

Pages 3 and 4 missing

unfortunate in not being able to put a regular team into the field. In no two matches in succession has the same eleven represented the School, while at Elland we played the whole game with ten men, and were short-handed for half the game, against the Halifax Secondary School.

The material is quite good, but rather lacking in size at present. If the younger members of the team stay at School for two or three years more, which they probably will do, they should regain some of the laurels which have been lost this season.

The matches and players in each were:

RISHWORTH GR. SCH. A.—Fox: Coghlin, Thomas; Shepley H., Lees, Townsend; Dalzell, Lord S., Kay (5), Walker (1), Pohlmann.—W. 6—5.

HIPPERTHOLME GR. SCH. A.—Clay; Coghlin, Thorpe; Laycock, Pohlmann (1), Townsend; Brear, Ellison (1), Lord S. (1), Shepley J. (1), Dalzell.—L. 4—5.

ALMONDBURY GR. SCH. H.—Fox; Lees, Coghlin; Shepley H., Walker (1), Strickland; Thorpe, Lord S., Kay (2), Ellison, Pohlmann.—D. 3—3.

ELLAND SECONDARY SCH., A.—Fox: Coghlin, Lees; Shepley H., Walker (1), Strickland; Thorpe, Lord S., Kay, Pohlmann.—L. 1—7.

HALIFAX SECONDARY SCH., A.—Fox; Thomas, Coghlin; Shepley H., Lees, Strickland; Thorpe, Lord S., Kay (2), Walker, Dalzell.—L. 2—4.

HALIFAX SECONDARY SCH., H.—Fox; Coghlin, Clay; Thomas, Lees, Strickland; Dalzell (1), Lord S., Kay (1), Thorpe (1), Shepley J.—D. 3—3.

MUNICIPAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE, H.—Fox: Coghlin, Clay; Sutcliffe E., Lees, Strickland; Sunderland, Lord S., Kay, Wilson, Shepley J.—L. 0—7.

CROSSLEY SCHOOLS, H.—Fox; Coghlin, Clay; Thomas, Lees, Strickland; Dalzell, Lord S. (2), Kay (1), Wilson, Pohlmann.—W. 4—2.

HUDDERSFIELD COLLEGE, A.—Fox; Clay, Lees; Strickland, Dilworth A. (1), Thomas; Dalzell, Lord S., Kay (1), Wilson, Pohlmann.—L. 2—4.

SOWERBY BRIDGE SECONDARY SCH., A.—Fox; Coghlin, Clay; Thomas, Lees, Strickland; Dalzell, Lord S., Kay (2), Wilson, Laycock.—L. 2—4.

SOWERBY BRIDGE SECONDARY SCH., H.—Laycock; Thomas, Dilworth, H.; Brookes, Dilworth A., Strickland; Dalzell, Lord S., Kay (2), Wilson, Pohlmann.—D. 3—3. In this match one goal was scored for us by the Sowerby Bridge full-back.

HALIFAX SECONDARY SCH., A.—Fox; Coghlin, Clay; Thomas, Lees, Strickland; Dalzell, Lord S. (1), Kay, Dilworth A., Pohlmann.—L. 1—8.

Fox has played quite well throughout the year, but he must avoid kicking at the ball when there is time to pick it up.

COGHLIN has done sound work without being brilliant.

CLAY did not come into the eleven until the second half of the season, but has proved a distinct "find." He possesses a strong kick, but would find the exercise of a little more judgment would save him a lot of work.

SHEPLEY, H., though on the slow side, was rendering good service until he met with an injury which keeps him out of the game this year.

LEES is probably the hardest worker on the side. He is essentially an "effective" centre-half, who makes no pretensions to "class," but who usually gets there first.

STRICKLAND, though small in years and stature, is big in ideas. He has plenty of time before him, and, being keen, should develop into one of the best half-backs the School has ever had.

DALZELL is fast and centres well, but must learn to control the ball while dribbling.

THE HEATHEN.

LORD, S., shows great promise in all directions, but is rather too inclined to ball back amongst the half-backs.

KAY has been rather below form this year, perhaps owing to his being too closely watched.

WALKER was tried at half-back, but did not prove a success, because half-backs have to be prepared for hard graft. As an inside forward he is quite good, being a strong dribbler and a good shot.

DILWORTH, A., did not join us until the second half of the season was well started, but has strengthened the team considerably since his arrival.

POHLMANN tries hard, but wanders too much. This is quite excusable, since he is really a half-back, and is playing out of position in every match.

THOMAS has been the general handyman of the side, and is always willing to help.

THORPE was unfortunate in playing in every match out of position. It was only just as he was leaving us, that we found out that he was really a half-back.

WILSON shows a good understanding of the inside game. He serves his wing man beautifully, but must not be afraid of trying to break through when near goal. The passing game is the most fruitful in mid-field, but near goal a shot pays nine times out of ten.

A curious feature of the season's play was that on the only occasion on which we turned out a really full team, we suffered our heaviest defeat.

In conclusion, let me remind our forwards that a shot in the net is worth two in the corner-flag, and our backs that falling forwards scores no goals.

"KAPPA."

(A)MUSING.

I know a young chappy named Wemyss,
Who's not such a fool as he semys;

One of his chief habits
Is rearing prize rabbits
On trifle and chocolate cremys.

A certain young lady of Rhyl
On rising once, felt rather yl,
But cured her digestion
Beyond any question,
By one Doctor William's Pink Pyl.

A Pelmanist fellow named Beauchamp
Tried to show people what he could
teauchamp—

How to reach posts, at least,
Like Field-Marshal, High Priest,
But the joke was that he couldn't
reauchamp. "KAPPA."

LINES WRITTEN IN GREEK LESSON

By K. O. GLYNNE.

I heard a thousand strident notes,
While in my chair I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when Aeschylus
Brings curses to the mind.
I splashed my sheet with yclept "ink,"
A quiver through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Dan has made of Dan.
Through alls too thin in that Form
room,

A blend of sounds discordant rained;
I wondered why that Ranting Choir
Did masquerade unbrained.
Polo round me hopped and played—
(His height I cannot measure)—
But with each motion that he made
Alexander beamed with pleasure.
The daring Polo reached his hand
To pull Dan Leno's hair,
And I must say—it grieves me much—
He started then to swear.
Now this relief from Heaven is sent—
Swears don't cost a bob)—
So up I rose, cast books away,
And joined the seething mob.

SCHOOL JOTTINGS.

The Term commenced most auspiciously
on January 16th with a record number
of pupils on the School-roll.

THE HEATHEN.

The next day brought the gratifying tidings that the Captain of the School, C. B. Kay, had won the Milner Scholarship in Classics at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

The same night a special meeting of the Debating Society was held, at which the Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, P.C., M.P., delivered a most interesting and illuminating lecture on "The House of Commons."

We offer the heartiest congratulations of the School to Mr. Whitley on the renewal of confidence expressed by his Halifax constituents at the General Election, and on his re-election as Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons.

We regret the departure of Captain Calder. The gain of the young people at the Huddersfield Waggon Works, the supervision of whose activities he has undertaken, is our loss.

At the same time we welcome very heartily the return of Mr. Seaton, after three years absence on war work.

On February 8th, at an informal gathering in the Hall, the certificates gained at the last Oxford Local Examinations were presented by Mr. Whitley, who congratulated the school on the record results achieved. In the Senior Locals fifteen First-class honours Certificates and thirteen Distinctions were obtained, a result only equaled by one other school in the kingdom, and surpassed by none.

We all regret exceedingly the impending departure of Mrs. Daykin, who will take with her the best wishes of staff and pupils.

"TO MY COUPON BOOK."

When, amidst productions of sadly wasted time,
I see thee, almost couponless ration book,
I mind me of the pains in vain I took
The many weary steps that I did climb,
Up to the office of the Food Control,

Where I, each day, for five long dreary days
Did try with flattering words of praise,
To obtain thee—to pacify my soul.
And see—at last my long-sought goal I reach,
And proudly now to the butcher and the grocer, I do bear thee, and what do I get from each
Except one ounce of prehistoric butter,
One pound of horse-flesh, half a pound of sand (picked off the beach
By the enterprising grocer), which masquerades as sugar? ERB.

A PUZZLE FOR PLUTO.

It was Autumn in the upper world, and once more Proserpine returned to spend the winter with uncle. Pluto greeted her: "I suppose everything looks much as usual down here, doesn't it?" he remarked.

"There was one thing," she said, "that I had never noticed before. Charon was bringing me over Styx, when we passed an island on which many shades were gathered together; these were evidently disputing among themselves, waving their arms and shouting unintelligible remarks.

"I asked Charon who they might be, and the old fellow replied, in his surly way, that they were the shades of those who had been schoolmasters, and deemed learned men among mortals. 'And how came they there?' I asked. 'There is no place in Hades for them,' he answered, 'from the Elysian Fields to impious Tartarus. In the first place, some of them, schoolmasters who have given imposition unjustly, or caused much perplexity among men by their theories, had been sent straightway to Tartarus. But they so wearied the Furies with their constant arguing that they turned them out in despair. For some said that Ixion's wheels revolved fifty times a minute, and others only forty-nine times, and so wearisome did the dispute become that Rhadmanthus cast them forth,

Thence they wandered in all directions, some taking one way and some another. A few made their way to the Elysian Fields, and, meeting by chance with Anchises, disagreed openly with many of his arguments as set forth by Vergil. In the end Anchises quite lost his temper, and even the pious Aeneas got quite worked up about it, so the luckless shades had perforce to leave. Thus, in scattered numbers they returned to my stream, some in haste, having been driven from the Lovers' Groves by the indignant Dido. I could do nothing with them' said the old man, 'and they annoyed Cerberus with their eternal talking, so I put them on the island.'

"Dear me," said Pluto; "I must see into this."

Thereupon he made his way to the banks of the Styx and found all even as Proserpine had said.

For once he was puzzled, then an idea struck him, and a gloomy smile lit his sombre countenance.

"By the way," he remarked to Charon, "the Cyclops are on strike for the forty-seven hours week, are they not?"

"They are," replied the ferryman.

"Well, give them what they want, and tell them I want a brazen building making on the following plan, they can erect it on the allotment grounds." He gave Charon the particulars and told him to come again when the building was complete.

Three days later it was done.

"Now, take those schoolmasters and put one in each room in the building. Then send up some of those squalling infants from the Mourning Fields, and apportion fifty to each master. Then tell the pedagogues to teach them the elements of Greek and Latin syntax, and when a whole class shows a glimmering of understanding it, give the kids Lethe water to drink all round, and let the process start again. When this had been repeated ten

times, the souls of the masters may be sent to the upper world once more. But they must not be allowed to linger anywhere in Hades or we shall have more protests. Do you understand?"

"I do," said Charon, and for once in his life, the old chap actually chuckled.

IDIOTES.

SONNET TO "HALIFAX."

O Halifax, thou once dear place to me,
Home of the peerless toffee, that De
Luxe
That Tommy chews and Jack Tar on the
sea
(Does Tommy swear or Jack want other
tucks?)
In me thy drear perpetual wintry clime,
Thy ceaseless rainfalls and thy cold,
cold days,
Incite a longing for repose divine,
Where somniferous comfort will erase
The memory of that portion of my life
I spent in thee, and to thy pleasures
gave.
Alas! my bones each other wrench in
strife;
To rheumatism chronic I'm a slave.
Embittered by the pains I have endured,
My hate, once love for thee, shall ne'er
be cured.

R. THOMAS ((Poet Laureate.))

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

By K. O. GLYNNE.

(In the manner of certain periodicals.)

Dearest Chicklets,

I have a splendid competition for you this week, dears. This is the competition, darlings. All you have to do is to answer this simple riddle:—"Who is she when she isn't is she yes please?" When you have found the answer, chicklets, write it on a piece of clean brown paper,

THE HEATHEN.

kiss it, and post it to Uncle Mab, c/o. "Heathens," Box 9, Halifax, whom it should reach just too late to enter the competition. As prizes, I will award four lovely kimonos trimmed with wire gauze and ornamented by tin black-clocks. Aren't they lovely prizes, dears? By the way, chicks, I almost forgot to mention there is a slight entrance fee of half-a-crown.

So glad to hear that your pet crocodile has done away with that nasty iguanodon, Molly Muddle. Write and tell me how he is going on. It must have been frightfully funny to have seen your uncle run over by a passing tram, Jenny Juggle. I am sure you must have laughed till your sides ached. So you have contracted opthalmic pneumonia, Walter Waddle? Congratulations!

Now, dears, you must be sure to read the continuation of our splendid story. Isn't it simply sweet? And isn't Slimy Dick a darling? All of you who care may receive, on payment of 10s. 6d. a genuine signature of your popular hero.

Yours with osculations,

UNCLE MAB.

SLIMY DICK, THE RICE PUDDING MERCHANT.

How Slimy Dick came to the Castle of Frogs.

Last week, we left Slimy Dick asleep in the orange-box. This week, he awakes with a start. He looks around him. He gets up—he walks! At length he came to a splendid castle, and above the castellated gates was written:

CASTLE OF FROGS.

Abandon Soap all ye who enter here.
(To be continued.)

[What will Richard do? Don't get the next number because there isn't a continuation.]

TWENTY MINUTES WITH A BURGLAR.

By ENSIGN SOPHT.

Edited by J.H.S.

It was three o'clock in the morning—the deadest hour of the night. I do not often lie awake at nights, but last night I had had a particularly heavy supper, and I distinctly heard the clock strike three. The last stroke had passed, and that dead and profound silence natural to the hour had settled down on my spirits, when I heard the staircase creak.

My heart ceased to beat! The suspense was terrible! However, the creaking was not repeated, and my moral courage rose. With it rose my body, and somehow I managed to pull on my trousers.

I forgot to mention that shortly before this there had been some burglaries in the neighbourhood and I had provided myself with a revolver. After assiduous practice I found that if I aimed about a yard and a half to the left and two feet below my object, there was a remote chance of scoring a bull.

To return to three o'clock in the morning. My senses became painfully acute. Suddenly the staircase creaked again. I knew the bedroom door was locked, and the knowledge gave me inexpressible relief, for I was alone in the house.

I grasped the revolver, and in my haste pulled the trigger, thus revealing to myself the terrifying fact that it was not loaded. I felt for the matches; there were none! I stumbled to the window, and drew back the curtains. By the faint light thus given I found the cartridge-box, tore off its lid and upset its contents on the floor. "Be calm, cool," I said to myself, as I tried to thrust cartridges in, wrong end foremost.

Another creak! I was a living example of the proverb about most haste. Perspiration stood on my brow and trickle!

my nose. At last the weapon was loaded. I was now prepared to sell my life dearly—but not inclined to sell it at all.

Presently the handle of the door turned softly. "Is he tall or short? Where shall I aim?" I thought. This difficulty was solved by a slight motion in the key and a soft snorting, which told that the monster was trying to peer through the keyhole! While I was calculating just where to point my revolver in order to hit the keyhole, there came a blow, as if of a sledge hammer, at the door. The scoundrel was using his foot as a battering-ram. I remained quite cool, took careful aim, and waited.

The second attempt of the villain was successful. The door flew open and revealed the burglar—black-bearded, crape-faced—glaring out of the darkness. He sprang in. My revolver flashed. There was a yell, and a crash which sent a thrill of horror to my heart, such as no robber alone could have caused. My erratic bullet had brought a rattling shower of Queen Anne crockery from a shelf above the door on to the burglar's head!

Through the smoke the ruffian leapt at me. I dipped; and he went headfirst into a large looking-glass. He picked himself up, and, drawing a revolver from his pocket, aimed at me. I was not alarmed. I knew that revolvers are prone to uncertain action. His shot succeeded in smashing the wash-hand basin.

We both fired again with deadly effect—to the ornaments. The burglar's weapon went off yet again. The bullet passed over my head, and brought the glass over the mantle-piece down, in a glittering shower. The effect was transcendently beautiful in the moon-light. I could not help admiring it even then.

But the burglar took advantage of my distraction to take deadly aim. He pressed the trigger. There was a sharp click, no report—the weapon had been emptied. Now was my chance. I pressed the trigger. Another click! In a frenzy of despair I hurled my revolver at his head.

He ducked. The revolver passed through the window into the yard. The demon let fly his weapon at my head. It swept a few remaining ornaments off the mantelpiece.

I picked up a tumbler of water from the wash-stand, and threw it at his face, with force enough to have killed him on the spot. It followed the revolver into the back-yard!

With great joy I remembered a trusty sword that hung at the bed-head. I gripped it, but alas! rust had glued it to its scabbard. Observing my difficulty, the savage sprang forward with a hoarse growl. I whirled the sword, scabbard, and all, with such violence that it not only checked his onslaught, but, loosening the scabbard, sent it in search of the tumbler and pistol.

Now I was sure of my man. I went at him with the straight point. Unfortunately, he stepped aside, and the sword was buried up to the hilt in the wardrobe door. Before I could recover, the burglar had me by the hair, and hurled me to the floor. I disengaged myself and sprang under the bed. He dived after me. Issuing from the other side, I leapt on the bed. When he emerged, I buried him in the bed-clothes.

Panting with exertion and emotion, I stood irresolute for a few seconds. The sword was immovable. I glanced at the clock—one of the few articles remaining yet uninjured. We had been engaged just fifteen minutes. A dreadful feeling came over me that the fight was destined to last for ever.

In the study of the art of war, I had learnt that strategy is advisable where possible. Inspired by the thought, I rushed at my man, who was now free, as though intending to spring at his head. This was only a feint—I dived instead, and went right between his legs. The move was a fine one, but, unfortunately, he caught me by the waist with his knees and sat down on me.

What agony! I felt as if I were being crushed beneath a ton weight. My ribs

began to crack. I heard the waistband of my trousers give way. This was more than human nature could endure. With a supreme effort, I threw him off, and fell on him. He grasped my hair; I clutched his beard. We twined ourselves together like battling snakes, and rolled through the open door on to the dark landing. Reaching the head of the stairs, we fell over it, and went down like a human avalanche—the burglar underneath. I kept him so, guiding him by his beard, and driving his head against the wall and bannisters, until we reached the bottom, when his head went into something and stuck fast.

From his convulsive coughings and gaspings, I ascertained that he was suffocating somehow. On further investigation I found that the burglar's head had gone into the coal-box, and that he was choking with coal-dust. Leaping up, I seized the scuttle, with a degree of ease that astounded myself, brought it down on the ruffian's skull with an amazing crash, and—awoke—to find that it was all a dream.

Reader, I would not insult you by asking your attention to the details of a dream such as this, were it not for the important lesson which it teaches, namely, never think of defending yourself with a revolver.

JUST SO.

Says the Captain to Pat,

"Come, I'll have none of that!"

As Paddy of whisky was drinking his fill.

With a satisfied sigh,

As he finished the "rye,"

Says Paddy, "Be jabers, I don't think ye will."

ANON.



TO A MASTER WHO HAD COMMANDED HIM ANYTHING

(With apologies to H. Harrieh and the masters of H.G.S.)

Bid me to write and I will *stare*

A hundred lines to *thee*;

Or bid me do, and I will *do*

An exercise for *thee*;

An exercise to make *thee stare*

At what I've done for *thee*;

And when its done, then I will *do*

That one to give to *thee*;

Bid me to stay, and I will *stay*

In detention for *thee*;

Or bid me learn, *whatsoever you may*,

And I will learn't for *thee*;

Bid me do homework, and I'll *do*,

Unwillingly for *thee*;

As small a portion, it is *true*,

As I dare do for *thee*;

Thou art my master, while at school,

Thou hast command of *me*;

Whenever I do break a rule,

To do some lines for *thee*.

W.A.U.

THE H.G.S. DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society was revived at the beginning of last term, and has had a most successful session. At the inaugural meeting of September 20th, the officers and committee were elected. President: The Headmaster. Chairman: Mr. Jenkins. Joint Secretaries: Kay and Lees. Treasurer: Thorp. Committee: The officers, Coghill, Thomas, and Jacobs. On the much regretted departure of Thorp in January, Spencer was elected Treasurer. The meetings have been uniformly well attended, and the debates most animated. In the course of the session over 150 speeches have been delivered, and it is particularly gratifying to note that in the last three debates nearly every member spoke. Kay has developed a very effective style, and acquired a remarkable ascendancy over the ear of the House. Lees imparts a subtle vein of humour to his speeches, which has won him great popularity. Thomas is very vigorous, and when

mastered a tendency to excessive speed of delivery, due to nervousness, will be a power in the land. The matter of Jacob's speeches is excellent, and so is his cogency of argument, but he has suffered nobly through acting as the champion of unpopular causes. Coghlin has the Parliamentary Front Bench manner to perfection, but, be it whispered, still shows traces of nervousness. Spencer always has very good matter, but needs a little more fire in delivery. Among the non-official members, Schroeder has shone conspicuously. He has a very easy style, and is a most formidable debater. Fox is very promising. He is always sound and logical, and has an easy style, but he too, needs a little more vigour of expression. A. Dilworth, who joined this Term, quickly 'made good.' He is trenchant in argument, and not easily ruffled. Brookes has made a very promising start, Hilbert is waxing tenacious and trenchant, and Taylor has begun to persevere with successful results. H. Dilworth will do well when he overcomes his nervousness. The others are spasmodic, but we have hopes of all.

The first debate was held on September 24th, when the motion was:—"This House is of the opinion that, after the war, a State levy should be imposed on capital." Lees, seconded by Thorpe, proposed the motion, which was opposed by Kay, seconded by Coghlin. The proposition was lost by 18 votes to 8.

At the next meeting Laycock, seconded by Hilbert, moved that "This House views with alarm the growing tendency to organise sport." This was opposed by H. Dilworth, who was seconded by Clay. The motion was lost by 9 votes to 13.

On October 22nd, H. Shepley, seconded by J. Shepley, proposed "This House favours the suppression of the Press in times of National Danger." This was opposed by Jacobs and Utney, and lost by 5 votes to 17.

On November 19th the motion before the House was, "This House is of the opinion that Women's Privileges are in-

compatible with Women's Rights." Wood, with the support of Brookes, proposed, and H. Taylor, with the support of Schroeder, opposed the motion, which was lost by 15 votes to 7.

On Dec. 3rd, with Mr. Jenkins in the chair, a Parliamentary Election was held. Seven candidates were nominated, and, amidst great excitement, the result of the poll was declared as follows:

Kay (Independent Liberal) ..	16 votes.
Thomas (Coalition Unionist) ..	12 ..
Thorpe, (Coalition Liberal) ..	6 ..
Coghlin (Ind. Unionist) ..	6 ..
Jacobs (Sinn Féiner) ..	5 ..
Lees (Trades Unionist) ..	4 ..
Fox (Socialist) ..	3 ..

The second half of the session was commenced by a special meeting on January 17th. The Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, M.P., favoured us with a fine address, dealing briefly with the growth of Parliament, the origin of many interesting customs, and the daily proceedings. It was enlivened by amusing personal anecdotes, and though dealing with such a dignified subject, was not above, among other things, an allusion to the "Pink 'Un." The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks, proposed by Kay, and seconded by Lees, and the House departed greatly edified.

The next meeting was devoted to "Impromptu Speeches." The debate did not reach the level of the rest of the session, but was, nevertheless, quite good.

A meeting was held on February 11th, with Kay in the chair. R. Thomas, seconded by Hilbert, proposed, "This House favours the Co-education of the Sexes." Schroeder, seconded by Jacobs, opposed the motion which was lost by 10 votes to 6.

On February 25th, A. Dilworth, with the support of Fox, proposed, "This House is of the opinion that Schools stand in the most urgent need of Reconstruction of all public institutions." In spite of the valiant efforts of the opposition, led by

Lees and Peel, the motion was carried by 12 votes to 4.

On March 18th a Parliamentary Night was held. Mr. Jenkins acted as Speaker, and the Ministry consisted of A. Dilworth (Premier), Kay (Home Secretary), Coghlin (Foreign Secretary), Spencer (Chancellor of the Exchequer), and Lees (Food Controller, while the Opposition Front Bench comprised H. Dilworth, Fox, and Hilbert, under the leadership of Jacobs. After a certain period had been devoted to question time, the Premier introduced his "Licensing Laws Amendment Bill." The debate was lively and the final division resulted in 10 votes being recorded for and 10 against the Bill. The matter was decided by the spin of a coin, and the Bill became law.

The experiment was repeated on April 1st, when, with Mr. Jenkins again as Speaker, Fox introduced his Budget. Thomas acted as Premier, and Jacobs as First Lord of the Treasury. Hilbert, Laycock, and Clay comprised the rest of the Ministry, which was opposed by Lees, Schroeder, Spencer, Coghlin. Good speeches were delivered on both sides, and the final decision was reached by an overwhelming majority in approval.

But, of course, the best meetings were the two Soirees, held on December 17th and April 14th. Whist drives were introduced and entertainments arranged, while the refreshments were of a decidedly substantial character. But such festive occasions can be better imagined than described, and we offer no further comments.

UPON SEEING A NUMBER OF THIRD FORM BOYS IN DETENTION.

Poor youths—
With inky thumbs, and heavy sighs,
And furrowed brows and haggard eyes,
With laboured care they memorise
Their verbs, and sadly realize
Far from them lies the joyous prize
Of those who did their work.

They write and write with painful zest;
Their flying pens enjoy no rest.
For them is life no downy nest—
By many a Sixth-form boot oppressed,
Well squashed by masters, whose behest
Doth cause them thus to labour lest
Their home lessons they shirk.

How wish they that their verbs were done!
And that they sooth were anyone,
Except themselves, under the sun!
Ah, well—

The lofty Sixth, who scorn to run,
But stately walk, and have their fun
Fearless of impots, have begun
To hie them, their rehearsal done,
Home to their tea, and jam, and bun;
And so will I. JOSEPH.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1. All literary contributions must be addressed to the Editor.
2. Religious topics, personal attacks, and phonetic spelling are barred.
3. Jokes must be under military age.
4. Puns must be accompanied by an insurance coupon.
5. The copyright of other publications must be respected.
6. Articles and letters exceeding 5,000 words in length should be addressed to "The Waste-Paper Basket, c/o the Editor."
7. Under no circumstances can MSS. be entertained which have been written with a bradawl, a fork, or any other implement than a pen with an unbroken nib.
8. Every MS. that is accompanied by a postal order or valid cheque will be read.
9. Poems must be labelled "Poems," to avoid regrettable misunderstandings.
10. Stories whose plots are based on the contents of the Sunday newspapers should be addressed to 'Pipe-lights Dept., c/o The Editor.'

11. The Editor is always out to aggrieved contributors.
 12. No money is returned under any circumstances.

CLIFF MEMORIES.

Warmly, softly, the moon-tide sunlight
 falls
 On velvet sward, on yellow-blazing
 gorse,
 On swallows skimming o'er the moss-
 patched walls,
 While far below the surf, slow-beating,
 roars.
 . . . To lie there, heather-couched, and
 watch the bees
 Visit now gorse, now heather with a
 kiss;
 Mixed with their myriad murmur hear
 the seas
 Break into showers of spray that
 seethe and hiss,
 And as the tide recedes, the white gulls
 drift,
 With outspread wings against a tur-
 quoise sky,
 Flicked with high, fleecy clouds that
 blend and shift,
 And fade away with evening's drawing
 night.
 . . . The vision melts . . . but still, amid
 the gloom,
 A scent of faded heather in the room.

—A. HUNTER.

DEATH.

The gilded rich ride by in scornful state,
 The wretched beggar limps along the
 road—
 All mortal, for Death cometh soon or late
 And strikes from off their back the
 heavy load
 Of life, and carries off to Heaven or Hell
 Poppy-crowned king of dust and ashes,
 thou
 Who overcom'st at last, though ne'er so
 well,

The martial lights, creeping up silent
 now,
 And now, swift rushing, with thy sickle
 grin,
 Through huddled heaps of carnage, thou
 dost win!
 Thou art the greatest general of all, and
 him
 Who proudest is, thou first dost carry
 in
 To Hades, full of ghosts and gasping
 grinds,
 Leaving on earth dry heaps of skulls and
 bones.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VI. Form,

HEATH G.S.

Sir, I have noticed that we number
 amongst us many more or less enthusi-
 astic chess-players. This being the case,
 I wonder greatly that the idea of a Chess
 Club has not previously suggested itself
 to some enterprising player.

Such institutions, so far as I am aware,
 have been established in many other
 Public Schools and Grammar Schools, and
 why should our own illustrious Academy
 be behind the times? Do we "sniff at"
 chess as a stodgy, uninteresting pastime
 that is altogether "too much fa-ag"? Not
 so, for the game is clever and interesting,
 and I feel such that a Chess Club would
 stimulate players to a greater interest in
 this sport of kings.

Periodical tournaments might be
 arranged, and perhaps—I say perhaps!—
 some chess-loving gentleman connected
 with the School might, in the greatness of
 his heart, provide something for the
 winner.

Though not a philatelist myself, I
 know there are many such in the School,
 and perhaps it might be an advantage to
 them to form a Philatelic Society, by
 means of which they could exchange their
 duplicates, etc.; and Mr. Editor, a
 word in your ear beside the fact that

such societies would, in my opinion, enliven the social life of the School, with your permission this Magazine might be employed as the organ of such associations, thus swelling your bag of contributions.

Trusting that my suggestions will receive further support from your readers,

I remain, yours faithfully,

R. THOMAS.

[We heartily endorse the writer's suggestions.—Ed.]

Dear Sir,—

I wish to describe through the columns of your paper, the admirable situation and the conveniences of the Fifth Form Room.

It faces due North, and has windows all along the side which faces North. It has the reputation of being the coldest room on the premises.

The temperature is guaranteed never to rise above 50 degrees. As a matter of fact, during the winter months, the flame of a bunsen burner has to be continually held to the bulb to keep the mercury from freezing.

Sir Ernest Shackleton once paid a visit to our School, and on entering the Fifth Form Room, remarked, "I have been in some cold spots, but this beats all!" A polar bear was once introduced into the room, and within an hour was found dead from exposure.

It was said of the Duke of Marlborough that "he had a brain packed in ice," so I think he must have had part of his education in this Form Room.

Yours truly,

"SUFFERED."

(One of many).

[We shall be happy to open a fund for the de-refrigeration of our correspondent.—Ed.]

Sir,—Every occasion on which I chance to behold the School Lawn urges me to give voice to the feelings which possess me. What use is it to anyone save the favoured few who are allowed to use a small portion of the whole expanse for cricket practice?

Would it not be much better if the lawn was divided into suitable portions, and furnished with nets, so that the School might be able to play tennis, instead of watching a few Sixth Form boys bowl or bat?

Hoping that you will exert your not inconsiderable influence,

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

UTILITAS.

[Beware lest the Sixth Form arise and smite you.—Ed.]

Sir,—I should like to draw the attention of your readers to a few things concerning the Debating Society's soiree. The soiree itself was very interesting, but the "light refreshments," oh! the "light refreshments"! They were fairly light when placed upon the tables, but were very heavy when our internal organs were trying to digest them. Watkins, who ate seven of the "pork pies," never came back again, and I have never heard of him since.

The "coffee" would be more palatable, if made of genuine coffee and not of camouflaged coffee grounds. Mr. Thomas was seen big game hunting, in the neighbourhood of the People's Park, with a catapult and an airgun. Several people were shortly afterwards advertising for lost cats and dogs. I do not hint at any connection between the two events, but . . . The aerated waters were very nice, but not very effective thirst-quenches. As the "Prohibition Bill" has not yet been passed, I propose we should have something a little stronger.

Yours, etc.,

"SANITAS."

[Naughty boy!—Ed.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sanitas.—Our "Sunday stunt" reporter has been investigating your complaint about 'the sight of a highly respectable master cleaning out a rabbit-hutch,' and his conclusion is a suggestion of strict total abstinence as a cure for "seeing" things!

Anti-Hypocrite.—You couldn't have begun saying yours if you "saw" others.

Victim.—We thought the peculiarity of the meat you mention was confined to the frisky Gorgonzola.

Aspirant.—Sorry we can't print until you write legibly. We "did" send your composition to the printer, but he came to us armed with a carving knife and demanded your address.

Troubled.—You ask us to state a cure for mind-wandering. Sit on a tin-tack.

Third Former.—Your contribution was much too long, and very difficult to read. We tried it on the printer. He expressed the same opinion as we have given you. He said quite a lot of other words, too, about it.

Anxious.—Our "spook" expert discredits your ghost story. He says it was IV.B. singing.

Student wants to know what "walking delicately" means. Ask III.A.

Budding Poet.—Sorry to nip you; but we really couldn't print your lines. If you feel an impulse to write some more, send for the doctor at once.

Annoyed.—Sorry we can't oblige you by "slateing" (!) the "big boy" you mention. Our fighting weight is only seven stone and a war biscuit!

ROLL OF HONOUR.

The Governors and Headmaster are very anxious to obtain as complete a record as possible of the Old Boys who have served in the war.

They have already a long list of names, compiled as the war went on, but some names, distinctions, and promotions have no doubt escaped their notice.

They will, therefore, be very grateful to receive information from parents or friends.

Such information, stating name, rank, regiment, distinction, or mention in despatches, length of service, etc., should be sent to the Headmaster as early as possible.

"SALVETE."

(In honour of the Heath Old Boys who have fought and died in the war.)

You've fought the old School's battles on the playing fields before,—

Though not so long ago that we forget,
The skill of wrist and foot that were yours, yet

Your dogged pluck to "stick it" winning,
losing pleased us more.

And then you came to manhood and for-
sook the form-room for

The office, or where'er your fancy led:
Until the sudden crash came. Then,
instead,

You took your places cheerfully to face
the hell of war.

You didn't tell us how you only wished
that you were fit,

But straightway left your "cushy" posts
in factories and banks,

And out in Flanders showed yourselves
true British to the core.

May your example shine before us! May
we follow it,

Until we too be worthy to be counted in
your ranks,

To take the place of those who will come
back again no more!



A VISIT TO HEATH GRAMMAR
SCHOOL.(Written in imitation of the 6th book of
Virgil's *Aeneid*.)

The gloomy portal menacingly frowned
And chill, dark, blasts did whirl the
leaves around,
That home of torture with its windows
grim,
Dark, and unwashed, in other words—the
Gym.
I turned away my gaze, and blew my
nose,
Then up the few short steps to Heath I
rose,
Yet paused before that awful Masters'
door,
To meditate upon the lot of poor
Third form boys who had used that door.
In vain
The wailing youths to masters grim ex-
plain
That they on work alone their thoughts
had bent,
That other doors were locked: that when
they went
To try the Junior door, and it assailed
with shoulder and with boot, it nought
availed.
With impots. dire their vexed souls they
bear,
Gnashing their teeth, they groan "It isn't
fair!"
But now I turned, and ope'd the massive
door,
My heavy boots resounded on the floor,
And sent the echoes flying far and near,
Throughout high arch, long wall, and
window clear.
Forthwith was heard upon the threshold
there
Wailing of infants 'neath the master's
care,
Who ever and anon his flailing stick
Raises and drops, swift, hissing, keen,
and quick.
The luckless boys, from happy classrooms
torn,
Are punished thus, for walking on the
lawn.
And now upon the right I took my way,
And sped through gloom and dust towards
3A.

The passage dire traversed, I stood before
That gateway brown and stout, the form
room door.
And through the dim those words that
never cloy:
"Wrong—wrong—next—next—next—
next—chance for a boy"
I heard. O . . . , never drop that phrase,
It me reminded oft of third-form days.
He whom I search for cannot be in there,
Where sitteth Barlam, of the unbrushed
hair,
And fierce-eyed Bentley, whom the form
obey,
Nor question mutter, but obedience pay.
I turned me round, and next essayed the
Fourth,
Whose draughty windows face towards
the North:
And they who sit inside to freezing cold
Eternally are doomed. With grief grown
old,
Glowering neath Eye they slave, and oft
translate
"Simplified Caesar," that abridgement
great.
Their furrowed brows with many a tear
they bend
O'er Ritchie, that well-tried and ancient
friend.
I knocked upon the door, and turned the
knob,
But to be out again full many a bob
I would have given, for that fierce stern
Eye
Was turned on me, as, with an accent
high,
It thus gave utterance: "Stop. rash youth,
and say
Why com'st thou here? art mad? hast
lost thy way?"
My father's son, in accents smooth and
mild,
Gave answer thus: "Great Optic, don't
be wild,
I am not come paper or chalk to seek,
Nor yet the duster, but with question
meek
. . . . I seek." The master thought
awhile,
And "Try the masters' room," like rough
toothed file,
He rasped. My trembling limbs to flight
I gave,

And, like a swain, who, wandering in a
cave,
Sees a fell lion wallowing in gore,
But flees away unharmed, so from that
door
I fled, and to the nether regions dim
Sped I, all quivering in every limb.
As down the stairway dark I trembling
ran,
An odour reached me from some pot or
pan,
Where, 'mid black smoke, and reeking
stench of stew
Houseman and spouse a pudding never
new
Devise, Nor can the suffering diners tell
What constitutes that "Mystery Pud-
ding" fell.
Sad band of dinner boys! How oft you
wish
That the grim cook would try some newer
dish.
My fainting heart no more could I sus-
tain—
I turned and hied me up the stair again.
And now upstairs my weary way I took
And through the dim gloom glanced with
piercing look.
Then to the right I sped past windowed
wall
To the dread precincts of the chemists'
hall.
'Mid flames of ghastly hue or reeking
smoke
'Mid tinkling fall of flask or test-tube
broke,
The devotees watch by the slim burette,
Titrate, and mutter, "'Tisn't neutral
yet."
And, while their pallid faces o'er the blaze
of some blue Bunsen burner bent, they
gaze,
Through wreath of chlorine green upon
the flask,
Containing mixtures rum, and eager ask
What next to do, great . . . the class
before
Narrates his dread inventions for the
War.
As at the door I stood, from some flask
driven
By some expansion, flying up to Heaven
I saw a cork, and smelt a horrid smell

That belched, all sulphurous, from the
mouth of Hell.
Full sick I felt, my face all verdant
turned,
And I with passion for a Beecham's
burned.
Downstairs I fled, but missed the bottom
stair—
I cannot state on oath I didn't swear,
But now I stood before the Sixth Form
door,
And to find I essayed once more.
I entered. There sat on a chair,
His feet upon the desk in front, his hair
Full glossy and well brushed, his eager
tongue
Cursing as biggest scoundrel yet unhung
An editor of note. Upon his knee
A ponderous Cicero text I well could see.
His sparkling gaze he turned upon your
humble,
Yet paused awhile to the Sixth Form to
mumble
"To be resumed anon," and on the word
Turned and conducted me to Mr. Byrde.
—JOSEPHUS.

THE PRICE OF WAR.

By E. W. FOX.

CHAPTER I.: THE MARRIAGE.

Lieutenant the Honourable Clifford Bingham turned sleepily over in his bunk. He yawned—in fact his mouth opened to such a large extent that a sponge, hurled by a bronzed officer who had been watching him for some minutes, filled it completely. The effect of this direct hit was miraculous. The sleeper woke, jumped up, and grappled with the intruder. Two minutes later, a ruffled, panting figure sat back upon a chair, while a grinning sub. entered the gun-room to announce to the assembled snot-ties that "Cliffie" had not succumbed as yet. The Honourable Clifford, commonly known as "Guns," sat back and thought.

A placid smile broke over his face as he gazed upon the photograph of a pretty young lady, perched, the photograph, not

the lady, on the top of an antiquated chest. The other furniture of this young gentleman's cabin consisted of an assortment of warlike implements, a medley of books, another chest, and three more photos of the aforementioned young lady. An oil-painting of a frigate in full sail hung over the door completed the picturesque, though somewhat bare, appearance of the cabin.

The door opened once more. A touselled mop of red hair, surmounting a fat, freckled face appeared. This face was truly remarkable, appearing, as it was, wreathed in an eternal smile. The mouth was large, as was the manly breast of the famous bit of humanity. The name of this apparition was "Torps," sometimes known to the police as Lieutenant Graham Brown.

"The boat is waiting, the owner's fuming, the bride will be crying, and, in fact, my man," continued the apparition, "this is your wedding morn." "O Lord," groaned Guns, "Must I really? Can't you put it off? I really don't feel up to it."

"Come up, you lazy beggar. What do you think she would say? Not shirking, are you?" replied Torps.

The Honourable Clifford rolled slowly out of his bunk, and with the assistance of Torps, dressed. After an excited hunt for an elusive stud, and a furious wrangle about the wearing of a sword, the Honourable Clifford stepped into the boat waiting to carry him to the shore, resplendent in a brand new full-dress uniform.

A picket-boat full of officers came behind. The officers shouted remarks remarkably ill-timed and vulgar, at least so it seemed to the bashful Guns. At last the church was reached. Torps, as best man, endeavoured to buck up the prospective bridegroom. Much to his surprise the awful ceremony went off without a hitch. Mother-in-law didn't faint. Pa-in-law didn't curse volubly, and, last, but not least, the ring was there when wanted. After dreadful suspense the happy pair de-

parted homewards. At six-thirty prompt the wedding dinner was to commence.

The despondent officers mournfully departed shipwards. "Two more fools done in," remarked the Paymaster savagely, but no one heeded him, since he was popularly supposed to have three wives and at least thirteen children.

CHAPTER II: "WAR."

Boom! The sound of a gun rolled sullenly over the black waters of the harbour. It was the signal for recall. At the same time the flagship masthead got a fit. Signals were rapidly made for a general recall, all leave cancelled.

Unfortunate Guns, with his newly-wedded wife on his knee, naturally put out distress signals.

"What the devil did the old beggar want to recall him on that day of all days?" he wondered wrathfully as he kissed "Mrs. Guns" goodbye. He was still muttering savagely when he reached the jetty, where he found a boat just about to put off for his ship, the old battleship Majestic. He was still bubbling over, not with joy I assure you, when he reached the ship.

As he entered the ward-room, he was struck by the excessive quiet. The next thing that struck him was a cushion.

"Poor old newly-wed," a voice sang out. "We got to fight, my lad." "Shut up," growled somebody, "Leave the poor beggar alone."

Guns soon became enlightened as to the cause of this sudden change. War had come at last. All the long years of training were to be put to the test.

Next day the fleet moved out to take up its position. For six long, weary months, nothing happened. Each month they took a periodical sweep through the North Sea, but never caught a sign of a Hun. Once they saw a submarine, but a destroyer put it under before it had time to sneeze.

Then at last came the call. They were ordered to the Dardanelles. Towards the end of April they went. On March 18th came the great trial. Together with a number of other old battleships and two battle-cruisers, they were to endeavour to force the Narrows. Day after day, the heroic sweepers had been sweeping a passage, and at last they were able to report that they had done all possible.

"Guns" was nervous. There's no denying it. Not through any fear—not at all—but simply because on the morrow his guns, his very own, were to be tested in real war. His would be the joy if they succeeded, for had he not trained the crews of the huge twelve-inch guns, and the six-inch as well for that matter, for five long years? So he was nervous.

He often wondered how SHE was looking. He had not seen her for six months—never, in fact, from the day he was married. They corresponded regularly, of course, but then, what are letters? He wanted to see her. Dash it all! had any man ever had such luck? To be recalled on the very day of his marriage is a bit thick. Well, well, such is life, and it is all for the Service!

The day came at last, the third great day in his career. The first was when he passed from Osborne as a full-blown midshipman, into the light cruiser Amethyst. The second was, well—in short, as Mr. Micawber would have said, when he was married.

The ships moved slowly on towards the mouth of the narrow channel. All the men were at their posts. Far ahead was the smoke of an old French battleship, the ill-fated Bouvet. Two large battle-cruisers, the famous Invincible and Inflexible, the heroes of the Falkland Islands, the Invincible with the marks of the Gneisnau's shell still on it, steamed slowly ahead. More battleships, and then action began.

"Gun's" nervousness soon passed off. His place was in the main foretop fire-

action position. The Majestic's shells soon began to splash into the water at the foot of the white cliffs. Then they lifted as the gunners got the range. Soon they were crashing into the Turk defences in fine style. For all that, the Turks still maintained a hot fire. Half an hour passed, and still the ships went slowly ahead. The first line of defences was passed, but not silenced.

The Honourable Clifford began to curse. He cursed fluently, and at great length, somewhat in the style of the immortal schoolmaster who missed the tram.

"At the rate this old 'bus is firing, ammunition will run out in about an hour. At the present rate of steaming we shall get through by Christmas!" etc.

His remarks were cut short by a sullen rumble ahead. Peering through the smoke, he made out the French battleship Bouvet heeling over at an alarming angle. In less than five minutes it disappeared.

The Majestic, by this time, was pretty badly hit, and getting hit worse than ever. Soon it became apparent that it was hopeless to go any further.

Just as the signal to turn about and make back, fluttered to the mast-head of the flagship, another large explosion occurred. This time it was an English battleship which had struck a mine. Almost simultaneously the English battleship Irresistible struck a mine and sank.

The rest of the ships turned tail and did a bunk. In the official despatch, it was recorded that "it was deemed advisable to retreat."

"Guns" was suddenly awakened to the fact that a fight was going on by the concussion of a heavy shell on the face of the conning tower. The deck was a perfect shambles. An urgent message reached him to come down at once, as both the Captain and Commander were incapacitated. "Guns" descended and entered the conning tower.

The Captain was on the floor with a ghastly wound in his heart. The Commander was nowhere to be seen. He had, in fact, been blown to eternity while on the bridge. The Honourable Clifford, alias "Guns," was then in command of the ship. His old friend "Torps.," his one-time best man, entered. Even at this critical moment, his face had not lost its smile, though, in truth, this one was rather a frozen and twisted one.

"The after barrette is out of order," he reported. "The electrical apparatus is burst, likewise——" At this moment a piece of shrapnel entered the conning tower through one of the loopholes. "Torps." collapsed. He still smiled, although in dreadful agony. "Good bye, old chap," he whispered; "remember me to——" A rush of blood choked his utterance, and he fell back lifeless into the arms of "Guns."

The ship had now a bad list. "Guns" hung on, although his head was reeling. Another shell struck the conning tower. As A.B. Powell put it afterwards, "It were just 'ell!'"

When the smoke cleared, there was a jagged hole in the conning tower, about the size of a door. "Guns" lay in a huddled heap: one arm was blown off, and his face was just a mass of pulp. Thus died the Honourable Clifford Bingham, Gunnery Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Majestic*. The ship itself staggered out of the awful Narrows with less than half its crew.

CHAPTER III.: AT HOME.

Mrs. the Honourable Bingham, if that is the correct title for the wife of an Honourable, was bored. There's no denying it. She was wretched and bored. Who wouldn't be, when they hadn't seen their husband since they were married? Thus the wretchedness. The boredom was only *pro. tem.* She was a nurse, but at present on leave. Being bored, and having no particular friends on the spot, she went for a walk with another nurse, who was likewise the wife of a

naval officer. On their return their eyes were caught by a flaring placard.

"Attempt to force Dardanelles!" was its import. Betty—that's the Honourable Mrs. Bingham, not the other one—was naturally interested in the Dardanelles. The other one was not so. Why? Because her hubby was in the R.N.A.S., and he was stationed in France. Well, after this slight digression, Betty bought a paper. It was announced in print, three and a half inches big, that three battleships had been sunk, and several had been badly handled. Someone must be hung! Shoot somebody! Do something! it continued. Who's responsible? Incidentally it was remarked that the attempt had failed. Betty hurried home, and, leaving the other nurse, went in and sat down to think. She went to bed and cried, silently, most of the night.

Next morning a telegram arrived. "It must be from him! Oh, is he safe?" she cried. The telegraph boy was doubtful on this point, though he courteously held a discreet silence on the matter. She tore it open, and then—she fell back with a great cry, "Dead! dead! dead!" she sobbed. Then, suddenly, she burst into a shrill laugh, and fell senseless on the step. The telegraph boy was flabbergasted. Why this thusness? Evidently he wasn't safe; still, here goes!

A policeman was fetched, and a doctor called for. The lady was then carried upstairs, and the telegraph boy departed. A week later, Betty got up, donned her clothes, and departed to the hospital. A special interview with the matron, and back again. The interview was to get permission to go with the next batch of nurses sent from the hospital to France. About two days after this interview, she went. In a clearing station behind the lines she worked hard to try and forget.

It was useless. How could she forget his face when that fatal gun sounded on that summer evening so short a time ago? She could not, work as hard as it was possible, forget. She worked harder. All

the doctors praised her. Some few, no doubt were in love, as is the fashion among young folk. But she, with the memory of him constantly before her, had no thought for love.

And so it happened that she fell ill, and was sent back home. One night, as she lay in the hospital, thinking always of him, a big crash was heard. Then another. A few shells answered.

"What was it?" she wondered. A night sister came round. "What is it?" she asked. The sister gave a little sob; she was a very highly-strung young girl. "It's Zeppelins," she answered.

A blinding flash—a terrible roar—and a bomb burst outside. The glass was shattered. One piece, flying with the momentum of a train, caught the night sister on the head. She fell with a groan over Betty's bed. Betty gave a shriek, and fainted.

Next morning a group of idlers stood by watching the firemen playing water into the flaming ruins of the hospital.

"Caught it fair an' square, it did an' all!" said one fireman to another.

"Swine!" muttered his pal.

"Oh, I say, were there many hurt?" queried a voice in the rear.

"About fifty," replied the fireman. "Mostly in one wing blown clean to bits. That young woman you've heard such a lot about, Honourable Mrs. Bingham, was killed as well."

The fireman turned back to his work. A voice rose up among the idlers—

"Workers of Britain," it proclaimed, "you down-trodden worms, the capitalists are sweating the life out of you! Will you stand it? I tell you, you must strike!"

"Dash 'im, one o' them Red-rags at it agen!" swore the fireman. "I'll give 'im some'at to go on with." He turned the hose full on to the mouthing ranter, who made such a scene his place of

operations. The stream of water caught him full in the eye, knocking him clean over.

"Is this the place to talk that drivell?" yelled the fireman. "Can't you do like them? They gave their lives for their country. Get out before I kill you!"

The drenched Revolutionary "got."

And so the world goes on: The brave fight and die, and the cowards mouth and moan, and try to ruin the country.

FINIS.

THE WANDERER.

CHAPTER I.

The rain beat in the wanderer's face, and he seemed to be wading up a swift torrent. The wind howled, to the exclusion of any other sound. The waning moon gave little light, and through the Cimmerian gloom he toiled on. Gladly would he have sought refuge in the meanest hut, but well he knew that for many a weary mile he could meet no friend and find no shelter from men. He felt he could not last out much longer, faint with toil and hunger as he was.

Wearily the wanderer sat down on a flat rock, and gazed about him. Suddenly, far away, to the left, and lower down, he thought he saw the light of a fire. Eagerly he gazed in that direction, and presently the veil of rain seemed lifted and he saw that it was indeed a great fire.

He rose to his feet hopefully, and made ready to depart. Somehow, in that long and terrible journey, he had instinctively kept his hold of the haft of the great, broad-bladed stabbing-assegai. He slid from the rock and made his way in what he thought was the direction of the fire.

The man stood at length at the edge of a stream. Near by was a clump of bush. He looked round sorrowfully, for he had entirely lost sight of the fire. He approached the bushes, which he found to

be more extensive than he thought. He found, too, a kind of track made by some wild beast, and gladly took it, hoping to reach the animal's lair, which he suspected would be a cave.

For some distance the way was upward, and the bush and tall grass thin, but after a time he found a clump of trees, and at length seemed to have arrived at a ridge. Here was a fairly thick wood, and through this he threaded his way with difficulty. Then he seemed to be descending gently, and presently the slope became fairly sharp, then gentle again. The wind soughed overhead amongst the branches, and other sounds there were on every hand—sounds at which the wanderer doubted, for he dreaded lest these might be wandering ghosts, since the native mind has no doubt of things that wiser men argue about yet come no nearer.

At length he sank down once more to rest in a little open spot. As he lay there, he felt something brush past him, and next moment the teeth of a hyena were making themselves felt on his leg. He sprang up with an angry shout, and the beast glided away. But those teeth had pained him, and he sprang on after it, for he could hear it forcing its way through ahead of him. He pressed on, and then, to his amazement, he found himself in a path, difficult, narrow, and muddy, but indisputably a path—a path made by men, for there, as further proof at his feet was a little stone knife.

His foot had touched this knife, making him aware of it, and he stooped and picked it up. He thought this betokened that somewhere near he might find food, fire, and shelter; as for those who were the rightful owners of these necessities, if they were Bushmen, he could drive a whole tribe off single-handed.

He thought no more of pursuing the offending hyena, but before he started along the path, he noted that it seemed to have no outlet. This roused his

curiosity, and he saw that, except by the way he had come, there was no connection between this path and the devious tangled ways on which he had hitherto travelled; and even this entrance seemed to be carefully masked, the tangle of trees, shrubs, grass, and boulders being apparently as thick as anywhere. Only through his pursuit of the hyena, had he found the track.

With doubtful heart, keeping the knife in his left hand, and the spear in his right; for his courage seemed somehow to ooze away little by little, when the first flush of hope had departed, and the winding, dreary path seemed interminable. Then he received a shock.

As he turned a sharp corner, by the struggling light of the moon, he saw a spectral figure confronting him. It seemed to him a fleshless skeleton, the right hand stretched out towards him, the bony fingers clutching the haft of a stabbing assegai, such as he himself bore.

The wanderer shrank back, his fingers clutching desperately at his weapons. For a moment, he thought of flight, but his limbs refused to obey him. Then reason prevailed. He approached the figure; he saw it did not move. Then, at length, he saw that it was a great skeleton, skilfully set up, and for a time his fear turned to anger, and then the wrath to fear again, though for another cause. For now, to him that broad-bladed spear proved that a countryman of his had here fallen by force or by fraud, and in bitter mockery, the skeleton, armed and erect, set up to frighten others from the path.

Perhaps this luckless man had been, like him, a fugitive from a tyrant's cruelty.

Yet still he held on his way, and at length his patience seemed rewarded. Not very far away he saw the elusive fire. He realised that it was probably at the mouth of a cave, and in some hidden, sheltered nook, so that, as he had suspected from the first, it could be no beacon fire.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEN AT THE FIRE.

As he advanced along the winding way, he thought it was becoming better, and hurried forward with mingled feelings. At length, he was quite near, and walking with a darksome gulf on his right. This gulf was of uncertain depth, since it was but faintly illumined by the great fire.

Walking a little further, the wanderer came on a kind of descent into the gulf. Not far from the foot of this descent was the great fire. Accordingly, he made his way cautiously down the steep and stony ways, and found himself among long grass and thorns. A few yards away was the fire, but the tall grass prevented him from seeing anything near it.

A few strides brought him before the fire. Round it were twelve great, fierce-looking men, almost naked, with weapons by them. Beyond was the mouth of a great cave, before which, indeed, the huge fire burned. As the intruder approached, two of the men sprang up, while the others remained seated, gazing at him stonily. The two men were armed with throwing spears, and looked menacing enough.

"What do you seek?" asked one of the men in a dialect which the wanderer understood.

"I seek food and shelter," answered the wanderer.

The great men looked at each other and laughed, lightly but unpleasantly. Then he who had spoken made a motion with his spear, indicating that the wanderer should join the circle at the fire. He obeyed, and, going to the neighbourhood of the fire, he saw that, right in the mouth of the cave, was collected a great number of women and children, perhaps thirty or forty, were gathered. He asked for food, and a man pointed to a young antelope, which they had left over from a meal. He ate some of the flesh, drank some water from a neighbouring spring,

and then crouched down in the entrance of the cave, to survey his strange companions and his equally strange surroundings.

The men were powerfully built, with a surly appearance, and sat in icy silence, hardly troubling to look at him. One of them was an old, grey-headed man, the others, over whom he seemed to have a kind of authority, were younger men, most of them in the prime of life. As for the women, they seemed gloomy, silent and hardly capable of surprise. Even the children had a depressed and melancholy look. The faces of all were the faces of folk oppressed by inward anguish, of men who live in guilt and stealthily.

The cavern was great and lofty, the back part being filled with dry wood. The sides were fantastically carved with representations of men and beasts; from these the wanderer concluded that Bushmen had formerly occupied the place. Why the people should all be keeping watch in this half-expectant manner he could only conjecture. He reflected that perhaps they had some ceremonial to go through which the whole clan must attend; and this, he thought, might explain the remarkable size of the fire.

He watched these people until he began to fall asleep. Something falling made him waken, and it came into his mind that he had best watch.

Presently the old man, who seemed to have been watching him for some time, rose up and came towards him unarmed. The wanderer wondered what would happen now. The chieftain saluted him in the same tongue which the only other man who had addressed him, used.

"Son," said the ancient man, "what is thy name and nation, and what dost thou intend to do?"

"My name," said the wanderer, "is Degaza, and I come from the east."

"You do not say what is your nation," said the aged man, "yet there is little need for you to speak. Now, say, thou

Degaza, Dingaan's servant, did not destruction come on us from the east by the Zulu spear? What plea is there, then, for thee, that we exact not some vengeance, some poor and trifling vengeance, for the thousands of our people whom Chaka and Dingaan have slain, they and that accursed Lion who now destroys the Makalaka people, fleeing across Limpopo from the white men, with whom he has fought?"

Now the wanderer's heart sank, but he answered boldly enough:

"Old man," he said, "would it not be costly for you to assail me, since you are but twelve, and a Zulu is worth ten of you easily?"

But the old man laughed and said: "See now, then, O Degaza the Wanderer, examine that heap and say what there is in it," and he pointed to a heap in a recess in the wall.

Degaza turned to it, but as he turned he swiftly counted the men by the fire, and saw there were but nine, and these were clustered together.

With the point of the assegai, he pulled something large and round out of the recess. It was a human skull. He pulled out other bones, all of which seemed human. He swung round on the old man, and asked sharply, "What mean these bones of men?"

But the old man smiled and answered calmly, "Truly, Degaza the Wanderer, from those bones has come much meat to us. Learn, then, thy fate from this man's, friend."

Now fury seized the Wanderer when he realised what manner of men these were into whose hands he had fallen. He rushed with uplifted spear at the old man, who turned and fled, but next moment two armed men leaped forth from the throng of women and children. But this onslaught Degaza had expected, and was prepared to meet.

Turning round he sprang upon them unexpectedly, and, crying "Take that,

thou man-eater!" he stabbed one to the heart before he could so much as lift a hand to defend himself. Then, leaping over the body, he plunged at the second, and disabled him by a wound in the right arm. The man turned and fled from the cave.

Now day was breaking, and Degaza saw that the cave was at one end of a small, wooded valley. More than this, he had no time to notice, for suddenly a blazing brand, plucked from the fire, flew past his head in a cloud of smoke, which got into the wanderer's eye, and nose, and throat. He coughed and rubbed his smarting eyes, then, hearing a stealthy footstep, he wheeled round. Half-hidden by drifting clouds of smoke was another man, but he fled when the Zulu turned towards him.

Now he tried to join his comrades, but the wanderer cut him off from them. He turned once more and made for the way from the glen, but again the Zulu headed him off, and at length came up with him. Then it was soon ended, but not too soon, for six or seven men were rushing up to succour him, and as Degaza swung round one assegai whizzed past his head, another grazed his thigh, and two others fell near him.

Now the Basuto had cut him off from the slope by which only he could hope to escape. One man, seeing him facing round, threw himself in his path ready to hurl an assegai at him. Another threatened him from behind, while the others cautiously hung back, guarding the foot of the slope.

Degaza sprang at the man in front, who cast his spear at him. The wanderer rushed on with bowed head, and felt the wind of the spear on his cheek. He thrust the man through the body and turned to confront the other. But the spear of the dead man had struck him as he rushed forward, on the foot, and pinned it to the ground. Then his end also came quickly.

Now none rushed to fight him hand-to-hand, but some spears were hurled at him. But he waited, and macked them, asking why they doubted, and feared to attack a single Zulu soldier. At length one of the group which guarded the slope, made a rush to join those at the fire. But speedily Degaza fell on him and slew him.

At this the old chief grew mad with rage and shame, and charged him furiously. Now one of the men with him dashed up to assist this attack; and the man was of enormous size and strength. At first the wanderer hesitated, but then he thought it best to meet him boldly.

Now others were coming up, but Degaza heeded them not. He thrust fiercely at the lumbering Basuto, who avoided the blow clumsily. But when the stroke was returned, Degaza was not quite quick enough, and the man stabbed him in the left shoulder. Now the Zulu groaned, and thrust again at the man, and failed again. The Basuto's spear was about to descend on him, and in despair the wanderer struck at the huge man's face. The arm of the man-eater intervened, and was severed at the elbow. Now Degaza laughed, but his foe shrieked out in his pain, and those who were round rushed in. A spear whistled past the Zulu's head, grazing the ear; and another man, coming close, wounded Degaza in the side.

But as his chief antagonist stooped to pick up a spear with his left hand, Degaza drove the stabbing-asegai into his spine, and with a groan the Basuto fell forward in the dust.

Now the old man thrust at Degaza, and wounded him in the chest, but the Zulu, with a shout, thrust the spear into the chieftain's throat. Then, fearing to be stabbed in the back, the wanderer ran forward, then wheeled round and awaited attack.

But as for the Basuto, when they saw that their hero, their champion, on whom they had placed reliance, was slain, and

their chief also, then fear gripped at their hearts, and they looked round, each seeking a way of escape for himself, and all the tribe sought safety in flight. But Degaza chased them, and killed one, but after this wounds and weariness prevailed, and he had hardly strength to reach the shelter of the cave, and there, worn out with his exertions, he lay down and slept, heedless of all danger.

Now many days had passed by, and the wanderer stood in Natal, within sight of the river Tugela, gazing with some anxiety at an advancing band of men. They were armed and wayworn, about twenty in all. They were but a little distance away, when one of them called out to Degaza, asking what he was. Now the wanderer, thinking that they might be deserters, called out boldly in answer, "I am Degaza, the son of Ungazaan, a chief amongst the Illulis."

Now the men dropped their spears instantly, and ran forwards, he who had spoken crying out, "O Degaza, do we see you again, you whom we all deemed dead? For although we saw you plucked forth wonderfully from the midst of Dingaan's armies, we thought you could not have escaped the Swazis, and Sikonyela's folk, and won in safety to the Matabili."

So all the men gathered about him, and he marvelled to see that they were Hlubis of his own clan.

"Tell me," he said "why are you all here? And how do the other fare, those you have left in Zululand?"

Now the men looked at each other, and there was grief on their faces. Then their spokesman answered him:

"Thus," he said, "has it happened. After you were smelted out as a traitor to the king, meditating his end by witchcraft, and then escaped by your swiftness of foot, Dingaan was wroth. So it came about that one morning the king's soldiers surprised our kraal. It is burnt with fire, our cattle are taken, our people slain—we only are escaped; for we made a charge through the lines of soldiers.

and fled to Natal. Your two brothers are slain, and your father's brother, and all your other kinsfolk; we only are left."

Thereat Degaza ground his teeth and answered, "Truly, I am no man to sit down now and say, 'The king's will be done! I will do something to hurl Dingaan from his place.'"

Then one of the men answered, "Perhaps that will not be so hard for the people are weary of Dingaan's cruel tyranny, and Panda yet lives. But some of the army, Chaka's veterans, will oppose rebellion, partly because Dingaan has dealt well with them, and partly because they are very proud, they who wore their plumes under Chaka, and won so many fights; rather will not follow in a path mere boys will show. Nevertheless we hear rumours here in Natal, and we have heard that Dingaan is fighting the Amaboon, who have crossed the mountains, and resolved to settle in this land. For they say he has slain one of their captains, who was visiting him, and many others who had journeyed with this captain. Also, but yesterday, we heard that he had an army lying in wait to destroy the rest of the white men; therefore we go to warn the strangers, but we fear it will be too late now."

Now the Hlubi hastened on, and after no long journey, they reached the camp, at the place now called Weenen, on the bank of the Tugela, and came quite close to six or seven Boers before they were seen. One of the white men saw them, and with an exclamation fired at Degaza; and though it was hastily fired, the bullet passed close to the Zulu. All his comrades dropped down in great alarm, but Degaza let fall his weapons and ran forward waving his arms. Then the Boers let him approach, but they could not understand his talk; so one went and brought a Swazi exile, who could speak Dutch, and chanced to be in the camp. This Swazi acted then as interpreter.

"I come in peace," said Degaza.

"Does he?" said one of the Boers; then, turning to the wanderer: "Come see our camp," he said, and led him towards the place.

Now, as he approached the waggons, which had been brought up to the river-bank, he saw groups of sullen, stern-faced men, who fingered their rifles and scowled as he passed, and weeping women, who called out curses at him. At this he halted, but the Boer grasped him by the arm and led him on. At length he saw what there was to see.

Amidst the piled-up debris of wagons and household furniture, lay men and women thrust through by Zulu spears, infants with their brains dashed out, slaughtered servants, oxen cut down in the first fury, and Zulus, strewn all about, victims of Dingaan's blood-thirstiness.

Degaza stared in wonderment at this sight, and not without some horror, man of iron though he was. He was roused by the Boer, who shook him fiercely by the shoulder, and, the Swazi translating, said "What do you think of this?"

"I had no hand in this," he said. "I and my men came to warn you, and we too have a blood-feud with Dingaan, and will gladly join you to effect his overthrow."

Other farmers had gathered round, and they gazed on the Wanderer in grim silence. Then at length Degaza spoke, with an effort.

"All my kin are dead," said he. "Dingaan's soldiers have destroyed them, and all the people whom once I ruled. I was a petty chief, and not many moons ago I had three hundred fighting men of the Hlubi tribe. This day two-and-twenty follow me. Let there be peace between us, and I warn you to trust no words of Dingaan; indeed, by now I should think you know him."

So the white men opened to let him pass and held their peace; for everything seemed very dark to them.

Thereafter was a league formed between the people at Port Natal and the Boers, for though the Natal English were few, there were very deserters and Kaffirs to form an army. Amongst the deserters Degaza and his little band were numbered.

Soon it seemed, however, that the allies were infatuated, and set Dingaan's thousands at nought. For Uys arrived, who had been general along with Potgieter in that last great battle in the west, that ten days' fight with the Lion, who had lost thousands of his men there. So when Uys came the allies advanced separately, but Degaza would not march, for he said that if they waited on the defensive, they would gain cheap victories, and faction would arise in Zululand and destroy Dingaan from within. So he waited, he and his men, though some taunted him, and his own people complained.

Soon the error of the white men was shown, for the king's captains fell on Uys and the Boers from an ambuscade, and made them abandon their baggage. Moreover, ten men of the Boers lay dead, and amongst them were Piet Uys and his son. Further, the Natal army was lured on till it was within the horns of a Zulu army. The English and their followers fought well, but were cut in two. Four Englishmen escaped out of seventeen, and of fifteen hundred natives, a thousand lay dead.

After this, the Boers were greatly dejected, till Pretorius came and took command. Then, once more, they took heart and they made a vow to God that if victory were granted to their arms, they would build a church and set apart one day each year as a day of thanksgiving.

Now, as it chanced, Degaza at that time was travelling secretly in Zululand, trying to persuade the chiefs to revolt from Dingaan. One day he was travelling along the bank of a river when he thought he heard a noise. He stopped and listened intently; then, sure that he had really heard something, he ran forward until from a little grove he was able to see the origin of the tumult.

Down by the river was a Boer lager, and there were Zulus attacking it, thousands and thousands of them. On they came, but the pitiless fire from within swept them back. They fell in crowds, but they still came on. The stream grew red with blood before, at length, when a fourth at least were down, the Zulus fled. To this day the stream is called Blood River.

Now Degaza marvelled at this victory and hastened towards Dingaan's kraal, but keeping the marching white men in view. When he approached, he saw it wreathed with flame. Dingaan had fired it and fled.

But after this the white men returned and settled down, being too weak to bring the war to a close. A year of inaction followed, and Degaza seemed far from revenge. But he worked ceaselessly, tampering with the chiefs and generals of Zululand, and all those who had groaned under Dingaan's tyranny began to raise their heads. So because many hated the king at heart, the Wanderer travelled safely in the king's country.

Thus it was that he journeyed, or might have journeyed, to every place save only Umgugundhlovu itself. For Dingaan had rebuilt Umgugundhlovu, his kraal, and it was well guarded; and while peace was on the lips of Dingaan, war was yet in his heart. But men trembled at the issue of the war, when Degaza bade them think of the dying words of Chaka, that white men were destined to destroy the Zulu empire and possess the land.

But Degaza received great promises from Panda, Dingaan's brother; promises of land, and cattle, and wives, that he might restore his losses and become greater than before. So he laboured until he had won over to Panda's faction certain men of great influence, who might be the true leaders of this revolt, since Panda was a peaceful man, who could not be expected to lead his army to battle.

At length the wanderer's toils were to culminate, for the great day had arrived.

the day of revenge or destruction, for on one side was drawn up the army of Dingaan, and on the other that of Panda. But neither brother commanded in person, since Umthlela was Dingaan's general, and Nongalaza led the host of Panda. The Boers also had ridden to help Nongalaza, but they were in a separate camp some miles away.

Degaza felt a fierce eagerness that day. He had never been in a great battle before, and in that hostile army might be some of those who had destroyed his clan. Also, his vengeance seemed complete that day. He had good reasons for thinking so.

The word was given, and Nongalaza's army dashed forward. Umthlela's force, too, which was superior in numbers, was moving forward swiftly. The lines of shielded men crashed together. Degaza found himself opposed to the veterans, and in a few moments he and his supporters were being swept back. Bravely the young warriors struggled to keep back the foe, but what could they do against the muscles of steel and the hearts of stone, against the heroes of Chaka's wars? It seemed impossible for them to hold their own.

"Run quickly home, little boys," cried one old butcher, contemptuously, "lest your mothers beat you for straying so far from home."

But suddenly there was a commotion in Umthlela's force—not amongst the veterans, but amongst the younger troops—and when men looked, half of that great host seemed gone. It had deserted to Nongalaza!

Now it was the younger men's turn to laugh, and they cried out, "There is no escape for you, boasters, save by flight or yielding. Which course will you take, you valiant men?"

But the soldiers of Dingaan cried out, "We are the king's oxen. We scorn to fly from or join traitors, but we will make an end that shall be told of."

So the fight went on, Nongalaza's army closing in on the doomed band. Then came a sudden shock, and Degaza found the veterans quite close to him. Umthlela had charged at the head of the reserve. Degaza saw the general himself, a great, plumed man, forcing his way through his antagonists. He too saw Degaza, and recognised him; he swung round and fought his way towards him.

"Ah, wizard," he shouted, above the din of battle, "this is your work—this slaughter and treason, and unnatural league with the hated Amaboon. Now, die!"

The spear of Umthlela was descending, and Degaza was seized with a wild, unreasoning fear, and he closed his eyes and rushed in at the general. He felt no wound and opened his eyes. The huge frame of Umthlela was sinking back, pierced to the heart. And he, Degaza, had slain him! The man's stroke had missed. Degaza's had gone home—how, no one ever knew, least of all Degaza.

But none the less fiercely raged the fight, although Umthlela was slain. It grew to be an evil dream to Degaza. Nongalaza's thousands howled and shouted round the veterans, who held their ground gallantly. Man after man went down, striving to break their ranks. Degaza was swept forward, and found himself with twenty more in the midst of the veterans' ranks.

"Down with them," roared their foes, and in a few moments Degaza, grappling on the ground with an adversary, was the only one left alive. Then a torrent of men streamed over him, and as he struggled to his feet, a blow from a kerry dashed him down again. The end seemed near now.

A soldier stabbed at him as he lay on the ground. By a desperate effort, Degaza slipped out of his enemy's way, regained his feet, and threw his arms round the man, dragging him to the earth. As they struggled together on the ground, Degaza wrested his spear from the other

man's hand and drove the weapon into the broad chest of his opponent.

But another man was standing over him with uplifted battle-axe. The blow was about to fall on the helpless Degaza when a spear flew from Nongalaza's ranks, and struck the veteran in the throat. Once more the Wanderer was saved.

But now he leapt to his feet, and darted towards an opening in the gasping, struggling lines. A man intervened, and despair entered Degaza's heart.

"Ah, dog," panted the soldier, "do you yet live?" For this man had seen him before.

Now, while they were yet fighting unheeded, something happened to save Degaza. Nongalaza, the general, grew afraid, for the regiments of the king yet held out, and the Boers were not coming to help him. So he bethought him of a ruse.

Thus it came about that a shout arose in his army, a shout that was gladly taken up; and through all Nongalaza's ranks the cry was this: "The Amaboona! The Amaboona are coming!"

Now, with strengthened hearts fought the soldiers of Panda; but from Dingaan's veterans rose up a wail of fear. For what could all their prowess avail against the dreaded white man, who slew them from afar, himself secure? They broke and fled, seeking refuge in the neighbouring bush, and Degaza found himself amongst his friends.

Then went they to the white men, who had been in their camp at a great distance all this while, to announce their victory; and there they found that the Boers had taken and put to death most treacherously Tamboosa, the induna. Thus by Nongalaza and the Boers, who had trekked from the west, was Dingaan overthrown and the Zulu terror ended.

THE END.



DAY AND NIGHT.

A Contrast.

I.:

I found her lying in the sun,
I stroked her glossy, raven hair,
And then, with soft, endearing words,
Gave her a chocolate eclair.
She gently stroked my loving hand,
Her sparkling eyes expressed her joy,
She laid her head upon my breast,
And softly purred, "Oh, silly boy!"

II.:

I heard her screeching in the night,
And tried to sleep, alas! in vain,
Whilst she did scratch, and spit, and
fight,
And arch her back and howl with
pain.
I saw her by the moonlight's gleam,
And many more with arched backs,
Then waxed I eloquent upon
The Feline Beasts of Halifax.

—K. O. GLYNNE.

PARTINGS.

By K. O. GLYNNE.

1790:

They stood beneath a gnarled oak-tree,
In silks and satin bright,
A damsel parting from her beau,
By lingering moonbeams' light.
He gently sought her beauteous hand,
Then seized its pretty tips,
And, with a low and graceful bow,
He raised it to his lips.

"Farewell, my love," sighed he at length,
"'Tis sad, I vow, to part,
But joy and sorrow we must share
When pierced by Cupid's dart.
Good-bye, my own true loved one;
Farewell, my belle, my sweet;
Ten whole hours elapse, alas!
Or e'er again we meet!"

1919:

They stood outside her Pater's door,
 In latest modern dress—
 A flapper and her second-loot,
 'Midst fumes of State Express.
 She tossed her pigtail proudly back,
 And seized his ears—what bliss!—
 His lips to hers she downward drew;
 They kissed—my word, some kiss!
 "What a beastly bore," said she,
 "I'll have to crash along;
 The show's been simply topping,
 But those ices were "no bong"! "
 Stop a bit? Napoo, old bean,
 My ticker's just gone three,
 So toodle-oo, you naughty thing—
 The Mater's calling me!"

AFTER STEVENSON.

The hot sun streaming, and bubbles in the
 seaming,
 The red rust rotting us in Red Palm
 Bay,
 The cockatoos a-singing, and the anchor
 chain a-swinging,
 And the oily sea a-creeping round our
 bulwarks as we lay.
 Our one-eyed captain, Peter Lear, and
 Roger Rang, the buccaneer,
 Lay drunk, dead drunk, on our hot,
 white deck;
 The bosun senseless lying, and the nigger
 cook a-dying,
 With the red blood swelling from his
 black, thick neck.
 The other boys a-shrieking, and the batten
 bars a-creaking,
 With the crew beneath the hatches and
 the hatches battened down,
 For we'd hidden all our treasure till the
 captain had the leisure
 To come and dig it up again, and sail
 for London town.
 But Captain's dead in Tonga, and the
 bosun lives no longer,
 And Roger Rang the buccaneer, was
 hung in Mandalay,
 And the treasure chest's still lying, with
 the green palms sighing,
 And the oily sea a-creeping up in Red
 Palm Bay —JOSEPHUS.

THE "HEATHEN."

By An Upper-Fourth Boy.

'Twas Saturday morning at eleven o'clock
 When the School received a pleasant shock
 And on the notice-board we perceived
 The "Heathen" was about to be.

On every page we're bound to read
 The terrible woes of the opium weed,
 The little word "dope" is on every
 page,
 As if cocaine was all the rage.

I wonder what De Veuille would say
 If he came to Heath on the publishing
 day.
 Perhaps De Valera would cheer and jump
 When he heard dear Jacobs was backing
 him up.

Roll up! roll up! with all your cash,
 You'll find the "Heathen" contains no
 trash,
 So when you read it from beginning to
 end,
 Pass it along to your pal and friend.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEWER
ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Arm (chair): A thing beloved. (See Sixth
 Form).

Boy (small): Perpetual motion.

Ceiling: An object of PENS-ive gaze.

Class: A fortuitous concourse of atoms.

Chess: (1) a game of skill; (2) a bore;
 (3) a popular lesson-subject.

Detention: (1) An invention of the —
 ("Hush!"—Ed.); (2) A word of ill-
 omen.

Debater: (1) One who debates; (2) (to him-
 self), a second Cicero; (3) (to his op-
 ponents), one who "gasses."

Debating Society: A gathering of learned
 and eloquent persons.

Examination: (1) Trial by ordeal; (2) an
 occasion when presence of mind en-
 sures absence of body.

Examiner: (1) An inhuman monster; (2) one who has been soured in early youth.

Lawn: A sacred place.

Mahogany: (1) Common or garden wood camouflaged; (2) some heads.

Mark: (1) That which is gained by much toil; (2) a bye-product of heated argument.

Marks (full): (1) A vain dream; (2) the swotter's epitaph.

Merit: (1) A monopoly of self; (2) a quality over-rated in others.

Merit Holiday: (1) A rare joy; (2) a time of tribulation.

Pen: (1) An instrument of torture; (2) an agricultural implement; (3) detention (place); (4) See Latin PILUM.

Pie: (1) A schoolboy's first love; (2) an Eleusinian mystery; (3) a source of inquests.

Polo: One who is dear to all.

Plato's "Polo": A lost fragment of priceless value. When last seen, it bore initials "W.D.L." (Hope is entertained that it is not finally lost to the world.—Ed.).

Term: (1) That which must be endured; (2) a very long period with a happy ending.

Tobacco: A food for Editors.

Vacation: (1) Pure joy (except for parents); (2) a very short period, with a melancholy ending.

DR. JOHNSON SECUNDUS.

WHAT THE OWL SAID.

The Pilgrim Fathers were sailors who tried again and again to find the South Pole.

The Black Death is a name given to a disease which attacks potatoes in the summer. If they catch this, they have to be destroyed.

Domesday Book was so called because if your name was in it, you were doomed to die.

A respirator is a thing given you to make you perspire.

Sir Walter Raleigh INVENTED tobacco.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out, and the moon drawing it in again.

The feminine of "hero" is "coward," and of "hart" is "soul."

The bore of a mercury thermometer is made small so that the mercury shall not be too heavy for the heat to lift.

An armadillo is used to soften the "e" in French.

In Scotland there are cheap farms and "dear" forests.

Lyons is noted for tea.

An old soldier is called a vegetarian.

A bishop without a diocese is called a suffragette.

A memorial battle was fought at Quebec in 1759.

St. Andrew is the patent saint of Scotland. —SMILAX.

VOICELETS.

In trying to run a school mag.

You'd find it rather a fag

If you didn't take care

To give a good share

To the humorous sparks of the wag.

The weather in our Yorkshire clime
Is really scarcely fit for rhyme—

It rains and snows,

And hails and blows—

It never was—or will be—fine.