

the business, caught the ball, our boys made a rush, the Eleusinians were dashed right and left, and when at last Alcibiades came down upon the ground the centre of the field was nearly won and the Athenians who lined the field cheered with much spirit. Then the tussle went on. They pushed like two whirlwinds, three trials and our boys had gained ten yards more, and then one of our swiftest runners got the ball, the others gathered in front to clear his pathway, and away he went around the end of those Eleusinians before they knew what was being done, and forward sped the runner to the goal with an Eleusian sprinter trying in vain to overhaul him. O, Aristophanes, it was nobly done, and when with a touch-down fairly won Cleopas followed with a kick like a Boeotian mule and sent the ball over the goal I felt it was glorious to be an Athenian, and I vowed then and there to sacrifice a rooster to Hercules within a week."

"Truly, it was a noble moment. O, Socrates, but tell me how the game came out." "That will I, Aristophanes! Again the Eleusinians got the ball, and again the same thing was gone through with, and before the first half was over the Athenians had made over 30 points and the followers of Eumolpus not one. In the rest Eumolpus was furious. He is verily something of a ruffian and no little of a blackguard, and he strode up and down the field talking and swinging his arms about in a very wild manner and saying that their side had not had fair play. He even went so far as to say that the umpire was hired to give the game to the Athenians. Of course, Aristophanes, I felt a little disturbed at this, but when I reflected that I had only done what was right then in truth I cared not for I saw that young Eumolpus felt that his party was no match for our team and that his rage was a virtual confession of defeat. So I called the game, and at it they went again. Again our boys taught them how Athenian brains can get the better of Eleusinian muscle, and when our boys at the end of the second half had beaten them with a score of seventy-two to nothing the rage of the priest's son, Eumolpus, knew no bounds. He foamed at the mouth. He taunted with being ruled by the tanner, General Cleon. He told me I was a lazy bare-footed old tramp, and then told our young Athenians that they were a parcel of trumpety Atheists who cared not a whit for the holy gods, and finally taunted Alcibiades with having made a mockery of the sacred mysteries of Eleusis. This was too much for Alcibiades. I thought he would have died with laughter. He rolled on the ground and fairly shouted with laughter.