a stupid prejudice against being a first-rate scholar. And this prejudice will probably never wholly die out until a rich boy who stands well receives the title of scholar even if he does not take the scholarship money.

Within the college at Winchester also there is keen competition. The five or six best students each year get scholarships at New College, which enable them to go through the university with much less expense to themselves. This is called "getting off to New," and is the greatest achievement of a Wykehamist. That such has been the case for at least two hundred years may be seen in the epitaph of a boy who died in 1676 from being hit by a stone: "In this school he stood first, and we hope he is not the last in heaven, where he went instead of Oxford." Where such is the case, there would seem to be little need of the quaint device, three hundred and fifty years old, if not older, which adorns the wall of the Old School. On the top line are a mitre and pastoral staff, with the words "*aut disce*" — which

plainly indicate that if you study hard you will become a bishop. Beneath are a sword, a pen-case, and an ink-horn, with the words "*aut discede*," which indicate that even if you don't study you may still become a soldier or a lawyer. The third emblem is an exceedingly neat apple-twig rod, with the motto "*Manet sors tertia* CÆDI." The whole inscription Wykehamists translate: "Work, walk, or be whopped."

Besides the "scholars" of the "college" Wykeham founded, another kind of pupils has grown up, called "commoners," who, instead of being supported by the "foundation," pay for lodging, board, and tuition—about seven hundred dollars a year. These, at first few and unimportant, have increased so greatly of late that they are everywhere regarded as the characteristic kind of school-boy. The life of the commoners

is much the same as that of the scholars; but the division into those who are and those who are not supported by the college is worth remembering, for a similar distinction exists not only in all public schools, but in the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. And at the universities, also, the men who are not supported by the "foundation" have of late become more numerous and prominent in the public eye than the scholars for whom the colleges were founded.

The history of the growth of the commoners in importance is a very good instance of the common-sense with which the public schools are governed. Even in Wykeham's original statutes of five hundred years ago there is apparently an allusion to boys studying at Winchester who were not supported by the college. And a reference is extant, dating from 1547, which shows that it

was then customary to take fees from such boys. These earlier commoners, however, were nothing like the modern ones, and were perhaps only studying at Winchester in the hope of being admitted to the college. One fact with regard to them, however, is very important to people who are interested in our American "preparatory" schools: there was very little restraint and discipline about their lives. A certain Lord Elcho, who was a commoner in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, says: "We did not learn Latin and Greek as well as we should have done had we been placed with a private tutor, but we were taught how to live as men of the world." This is pretty good for a fellow who had, as we are told, "just reached boyhood"; and we are not surprised to find that his life largely consisted in playing cards, haunting taverns,

and the looseness of morals which such diversions are apt to produce. A similar and more vivid picture of the life of the Winchester commoner is given by Smollett in *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.* When Peregrine was at the advanced age of fourteen he "adopts the pride and sentiments of a man, . . . becomes remarkably rich and fashionable in his clothes, and gives entertainments to the ladies." It all sounds surprisingly like familiar incidents of fast life in certain of our American schools, where the idea was, until recently, to give the boys freedom in order to teach them manly independence. At present, it is pleasant to know, there is a distinct reaction against this spirit.

The reaction in England came in the middle of the last century, and was largely due to the fact that the public schools were becoming more and more

frequented by the sons of middle-class families. At Winchester, Dr. Burton very wisely responded to the demand for more adequate discipline by founding "Old Commoners," which served much the same purpose for the boys not "on the foundation" that Wykeham's buildings served for the scholars. Dr. Burton was not able, however, to transplant from the college the tradition of discipline; and as the number of boys in commoners increased it became harder and harder to keep them in proper control. Finally, when the commoners had grown from 100, in 1859, to 300, eleven years later, it was obvious that if they were to be properly cared for they must be separated into smaller communities, and placed in the charge of a responsible master. Beginning with 1860, the "tutor's house system" gradually superseded "commoners."

To-day there are nine "houses," each containing about thirty-five boys. In these all the commoners find homes; and though their government is not so happy as that of the college, where the traditions handed down from Wykeham's time are still in force, the instruction and care of the boys are far more intimate and personal, and therefore far better, than ever before. As the improvement in the management of our American schools is likely to come along the same lines as those followed in England, it is worth while to take a closer view of the "houses"; but for this we shall have to wait till we get to Eton, where the system is, on the whole, best developed.

In one respect English schools are very fortunate. The wives and daughters of the masters live with them among the boys. To speak of Win-

chester without telling about the wife of the Second Master, and how fond of her the big boys and little boys, good boys and bad boys are, would be to leave the part of Hamlet out of the play. Many are the gawky boys whom she has put at ease among people, and many the bad boys whom she has set right. One of the pleasantest things I saw at Winchester was a lot of Oxford men who had come back to her during vacation just to hear her call them Smith, Brown, and Robinson.

It does not happen at all the schools that the best scholars all live together, as at Winchester and Eton; and many Wykehamists maintain that both scholars and commoners would gain by being mingled. If the brightest scholars were distributed among the houses, it would certainly do wonders towards spreading high standards and ideals of scholarship,

and thus greatly benefit the many. The Winchester College as it now stands, however, is perhaps the brightest and the best collection of boys in England; and is the best possible means of developing students of exceptional ability. The whole question is whether the school ought to look chiefly to the common run of boys or to the chosen few. In the long run, the college will doubtless be broken up, and the scholars distributed among the various houses. But doubtless also this reform will be a long time in coming, and when it does come one of the noblest and most delightful institutions in England will have passed away.

III.—PREFECTORIAL DISCIPLINE

The discipline at Winchester is not so strict as at many public schools, yet quite strict enough, according to American standards. The boys—or *men*, as they are always called—are not allowed to enter the town, and have to get special "leave out" to go far into the country. The school-day begins at seven o'clock, and bedtime comes at nine or ten. Constant attendance at prayers is required, morning and night, and there are four services on Sunday. For breaches of discipline the boys are still flogged. One is tempted to say that such a system is very far from modern; but no true Wykehamist would seriously think of changing it. Even the boys like it sincerely, in spite of some few breaches of discipline. Certainly the

strictness has no more faults than the great freedom granted by certain of our large preparatory schools; and though we should perhaps not want to live just as English boys do, we may perhaps gain a few suggestions from the way they are governed.

The main idea of the discipline of an English school is that as much of it as possible shall be carried on by the boys themselves. At Winchester it was ordained from the beginning that eighteen of the older boys should, in Wykeham's own words, "oversee their fellows, and from time to time certify the masters of their behavior and progress in study." These eighteen are called *prefects*, and are chosen from the men who stand the highest in studies. To an American boy, I am afraid, it wouldn't seem much fun to have to take care of his school-mates' behavior. He would prob-

ably look upon himself more or less as a spy. Yet everything I saw at Winchester went to prove that to be a prefect was almost as great an honor as to be an athlete. Five of the prefects have special titles—such as Prefect of Hall, Prefect of Chapel, etc. These are generally chosen from the five best scholars. The Prefect of Hall has charge not only of his special duties, but of the other prefects. If any disturbance takes place, he quells it. If the boys have any favors to ask of their master, he is their spokesman. He is thus the head of the whole school, and a far more important person, I should say, than the captain of the cricket team.

An incident occurred in 1838 which well illustrates the power of a prefect. A peddler insisted on bringing various contraband articles, among them liquor, to sell to the boys on their recreation-

grounds. The prefects remonstrated time and again, with no effect. At last five of them seized him and threw him, basket and all, into the river. The peddler had the prefects arrested and tried for assault with intent to kill, and the magistrate fined them $50 each. This fine the college paid willingly, complimenting the prefects for their zeal and common-sense. The spirit which prompted both masters and pupils exists to-day, not only at Winchester, but at all public schools.

The duty of a prefect which an American would least envy is that of inflicting bodily punishment—"tunding," as it is called in Winchester slang. This consists in beating the culprit across the back of his waistcoat with a ground-ash the size of one's finger. The art of tunding, an old Prefect of Hall informed me, was to catch the edge of the

shoulder-blade with the rod, and strike in the same spot every time. In this way, he said, it was possible to cut the back of a waistcoat into strips.

When the prefects take their inferiors in hand it is almost always for some clear case of wrong-doing. A few years ago, for instance, when the fad of collecting postmarks arrived at Winchester, some of the boys clubbed together and advertised in leading daily papers for governesses, offering most attractive terms. The answers to the advertisements, as the boys had rightly calculated, came mainly from curates' daughters in all sorts of obscure places. The first mail brought them in scores of rare postmarks. When the prefects heard of this they had the good sense to summon the culprits, inform them of the discourtesy and injustice of their conduct, and tund them soundly. I

have seldom heard of a sounder lesson in manners, and it is hard to see how a master, even a very wise one, could have acted with such good effect.

This system leaves little for the masters to do. Yet a boy is always able to carry his case to the higher court, though he does it at the risk of great unpopularity, for boys forgive almost any offence sooner than peaching. Some years ago two seniors, having a grudge against another boy, employed two juniors, at ninepence a head, to give him a beating. The prefects very naturally objected to this method of doing one's dirty work, and ordered all four to be tunded. One of the senior culprits lost courage when he found how hard it was going with his companion, and appealed to the master on the plea that the ground-ash was too large. The master declared that the

ground-ashes were "proper, good ground-ashes," and, as it was his duty to treat all cases referred to him, proceeded to birch him soundly. In the early part of the century, birching by the master was of more than daily occurrence. An old Wykehamist states that on the day of his arrival at school there were 198 boys in residence, and 279 names reported for punishment! Nowadays, however, only a score or so of cases occur each year, and many boys go through the school without being either birched or tunded.

The primary result of this perfectorial system, which exists in various forms in all the great public schools, is that order is maintained without creating ill-feeling between masters and pupils. And in consequence, as nearly as I could judge, the pupils were on far more friendly and intimate terms with their

masters than is often the case in our schools. Thus the more difficult problems of the education of a boy's manners and morals are very much more easily solved. And I found another advantage in the prefectorial system by no means less in importance. Not only do the small boys find out what it is to obey with simplicity and dignity, but each year eighteen big boys at Winchester learn to fill posts requiring unusual common-sense, tact, and courage. Thus though the life of an English school-boy is in one way less independent than the life of boys in our American schools, the English boys have a privilege which is the very essence of freedom—they are allowed to govern themselves. I know no institution which indicates more clearly than this idea of Wykeham's the English genius for governing, which has made

Great Britain and her colonies the best administered countries in the world.

IV.—CUSTOMS AND "NOTIONS"

I doubt if any one can quite catch the spirit of the antique and curious customs that make up Winchester life who has not known the college buildings and lived in them. They stand to-day almost precisely as they were built five hundred years ago—that is, a hundred years before Columbus discovered America—with this difference, that the flint walls are stained and subdued by time. As the afternoon sunlight softens, and the rich, clear tones of evening descend, the main court of the college is filled with mellow lights and shadows; and pervaded as the spot is with the breath of ancient life, one easily imagines that

AT THE ENTRANCE TO CHAMBER COURT

the splendid spirit of mediæval art is hovering along the walls. One of the boys I met spoke of something like this, and spoke with such simplicity and feeling that I could not help wishing that our own school-boys had more beautiful things to live with day by day. Unconsciously the simplicity and strength of it all sink into the heart and abide there.

One evening the Prefect of Hall invited me to a "strawberry mess" he was giving in a corner of the court. He had won a "pot," he said, and it was the custom to celebrate by giving a feast. A "pot," I found, might be any prize, from an athletic cup to a scholarship; but when I asked the particular occasion he shied the question. Tables were brought out-of-doors and heaped with strawberries and ice-cream. The whole was lighted by candles in brass

stands; and the boys gathered about in their sombre black gowns, talking and laughing as they ate. Late in the evening, when I went back to the Second Master's house, which looked out from the opposite corner of the court, I was told that our little party, with our black gowns and yellow candles, had made a picture that was fairly romantic. We were all so small, they said, and the shadows the flickering candles cast on the huge buttresses and on the walls were so uncanny, that we looked like a band of dwarfs and gnomes. It made me feel like the Irishwoman with a new bonnet, who said she could never be perfectly happy until she stood on the street-corner and saw herself go by; but as the dwarfs and gnomes were all by this time fast asleep in bed, there was no help for it.

Around the court or in its vicinity

THE CHAPEL CORNER OF CHAMBER COURT

are ranged the domestic buildings of the college—the slaughter-house, the bake-house, the kitchen, and the brew-house. The Second Master, as I have said, occupies one corner, and one of the dons lives in the tower. Besides these are the magnificent dining-hall and the chapel. For the rest, the court is divided into seven chambers, or "shops," as the boys call them, from which it takes its name of Chamber Court. Each "shop" consists of a sleeping-room and a study-room, and in each a community of, say, a dozen boys lives, over whom three prefects preside. The sleeping-rooms are locked up, except at night. In the study-room each boy has a desk, which he calls his "horse-box." The prefects have tables placed in commanding positions. These are called "washing-stools."

A few relics of dead customs are cherished by the college. At one side of

Chamber Court you will find the remains of the ancient conduit. Here, on the stone pavement and in the open air, five centuries of boys have taken their baths, summer and winter. Bathing could not always, however, be as regular as in these days, when travelling Englishmen pack their clothes in a leather-covered bath-tub instead of a trunk. Some decades ago bath-rooms were fitted up within-doors, in rooms formerly occupied by learned Fellows of the college, so that now the boys bathe daily without exposure to cold. The old lavatory of the college was called "Moab," while the shoe-blacking place was called "Edom." I wonder how many American school-boys are as familiar as those old English boys must have been with the Psalm that says, "Moab is my washpot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe."

ONE OF THE CHAMBERS

The ancient brew-house in outer court is still used—largely, I suppose, for the sake of tradition. When I took luncheon in Hall with the prefects, they rather sniffed at the beer made in it. Under King William, however, the boys thought differently, and used to sing a jolly drinking-song, which was popular all over England:

"Now let us all, both great and small,
With voice both loud and clear,
Right merrily sing, Live Billy our King!
For 'bating the tax on beer.
For I likes my drop of good beer;
For I likes my drop of good beer.
So whene'er I goes out I carries about
My little pint bottle of beer."

To my taste the beer was very good, and not too strong. Perhaps it is a sign of the good sense of Wykehamists that they preferred water or milk.

One might also class fagging, with

which all readers of *Tom Brown* are familiar, with the dead and dying customs. It is limited to a few simple offices. A senior still sends small boys on errands, and sometimes makes him cook and wash bottles at private feasts in chambers. Every evening, too, when the post comes in, the porter of the college brings it to Chamber Court, and at a signal the junior of each chamber rushes out to get what belongs to his fellows. Yet, unless I am very much mistaken, life at Winchester, in spite of occasional fagging, is much pleasanter and better regulated than in most of our schools.

In olden times fag-masters were often brutal enough. In order to accustom the fags to handling hot dishes, the seniors would sometimes score their hands with glowing fagots. This provided them with "tin gloves." A more amus-

ing bit of barbarity was the "toe fittie," pronounced *to-fi-tý*. This consisted in tying a string about a boy's great toe while he lay asleep, and then violently pulling it until the boy was drawn out of his bed to his tormentor's side. Sometimes two or three would be brought from different parts of a chamber to the same point. In America I have often known a boy to tie a string about his own toe, and hang it out of the window so that a friend might wake him up to go out fishing; but that is a different thing.

Such quaint and ancient customs are common at all English schools, but nowhere are there so many as at Winchester. In fact the boys speak a patois of their own, which an outsider hasn't the least chance of understanding. For instance, I heard one Wykehamist say: "Is Smith a thick, or only a thoking

jig?" The sentence loses its flavor in translation, but it may best, perhaps, be rendered: "Is Smith a blockhead [thick], or is he a clever boy [jig] who likes to loaf [thoke]?"

Much of this Wykehamical jargon stands for notions that are peculiar to Winchester. For pure ingenuity the so-called "scheme" bears the palm. It was always the duty of a certain luckless junior to wake the prefect at an early hour every morning, and if he overslept he was of course tunded. Noticing that the night candle always burned to a certain point at this hour, some nameless fag invented the plan of hanging a hat-box over his head by a string, and, connecting the string with this point of the candle by a rude fuse, he thus made sure that the hat-box would fall on his head at the required hour. Under this sword of Damocles he could, of course,

"HORSE-BOXES" AND "WASHING-STOOLS"

sleep without fear of flogging—in peace and quiet.

All such things—"tin gloves," "toe fitties," and "schemes"—are called *notions*. Every house owns a book in which notions, ancient and modern, are recorded. And a boy's first duty, upon coming to the school, is to pass an examination before his superiors on the mysterious contents of the book. Of late years this examination on the notion-book is becoming less a matter of course—a breach of custom which all old Wykehamists regret. By-and-by, I am afraid, the merest outsider will be able to understand something of what the boys are talking about.

V.—THE WYKEHAMIST

When I tried to satisfy myself as to what particular stamp of man Winchester produces, I ran into a peculiar difficulty. The ideal towards which the school is consciously working is well expressed by one of the masters. "I consider that those boys who issue from the top of the school—*i. e.*, those upon whom the highest influences of the school have been brought to bear—are boys who . . . carry into life a stamp, not of a very showy kind, but distinguished by self-reliance, modesty, practical good-sense, and strong religious feeling." Another student of Winchester life describes the Wykehamist as possessing simplicity, unity, and solidity. These judgments, it is interesting to note, are wholly concerned with

questions of character. There is no word about learning or intellectual ability. And the qualities mentioned are characteristic not merely of all public schools, but of all England. It would have been more concise to say that the school produces good Englishmen. Yet as far as I could see, Winchester differs from other public schools as much as Groton differs from Exeter or St. Paul's. The boys are not, as a rule, of such aristocratic birth as Etonians, or so uniformly from the middle classes as the Rugbeians. In the college, at least, birth is of little or no importance compared with intellectual ability. As far as I was able to find out, the Wykehamist is not so remarkable for simplicity, unity, and solidity as for an unusual degree of training and culture.

VI.—FOOTBALL

To speak at length of every sport at each of the great public schools would take a book by itself. I shall have to speak of each sport once and for all; and in order to do this it will be necessary to speak of it as practised in all the schools.

Football would hardly be played to-day if it were not for the public schools. The reason is that about three centuries ago the Puritans succeeded in stamping out athletic sports almost everywhere else. Here is what Philip Stubbes, a terribly blue old Puritan, said of football in 1583: "It may rather be called a freendly kinde of fight, then a play or recreation; A bloody and murthering practice, then a felowly sporte or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in

waight for his Adversarie, seeking to overthrow him & to picke him [that is, *pitch* him] on his nose, though it be upon hard stones? . . . And he that can serve most in this fashion, he is counted the only felow, and who but he? . . . And hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, . . . quarrel picking, murther, and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth." In America there are newspaper editors to-day who think as badly of the game, though in most cases they spell better.

Though the Puritans almost succeeded in stamping out the game, there were even then a few people who were manly enough to see its virtues. In 1602, one Carew said: "The play is verilie both rude and rough, yet such as is not destitute of policies in some sort resembling the feats of war. . . . It makes their bodies strong, hard, and

nimble, and puts a courage into their hearts to meet an enemy in the face. . . . All is good play, and never an attorney or coroner troubled for the matter." The masters of the public schools must have been of the same excellent opinion, for in almost every school the game kept on being played. As this was long before inter-school sports, however, each school in time came to play the game in a way quite different from all the rest.

The original game of football, against which Stubbes rebels, must have been a very pell-mell affair. As many fellows as wanted to play divided into two sides; the field could be anything from three miles or more of a country road to a ten-acre lot, the goals anything from an open window in one town to a tree trunk in a neighboring village. You could kick, punch, or carry the ball, tackle a man as high or as low as you

pleased, and there was no "off-side." All you had to do was to get the ball to the goal.

At Winchester a game of this kind was played as early as 1550 on the top of St. Catherine's Hill, called "Hills," where the boys used to go for a little recreation. In the course of time it was transferred to "Meads," a play-ground near the school. As there was not enough room in "Meads" for the old game, many rules had to be formed. The result was the present Winchester game, which is the most peculiar of all the games played at the public schools. The field is eighty yards long; but in order to make room for four games in "Meads," it is only twenty-five yards wide. At first, to prevent the ball from going out of bounds a line of fags had to stand shivering beside the field. The goal was a fag who stood straddle at

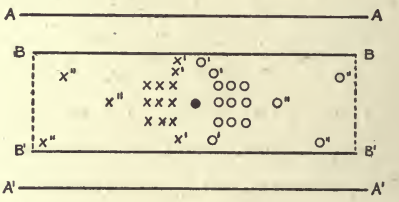
the end of the field; and the highest single score was made by kicking the ball between goal's legs. In 1850 canvas was put up at the sides of the fields instead of fags. Tradition says, however, that there were holes cut through the canvas at equal intervals in order that the fags might watch the ball and chase it when it went over the canvas. When they were slow in getting the ball back they had to stick their heads through the holes and be punished for it. Nowadays a coarse net has replaced the canvas; but you will still see the fags hanging round outside, waiting for the ball to be kicked out of bounds.

The rules of the game are too complicated to give more than a brief sketch. The only occasion on which you may run with the ball as you run in the Rugby game is when, to use the American term, an opponent tries to

tackle you on a free catch; and even then, as soon as he stops chasing you, you have to punt. You may not dribble the ball—that is, nurse it along the ground, "passing" it from one to another of the same side—as is done in the English Association game; but you may kick it. Still, you may not kick it higher than five feet unless it is bounding; then you may lift it as high as you choose. The "off-side" rule is about as strict as possible. The game begins with a "hot," or scrimmage. Both sides stand in the centre of the field, at a certain distance from the ball. At the signal they rush forward in a compact body and butt each other until the stronger side kicks the ball free of the "hot."

There are two games, "sixes" and "fifteens." The following illustration shows a hot in the sixes game. This

kind of hot does not last long, and after the ball is kicked out the play is very fast and skilful, requiring great dash and accuracy in kicking. In the fifteens game the hots last longer, so that weight is very important. The first diagram shows the field at the opening of a hot, and explains some of the queer terms used.

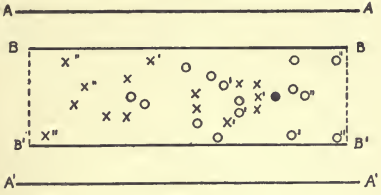


A A and A′ A′, canvas; B B and B′ B′, ropes; B B′ and B B′, goal-lines, or "worms"; ●, the ball; X and O, opposing players; X′ and O′, "hot-watchers"—*i. e.*, "ups," who keep outside the hot and close play; X″ and O″, "kicks."

The second diagram represents the position when, in the course of the

A MATCH AT "SIXES" ON MEADS, WINCHESTER

game, X are making a successful rush, having three men up to the ball. The rest of the side X are getting to the ball as fast as they can. The side O are falling back on their second "behind," or "back."



All sorts of matches are played. Each house holds games to develop new players, and towards the end of the year a series of matches takes place among the three grand divisions of the school—the collegers, who number seventy; the pupils of the old masters' houses, who number two hundred; and the commoners, who number one hundred and

sixty. Between these divisions there are three sets of games, for the older, middle, and younger boys. These are called "Canvas," "Middle Game," and "Junior Game." The fifteens matches take place in the first week of November, and the sixes in the first week of December. The most exciting match of the year is between a team chosen from the entire school and a team of "Old Wykes"—made up of Wykehamists at the universities.

The other school games of football are very interesting, but I must hurry over them. Eton has two games. The famous wall game is supposed to be derived from "passage football," which Etonians play in the houses on rainy winter days, using the doors at the ends of the passage as goals. At any rate, the field beside the wall is very much the shape of a hall, being only six yards wide to

one hundred and twenty yards long, and one of the goals is a door. As this door stands outside of the six-yard boundary-line, the boys who invented the game had to go quite out of their way to get it. This shows what great conservatives school-boys are. If they had been able, I suppose they would have built a second wall with door-jambs all along it. The boys who play the wall game incase themselves in armor more formidable than that which an American player wears, and they have ear-guards and nose-guards and chin-guards to keep the wall from scraping off the corners of their faces. The ball is small, and even at that it is so roughly scrambled for that it has to be double covered, for fear of bursting. To play the game requires some little knack, but for the most part it is mere grunting and shoving. It is not really liked even by the players,

and would probably die out except that there has always been a match on St. Andrew's Day between collegers and the oppidans—that is, the boys who live in the houses. In this match the seventy collegers usually have as good a team as the thousand oppidans. The reason is that they play the game from the beginning of their life at school, whereas the oppidans generally take it up late.

The other Eton game, which was made possible when playing-fields were laid out across the river from the wall field, is as much fun to play as the Winchester game. As the field is of normal size and shape, however, the play is not so odd. It begins with a "bully," or scrimmage, not unlike that in a Rugby game; but when this breaks up the game is more nearly like Association. The main feature is dribbling.

The Harrow game is even more like

Association; and at Westminster and Charterhouse a game is played which is virtually the father of Association. The chief features of these games are dribbling and passing along the ground from foot to foot.

In all these games two marked features of the ancient game are absent—running with the ball under the arm and tackling. Both of these features require a field of considerable size, and clothing that will not be spoiled by grinding it in the mud. This fact has convinced an old Oxford football-player and track athlete, Mr. Montague Shearman, who has written the *Badminton* volume on his favorite sports, that running and tackling were left out of most of the school games because the fields were too narrow and clothes were too dear. At Rugby, however, the field was so large that running and tackling

were never abolished, though, of course, certain limitations had to be introduced. Thus Rugby alone has preserved all the essential features of the ancient game which won brave old Carew's admiration—namely, scrimmages, running with the ball, tackling, passing from hand to hand, dribbling, passing from foot to foot, kicking, and punting. An early form of this game, played by innumerable boys, is familiar to all readers of *Tom Brown*. Its more modern forms—played by twenties, and later by fifteens—is the father of our American Rugby. We have lost, however, several features of old English Rugby—namely, scrimmaging, dribbling, and passing along the ground. We have almost lost passing from hand to hand. Yet our game has much more "of policies resembling in some sort the feats of war"—namely, team-play and stratagems;

and it certainly "puts a courage into our hearts to meet an enemy in the face." By-and-by, let us hope, all will be "good play, and never an attorney . . . troubled for the matter," as football always has been in the English schools.

The difference in spirit between English and American football is plain to see in the costumes. Everybody knows how grimy and sweaty our football suits get to be; and everybody who has known football-players knows that they rather like to have them so. They think it more like veteran players to be dirty and smell bad. On warm autumn days the men are so very veteran that one often finds it much pleasanter to watch the practice from the windward side of the field. In England they think fresh air essential to physical health, and they wash football clothes about as

often as any other. In fact, they do much more than this—they try to make football pleasant to the eye. At Harrow, for instance, the fields are in the greenest of meadows, under the famous old Hill, and are surrounded by hedges and elm-trees. Here, after luncheon on any day in early autumn, you will see the teams of a dozen or more houses, each in its peculiar house color. There are scarlet shirts, purple shirts, yellow shirts, crimson shirts, and many pretty combinations of colors besides. Here and there you will see a man in plain dark blue—that is a man who has "got his school colors." It is surprising to find that plain Englishmen, whom we Americans always think so very stolid and prosaic, make every-day things so beautiful.

The many different school games are as popular now as ever, and no doubt

will always flourish. The new boys, to be sure, sometimes confess that they like Rugby and Association better. At Harrow I heard two youngsters scarcely out of pinafores whisper something of this sort in a "tuck-shop," over a lemon-ice; but I trembled at their daring, for in an old boy's eyes this would be rank treason to Tradition, and in the public schools tradition is spelled with a capital T. At the universities the best players go in for Rugby or Association, because they very naturally want to "get their blue" for playing against the rival university; but they never cease to be fond of the games of their school-days. From time to time old Wykehamists play old Wykehamists, and old Etonians play old Etonians. You may see them almost any winter afternoon you make the rounds of the university parks and the college playing-fields. If

you try to understand all the games you see, you will soon get to hate them; and if you ask your friends who play them to explain them, they will soon hate you for a blockhead. Yet crazy as some of the games seem, they are worthy and venerable games, for during that dark period of Puritanism, when fun and frolic were thought works of the devil, they kept alive the love of manly sport in the hearts of generations of school-boys.

ETON

ETON

I.—WINCHESTER AND ETON

Fifty-three years after William of Wykeham founded Winchester, King Henry the Sixth founded a school at Eton, a little town across the Thames from his castle at Windsor. The rules he drew up for governing his "college" he copied from Wykeham's statutes, some of them word for word; and in order to give it the best possible start, he took one-half the college at Winchester —the head-master (Waynflete), five Fellows, and thirty-five scholars—and settled them at Eton. And just as the best scholars at Winchester received

scholarships at New College, Oxford, those at Eton received scholarships at King's College, Cambridge. For a long time Eton was a mere daughter of Winchester; but as the years went by it took a different character. For several centuries past it has educated more sons of the aristocracy and nobility than any of the other schools. And as the aristocracy has always taken a leading part in the government of the Empire, even in these days of democracy, Eton has naturally become famous for the number of statesmen it has graduated. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. A. Balfour, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Kimberley, Mr. G. Curzon, and many others, are old Etonians. The popularity of the school with the upper classes sprang partly, no doubt, from the fact that it lies in the very shadow of the royal

castle of Windsor; and it has been stimulated from time to time by the fact that the school has received marked testimony of royal favor. George the Third and William the Fourth took a lively personal interest in its welfare; and in late years members of the royal family, the sons of the Duke of Connaught and the little Duke of Albany, grandchildren of Queen Victoria, have come to Eton to prepare for the university. To-day the school numbers over a thousand — twice as many as Winchester—and its graduates include far more men of birth or genius than those of any other public school. Of late years it has become the tradition for Etonians to go to Oxford rather than to Cambridge; and especially to Christ Church, which has in consequence received much the same reputation among English colleges as Eton

has among the schools. Thus, just as Wykeham's excellent instruction at Winchester in the end raised the standard of scholarship at Oxford, so Eton has made Oxford the university of the English aristocracy.

II.—THE COLLEGE

Eton, like Winchester, has seventy scholars, whose formal title is "King's Scholars," or "Kingsmen," though they are more familiarly called "Collegers." In the slang of the school they are "tugs," a word which probably refers to the *togas*—that is, gowns—which, as at Winchester, were the badge of those supported by the foundation. Their position in the eyes of the rest of the school, however, is so different from that of their brothers at Winchester that they are

commonly called "beastly tugs"; and even when the "beastly" is unspoken, it is implied in the "tug."

The reasons for this prejudice carry one back to the earliest times. The statutes of Henry the Sixth provide that collegers shall be poor and needy boys: it is expressly stipulated that any one having an annual income of more than five marks shall be ineligible. In a community where the traditions have always been largely aristocratic, this must inevitably give rise to class prejudice. Another and perhaps more powerful cause of disrepute lies in the wretched way in which, for generation upon generation, the collegers were housed and fed. Until well into the present century, the sixteen senior collegers had no water except what they made the lower boys fetch in for them overnight from the pump in the yard.

The lower boys had no chance of washing at all in college, for they were not allowed wash-stands and basins. A deputation which in 1838 asked that a supply of water might be laid in college was dismissed with the remark that they would be wanting gas and Turkey-carpets next. Compared with such a state of affairs, the conduit in Chamber Court at Winchester was by way of being a luxury. The bedroom and bedding were as squalid as the boys who slept in them; and the whole atmosphere of the place must have breathed of mediæval filth. In addition to this, the system of fagging in vogue required the lower boys to perform services which most Englishmen think unfit for any but servants, and which in consequence destroyed the self-respect of the young collegers. Any neglect of duty was met with brutal

punishment. An old Etonian, who went into the college in 1824, records that he was often beaten with the back of a brush and struck on both sides of the face because he failed to close tight the shutter near his fagmaster's bed, or because in making his bed he had left the seam of the lower sheet uppermost. And when he was kept up late at night with fagging, he had to look forward to the probability of a flogging for not knowing his lessons. The food served in the college hall was as unfit as the life the collegers led, and the morals of the community were so low that it is impossible to speak of them. It is no wonder that, as is recorded, the name of being a colleger became a proverb and a reproach, and that none but the poorest or the most neglectful parents allowed their sons to enter the college.

All this was made possible by the fact that for generations the men whose duty it was to care for the boys and protect them neglected their duty, and appropriated the funds of the college to their own uses. While the wretched collegers were suffering in morals, mind, and body, the head-master lived in a luxurious private house and enjoyed an income equal to that of many a bishop, derived in part from the ill-used collegers.

This state of affairs was not peculiar to Eton. To a greater or less extent it was characteristic of all the great schools. In 1860 a public outcry was raised, and in the following year a Royal Commission was appointed to look into the administration of the nine leading institutions. In 1868 an act was passed by Parliament authorizing certain commissioners to draw up new

constitutions for the leading public schools; and in 1872 the statutes which Henry the Sixth had framed for Eton were repealed, and new statutes passed. The whole movement which caused this upheaval of ancient institutions is very interesting, and is very characteristic of the humane spirit of the century in which we live. When we come to Rugby we shall find that Dr. Thomas Arnold, who is familiar as "The Doctor" to all readers of *Tom Brown*, was the pioneer in the movement; and in speaking of him I shall have more to say about it. For the present we are concerned with its effect on the college at Eton.

After the middle of the century the lodgings had little by little improved, the discipline had become better, and the food more palatable. The tugs are no longer obliged to wear the thick,

black gowns of the middle ages, which had become a badge of inferiority. Under the statutes of 1872 poverty ceased to be one of the qualifications for admission. This did more than most American boys can imagine to break down the prejudice against the tugs. Up to this time, moreover, the boys had been admitted practically by nomination, for the entrance examinations were a mere matter of form. Under the new statutes the prize of a scholarship in the college is to be had, as is the case at Winchester, only by passing a severe competitive examination. Thus the collegers have not only come to be the sons of the well-to-do, but are chosen, on the whole, from the cleverest of them. Of late years not a few of the collegers have been first-rate athletes and good fellows all round. All these facts have worked wonders in establishing the college in

the opinion of the rest of the school. One still hears of "beastly tugs," to be sure; and the aristocratic prejudices against being supported by the college will be many years more in dying. Yet one finds it mostly among the younger boys; and even they probably do not feel it as much as they pretend. There is no good reason why, in the course of time, the Eton College should not become as strong and dignified a body as the college at Winchester. Certainly for the credit of the English aristocracy the first care of the masters should be to make it so.

III.—THE OPPIDANS

Just as the statutes of Winchester provided for the education of commoners, so those of Eton provided that boys who are not supported by the foundation

might receive free instruction. These were at first called *commensales*, from the fact that they ate in the same hall as the collegers. They were of two classes, as was the case at Winchester—the sons of noblemen and gentlemen, and those of lower birth. After Henry the Eighth dissolved the monasteries, the boys who, in the earlier day, would have gone to school to the monks went to Eton as commensals, and so swelled the muster that little by little they outgrew the college. Those of the lower class went to lodge in the town; and in 1557, not long after the dissolution of the monasteries, we find them called *opydans*, and oppidans they remain to this day. During the civil wars of the seventeenth century the commensals of the higher class put by their books and took up the sword to fight for King Charles. This was the last of the noble

commensals, for since then the oppidans have included all classes alike.

At about this time the oppidans began to board as well as to lodge in the town. In 1765 there were thirteen boarding-houses. Three of these were kept by masters of obscure position, who taught the less recognized branches. The rest were kept by women, or "dames," who doubtless had considerable responsibility for their boys, if not authority over them. They seem to have held about the same position as the women with whom boys board at Exeter and Andover. And, as in America, the discipline of boys so governed seems to have been lax at times. A reform came about 1870, when, the study of mathematics, science, and modern languages having become thoroughly recognized, teachers in these subjects were placed on an equal footing with the long-established

masters of Latin and Greek; and, being given authority out of school as well as in school, took charge, little by little, of the boarding-houses. The house-masters have thus become responsible for the manners and morals of the oppidans, and most of them in their capacity of tutor have charge of the education of the boys in their houses. To this day, however—such is the force of tradition—all masters who are not also tutors are called "dames."

With the wholesome educational reforms of the nineteenth century the popularity of all the leading public schools rapidly strengthened; and though Eton was far from pre-eminent so far as teaching went, its position and reputation appear to have made it popular far above the other schools. To-day the oppidans number over a thousand, and Eton is almost double the size of any

of the other leading schools. Such a growth, which, in an American school, would be fatal to the traditions of a place, if not to its discipline, has had little or no effect at Eton. The division of the oppidans into houses gives each boy a permanent home from the day he arrives, where he at once becomes a part of Eton life; and the supervision of the master is like that of a parent. The houses have much of the same relationship to the school that the English colleges have to the university. Both have been the result of long centuries of growth in England, and as our American schools and colleges expand we shall do well to study them.

IV.—THE MODERN "HOUSES"

A glance at the houses, with their broad, ivy-covered fronts and their window-boxes blazing with flowers, gives a very good idea of how pleasantly the modern oppidans live. And the houses cluster so affectionately about the beautiful and ancient college buildings that it is hard to remember that the boys who live in them ever had anything but the most fraternal feeling for the collegers. And they are as pleasant within as without. Instead of large, common sleeping-rooms or chambers, such as the scholars have at Winchester, the boys have each a room of his own. These are seldom more than twelve feet square, and besides a folding-bed, bath-tub, and wash-stand, they contain not only a fireplace and a tea-table,

but also a study table and chair, and sometimes a bookcase and an ottoman. You wouldn't think there was much space left for a boy to live in, to say nothing of making a noise, but I have heard astonishing stories of the rackets that go on. One old Etonian told me that with some other fellows he gathered all the bath-tubs in a passage, and shoved them through the transom into some poor fellow's room. This filled the room so full that before the boy who owned it could go to bed he had to get the "boys' maid" to drag out each separate bath-tub, amid vast sound and confusion. On rainy days in winter the boys play football up and down the passages, using the doors at the ends for goals. This also makes enough noise. But these are not the only diversions. In some of the rooms I saw collections of books far larger and more wisely

selected than are usual on the shelves even of American university men.

A boy enters his "house" at about twelve years old. From this time on he is carefully watched by the house-master, with a view to checking his bad traits and developing his good ones. Most of the masters make it a point to find out all they can about a boy from his parents, and then carry on his training as it was begun; or if they think his training unwise, to correct it. The fact that most of the troublesome details of discipline are in the hands of the elder boys makes a master's relations with his pupils unusually frank and affectionate. And as the masters are always well educated, usually sensible, and often famous athletes, they have a strong and very admirable influence. Much of all this, of course, the boy never suspects. He

simply grows to respect and like his master without quite knowing why.

Perhaps the most important friendship a boy makes in his house is with his fag-master. His chief duties as a fag are to cook breakfast and supper in the house kitchen and serve it in his master's room; but in many of the houses the boys eat all their meals together, except tea, which is always served in the separate rooms; so the fags have very little to do in return for the friendship of the older boys. In the past, to be sure, the system of fagging was often grossly abused; and even to-day it is, like all good institutions, liable to abuse; yet altogether too much has been said about its tyranny and brutality. Most small boys are glad enough to be with the big boys, and a Senior who plays football or rows well may have as many youngsters to wait on him as he chooses.

Fag-masters are often the fags' best friends, and even at the universities afterwards keep a kindly eye upon them. Sometimes it happens that a fag turns out a great cricketer or oarsman, in which case his old fag-master is as proud of him as of a younger brother. Or, like as not, in after-life a country parson can look back upon the time when he fagged the bishop of his diocese. In a speech made in 1896 by Lord Rosebery, late Prime Minister of England, there is an amusing reference to fagging: "It is a long time since you and I, Mr. Chairman" (Mr. Acland, Minister of Education), "first met. I have always been a little under your presidence, because I began as your fag at Eton, and I little thought, when I poached your eggs and made your tea, that we were destined to meet under these very dissimilar circumstances."

Lord Rosebery then went on to make some suggestions to Mr. Acland "with all that humility which befits our former relations." There can be no doubt that every one laughed heartily at this, and that it helped very much in getting a hearing for his suggestion.

The pleasantest thing about living in one of the "houses" is that one soon gets to know a lot of fellows and to be fond of them. The boys are kept very much together by their meals and the early hour of "lock-up"; while chapel, frequent school-hours, and "absences" —that is, roll-calls; in fact, *presentses*— keep them from spending much time away from the school. As a result, the fellows in a house stick together like brothers. Each house has its debating society, its football and cricket teams, and perhaps its "house four" on the river. And where there is so much

loyalty it is only natural that rivalry among the houses should be keen. Ten times as many boys go into athletic contests as in America, and even if a boy didn't know a soul outside of his house, he need never become lonesome, and seldom homesick.

V.—DISCIPLINE

Discipline at Eton is mainly enforced, as at Winchester, by the sixth form—that is to say, by the oldest and best pupils in the school. The duties which at Winchester fall to the prefects are in the main performed by *prepostors.* The duties of the Prefect of Hall are performed by the Captain of the College. The oppidans also have a captain, who is responsible in general for their behavior. Though the spheres of the

two captains are wholly distinct, the Captain of the College is generally considered to hold the higher rank. Each of the houses has a captain, as the Winchester houses have each a prefect. Of course it does not always happen that the boy who leads in scholarship is man enough to rule the rest; but if he is not, the leading athletes step in and take matters into their own hands.

What Wykehamists call *tunding* Etonians call *smacking*. One old Etonian told me that he used to have to put his head under a table while the captain rushed across the room with uplifted rod. He added that though the smacking sometimes raised blood-bruises, the worst part of the punishment was the suspense of waiting between blows with your head under the table. So ingenious and severe a punishment, however, is unusual. The offences punished by

smacking are disorder and disobedience in the house; and it speaks well for Eton discipline that the average boy is not smacked more than half a dozen times during his six years at school.

Many people, of course, think bodily punishment brutal, and especially object to having the older boys beat the younger. Yet I never knew a public-school boy or a master who did not approve of it as practised nowadays. In fact, you could hardly enlist the older boys on the side of law and order without giving them a means of discipline which the younger boys respect; and if you didn't do this, you would have to sacrifice many of the best features of public-school life. Like the system of fagging, the discipline enforced by the sixth form is at bottom more humane than the neglect from which so many boys suffer in American schools.

In former times much of the discipline was administered by the head-master. A certain Dr. Keate, who was head-master towards the middle of this century, is celebrated for his floggings. A characteristic instance occurred when a very popular boy, named Munro, was dismissed from school for refusing to be flogged. At the next "absence," when his name was omitted from the roll-call, his friends set up a shout of "Munro! Munro! Boo, boo!" In punishment for this they were told to come daily to an extra absence. This they decided not to do, and also determined not to be flogged for it. Keate very craftily waited until after "lock-up," when the boys were scattered in the various boarding-houses, and then sent the assistant-masters to fetch them for punishment in relays. Some of the boys tried to organize resistance by shouting

from the windows: "Don't be flogged! We haven't been flogged!" but the relays kept coming in to Keate until after midnight, and all but two of the boys were flogged—over eighty in all. According to tradition, Keate was positively fond of using the birch. On one occasion, it is said, the names of a batch of candidates for Confirmation were by mistake sent to him on a "bill" like that used for reporting boys for punishment. The boys tried to explain the matter, but Keate only flogged them the harder for what he considered a sacreligious trick to escape punishment. All this happened in the time when the boys lived under "dames" in the boarding-houses. As the school life has become better regulated and the care of the boys has come more and more into the hands of the masters, the discipline of the prepostors and captains has be-

come better. The head-master has only half a dozen boys or so to *swish* each term.

This system of discipline is clearly the same in essence as that which William of Wykeham framed so many years ago. And at Eton, as at Winchester, it has taught generations of boys the two essential principles of self-government—the obedience to law and the enforcement of law. In the case of the boys who become captains, the masters say they often see a distinct change in character. Fellows who are naturally diffident or unthinking are made resolute or thoughtful by the responsibility intrusted to them. Mr. Ruskin has somewhere said that Germans are born students, Italians born artists, and Englishmen born captains. Nothing illustrates this saying more clearly, as applied to Englishmen, than

the manner in which the very school-boys of the nation have justified their right to govern themselves. Yet we must not forget that the system in vogue at Winchester and Eton has taken centuries to develop into its present admirable form; and I have gone into the history of its development in order to make it more clearly understood. As long as the commoners at Winchester were living in a single large community, discipline was hard to maintain; and as long as the oppidans at Eton lived in mere boarding-houses there was plenty of flogging for the masters to do. The perfection of the system now in vogue was not reached until the boys were divided up into definite communities small enough to feel their individuality, and were placed under masters sufficiently wise and strong to have a personal influ-

ence over each of the boys in their charge.

VI.—ETON SCHOOL SOCIETIES

In most of the public schools, as at Winchester, the social life is mainly in the houses. Eton, however, is so large that it supports several school societies. The most important of these is The Eton Society, or "Pop," as it is generally called. When Pop was founded, early in the present century, its aim was purely literary. Mr. Gladstone relates that in his time they used to elect now and then a solid athletic man, because they believed in encouraging sports. To-day Pop still holds debates; but it has grown almost exclusively athletic. One of the younger masters told me that as a boy he and a few others succeeded in electing a Captain

of the College who, though a good fellow, was not an athlete; but that to do it, they had to blackball everybody else till their man got in. Present members say that only good athletes are elected. The clever fellows have a society of their own, which is much what Pop was at first.

The members of Pop are mainly the cricketers who play against Winchester and Harrow, and the boating-men who row for and often win the Ladies' Plate at Henley. These together make, say, twenty; and eight more or so are chosen from the fellows who represent the school in the Eton games of football, which are so different from all other games of football that they can be played only among themselves. You must not think, however, that a man will get on Pop merely for being a great athlete. He must be a first-rate

fellow besides, and, as it happens, there are always a number of clever men and good scholars among the athletes in the society. In a word, Pop is the best society that can be made up from the athletic men, and is even more purely athletic than the Yale senior societies, the Dickey at Harvard or Vincent's at Oxford.

The authority Pop exercises over the school, though so peculiar as to be difficult to describe, is enormous. It is as great, for instance, as that of the three Senior societies at Yale, and is shown in much the same way. Yet such revolts of public opinion as have occurred of late at Yale—for instance, during the discussion of the undergraduate rule—are unknown. It would be more just to compare Pop to the Yale Senior societies at their prime — that is, before the university began to outgrow them.

The most obvious way in which Pop affects Eton life is, of course, in matters of school discipline. Such offences as do not come directly within the province of the captains or the masters Pop deals with in no faint-hearted manner. For instance, some years ago a boy who had gone with the Eton eleven to Winchester amused himself hugely by sending home bogus telegrams about the match, and kept the fellows swarming about the bulletin-boards at Eton in anxious suspense. Now there is nothing an English boy likes better than a hoax, but not about serious subjects. When that youngster got back to Eton, Pop smacked him soundly — or, in the Eton phrase, he was "Pop-caned." On another occasion, when a number of boys had been expelled for a very serious offence which had been proved against them, one of

them made an imposing exit in a drag, with a flourish of coaching bugles, at an hour when the street in front of the college was swarming with boys. Being a popular fellow, he was loudly cheered. For this outbreak against the action of the masters the ringleaders of the cheering were Pop-caned.

At most American schools and universities, such societies as Pop form almost the entire social life; but in England the members never lose loyalty for the house or the college they belong to. This is the reason why at Eton Pop has such a strong and good influence over the rest of the school. In America, when a man gets into a leading society he is naturally and almost inevitably drawn away from his earlier and less fortunate friends, so that the school or university is split up into two parts —those who are in things and those

who are not. Very often, too, as at Harvard, those who are in things are divided among themselves, so that there is no unity of spirit. Our societies will, of course, always exist; but their evil influence might be destroyed, and their good influence strengthened, by forming the school into houses as soon as the boys arrive, and the universities into something like colleges.

VII.—THE ETON SPIRIT

The Eton spirit, as I have pointed out, is not free from class prejudice. Yet class prejudice, it must be remembered, is strong in England everywhere; and though to us it is very hateful, we must admit, if we are honest, that in any given class there is apt to be more democracy in England than with us.

If an Eton boy is a gentleman by birth and instinct, he need be nothing more. At Oxford and Cambridge Lord So-and-so may find his way where plain So-and-so cannot go; but English schoolboys refuse to give way to mere lords and earls. A tradesman once told me of the experience of the little Earl of Blank, who used to present his card when buying things. The other boys found it out, followed him from shop to shop, and booted him every time he did it. "All the same," said the tradesman, "it is awkward when a nobleman tells you his plain name, and you send the goods to *Blank, Esq.*" As often as not one gets to know a fellow pretty well before finding out that he has a title. The little Princes of Connaught, and even the Duke of Albany, will boil their own kettles for tea, and do duty as fag like any one else; and as inferiors and

as captains they will be judged by the same standard as their school-fellows. It was not only on the playing-fields of Eton that the battle of Waterloo was won. It was in the school-rooms and houses as well.

VIII.—RELICS OF ETON LIFE

Instructive as the ordering of a boy's life at Eton is, the most delightful features of the school are those which suggest the daily life and sports of all the generations that have left their boyhood behind in this joyous and sad little town on the banks of the Thames. There is scarcely a stone in the quadrangle, or a clod in the fields that lie about it, which could not tell of frolic and adventure. If the system of discipline which I have been describing had

THE QUADRANGLE, SHOWING LUPTON'S TOWER AND THE FOUNDER'S STATUE

no other virtue, it would be enough that it leads to wholesome and pleasant living in the days when men are sensitive as they never will be again to joy and to sorrow.

The most interesting part of the buildings are the school-rooms, which stand to-day almost precisely as they were built. It gives you a queer feeling to think how many boys and how many generations of boys have sat on those benches at *Arma virumque cano*, or trying to drum the ὁ, ἡ, τό into heads that are already overflowing with dreams of fresh breezes on the river and of the sound of the cricket-ball on the playing-fields.

On the wood-work of the rooms you will find the names of the boys who have studied here. On this post you can read *H. Wesley*, which, Etonians will tell you, is the way Arthur Welles-

ley, Duke of Wellington, used to write his name. Pitt carved his name twice, in modest little italics. Charles James Fox sprawled his in bold capitals high up on the panelled wainscot. Many of these famous names stand in a group of their school friends—a poet between a banker and a soldier, all boys together — and among these many another, perhaps the most popular of all the boys at school, of whose name the world has never heard.

The most interesting of the names, to me at least, was that of the poet Shelley. Each letter is plainly, even boldly formed ; and yet they all huddle together so nervously that they seem to shrink from being seen. As you look at them, you call to mind the courage and independence that made Shelley, mere stripling that he was, refuse to be fagged, and then his pitiful plight when the fag-

masters got up "Shelley baits," and hunted him like a driven beast through the town: you can almost see his pale cheeks and his lustrous eyes.

In one side of Shelley's life at Eton, it is possible to find some little enjoyment. He was interested in natural science, and with all the mad fervor of his soul would go any length to bring off an experiment. Once he laid a train of gunpowder to the roots of a decaying tree, and lighted it by means of a burning-glass. The charred stump of the tree long survived as a monument of Shelley's deviltry. On another occasion, when he was busy in his bedroom at the dead of night—in spite of the fact that experiments were forbidden in the boys' chambers—he upset a frying-pan full of ingredients into the fire, with consequences that awoke everybody in the house. His tutor caught wind of the

way in which he was spending his time, and invaded Shelley's laboratory. Finding him at work trying to make blue flames, he angrily asked what he was doing. "Raising the devil," answered Shelley. The tutor grasped a mysterious implement on the table, and was violently thrown against the wall. The implement was a highly charged electric machine. So Shelley was not without his compensation, even though he was misunderstood and was oppressed by the system of fagging, which he failed either to appreciate or understand. It all makes you feel very unsteady in the heart and in the throat as you see the history of it recorded in those bold, frightened letters, which make up the name of a magnificent, harassed little boy, a name which is now one of the greatest in the roll of the world's great men!

THE LOWER SCHOOL, WITH CARVINGS ON THE WINDOW SHUTS AND POSTS

Gladstone's name near by is more typical of those men whom the world finds it easy to understand. It is carved in small letters, which are huddled together for the lack of room, yet each one of them is as correct and irreproachable as the carving of an epitaph.

And so they are, so to speak, the epitaph of the brave old custom of carving your own name, for since his time you have to pay ten shillings when you leave school, and have a carver do it for you. These carved names are still arranged in groups of friends; and sometimes you will find a boy's name where his father and grandfather placed theirs; but they are all as like as so many types in a font; not one of them tells you a syllable about what kind of a boy the owner was. It would be so much better to allow each boy a certain

space, and let him carve his own name the day he leaves.

A room near by is the place of the famous Eton flogging-block. It was here that the zealous Dr. Keate by mistake birched the candidates for confirmation; and here also thousands of boys have been flogged first and last for offences more or less notable. I do not doubt that most of them have profited by their discipline, but not a few of them must have been embittered and broken in spirit.

Yet there is a joke connected even with the block. One night a lot of old Etonians, headed by a certain Lord Waterford, who had been making merry after a boat-race, broke into the room where the block was kept and carried it off to London. There they rented rooms and founded the "Eton Block Club," to which no one could belong

who had not been swished on that block while at school.

IX.—RACKETS AND FIVES

In the quadrangle outside every one would notice the splendid chapel; but to any one interested in school-boy life and sports it has a particular interest. The spaces between the broad, deep buttresses have long been used as fives-courts. Any day, if you watch the Eton boys coming out of the schools, you will see some one of them dive into his trousers-pocket—he has no side-pockets in his jacket, poor fellow!—and, producing a rubber ball, challenge a comrade. The two clatter across the flint cobbles and secure a space of the chapel-wall between two buttresses. They take off their tall silk hats, which are already, perhaps, furred like a fighting black

tomcat, and throw them down at the foot of the buttresses. Then they bat the ball backwards and forwards between the buttresses and the chapel-wall, using not their hands but a Latin Composition, or a Euclid. The chapel buttresses have been used in this way ever since Henry the Sixth built them, over four hundred years ago. At least, if they haven't they ought to have been.

The two buttresses which stand at the foot of the chapel-stairs have a platform in front, so that there is room for four boys to play. The court they form is the cradle of the modern game of fives, for when the first fives-courts were built at Eton in 1840, every nook in it was so dear to the players and was so much a part of the game that it was reproduced exactly. For instance, the balustrade of the chapel-steps projects into the court. In the new courts a pro-

jection like this was built, even to the very capping and hand-rail. At some of the other public schools the fives-courts are plain; but as the "pepper-box," as the projecting balustrade is called, makes a more skilful and interesting game, the Eton court is being pretty generally adopted elsewhere. When fives-courts were built for the Harvard University baseball-players, all the features of the Eton chapel court were reproduced. To-day Eton has fifty fives-courts, and almost every "house" has a court of its own. On a winter's day all these courts are filled, and when the annual matches are on among the houses, the walk in front of them is lined with boys watching.

Rackets is played at Eton, but is more popular at Harrow, where almost every house has a court of its own called a "squash court," because the ball used is

made of hollow rubber. The game is, of course, much slower and easier than the hard-ball rackets, but it is far better on that account for small boys, and moreover it teaches them the ABC of the game so thoroughly that when they come to the big courts with their lively balls and lightning-like play they easily excel. Since 1868 matches among the leading public schools have been held yearly at London, and in these Harrow has been for the most part successful. A great proportion of the amateur champions in England have been "old Harrovians." One reason why fives and rackets are so popular in the schools is that tennis and lawn-tennis are not played.

In America, where all out-door games are impossible for over half of term-time, fives or rackets ought to be popular. At present, however, no school—

or university either, for that matter—has a racket-court, except St. Paul's. The two fives-courts at Harvard were very wisely built to teach the baseball men quickness, and to keep them well exercised during the winter; but the men have never used the courts much, and so little is known of the real sport of the game that a few months ago the "pepper-boxes" were laboriously torn out to make the courts better! Harvard undergraduates play handball in a rude way in the gymnasium, but many of them do not even know of the existence of the fives-courts. If they would organize a fives club, build in the pepper-boxes, and set the game going, it might by-and-by be played in every school and college in the country. A half-hour of brisk exercise and a bath on a dull day are so much better than tobacco and cards, or even loafing before a fire. And

if the boys cannot induce the masters to provide for in-door sports in winter, it is time for parents to step in.

X.—BOATING

Eton is the leading, one might almost say the only, boating-school of England. Westminster used to row very well in the forties, and even beat Eton at times; but the Thames at London soon became so choked with traffic that the sport was destroyed; and by-and-by the races had to be given up because Westminster rowed so badly. At Winchester the boys row on the Itchen, where old Ike Walton used to fish so pleasantly; but, as somebody has remarked, the bottom is so near the top that when they row it isn't Itchen but scratchin'. The Harpur School at Bed-

ford, which is commonly called the Bedford Grammar School, usually gets out an eight for the Ladies' Plate at Henley, but never wins more than a heat. Radley, which is fortunate in being situated on the Isis just below Oxford, made a good race with Eton as early as 1858, and still rows creditably for the Ladies' Plate, but has never won. Eton is the only school where boating has anything like the prominence it enjoys at the universities. In this respect it is like our own St. Paul's—both furnish the backbone of the great university crews. In England a single eight often contains as many as five old Etonians. The story of boating at Eton is the story of boating in the public schools, and, as it happens, will teach us, more than anything else perhaps, how the English athletic spirit sprang up and reached its present wonderful development.

The first element in boating at Eton is the river Thames, which separates the school from the castle and park of Windsor. Ever since the school began, I suppose, the boys have played hookey to go fishing and swimming. By-and-by some of the more adventurous prevailed upon the watermen to keep guns for them, and stole away before "early school," or during play hours, to go shooting. Even as early as the last century masters who caught boys shooting winked at the fact that the river was "out of bounds," and merely admonished them that fire-arms are dangerous. In fact, the human nature in both boys and masters cried out that the river was made to be enjoyed, and in the face of bookfuls of rules crews began practising.

Only one Head Master, Dr. Keate, who is so famous for his floggings, dared

to make a stand against boating. Hearing that an eight was planning an expedition on the river, he threatened to expel any one who joined it, and at the appointed time went out on the towing-path for a stroll. A crew dressed like the Eton eight and wearing masks issued from the Brocas, as the neighborhood of the boat-houses is called. Catching up with them, Dr. Keate shouted: "Foolish boys, I know you all. Lord —— I know you. A——, you had better come ashore. Come here, or you will all be expelled." The only answer was the hooting of boys stationed behind hedges. The crew rowed on—followed by several masters on horseback—and finally disembarking, took off their masks, and gave a loud "Hurrah!" It was an eight of watermen whom the boys had induced to impose on the masters. Keate declared that there should be no

Easter holiday unless the boys who had hooted him gave themselves up. Some twenty of them were "swished." Yet the sentiment in favor of the sport was so strong that no subsequent master risked ridicule by interfering at the Brocas. Thus the old rule placing the river out of bounds for the boys came to mean only that the masters must keep away from it.

The first formal recognition of boating was due to the drowning of one of the boys in 1840. After this certain masters were given charge of the river, watermen were engaged to teach swimming, patrol the banks, and no boy was allowed on the river who had not "passed." "Passing"—the pleasantest passing a boy has to study for—is one of the prettiest ceremonies on the river. The master stands on Acropolis—a high place near the swimming-hole. The

waterman presents his pupils, *non nants*, undressed in a punt. At a word from the master, each in turn plunges in, swims about thirty yards to a pole stuck in the water, which is "over his head," and then back to the punt. His "form" must be so good as to insure that he is capable of swimming in his clothes. Since "passing" was established, only one boy has been drowned, and boating has become the most popular sport in the school.

Oddly enough, however, a boy could still be punished for being caught out of bounds on his way to and from the river; but as the masters were as good sportsmen as the boys, all the boating men had to do on meeting a master was to dodge into a shop. Sometimes, coming up from the river, a crowd of boys would overhaul a master walking in the same direction. Then all they did was

to slow up, and march into bounds in solemn procession at the great man's heels. Of course the master knew what was going on, but he chose not to see it for fear of having to punish it. This custom was called "shirking." In 1860 the captain of the boats, whose position and authority I shall explain later, plucked up courage to beard the Head Master with the common-sense request that the boys who were rowing regularly in "the boats" might go and come from the Brocas without "shirking." The request was granted, and presently the freedom of the river was extended to the whole school.

The races rowed at Eton are innumerable. To begin with, there are two kinds of rowing: "pulling," for pairs, in which each man has a sweep, and "single sculling." In "lower-boy pulling" the course is a mile and return. The boats are of

cedar and quite heavy, and have fixed seats and a coxswain. In "lower-boy sculling" the course is the same, and the boats used are whiffs. In "junior pulling" and "junior sculling" the boats are lighter, carry no coxwains, and the course is a mile and a half and return. In "school pulling" and "school sculling" the course is the same as in the junior events, and the boats are also the same except that sliding seats are used. The number of heats rowed in each event, especially the "lower boy" and "novice" races, is appalling; yet each heat brings out a number of followers who run along the towing-path shouting at the top of their lungs. Besides these there are races every year between six or seven fours chosen from the leading "houses," in which the boats, though light, have fixed seats. Here the rivalry is even more intense,

and every heat crowds the towing-path with what an American school-boy would call "rooters."

When a visitor to Eton goes down to the towing-path along the Brocas to see the pulling and sculling races, his host will tell him that no man is allowed to enter the "school" pulling and sculling who is not in the "upper boats." The manner in which he says this implies that "to be in the boats" is something very distinguished; but nobody but an Etonian, I suppose, can ever quite grasp the vastness of its importance.

In the first place, there are three "upper boats" and seven "lower boats"; and none but fifth and sixth form boys are ever admitted to them, however well they row. On the other hand, there is no favoritism shown, so that a good oar is sure of his place. The one exception to this is in the case of the

captain of the cricket eleven, who, out of compliment, is usually asked to take a place in the highest of the "upper boats"—the ten-oared *Monarch*.

The special training to get into the boats is furnished by the novice eights. About a hundred boating-men post their names as candidates. The big oarsmen then take them out in scratch eights, each of which is stroked by a "lower boatsman." The best of the candidates are chosen for the novice eights. The races are three-quarters of a mile—from Sandbank to Windsor Bridge—and the boats used are heavy and have fixed seats. The successful candidates "get their boats."

What they do after they get their boats, except to wear a rather jaunty uniform, with the name of their special boat on their hat-band, is not at first

easy to understand; but when one learns how much real pleasure there is in idling about the Thames, the desirability of being in the boats becomes imaginable; and on one occasion, at least, the boats cut a very important figure. This is the Fourth of June, a day which no true Etonian ever fails to celebrate on this side of the grave. On this day the shade trees of the quiet little town are in full, rich verdure, the window-sills of the houses blossom into flower-gardens, and all Eton, so to speak, puts on its white waistcoat and boutonnière. The town is filled to overflowing with gayly dressed mothers and sisters; the river swarms with craft, and house-boats line its shores. Two years ago the Duke and Duchess of York came over from the royal castle of Windsor to grace the occasion. They were met by volunteers from the Eton

Rifle Corps, headed by the corps band; and later in the day one of the boys read an address of welcome, beginning:

"Sailor and prince—and if aught else be dear
To English hearts. . . ."

Luncheon is served in the College Hall, and after toasts are drunk all gather in the playing-fields to chat, listen to the music, and, perhaps, watch the game of cricket. At four o'clock comes chapel, and afterwards the boys serve strawberry-mess and tea to as many guests as can be got into their nine-by-twelve rooms.

Then all the frocks, parasols, brass bands, white waistcoats, and buttonholes swarm to the river to celebrate the departure of the boats for Surly. This is conducted with almost military pomp. When the boats arrive at Surly dinner is served under tents on the

meadow opposite Surly Hall. After this they all row back. To the American mind it all seems at first sight to be very much like the King of France with forty thousand men who marched up the hill and then marched down again; but no English boy would think so. The return of the boats in the evening is hailed by Roman candles and rockets, and squibs are sent ricochetting over the surface of the water. It is recorded that, in 1824, George Canning, the famous Prime Minister, accompanied the boats as a "sitter," or passenger, in the ten-oared *Monarch*, and though he had never been known to tremble at the helm of empire, he gave unmistakable signs of alarm as the boats pressed about him and fireworks darted towards him over the waves.

The excitement of the celebration is felt literally around the world. At the

universities every college is likely to have its foregathering, and the Eton Boating-song and *Floreat Etona* ring through the quadrangles. The following telegrams, which the Head Master, Dr. Warre, received last year, speak for themselves:

"*Bulawayo.*—Head Master, Eton. Sonent voces omnium Floreat Etona! Plumer, White, Benson, Drummond, Villiers, Brand, Beresford—Etonians."

"*Gibraltar.*—Dr. Warre, Eton College, Windsor. Benefacti memores concinamus Etonenses apud Calpem! Jelf."

"*Dalhousie.*—Warre, Eton, England. Floreat Etona! Gosling, Pechell, Crum, Jelf, Pechell—Rifles!"

"Head Master, Eton.—Fourteen Etonians having sock supper. *Government House, Sydney.*"

"Warre, Eton.—Twelve Etonians send greeting, Floreat Etona! Brassey. *Melbourne.*

"*Kandy.*—Warre, Eton. Ceylon Old Etonians, dining here to-night, send greetings. Robson.

On such an occasion, the King of France, or any other king, might well row to Surly and back.

One must not infer, however, that Eton boating is an affair of fireworks, uniforms, and sock suppers. To begin with, the order in which the seven "lower boats" proceed to Surly is determined by bumping-races like those between the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge; and though these were an innovation last year, they bid fair to become a fixture and to awaken considerable rivalry. And above and beyond the pomp of Eton boating is the Eton eight, which competes for the Ladies' Plate at Henley in July. In England they make a distinction between boating and rowing.

The father of rowing is the present Head Master, Dr. Warre. When he came to Eton as a tutor, in 1860, the

captain of the boats asked him to teach the eight the stroke in use at the universities. He consented, and kept on coaching for twenty-four years—that is, until he became Head Master, by which time, it may be believed, rowing traditions were well established.

The method of selecting the eight is much the same as at the universities; and Mr. Lehmann, the old Cambridge oarsman who has come over to coach Harvard, has introduced it in America. In the Easter term sixteen men are selected from the best oars in the "upper boats," and are divided as evenly as possible into two crews, called "trial eights." The first and second captains of the boats coach them, but do not compete. The course is about as long as the Henley course. The men who show up best in the "trials" are selected for the eight. After this the crew trains

regularly on a clear stretch of water some distance from the Brocas. On the last days before Henley, however, they do their work in the sight of the whole school, and you can guess the enthusiasm they arouse.

The glorious permission to row at Henley was gained by Mr. Warre in 1861, the second year of his coaching. Such a privilege could not come without concessions. Under the old *régime* the boys had held "Check Nights" at Surly. These were feasts of duck and green pease, which were carried on with much ceremony, and perhaps disorder. When the crew was allowed to go to Henley the boys promised to give up "Check Nights," as well as another occasion of riot called "Oppidan Dinner."

The race Eton enters at Henley is the Ladies' Plate, which is open only to public schools and colleges—not to

boat clubs from town, or to university crews. In the first two years Eton beat Radley (school), and in the third year beat Trinity Hall (Cambridge) and Brasenose (Oxford). The fourth year she won the Ladies' Plate. Since then Eton has won the plate about a dozen times, and of late years has always been the most prominent competitor. Last year the eight contained three sons of Dr. Warre; and after watching it train at Eton, and becoming its violent partisan, I found that my own college, in which there was an older son of the Head Master's, came against it in the finals. It was a case of divided loyalty all round, but the perfection and ease with which the crew in light-blue rowed down the Oxonians made it impossible not to be entirely satisfied with the result. In fact, the college eight itself did not take defeat very much to heart.

One of the men admitted to me that they had been outclassed. "You must remember," he said, "that those boys (no one is allowed to stay at Eton after nineteen) have rowed seven to nine years, and are older oarsmen than most of our men. Besides," he added, with a smile, "three of them are coming up to Balliol next year." I thought his good sense and good feeling very charming.

Whenever Eton has an especially fine crew it goes in for the Grand Challenge Cup. Two years ago it entered in the hope of being drawn against Cornell, and last year it did the same in the hope of meeting Yale. If either of the American crews had been rowing in their true form such an act would have been an unbearable presumption, and, as it was, it made people smile. I could not help wondering, however, what would have been the result of

a heat with the disordered American crews. Certainly, so far as style is concerned, no crew at Henley is better than Eton.

The captain of the eight is almost always the man who has been in the boat longest; and by virtue of his office he is also captain of the boats. Among all dignitaries of the public schools he is the greatest "swell." In boating matters, he has unlimited power, not only over the selection of the members of the boats, but in financial questions. When the captain of the boats of 1861 abolished Check Nights and Oppidan Dinners, he never dreamed that any one might object. If he is anything of a football-player he is always asked to play in the match between the colleges and oppidans; and he plays in the cricket-match whether he is any good or not. His position, more than anything else

I know, shows the dignity and importance of athletics in the public schools.

This little history of Eton boating is as English as can be. Anybody who understands the spirit of adventure that led to the use of the river, the ridiculous conservatism that necessitated "shirking," and the radical good sense that led the masters to barter abuses on the part of the boys for permission to win glory for the school at Henley has the key-note of the development of British institutions.

XI.—CRICKET

Of all the sports cultivated at Eton, cricket has the fewest peculiar features. This is not because it is the least popular game, but because it is the most popular. There is no cricket but cricket; and all England is its prophet! It is played

in fields and parks and byways. As you whiz through the country on the hysterical little railway-trains the wayside swarms with men, boys, and children in white trousers. It is played in the morning and in the afternoon; in the long summer evenings it is often almost nine o'clock before the stumps are drawn. It is played on week-days and it is played on Sundays: even the parsons—at least, the most radical of them —do not scruple at times to come out for a game with the boys of their Sunday-schools after evening service. It is played, I had almost said, from the cradle to the grave. Certainly the best and most popular player in England today, Dr. W. G. Grace, has a son on the Cambridge eleven. And it is recorded that a famous cricketer once excused a younger brother's lack of skill by saying, "He never had a chance to learn

the game. He was so ill that he couldn't begin playing until he was six years old." If a boy isn't a past-master at cricket before he comes to Eton there is little hope for him.

How much most school-boys do play cricket may be seen in the time and space they give to the game. At Eton there are seven different grounds, each with a name of its own. The most exalted of these is Upper Club, where the best twenty-two players in the school hold their matches and the school eleven plays its home games. Then there are Middle Club, Lower Club, Upper Sixpenny, Lower Sixpenny, and a lot more, the names and offices of which no traveller's pride could have induced me to learn. Every "house," in fact, has its eleven, and, for all I know, its separate field. In all, the Eton cricket-grounds cover forty-two acres, and afford room

for a score and more of games. Almost five hundred boys can play cricket there at once.

To enumerate the matches played between home teams each year would be impossible. Most of them take place between the natural divisions of the school. Each house has, of course, its eleven. At Eton the all-absorbing contest is between the Senior Oppidan and College elevens.

The best of the players in this match, of course, represent the school; but long beforehand, at the very beginning of the season, a match is held, the purpose of which is to sift the players. The best twenty-two men are divided as equally as possible into two elevens, and made to show what they are good for. The eleven selected from the players in this game henceforth represent the school, and are privileged to wear the school

colors. At Eton the boating interest dominates, but in all the other schools the cricketers are the acknowledged "swells." And even at Eton they can scarcely be said to be of less importance than the school eight.

The matches the school elevens play are many and various—against the clubs of neighboring towns, against gentlemen who live near by, against officers of neighboring garrisons, against elevens picked from London cricket clubs and captained by an "old boy," and finally against college elevens that come down from Oxford and Cambridge. While I was in England an eleven from Haverford College, Pennsylvania, made a tour of the public schools, and were everywhere welcomed most hospitably. On all such occasions luncheon and tea are served to the visitors, and the whole day is passed in leisurely good-fellowship.

More exciting than any of these matches is the annual game against the "old boys." At the beginning of the university long vacation fellows come back to visit their old haunts, and from these an eleven is chosen to play the school. The enthusiasm an old boy shows for his school is one of the most charming features of English life, and the way he patronizes it is truly magnificent. The gorgeousness of his waistcoats and the worldly wickedness of the pipes he smokes (in out-of-the-way places, after dinner) are wonderful to see. You couldn't be so base as to hint that at the universities this magnifico is only a Freshmen.

Beneath the social enjoyment and love of sport which enliven these home matches, you will perhaps, by-and-by, feel a deeper current setting towards the great final match; for though, as I

have said, contests between the English schools are very rare, in this one sport almost every school has a natural rival. Rugby plays Marlborough, and Eton plays both Winchester and Harrow. Yet the spirit which rules these contests is very different from that in similar contests in America. With us all games, except those for the championship, are regarded merely as practice, and we take little or no interest in them, except as they point towards the final games. In England the main object is always an afternoon's sport. It is only when you come to know the players personally that you realize that the multitude of games played have anything to do with beating the rival school.

The Eton and Harrow game takes place at Lords, the celebrated cricket-field at London, where all great matches are held. Here the Etonians all sit on

THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH AT LORDS, LONDON

one side of the field, and the Harrovians on the other; and though there is no concerted cheering, such as we have, the sides sometimes vie with each other in making a noise. A quarter to half a century ago these games were sometimes really rowdy. If you were an Etonian, and a red-hot Harrovian didn't quite like your looks, you were pretty sure to get your new silk hat battered about your ears. The warier boys would always walk about with their hats in their hands. Such rowdyism, however, was soon given over to Eton and Harrow "cads" or townspeople; and by-and-by even these were induced to express their loyalty in some other way. To-day the Harrow match is as orderly as the Winchester, and, in fact, is far more fashionable. Most Londoners recognize it as the end of the "season," and run away at once after it to their country-houses.

Between 1825 and 1855 Winchester also met Harrow at Lords, and the school which won in the triple meeting was, of course, champion of England. The reasons which led to stopping these contests are thoroughly characteristic. As the Harrow-Winchester match came first, and the Eton-Winchester match last, the Wykehamist's had to stay an entire week in London. The effect of this on the morals of a boy who had always been kept in the confinement of a public school was sometimes most unfortunate. In spite of the protests of ardent cricketers, the matches were transferred to the home grounds. And though many still regret that Winchester cannot meet Harrow, everybody cares so much more for order and decorum that the championship games at London will doubtless never be renewed.

Last year the Eton-Winchester game was at Winchester, and though the home team won, it seemed, to my unpractised eye at least, a rather tame affair. My hostess, the wife of one of the masters, provided our party with seats and to spare. When we got tired of sitting by the side-lines we walked about, talking of this batsman or that bowler, and of all the exciting cricket-matches since the year one. As there were scores of old boys present, there were innumerable jolly handshakings and conversations snatched from the person you chanced to be walking with, in which two fellows, talking at the same time, related all that had happened since they were at school together. At one o'clock there was an interval for luncheon, and after a few hours more of walking and talking about the cricket-field, we went to a pavilion for tea. Then we walked

and talked again, until suddenly the cricket had stopped for the day, and everybody went walking and talking to dress for dinner. There were three days of this.

Towards the end of the third day a sudden pause came over the walkers and talkers, which was interrupted only by scattered shouts of "Well bowled!" and the clapping of hands. The atmosphere had become stifling, and, almost before we realized it, was full of that queer creepy feeling of the atmosphere about Exeter-Andover matches. At the end, everybody leaped up with a shout and trooped across the field. Present Wykehamists and old "Wykes" rushed in upon the eleven from all sides, and tossing the favorites on their shoulders with a shout, ran off to the cricket pavilion. Then everybody shouted; there was a speech or two, I believe, and all

the gay crowd, beaming with health and pleasure, went walking and talking away again to dinner.

I could not help laughing in my sleeve at the quiet and simplicity of it all. But on second thoughts I had to admit that I was wrong. If the English went in for all their many sports with our fierceness and our consuming desire to beat somebody, their ruddy faces would doubtless be as pallid and drawn as the cheeks of our athletes. It will scarcely do to console ourselves by thinking that the English boys are indifferent to the credit of the schools they represent, or of their friends on the athletic teams. "I remember well," an old boy writes of the match between the college and the rest of the school, "when the first inning of the redoubtable struggle commenced, I felt as if the hopes and fears of life were bounded by its issue.

If our side won, then no possible evil that could befall us would be of any serious consequence, . . . and when one of our champions made the final hit . . . what a shout was that which burst from our united throats! Shall we ever hear a shout like it again?" After an Exeter-Andover football-match, the school that loses has the air of mourning its dearest friend. At Eton on one occasion the collegers did actually put on mourning. As eight of their men were on the Eton eleven, they had had reason to expect a victory over the Oppidans. When they were beaten they dressed their bats in black crape and hung them on the wall, where they stood until an exploit of one of their number on the cricket-field was considered to have redeemed their honor.

This happened near the beginning of the century. To-day I doubt if the boys would go to such length to express their

chagrin; but they feel it scarcely the less. After the Eton-Winchester match I happened to be standing near some Eton boys on the terrace of Windsor Castle watching the sun set behind the pinnacles of the college chapel, when a warder came by with a party of tourists and, giving a sly wink, pointed towards Eton. "That," he said, "is the ancient school of Winchester. The school-boys feel very happy just now because they have won the cricket-match against a place called Eton." The tourists suppressed a smile, and the Etonians moved off with faces that looked apologetic and very tired. If there is one thing more delightful than the quiet and the moderation of English athletic contests, it is the vein of earnest feeling that underlies it all.

RUGBY

RUGBY

I.—RUGBY AND MODERN EDUCATION

Rugby was founded in 1567, almost two hundred years later than Winchester. Its founder was not a great bishop and statesman, like Wykeham, much less a king, like the founder of Eton, but plain Laurence Sheriff, one of the gentlemen of the Princess Elizabeth (afterwards Queen Bess), and a warden of the Grocers' Company. At first Rugby was a mere grammar-school for the education of the children of the country round about; and it never ranked high as a public school until Dr. Thomas Arnold, "The Doctor" of *Tom*

Brown's School-Days, became Head Master. To-day Rugby holds firmly to its middle-class traditions. There is not a title in the whole place. Though there is a large element of boys from Scotland, the fellows are mainly the sons of Midland manufacturers and of the doctors and lawyers of the neighboring cities.

The chief importance of Rugby, at least in a book about the life schoolboys lead in England, lies in the fact that it was the first of the older foundations to feel what might be called the humane and intelligent spirit of the nineteenth century. To us who live at the end of the century it is almost impossible to imagine that big boys could ever have been so cruel as to make "tin gloves" for their fags as they did at Winchester, or that masters could be so dishonest as to live in luxury on the

funds which should have been applied to the wants of wretched Eton collegers; yet such things as these might have happened at almost any of the English schools. It is not strange that gentlemanly manners were not to be looked for among the boys; and moral and religious education were clearly out of the question. When Arnold was nominated for the Head Mastership of Rugby, one of the men who recommended him predicted that he would change the face of education throughout England. To-day the main glory of the school lies in the fact that it was the first to make a bold and victorious stand for the principles of humanity and Christianity in education.

Before telling of the great work he did, however, I want to speak of a fact which people have almost always lost sight of in their admiration of Arnold's

greatness. In his generation Arnold did not stand alone, as he seems to do to us now. When he spoke forth boldly for the spirit of Christianity in education he must have known that he would be backed up by the best moral element in the life about him. We shall understand this better if we turn aside from Rugby for a moment and take a glance at experiments and movements in education which were already on foot.

II.—ROWLAND HILL'S GOVERNMENT BY CONSTITUTION

The most interesting experiment in education, so far as I know, as well as one of the earliest, was made by Rowland Hill, when he was still a very young man. "The acknowledged superiority of our system of education," he

writes in his journal, "leads me to think that the combination of talent, energy, and industry which exists in our family, directed as it is to the science of education, may some time or other produce effects which will render our name illustrious in after-ages." The "system" was nothing more nor less than a written constitution under which the boys governed themselves. "I drew up a set of resolutions," he writes, "which were unanimously passed at a general meeting of the school." This was in 1817, when he was only twenty-two years old. In a very few years these resolutions expanded in the hands of the boys into an elaborate and minutely detailed set of laws which filled more than a hundred closely printed pages. Certain of the features of the system as described by Rowland Hill are very interesting. "Soon after midsummer (1816) I estab-

lished a court of justice in the school. The judge is chosen monthly by the boys. The sheriff and the keeper of the records are chosen in the same manner. The attorney and solicitor-general are appointed by me. The judge appoints the inferior officers—as the clerk and crier of the court, the constables, etc. The jury consists of six boys chosen by ballot. . . . The sheriff keeps a book in which he enters all the sentences." The penalties imposed were "the forfeiture of premial marks, a certain number of which entitle a boy to a holiday." The "swell" in this constitutional school was a "chief magistrate," who, it is recorded, saved the masters "a deal of trouble," and actually "put a stop to a practice" which before it "had never been found possible to check—namely, that of throwing stones."

The system of dealing with fights

was very ingenious. It is described by George Birkbeck Hill, a nephew of Rowland Hill, who is famous for his edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Boys might fight as much as they liked if the combat took place in strict accordance with the new regulations. If, however, they fought in defiance of them, not only the "mighty opposites" themselves but also the spectators of the fray were severely punished. "It was the duty of the eldest boy present, under a heavy penalty, to convey immediate information to the magistrate, that the parties might be separated." Those, however, who wished to fight in the manner that the law allowed, gave notice of their intention to the magistrate. It was then his duty to inquire into the cause of the quarrel, and to do his best to reconcile the parties. If, after six hours had passed by, he had not been able to settle "the

swelling difference of their settled hate," he and his two assistants took the boys to a retired spot in the playground where they could fight it out. There was very little glory to be won out of such a combat, for "all the rest of the boys were confined to the school-room." One gravely suspects that the school-boy magistrates were more than likely to betray an interest in the combat not strictly magisterial. At any rate, "in later years one of the masters was made Marshal of the Lists, and not a single boy was allowed to be present." In the first three months under the new rules four formal fights were fought. In the next four years there were only two. No backers and bottle-holders, no fights. "Informal combats still went on to some extent, but in every instance early information was conveyed to the magistrate, who immediately separated the

belligerents. The result was that fighting soon became unknown."

Corporal punishment was done away with in a manner no less ingenious. Instead of licking a boy, the master took away the rewards of merit which had been given for success in daily tasks. Thus, as Rowland Hill remarks, "the boys are induced to perform these tasks before the fines are paid, so that while they are thus engaged they have not the disagreeable feeling that they are working for punishment." If a boy possessed no rewards of merit, he was imprisoned in a wooden cage, at the rate of an hour for five credit-marks. Hill congratulates himself in not only avoiding corporal punishment but in generally making the boys study harder in the process. The system has all the plausibility and charm of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

"The whole machine of the school,"

writes Rowland Hill, "is now become so very perfect that we are able to appropriate every minute of the day to its respective use. . . . It has the appearance almost of magic." In 1825 *The Edinburgh Review* criticised the system in most friendly terms, and no less a man than Thomas de Quincey spoke most favorably of it. It was also warmly praised in France, in the *Revue Encyclopédique.* Grote, the historian of Greece, inspected the school, as did our own President Jefferson when he was organizing the University of Virginia. In fact, the Hill system, known as the "Hazlewood system" from the house in which the school was finally located, won great reputation, and was actually introduced into Sweden.

The trouble with this system, it is easy to see, was that it required boys to take grave and complicated responsibili-

ties. As one of its "old boys" writes: "The thoughtlessness, the spring, the elation of childhood were taken from us. We were premature men. . . . The school was, in truth, a moral hot-bed, which forced us into a precocious imitation of maturity. . . . Some of us had a great deal of the prig about us." Rowland Hill himself admitted in later years that his code of laws was far too complex, and that he greatly doubted whether he should send his own son to a school conducted on such a complicated system. The school prospered, however, and continues, in a modified form, to this day. And though it has scarcely rendered Rowland Hill illustrious, the experiment did great credit to his mind and heart, and to the enthusiasm of his generation in matters of conduct. And he did live to win something like immortality in the field of education. He

was the father of the system of penny postage, which, by making cheap the circulation of letters and papers, has done wonders in enlightening the masses of England. For this he was made Sir Rowland, and his bust is now to be seen in Westminster Abbey, where he lies buried beside England's most illustrious dead.

Though the temporary success of his system is to be laid largely to his personal zeal and enthusiasm, it is to be noticed that it was based on the fundamental idea of public-school education: discipline was mainly in the hands of the older boys. It differed from the other public schools of that day largely in the fact that it attempted to do by means of a written constitution what they were attempting by means of the unwritten laws handed down and developed from the time of William of

Wykeham. At the outset Rowland Hill had all the moral earnestness and prophetic fervor that the old schools lacked. But when later they felt the regenerating force of the nineteenth century, they overtook his school little by little, silently and irresistibly. To-day they preserve their old ideas, and have taken up with the best of his. They are famous around the world, and his school is unknown. For us Americans, who live by constitutions, and are born to the belief that the law can make anything right, there is an excellent lesson here. The traditions of the ancient schools of England have triumphed because they stand for the good sense and the manhood of many centuries, and because they are represented to-day not by written laws but by men.

III.—ARNOLD AND PUBLIC-SCHOOL TRADITION

When Arnold came to Rugby in 1837 he had a great advantage over Rowland Hill. He was a product of the public-school system and of the English universities, which Hill was not; and whereas Hill had scattered established ideas to the winds, he possessed a strong and thoroughly British sense of the value of fixed institutions. The great antiquity and settled dignity of such schools as Winchester and Eton he envied, and in one place he makes the suggestion that "when schools [have] risen from a very humble origin to a considerable place in the country, and [have] continued so for some time, some royal gift, however small, should be bestowed on them, merely as a sort of recognition or

confirmation on the part of the Crown." To such a man the most natural means to progress was not the destruction of all that had gone before, but a process of breathing new life into the old order of things.

The need of new life at Rugby was very plain. The "houses" were mere boarding-houses, and the masters, who usually eked out their incomes by means of church livings, often resided at some vicarage or rectory in the neighborhood. Arnold, who was an old Wykehamist, required the masters to live in the houses and govern them, as the Winchester masters have always done.

Instead of gathering the scholars together in one college, as is done at Winchester and Eton, each house has a fair proportion of scholars. This plan is followed at Harrow also; and, as I

mentioned in the first of these chapters, the college at Winchester is likely sooner or later to be broken up and scattered among the houses. As a result of this plan the Rugby "school-house"—of which Tom Brown was a member—is made up, not of a picked set of scholars, but of the same proportion of scholars and other boys, roughly speaking, as the houses.

William of Wykeham's idea of discipline Arnold sought by every means to establish at Rugby: I mean the idea that in the close community of the school the older boys should govern the younger in their daily life, and be responsible for keeping order. "The boys, for nearly nine months in the year," Arnold writes—and one can almost imagine that Wykeham is speaking—"live with one another in a distinct society. Their school-life occupies the whole of

their existence. At their studies and at their amusements, by day and by night, they are members of one and the same society. For this they require a government. . . . It is idle to say that the masters form, or can form, this government. . . . In order to obtain the advantage of home government the boys should be as much divided as they are in their respective homes. . . . A father with thirty sons . . . would find it no easy matter to govern them effectually. How much less can a master govern thirty boys, with no natural bond to attach them either to him or to one another?" For such reasons as these Arnold laid great stress on the importance of the "sixth form," "prepostors," or "prefects," or whatever the oldest and best boys in the school may be called. When there are not enough of these to keep order in a house, as some-

times happens, the master selects a few of the best scholars and athletes in the fifth form and gives them the power and responsibility of sixth-form boys. All readers of *Tom Brown* are familiar with the good influence which the sixth has on the lower boys, and with the strength and steadiness of character which they themselves learn from their duties and responsibilities.

For similar reasons Arnold upheld the system of fagging. When so many boys are thrown together, he argues, the stronger will always have power over the weaker. The best you can do is to put the power of fagging into the hands of those whose age, intelligence, and character best fit them for it—that is, into the hands of the sixth form. When fagging is thus rationally legalized, any excess or brutality will at once be discovered and cor-

rected. And the fags in turn profit by a just discipline. "The quickness, handiness, thoughtfulness, and punctuality which they learn . . . are no despicable part of education. Many a man who went from Winchester to serve in the Peninsula in the course of the last war must have found his school experience and habits no bad preparation for the activity and hardships of a campaign."

Arnold's defence of flogging somehow doesn't sound quite so plausible. In answer to an attack on the system he says: "I know well of what feeling this is the expression; it originates in that proud notion of personal independence which is neither reasonable nor Christian, but essentially barbarian." In another place he speaks of flogging as "marking [the] naturally inferior state of boyhood." If he had had the most

sympathetic sense of what a boy is, I don't suppose he would have written this. And, perhaps, if he had had a finer notion of what is dignified in a man, he would not have stood out for having masters lay hands on their boys. Yet, when you come to think over what he says, it does not seem so entirely wrong. At any rate, when a boy won't stand round, you generally have to lick him, even if you are as wise as Solomon. Of one thing I have no doubt, and that is that when discipline rests firmly in the hands of the sixth form, flogging is far from the brutal thing sensitive people imagine. The fact that the flogger and the flogged are near to each other in age and in understanding, if not in sympathy, prevents it from brutalizing the one or outraging the other. Or perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that to the half-barbaric instincts

of boyhood a flogging may be not only the natural but the fitting punishment.

Fights among the boys Arnold handled with characteristic moderation and firmness. It had been the custom to settle quarrels by knock-out contests somewhere out of bounds, where there was little or no chance of interruption. Arnold ruled that all fights should take place within the close—that is, in the great playing-field just behind the school—every part of which his study windows overlooked. The penalty for breaches of this rule was the expulsion of all parties concerned. The fight between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams, which took place in the close behind the old chapel, was no child's play; but the appearance of the Doctor at least cut it off short of manslaughter. Once fighting was put under rules, it was in the plain road towards being

suppressed altogether. To-day little remains of the old fighting spirit. The very site of Tom's famous encounter is now occupied by the chancel of the new chapel, and choir-boys sing where of old Rattle, in his thunder-and-lightning waistcoat, wagered "two to one in half-crowns on the big 'un." All this, of course, is as it should be; but one of the masters admitted to me that spite and backbiting are probably commoner than they were in the days of black eyes and bloody noses. If I dared, I should like to maintain that now and then a time will come, even in the life of the best of fellows, when boy-nature demands a fight; and that to deny the fighting instinct, or to try to stamp it out, works no good in the growth of his character.

In one important matter Arnold seems to have misjudged his boys very badly. It was a part of his plan for the

sixth form that they should take themselves very seriously as representatives of discipline in the school, and, when any serious disorder occurred, report it to him. This they almost always refused to do; and, in the few cases where they did do it, they lost caste in the school forever. They would lick offenders, as upper boys have done, I suppose, ever since Wykeham's day, but they wouldn't blab. The authority for this is Thomas Hughes, who was perhaps Arnold's warmest admirer and stanchest defender. His comment on it is that, after all, the sixth are boys and not masters.

One of Judge Hughes's objects in the article to which I have just alluded is to show that Dr. Arnold is not to be charged with making his sixth form too high strung and serious for their years. He is particularly hard on a writer who

declares that Arnold "combined with diverse excellences the weakness of being a prig and the breeder of prigs, and the sort of person whom prigs of all succeeding time will be lamentably prone to deify." This objection, it must be admitted, is not new: among others, the poet Clough has hinted at it. And many an old Rugbeian will admit to you that it took him several terms at the university to get into sympathy with the kindly race of men. That Hughes is right in the main, however, and the writer he quotes wrong, is clear in the fact that he is able to admit Arnold's failure to make the sixth peach, without discrediting his argument for the manliness of the great Head Master's way of dealing with his boys. Any reader of *Tom Brown* will agree that, if Arnold bred prigs, the world would be better for a lot more of them. Yet the

failure Hughes admits shows that there was at least a trace of weakness somewhere, and I think an honest critic must grant that Arnold showed at times that he was not quite able to see that boys will be boys.

Arnold's mastership cannot properly be said to have changed the face of public-school discipline throughout England. The movement towards a better and more Christian regulation of life was, as we have seen in the example of Rowland Hill's School, already on foot, and must have come even without him, however much more tardily. When he sought to change prefectorial discipline radically he notably failed. What he actually did was to transplant the system in which he had been brought up, and, by breathing into it the spirit of his generation, preserve what was best in it for future ages.

Yet, though one has to deny him creative genius such as Wykeham possessed, his service to education was none the less great. Among all English school-masters, or, for the matter of that, among all school-masters of the world, he did most towards making his instruction count in developing the highest qualities in his pupils of the sixth form — their character and their religion. Yet even the idea of this he seems to have learned at Winchester; at least, there is an anecdote of his life there which strongly indicates this. When he was himself an upper boy his master once set him to construe a hard passage in Thucydides, of whom he was so fond that later he edited his works. When his master objected to the ren-

dering, Arnold stood up for it stoutly, even obstinately. "Very well," said the master, quietly, "we will have some one who will construe it my way." Some hours after school Arnold came to the master looking very crestfallen. "I have come to tell you, sir, that I have found out I was wrong." "Aye, Arnold," said the master, holding out his hand in forgiveness, "I knew you would come." Firmness and forbearance such as this were later the very essence of Arnold's manner with his boys.

When he came to Rugby he found it perhaps the most immoral and rebellious school in England. Drunkenness and swearing were common, and the influence of the worst boys was so strong that there was a positive public sentiment in favor of vicious ways—all of which, we must grant, goes a long way

towards justifying his lifelong distrust of boy nature.

The process of building up the moral and religious life of the school was not easy. For instance, the boys used to keep guns and beagles in the backs of shops, and spent much of their time in poaching in the neighborhood. This sort of thing Arnold quelled only by telling the shopkeepers that he would "put their shops out of bounds"—that is, forbid the boys to go into them to buy things — if they kept on helping the boys to go poaching.

The horsy cliques caused Arnold more trouble. Rugby is in a first-rate hunting country, so that the temptation was very great to mount a nag and go scurrying off over ditches and hedges. On one occasion a boy who fancied himself as a steeple-chaser bragged that he could give any fellow in the school the

pick of all the horses in Rugby town and beat him. A sixth-form boy named Corbett accepted the challenge, selecting as a mount the best fencer he could find. The challenger picked the fastest horse in town. In the race the fast horse refused several of the fences, so that Corbett won, amid great enthusiasm. After the race the challenger whined so much about the superiority of Corbett's horse as a fencer that Corbett challenged him to swap horses and try another race. This time Corbett, who seems to have been the best kind of a sportsman, was so careful in taking the fences that he fell behind, yet he did not miss a single one of them. On the home-stretch he gave his speedy animal the spurs, and, as he had planned, spurted in ahead, amid wild enthusiasm from his friends. Of all this Arnold took no notice, which so elated the

boys that they got up a grand steeple-chase, for which seven horses entered. At this juncture Arnold sent for Corbett and told him that he had winked at the first two races only because if he had taken any notice of them he should have had to expel both boys. He added that if the steeple-chase came off he would expel every boy who rode or was present at it. There was no steeple-chase. Soon after, however, a great national steeple-chase taking place at Dunchurch, a neighboring town, Arnold "put the course in bounds" for the day. The whole school went to see it, and every sensible and manly boy must have been won over to his master's side. Beside the sturdy common-sense that alone could have prompted such a course, the "system" of the Hill school is absurd enough, and even Wykeham's glory seems less.

Of the strength of Arnold's religious views, and the prominence he gave in his instruction to the Christian ideas, it is almost impossible to give an adequate conception. Again and again he lays stress on the necessity of Christianity to education. The masters he prefers are to be Christian gentlemen; their scholarship is a matter of minor importance. And the boys who pass through the school are to become men of strong character and deep religious feeling; it matters little how clever they become. More than this, his whole ideal of education is, in effect, that it shall fill the land with men who shall put law and government on a basis of Christianity. The grandeur of this conception, it seems to me, has not yet been justly valued. Even his great biographer, Dean Stanley, seems scarcely to have viewed it in perspective. Yet it is possible that

we are able to see it the more clearly because we are so far removed from its attainment, and because we see that the spread of sectarian feeling, to say nothing of the breaking down of old conceptions, are rendering it less and less possible. And with all this comes the doubt whether Arnold's plan was ever really adapted to the estate of boyhood. His failing to do away with the boyish code of morals which forbids peaching in the sixth form suggests that the sixth form is scarcely capable of being made the lever to overturn the existing codes in private and public life.

Even here, in his dearest and highest aims, Arnold's personal influence was more important than the new idea he sought to introduce. "I am sure," writes a pupil—and his case is thoroughly typical—"that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love

and reverence for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think that I would gladly lay down my life. . . . I used to believe that I had a work to do for him in the school, and I did, for his sake, labor to raise the tone of the set I lived in, particularly as regarded himself." It is pleasant to find it recorded that Arnold once said of such a boy as this, "If he should turn out ill I think it would break my heart."

It is still pleasanter to know that such boys did not turn out ill. As undergraduates at the universities, and afterwards as masters at public schools, they lived by the ideals they had learned at Rugby; and though Arnold did not change the face of education in any literal sense, the change that was wrought by the generation for which he stood was none the less great for that. His

pupils, and the pupils of his pupils, have carried his personal influence throughout England. At Rugby, as is natural, the influence of his teaching has always been strong, and the school has been more uniformly fortunate in its masters, perhaps, than any other. To-day its moral and religious tone is notably strong.

V.—THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND THE CLOSE

All the dearest associations at Rugby have to do with the fight that was fought in Arnold's time, and the most sacred landmarks and customs are those which are mentioned in *Tom Brown*. As you are shown through the school-house, your guide points out the "double study"—fully five feet by six—which is said to have been occupied by Tom and Arthur. The boys who use it now,

AFTERNOON IN THE CLOSE

I am certain, never doubt that an actual Tom Brown once lived in it. In the corridor, to be sure, the top of the old hall-table, with T. HUGHES carved boldly upon it in capitals, is hung reverently upon the wall; but the explanation of this is precisely that which a school-boy once gave to the question of the authorship of Homer. If *Tom Brown's School-Days* was not about Tom Brown, it was about another boy of the same name.

In one of the dormitories you will find the oak table on top of which new boys were—and still are—made to sing. The rule is that they must stand with their legs as wide astraddle as possible, and hold a lighted candle in each hand. Your guide will show you the tin candle-guards or "parishes" in which the candles were held. On the table beside the boy is always placed a jug of

drink, composed of beer, salt, mustard, soap, and other savory ingredients, a swallow of which the new boy is made to gulp down if he fails to sing a song. About the walls of the room are ranged eleven little oak cots, beside one of which Arthur most certainly knelt to pray on his first night in school. Or if you insist that Arthur never lived, why, then, you remember that every fellow has knelt down, or wished he dared to, on his first night of homesickness in a strange, rough place.

The school-house dining-hall stands almost exactly as it stood in Tom Brown's days. There are tables all around the sides, and a table in the middle. The small boys sit about the side tables, and, as the years go by, move gradually around the room, until at last they are admitted to the middle table. To sit here means much more

than merely being in the sixth form. At the side of the hall is the fireplace where Flashman roasted Tom for refusing to sell the lottery ticket on Harkaway; and the very benches stand beside it upon which the bully's head struck, a few days later, when Tom and East finally got the better of him. From the dining-room there are two doors leading into the quad, one through a long and difficult passage, and the other opening directly upon it. The little boys who sit at the side tables have to go out through the long passage: only the big boys at the middle table can go out directly. For a little boy to go out through the big boys' door would be unheard-of arrogance. This, Rugbeians think, is an excellent custom, both because it existed in Tom Brown's time, and because it teaches boys their places. When I told my guide that it remind-

ed me of the farmer who had a big hole in his barn door for his cat, and a little hole for his kitten, I think he thought me irreverent.

Across the court, outside the hall, are the turret-stairs leading up to the school-rooms where Arnold met his sixth form. Many a man who is now old and gray remembers these rooms as the place where he learned more about obedience and more about ruling vigorously and justly than he might ever have known except for his Head Master at Rugby. The walls of the rooms are covered with old table-tops, upon which are carved the names of these ancient Rugbeians. The tables now in use are untouched. If a boy carves so much as his initials, he has to have the wood planed and polished, or pay the price of a new table. Fame comes harder nowadays.

We walk out at last into the ample

A WET DAY IN THE QUADRANGLE

close. The three trees which used to stand within the football-field are all gone; and many another well-known tree was blown over in a recent wind-storm. Still, there are plenty left for shade, and though one always grudges an old and beautiful landmark, perhaps the football and cricket-fields are the better for the lack of them. To an American traveller the Rugby close will always be of interest as the birthplace and original home of that form of football which gave rise to our own familiar game; but if he has read *Tom Brown* in his boyhood, he will think of it rather as the place where Tom made his entry to Rugby life in the big-side football game, and where, with Arthur on his eleven, he played his final game of cricket. About the close the pleasantest memories of the school hover; and of all public schools Rugby is the one which

appeals most strongly to the democratic instincts of an American. Here boys are equal not only by custom, as at Eton, but by native instinct; and here many generations have learned to value themselves, in Arnold's phrase, as gentlemen and Christians.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF TO-DAY

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I.—THE GREAT ENGLISH SCHOOLS

If space permitted, it would be pleasant to speak at length of Harrow: certainly, as the schools rank to-day, it is by no means inferior to Rugby. And it would be easy to extend the list of schools much further. When the commission was appointed a score of years ago to examine into the leading schools, nine were selected as being in the first rank, and to-day this number would scarcely include all. Charterhouse and Westminster are famous for their antiquity and for the amusing customs that still exist among the boys; and Marl-

borough, Haileybury, Clifton, Repton, and many others deserve notice. Yet, in the main, the life in all these schools is the same. The master in each house makes his influence felt by kindness and the birch; the sixth form keeps order in the daily life, chiefly by means of the rod; and everybody goes in for out-of-door sports.

II.—CERTAIN CHARGES AGAINST THE SCHOOLS

Of the value of the public-school system as it exists to-day, it is not easy to speak with confidence. Like all institutions that have their roots deep in human life—marriage and fatherhood, for instance—it raises questions which have always been raised, and which have never been answered. Is a master justi-

fied in birching a boy who does not learn his lessons? Solomon thought yes, and Arnold thought so, too. In the modern schools the masters, who are always subject to a running fire of criticism from anxious parents, and even from the public press, answer that in proportion as teachers understand their business it becomes less necessary to give bodily punishment, but that there will probably never come a time when it can be wholly discarded.

Again, is it right that the sixth form should punish disorderly subordinates without bringing their case before the master? The wise prefect would doubtless admit that in proportion as the sixth form knows its business it becomes less necessary to administer floggings. Yet this is not the whole truth. For a boy properly authorized to give bodily punishment to another boy is

perhaps more in character than for a master to do it; at least, the resort to physical force is the natural, and perhaps the wholesome, expression of boy nature. As a means of discipline it is certainly better than flogging by a master. When the best big boys decide that a youngster ought to be flogged, and flog him, there is something about it all that brings disgrace and repentance. When a master does the same, the culprit becomes in a way a hero. The other fellows are apt to ask him sympathetically to take down his trousers and let them see how badly it hurt.

Yet as a matter of fact sixth-form floggings, instead of increasing, are becoming less frequent and severe. They are now generally inflicted with a light cane. At Rugby what sometimes is called a "sixth licking" is resorted to. The members of the sixth form living

in the house where the fault was committed, consult, take notes, and, if the case justifies, chastise the culprit in turn. Of late years even this judicial and impartial form of flogging has been dying out. The old boys, as far as I was able to judge, sincerely regret this. It would be pleasant to think that flogging is dying out because the influence of the sixth has become so strong and wholesome; but there is reason, I fear, for doubting whether the humane spirit of our generation is not being pushed to the verge of sentimentality.

Cases are constantly occurring in which the influence of the sixth is obviously at fault; and in these the result is as bad as when a husband is a brute or a father a tyrant. Not long ago a boy committed suicide by diving into the cow-catcher of a train, and left a letter that plainly charged three of his school-

mates with making his life unbearable. The coroner said that he must have been insane; but many people gravely doubted this. The newspapers were filled with letters. On the one hand, anxious parents cried down the whole public-school system, and, on the other, burly old boys maintained that it is a good thing to be ballyragged now and then, or to have your bare calves toasted before a fire. One question was raised, however, which touches the vital spot of the system—namely, whether the sixth form is wise in peaching to the master. The head of the school said that if the boy—who, as it happened, was a member of the sixth form—had only reported his tormentors, all might have gone well. In the same letter, however, he argued that the lad must have been insane, or he would not have so far forgotten the school-boy's code of honor as to charge

three comrades with cruelty in such a pointed fashion; and the next day another correspondent pointed out that a boy would scarcely have gained much by reporting his case to a master who held such an opinion. Then other correspondents asked why a boy should be prevented by public opinion from peaching on the other fellows, whereas in a man it is not only allowable to maintain one's rights before the proper authorities, but a sacred duty. The answer to this was that there are certain cases even in a man's life which so nearly concern one's self or one's friends that no one could fail to lose caste by dragging them before a magistrate; and that even if there were not, the plain fact remains that no community of boys, however enlightened, can be made to tolerate peaching or "sneaking." The upshot of the whole matter, so far as

I could make out, was that in a school where a member of the sixth could be so harassed, discipline must have been at a very low ebb; and I should very much like to know how much of this was due to the gradual decrease of flogging. As long as the master is cut off from his boys by such a barrier as the prejudice against peaching, those who are clothed in his authority should have full use of the means which is best adapted in their hands to the enforcement of law and order. The only other course is to abolish the entire public-school system.

The prominence of athletics has also been a subject for severe criticism. Boys are compelled to go in regularly for some sport or other, though there is so little resistance on their part that it has not occurred to me until now to speak of this. At Eton every boy has to de-

cide whether he shall row and be a "wet bob," or go into the many land sports and be a "dry bob." If a wet bob shirks the river, he very soon hears from the older boys. One youngster, last year, who had a "lock-up," or private boat, and was found never to use it, was regularly "pop-caned." At Rugby I heard a sad story of a small boy who was found in a football scrimmage eating chocolate-creams. The big boys promptly took him out on the side-lines and swished him. When public opinion fails, the masters back it up, and nothing but an iron-clad doctor's certificate will save a boy. The people who are opposed to the prominence given to sports repeat what Aristotle said about the severe training which the Spartans underwent—that it made them "brutal of soul." Such people would have boys more like Athenians. This opinion, I

must say, sounds very learned, and one would be forced to give it all deference except for one thing—that is, that boys are neither Spartans nor Athenians, but boys. The idea that they should be made Athenians is as lofty as Arnold's idea that they should be educated to put business and politics on an ideally Christian basis; but it seems to me to be also as lacking in a knowledge of boy nature. Moreover, it is not so clear that that which, pursued for a lifetime, makes one brutal of soul will have the same effect in boyhood. In other words, the prevalence of the athletic spirit seems to me to be as plain a symptom of the aptness of the English school life to the instincts of boyhood as the prefectorial system. It may be true that nowadays school-boys have less interest in the serious things of this world and the next than they had when influences

such as Arnold's were more strongly felt; at the universities they say that this is so. Yet no one denies that the strife of the athletic field stirs the vigor in them, and that as much of hero-worship as is good for a boy is given to the strongest and best athletes of the school. It is at least some recommendation that the athletic spirit does not depend on the personal influence of any one master, but springs eternal in the youthful breast.

III.—THE RESPECT DUE TO BOYHOOD

The main question at issue in all these charges against the schools is whether it is fitting to give so much sway to the native instincts of boyhood. This is a question that Arnold was constantly pondering. We have already seen that he bluntly declares boyhood to be an infe-

rior state. In another place he says that it is unquestionably an extremely dangerous time, in that temptation is great and the strength of character to resist it exceedingly small. Again, having asked the question whether the change from boyhood to manhood can be hastened, and how far it ought to be hastened, he replies that, as for the growth of a boy's character, love of unselfishness, and fear of God, his development not only can be hastened, but should be hastened. Such opinions as these almost any man of Puritan instincts would agree with; and for any one to deny Arnold's mature judgment, on matters in which he was so well fitted to speak, would be rash. Yet since his day many experiments have been made in bringing up boys, and many thoughtful men have written on the subject. To-day we are more likely to respect the state of boyhood

and sympathize with it, to regard it as necessary and beautiful rather than dangerous, and to believe that the more fully a boy learns to be a boy the more thoroughly he will be a man when the time comes. In its way, boyhood is as little to be avoided as old age. Both were ordained by the power that no one has ever understood; they are equally necessary for the fulness of life, and equally beautiful.

If William of Wykeham were to find such ideas as these attributed to him, I doubt if he would recognize them. Yet the fact remains that he provided that his boys should be boys and govern each other, and that for five centuries the men who succeeded him found no better plan of government. The public schools are built up upon the solid manhood of fifteen generations, and during all of that time they have relied for

discipline, in the main, on the native impulses of boy nature. The life boys lead, meanwhile, has little by little been bettered as the generations have become more civilized. If these facts prove anything, they prove that the public-school system has its source deep in the best instincts of the English people. Beyond this no praise is possible.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS

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I.—AMERICAN BOYS IN ENGLAND

The charm of the life in the English schools, and their splendid efficiency in developing mental and moral character, of which, I fear, I have given only a far-away impression, have led not a few parents in America to send their sons to them to be educated. And among the Americans whom business or the pursuit of happiness have taken to Europe for good, many more have done the same. In the case of those who have said good-bye to America forever, no criticism is possible. Their children are

in a way to become as un-American as possible; and in a few generations they may even be English, though nothing could be more un-English to start with than a lack of sympathy and loyalty for one's native land. Sometimes, however, American boys go to Winchester or Eton to prepare for Yale or Harvard; and in other cases they go from the schools to Cambridge or Oxford as a preparation for American life. Nothing, to my mind, could be more fatal to a boy's happiness, or even to his best education. It is true that as schools, the English are better than our own—they do more good to English boys than ours do to American. But just here lies the danger. An Eton boy coming to Harvard, or an Oxford man entering upon the practice of a profession in America, may in many respects be the superior of the people with whom his

happiness is to be linked. He is perhaps better educated, he is likely to have more knowledge of the best the world has to offer, his manners are better. If he is to enter into his new life with all his heart and soul—and if he is not to do so he had best not enter at all—he will be tempted to unlearn much that he has learned, to abide by standards of which he cannot wholly approve. If he resists this temptation—as he will do, if he has the right backbone—he must have infinite tact and good sense to avoid making himself disliked. For a boy or a young man educated abroad to ignore the worst he finds at home and take up with the best may be possible; but I think that most thoughtful parents will agree that they have little right to expect such a triumph of a son. In some cases, boys have been snubbed in England for being Americans, and snubbed again when

they got back for being too English. The lesson to be learned from the English schools is not to be learned by sending our boys to them, but by studying them as institutions. As a people, we are apt both to brag about our country and to despise it, which at bottom are, of course, the same weaknesses. The lesson we should read in the English schools is that the really happy nation slowly develops its own institutions to fit its best needs, and then quietly abides by them.

Such considerations must have been clear to parents who have sent sons abroad. But there is one further consideration. Throughout the public schools a vice is prevalent which is so shocking that it is never mentioned except among those most familiar with the life the boys lead. And though the masters have tried, and keep trying, to suppress

it by every means in their power, there is as yet no real public sentiment against it. An American boy of necessity becomes accustomed to a kind of depravity of which at home he would probably never hear. To mention this is the duty of any one who has written with such high admiration of the schools as I have tried to express. Yet because of it it would be unjust to condemn the schools as a whole. The English people, in all times and in all its institutions, has had a most wonderful genius for rising above its vices, and being a strong power on the side of the good in spite of them. When we have had a Wykeham or an Arnold in America, which, I fear, will not be soon, we shall be able to afford to despise the schools which the centuries have built up in England.

II.—ENGLISH SCHOOLS IN AMERICA

A number of schools in America have shown a disposition of late years to adapt English institutions to our needs. Of these, St. Paul's is, perhaps, the most widely known as having an English bias. In spite, however, of the great reputation, and no less great disrepute, it has incurred on this account, I cannot find that it can with justice be called English. The main features of the public schools, as we have found, are, first, that the boys live in separate houses of a score or two each, under separate masters; and, secondly, that under the masters the older boys govern the younger, and are accountable for keeping order. Neither of these features is fully developed at St. Paul's. It is true that the boys are

watched over with much of the English severity, and have as little liberty as their English cousins; but the reputation of being English, as far as I can find, comes not from this, but from the fact that they are not allowed to play baseball and are encouraged to play cricket. The reason for this is that, some dozen years ago, they got so excited over baseball that the Head Master thought best to forbid the game. Since they have been playing cricket it is not recorded that they have ever become excited.

At Lawrenceville the boys are divided among houses of the true English stamp, and the plan works well in the main. Coupled with the house system is a strictness of guarding the boys no less great than at St. Paul's. In the English schools, such strictness is thoroughly in character; for both at home,

before boys go to school, and at the universities afterwards, they are closely watched over. At both St. Paul's and Lawrenceville, however, the strictness has had one great drawback — when the boys go to college they are not always prepared to profit by the liberty of conduct they are allowed there in America. When I was an undergraduate, we used to notice that the fellows from the strictest schools were the first to go to the bad. At Lawrenceville the Head Master has sought to remedy this difficulty by having the boys live together during the last year at school in a house where they are given something like the freedom they are so soon to enjoy. The plan is no doubt excellent; but by taking the oldest and highest boys out of the houses, all chance is destroyed of anything like sixth-form, or prefectorial government.

The only school in America, I am told, where anything like sixth-form government exists is Groton, where most of the other English ideas are lacking. Clearly, we have not yet adopted the public-school system, and have succeeded only imperfectly in adapting it.

While these experiments have been going on in the newer schools, the older ones, Exeter and Andover, have developed along their own lines. They allow the boys far greater liberty, and take much less care of their manners and morals. The difference between those schools and the English schools is, roughly speaking, the same as between an American home and an English home, and between Harvard and Oxford. As I have pointed out, they are like the Winchester and the Eton of the seventeenth century. And the likeness is not limited to the great

—perhaps too great—freedom allowed. The boys live in boarding-houses under "dames," whose position is much that of the dames of the eighteenth century at Eton. Already there has been some discussion of a plan for putting these houses under the control of masters, much as was done at Eton many decades ago. It will be interesting to watch how these, the most American of all our schools, develop their institutions.

III.—ENGLISH IDEAS IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS

The fact that our newer schools are tending to adopt English ideas, while the older ones are developing in the English fashion of their own accord, suggests an inquiry as to how far it is possible to model our preparatory

schools after the great public schools. At the outset we are met with a very grave obstacle. The entire conception of breeding and education is different in the two countries. Almost from the cradle our children are allowed and even encouraged to shift for themselves. In England the children of the upper classes are apt to divide their time between sequestered country estates and the schools, in both of which they are watched over pretty much all day long. Even at the universities they are forbidden to go to London without leave—though they often break bounds—and are actually prevented, except in rare instances, from passing a night away from their rooms. Obviously the institutions adapted to such a regime must in some degree be impossible to us.

As for the prefectorial system, where liberty is so great, it would be impossible

to establish it on a firm basis. Boys who have never really learned to obey would find it hard to govern wisely and with a strong hand, even if they wished to do so. And it is to be feared that they would prove as loath to take care of their juniors as they had been to be taken care of. Added to this is the objection that, in the absence of the "houses" of the public schools, our social life has already been largely organized on the basis of exclusive clubs, a thing unheard of in England outside of Eton. The result is that we should not have at the outset the wholesome democracy of English school life. The ablest and most manly of prefects, I take it, would not always be able to forget the artificial distinctions which school societies produce.

Against the house system, however, no such objection can be found. It may

not be possible, to be sure, to make the house as close a community as in England — the freedom granted in our schools is too great; but it could not fail to be an improvement on the helter-skelter life so many boys lead. And though the clubs and societies would in the later years separate a number of fellows from their houses, those who were left out of the societies, instead of being scattered outsiders as they are now, would have a definite and well organized social life. And in the long-run a well-organized house system would take away the glamour from the societies, and perhaps in the end make it possible to do away with them altogether, as a number of the schools are already trying to do. And if the houses were on a strong and permanent footing, it would be much easier to introduce the prefectorial system.

The benefits of the house system would nowhere be more evident than in the status of athletics. One of the first results of a well-ordered life in small communities is the birth of rivalries of the kind that lend utmost zest to sports. Each house would be certain to have its own nine, its eleven, and, where possible, its crew. It is true that our schools have been justly charged with overdoing athletics; but the fault lies not in the number of our contests, but in an exaggeration of the spirit of partisanship—the disposition to prize the victory more highly than the strife. In the English schools the cultivation of sport is far more general than with us, and, on the whole, far more enthusiastic; yet, instead of developing a spirit of excess, the schools are the source of the honorable and generous spirit in sports which we are learning to admire

in our English cousins. The secret of this lies in the fact that whereas we have a few games each season the results of which are of excessive importance, the house system gives scope for a multitude of interesting matches. Give us twenty contests for every one of to-day, and the tendency to exaggerate the importance of any of them, even the greatest, will subside. The boys who now spend their afternoons encouraging and applauding the practice of the school team will have games of their own to go into; and when the grandstand has been done away with the greatest temptation to excess is removed. Moreover, when every boy is a sportsman in fact as well as in sympathy, the prevailing sentiment will be the wholesome love of a well-fought contest. When such a time comes, Exeter and Andover will have no reason to suspect each other of lying and cheating.

And from that it will follow that Harvard and Yale will not have to sulk a year or two in order to regain their respect for each other.

IV.—THE IMPORTANCE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

The obstacle in the way of establishing the house system is largely the lack of the funds necessary to the maintenance of so many houses and masters. Dozens of universities have been endowed, and scores of colleges; but very few donors have appreciated the needs of our schools.

The most hopeful sign of the times in this particular has come from a school in which a movement was on foot towards becoming a college. The principal objected that, though the school offered

the equivalent of two years of a college course, he had no wish to alter its character. Only an endowment of the most liberal kind, he declared—one sufficient for a thoroughly reputable college—would justify a change. He thought it worthier to be a first-rate school than a second-rate college.

The common-sense of this is obvious, once it is honestly stated; but it is none the less true that the declaration is almost unique in the annals of American education. In the past, the ruling spirit among our educators has been one of crude pretence. With boundless trust in our future, men leaving bequests inadequate to found a reputable school have founded colleges. The result of this has been that the cause of secondary education has suffered in the extreme. Every year our most advanced institutions of learning have declared

that men come to them radically unprepared to profit by a university education. The freshman and sophomore years have in consequence to be largely given over to the vexatious and wasteful endeavor to teach men what they should have learned at school. Of this state of things the recurrent complaint that undergraduates cannot speak and write the language to which they were born is a single symptom.

And we have here only the beginning of the evil. The assumption that secondary education is of secondary importance is radically false. For every one boy who can afford to study until he is twenty-two, scores are forced to enter active life at eighteen, or even earlier. And, waiving the question of expense, it is more than doubtful whether any considerable proportion of the young men of a nation are fitted by nature to

profit either in mind or in character by a four years' residence even at a first-rate college. The secondary schools have in their charge, or should have, the education of the mass of men who are to make American laws and to administer them. To despise the secondary schools, or in any way to make them of secondary importance, is to neglect the vital interests of the nation.

Our colleges in turn have not escaped the fallacy here involved. The moment they have the slightest claim as institutions of learning, they grasp at the name of university. In England there are scores of public schools, and only three universities of note. In the single State of Ohio, as an ingenious statistician has calculated, there are more foundations claiming high rank as institutions of learning than in all of Europe. The absurdity of this is manifest; but some

of even the older and more respectable colleges have of late succumbed to the ambition to pull themselves up by the boot-straps. To make this clear we have only to consider the distinction which accepted usage makes in America between the college and the university. The college aims chiefly to provide an efficient four years' course of study, supplementary to the course pursued in the preparatory schools. Of necessity, the instruction offered is general, and is incompatible with serious special research or professional training. Its aim is normally to educate as men and as citizens such boys from the preparatory schools as can afford higher education and are capable of profiting by it. The university, on the other hand, aims to carry its students forward into the field of pure scholarship, which has only indirectly to do with character and citizenship; and

especially it aims to afford thorough training in the professions, such as teaching, law, medicine, and theology. Yet that the position of the university is of necessity more dignified or otherwise desirable than that of the college is no more obvious than that the college is more important than the secondary school. Within the past year, however, one of our oldest colleges, and the one in which the college ideal has hitherto been conserved in its utmost strength and purity, has attempted this metamorphosis into a university. As a matter of fact, its facilities for special research are meagre, and its endowment not large. It has no law school. The study of medicine is precluded, both by the absence of hospitals and by the existence of a State law against dissecting the human body. Yet to-day it has ceased to be the foremost of American

colleges, and has become one of the least of American universities. This instance is typical, and to all such ambitious projects we humbly recommend the example of the school principal, cited above, and of the English conception of education. If we were to add anything, it would be that the function of the college is of greater importance to the nation than that of the university, and that the function of the secondary school is more vital than that of either.

THE END

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