Two men un a smoking-room were talking of their private-school day. “at our school,”said A., ‘we had a ghost’s footmark on the staircase. What wa it like? Oh, very unconviinvcing. Just the shape of a shoe, with a square toe, if I remember right. The staircase was a stone one. I never heard any stpre about the thing. That seems odd, when you come to think of it. Why didn’t somebody invent one, I wonder?

‘you never can tell wioth little boys. They have a mythology of their own. Theres a subject for you, by the way- ‘The Folklore of private Schools’.’

‘yes; the crop is rather scanty, though. I imagine, if you were to investigate the cyle if the ghost stories, for instance, which the boys at private schools tell each other, they would all turn oyutn to be highly-icompressed versions of stories out of books.’

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Nowadays the strand and p