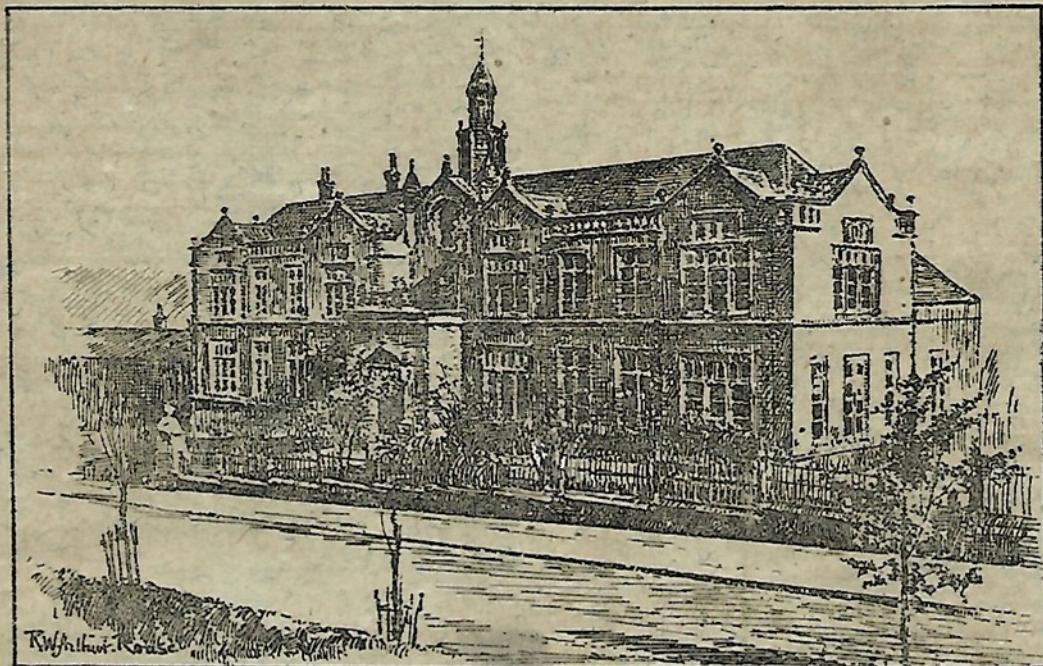




THE NEW HEATHEN.



MAGAZINE OF
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
DEBATING SOCIETY,
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Every Term :: 9d.

THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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TO OUR READERS.

Again, in the world of grab, we present ourselves in philanthropic guise. This magazine costs more to produce than sales and advertisements together yield. The reader will—or should—know, for it has been dinned into him by every newspaper in the kingdom, that the cost of production has been steadily increasing throughout the year. We are very loth to raise the price of a copy, as this might retard our circulation. The latter has hitherto risen with every number. The alternative is to reduce the contents. This we are still more unwilling to do, for we wish to develop and encourage all the literary and artistic talent available in our midst. All

services in connection with this magazine are rendered gratis. Hence we are emboldened again to appeal for donations. Perchance, too, these lines may meet the eye of some stern financial purist who deplores the uneconomic character of the Excess Profits Tax, and such an one may find a better outlet for part of his payments through investing in our advertising columns. We should be devoutly thankful if this were to happen. This is our fifth number, and since our first issue four of our contributors have won University Scholarships. Of two others the Head of an Oxford College wrote to us: "Your boys are very promising but they are too young (sixteen and seventeen respectively) to compete successfully yet with our more mature candidates of 19." We are fortified with high educational authority in asserting that this magazine does provide such boys with a valuable intellectual training-ground. If such scope cannot be provided on business lines, surely it is worth providing on unbusinesslike lines, viz., by subsidy. We make no apology for harping on this theme. The reader will have ample respite in the remainder of our contents.

THE MAGAZINE FUND.

The Treasurer desires to acknowledge with thanks the following donations:—

	£	s.	d.
G. E. Rawling, Esq., Halifax...	2	2	0
A Parent Well-wisher	0	10	6

THE —— VILLAGE.

Sweet Elland, mirkiest village in the plain,
Where naught is seen save dirt and ram.
Whither one town new tram tracks would have laid
But that the "home of football" it forbade.
Thus saving those poor few who must dwell there—
By the joltings they will miss—many a swear.
How often have I hurried through thy lanes,
Where odours rise from multitudes of drains?
How often have I viewed with great alarm
The picric works, now like unto a barn?
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
That maketh gas, and me feel ill.

—Goldsmithissimus.

AN ALLITERATED LAMENT.

Distracted, degraded,
Despondent and jaded,
Down in the desolate depths of despair—
Here am I doomed to sit,—
Dolefully desperate,
Dementedly tearing my dishevelled hair;
Dejected and weary,
Learning a dreary,
Doubtful, defective,
Deuced elusive
Latin declension;
Here in this direful
Detested,—this dismal,
Dingy, abysmal,
Downright detestable
Detention!

A SAD STORY.

Master: "What sort of person was King John?"

Boy: "He was very cruel. He rode all over the country in motor-cars, and ran over people."

Master: "Nonsense. There were no motor-cars in those days."

Boy: "But, please sir, Mr. X said he ground the people down with heavy 'taxis'!"

—HISTORICUS.

A TRIOLET TRAGEDY.

I plunged into the Hall, and night
Came over me still toiling there.
I lit the dim religious light;
I plunged into the Hall and Knight
And fainting sought for reason rare.
Where surds absurd all reason blight
I plunged into. The Hall and Knight
Came over me still toiling there.

—N.B.G.

A BATTLE OF GIANTS.

(Described for smaller fry, by one of the latter.)

I was deeply interested when, on a recent pilgrimage to an ancient shrine of learning, I had the opportunity of hearing, a real, live, bona-fide, par excellence, debate. The battle was waged for and against the expulsion of the Turk from Europe. Unfortunately, I had been unable to attend the school debate on the same subject two days earlier, and consequently cannot, in the words of the poet,

"Parva componere magnis."

In spite of this classical lapse, it was a far different theme, viz., mathematics, that had taken me to Oxford —

"That sweet city, with her dreaming spires."

The hall itself was scarcely an imposing sight, and many empty benches led one to expect no very striking discussion. The numbers of ladies present in the strangers' gallery showed the great amount of interest taken by the fair sex in political matters of the day, or in the undergraduates, or both.

The private business was mainly humorous, and the humour was perhaps more broad than deep. When the President thought that sufficient time had been given to this, he informed the House that it had no more questions to ask, and, though this was scarcely evident to the spectator, the House took his word for it, and proceeded to its serious business.

The motion for the Turks' expulsion was introduced by a powerful speaker, from Lincoln College. There was no hesitation or nervousness about his de-

livery, and he spoke as one who had the courage of his convictions, though he could show little foundation for them. He was not above glorious inconsistencies, but it was easy to let these things escape one's notice in the general effect of his oration.

After a speech of twenty-five minutes, he gave place to a tall youth from Brase-nose. It was rather remarkable that both the first and second speakers belonged to a school of advanced Socialistic views. Judging from these two, and from the fact that in general principles they are agreed, there seems to be much more to be said against the eviction of "the sick man" than in favour of it, though the second speaker had not the impressive tones and confident delivery of the first.

The third speaker was the most feeble of the evening; he commented on bogeys raised by the opposition, but neither dispelled them nor produced any argument which could give substantial support to his case. The fourth speaker was an old hand, who dealt decisive blows to the supporters of the motion, and made humorous use of the various comments of his opponents, bringing up heavy artillery to bear on the situation.

When the House, now much depleted, had listened with little enthusiasm to the remarks of a few minor speakers, I withdrew, very much impressed with the high tone to which it is possible to raise debates on the more or less cut and dried topics of political questions. —A.D.

HUMOURS OF ROMAN HISTORY.

II.—THE CALL OF DUTY.



Perhaps his wife's debts had something to do with the heroic return of Regulus to Carthage, not to mention his son's I.O.U.'s.

A D I P O S I A .

By "The Dauntless Five."

CHAPTER I.:

The Stream of Blood.

By E.S.

It was midnight, and the thronged streets and hot saloons of the Chinese underworld rung with a Babel of many tongues. The observer might see, ghastly in the glaring light that streamed from the doors of gaming hells and opium dens, the facts of strange peoples, the wandering scum of Shanghai, Rome, Timbuctoo, and Cream of Tartary.

Sprinting with hurried steps among the cosmopolitan mob was visible a young man in whom the discerning reader could perceive the blood of the noblest races of our land, in the gold-rimmed monocle and sandy hair that were his salient characteristics, belying, as they did, the dark clothes, dirty and tattered, which, an obvious disguise, hung upon his delicate frame.

What, then, was the reason of his hasty progress along the swarming by-ways, the careless violence with which, as he flung himself along, he overturned hand-stalls and swarthy sons of Italy? Was he trying to overtake a fugitive predecessor?—to catch a train?—to reach a pub. before closing time? No! he was bound on an errand of mercy; he was going to free a beautiful woman from the clutches of vice; yes, he, Fitzalan Montmorency De Vere, was going to deliver Adiposia, the lovely princess of Monte TANKO, from the vile ministrations of the notorious Bow Wow Wow.

Who has not heard of that infamous Celestial, Bow Wow Wow? Who has not heard of the detestable dope league, of which he was the unspeakable head? Who has not heard of his countless aristocratic victims, Count Cilie Jugyns, the Duke of Havabon-Arna, and the rest? It was said that 67.8 per cent. of the aristocracy of Europe were in his clutches, to say nothing of the chorus girls. His agents moved everywhere, inviting the wealthy to select opium breakfasts, and among the lower classes presenting two-penn'orth of dope free with every packet of Gold Flakes. Once the drug was tasted, the

victims found themselves unable to stop, and the habit, once acquired, delivered them into the hopeless grasp of the remorseless Bow Wow Wow. And it was against this giant of the underworld that the heroic Fitzalan was about to pit his strength.

Regardless of the unsavoury missiles and unparliamentary expressions that followed his heedless course, the youthful aristocrat fearlessly plunged along the streets, gradually attaining the less frequented by-ways and foul alleys of the most unsalubrious haunts of aliens and criminals.

Finally he stopped before a dilapidated dwelling, and glanced around. Not a human being was in sight, and, firmly re-settling his monocle, he stilled his beating heart with the aid of a pocket flask, and opened the door of the most dangerous den of Chinatown, the headquarters of Bow Wow Wow. He rushed upstairs, and, speeding along a dark passage, suddenly stopped, for in front of him was a stream of thick liquid of a dark cobalt blue colour.

His monocle fell from his eye, and with a groan rendered all the more horrible by the untimely swallowing of an infirm false tooth, the noble youth sank lifeless upon the ground, for this could be no other than the blue blood that had once flowed in the veins of the beautiful Adiposia of Monte TANKO.

CHAPTER II. : TARTARUS.

By R.T.

But now let us leave this blue-blooded sprig of the English aristocracy, and learn what has been happening inside the portals of Bow Wow Wow's apparently unpretentious sanctum. Take a peep inside and you will see the ideal of Oriental luxury, everything soft and quiet—very quiet—everything making you want to sink through the floor (which you possibly will do if you ruffle the temper of Wow sufficiently). With a gasp of fear, your optics next fall upon the mighty Oriental himself, reclining on a comfortable array of cushions, his dope-pipe in his mouth, a gleam of fury distorting his sinister visage.

Cowering before him, abject terror and loathing in her beautiful face, stands Adiposia, his fair victim, her lovely brown

eyes fixed like glue on this master-mind of the under-world. As you gaze spellbound he rouses himself from his lethargy, slowly rises, chuckles with fiendish glee, and suddenly flourishes before the eyes of his beautiful captive a gleaming dagger in the one hand, and a bowl containing a liquid of dark cobalt-blue in the other. —“Choose,” he snarled, “cold steel or opiumated cyanide of cocaine!”

His face was almost unrecognisable as such, enveloped as it was with the venom of hate and disappointed passion. Her eyes sought vainly round the room, but there was no chance of escape; certain death loomed before her! And life was yet so sweet to one so young and beautiful.

With one last mute appeal, she shrinkingly took the fateful bowl, and slowly raised it to her lips. Hark, what was that? Footsteps upon the stairs! Rescue at last! The bowl fell with a crash from her nervous fingers, and its contents slowly streamed across the thick carpet, to disappear underneath the door. —

Simultaneously there was a thud outside—a sound as of a body falling, accompanied by the tinkle of breaking glass. She rushed to the door.

Bow Wow Wow remained silent, his long and wily eyebrows slightly raised, and a mocking smile suffused his features as Posia vainly tugged at the locked door. He clapped his hands. Two evil-countenanced Chinese attendants appeared as if from nowhere, seized the girl and threw her roughly into the coalscuttle. Opening the door, they disappeared, to return almost immediately, lugging in the aristocratic form of Fitzalan, who speedily followed the fair Adiposia in her short but undignified flight.

A short conference followed, the gloat in Wow's face becoming more and more pronounced. The captive lovers were bound together, and, as the human monstrosity pressed an unseen button, suddenly disappeared through the floor.

What will be their fate? Don't fail to see our next episode.

CHAPTER III. : MISSING !

By E.R.B.

Splash! The swiftly moving waters of the Kalderayo closed over the bodies of the ill-starred lovers, as they issued from

the smooth, steeply-inclined floor which was ever-ready to direct the victims of the remorseless Bow Wow Wow's enmity into the death-bringing stream. The Orientals had done their work well, and as Fitzalan, bound to his beautiful bride, felt a deathly cold stealing over his limbs, and realised that his bonds prevented him from lifting a finger to save himself from a terrible death, he prepared for the end.

He heard an ominous swirl behind him, and the snout of a shark grazed his shoulder. Then he felt two rows of teeth close like a steel trap on the fleshy part of his arm. It severed the ropes which bound the two lovers together, and they dropped loose. Quick as thought, he whipped out his penknife from his waist-coat pocket and drove it into the monster's throat. There was a rush of blood and the grip on his arm relaxed.

Quickly he severed the ropes which bound their feet, and dragged Adiposia to the surface. He swam with his burden to the bank, and climbed with her on to an old, disused wharf, where, as these strenuous events occupied in reality only about one-twentieth part of the time taken to narrate them, under the application of Fitzalan's inevitable pocket-flask, Adiposia quickly recovered, and they held a consultation as to their future policy towards Bow Wow Wow.

It was evident that their only chance of safety lay in concealment. The vigilance of their enemies would relax only when they were convinced of their death, and realising that their escape was an absolute miracle, they had no fears on this score. They were at liberty to carry out their plans against the Chinaman unsuspected, with less fear of detection and more hope of success.

At this moment it began to rain heavily, and in looking round for a shelter till they had made up their mind what to do, Fitzalan realised how suitable the disused warehouses which surrounded them were for concealment. He forced his way into the nearest shed, discovering merely a heap of lumber, and it was decided to remain there, at any rate for the rest of the night.

In the morning Fitzalan made his way cautiously into the town, disguised in some old sailor's clothes he found lying about, and returned in half-an-hour, his pockets laden with food, and a couple of six-

shooters, in case of emergency. Again making sure he was not followed, he slipped into the building and quickly closed the door.

"I think we've deceived the old dog at last!" he exclaimed, cheerfully, wrestling with the lock, for it was rusty and stiff from long disuse. Adiposia made no answer. Surprised at her silence, he looked round.

Adiposia was GONE!

CHAPTER IV.: FITZALAN AT LARGE.

By J.G.C.

—Adiposia GONE!! For some seconds Fitzalan could not credit the evidence of his own eyes. Then, gradually, as the significance of the occurrence burnt itself into his already overtaxed brain, he sank upon the floor, emitting shrieks of wild, hysterical laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he roared. "He! he! he!"

Further and further down he swayed and sank, like a lily in a violent down-pour. At length, howling out snatches of comic songs, he was laid full length upon the ground.

Fitzalan was GONE!!!

He was GONE as he had never been GONE before; he was GONE in big capitals.

For some minutes he lay on the ground, completely GONE. But, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, a wave of intuition swept over him. Its divine force compelled him to quit laughing for a brace of shakes and cast his binnacles round the shanty in which he had hung himself out. Cheers! In a corner was a posh telephone. (Glossary extra.) He dragged himself towards it.

* * * * *

Above the asterisks, we left Fitzalan dragging himself towards the telephone. He is still dragging himself towards it when we see him again.

Is Fitzalan going to telephone the news of Adiposia's disappearance to the police? Is he going to acquaint them with his knowledge of the aforementioned Celestial Canine? (Chorus of readers: "Oh, naturally." Author: "Wrong both times.")

Not a bit of it, not the least portion,

"Hello!" shouted Fitzalan into the diaphragm, making it waggle dangerously, "Is that number one double-o one? The Store's Oriental Hall Asylum? Come here double-slick number one pace, with a posse (see glossary of film terms) of police, a comfortable ambulance, and a straight waistcoat. There's a dangerous lunatic loose here. Raving mad! Come quickly? So long. Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!"

And he fell again to the floor in the grip of his frenzy.

Two days dragged by, and the Asylum ambulance was now, we can guess, well on its way. Fitzalan, among bursts of laughter, had eaten every bit of hay he could find in the deserted warehouse and was sniffing around for more when dusk fell upon him, and darkness had very soon shrouded his solitary retreat.

Night in the Orient, with the long light shaking over the water, and the Chinamen combing their pig-tails with their chopsticks! The slim pagodas rushing hither and thither over the smooth floor of the harbour, and the fisherman looking for quaint oriental fish of all hues! Ah, what a glorious sight! Such was the landscape which met Fitzalan's eyes when he looked out of the warehouse window at the harbour. It gladdened his heart, it set fire to his brain, and all the while he laughed as if it was all a huge joke.

At last, Fitzalan sank upon the ground, wearied to complete exhaustion. His eyelids slid sluggishly over his eyeballs again and again, and every minute he came nearer and nearer to oblivion.

Suddenly his eyes became fixed upon the window, staring—ghastly wide. His pupils were like islands in a large white sea, for sharply outlined before the black background of the night was a Face. It was cadaverous and yellow, with deeply-ploughed furrows and slit-like eyes.

Fitzalan gibbered, gesticulated with his eyes, half rose, half fell, and—

The face came deliberately through the window, followed by a body. It was Bow Wow Wow himself. (Yes, yes, readers, you knew all the time? Well, don't swank about it!).

"Choose!" he cried. "Cold steel or opiumated potash of cyanide!"

Fitzalan, cowering before the terrible vision, laughed loud and long.

— “Being a Cambridge man,” he said, with another long and hearty laugh, “I prefer the light blue of cold steel.”

Bow Wow Wow smiled a yellow smile, and tied his pig-tail in a reef knot.

“So be it! Balhalla! Confucius to my enemies!” he steeled.

With which very strong Chinese oath, he produced a Gillette blade from his vanity bag, and, with one of his extra-special gloats (see Chapter 2), sharpened it on his thumb-nail.

“Queer, you know,” said he, as he did so, “how very few people prefer this. There was that heathen cat, Adiposia Tishu, for instance. I got hold of her the other night, and believe me, old boy, she simply refused the Gillette. I can’t understand it. Anyhow, she asked for the Cyanide, and she got it. Yes, by the scimitar of the Sultan, she got it! In the neck, proper.”

“What, the scimitar?” laughed Fitzalan, heartily.

“No, the cyanide. Come, now. Take your collar off and bend back your neck,” chortled Bow Wow Wow.

There was a sudden clatter outside, and a noise like thunder.

“By George!” cried Fitzalan. “The Asylum van for me!”

There was a crash of crockery; a bowl had fallen from Bow’s clothing. From it trickled a liquid of cobalt blue.

CHAPTER V.: CONCLUSION.

By W.D.L.

Up the stairs came the sound of trampling feet. A gleam of sinister and baffled hatred passed over the visage of B. W. Wow, Esq., and he struck with lightning rapidity. The Gillette descended with a flash on to the neck of the dauntless Fitz, but, catching in the string of his monocle, descended vainly on to his Chemico body shield.

Whipping out his penknife, Alan hurled it at the face of the arch-fiend before him. With a smile, the Mongolian caught the blade between his teeth and bowed to an imaginary audience. Drawing out both six-shooters, Alan opened a rapid fire with

both hands. Once more Wow circumvented all his attempts; drawing a plate from his capacious underwear, he deftly caught the bullets thereon, still smiling and bowing to the audience.

Then, as the Asylum attendants burst into the room, he again pressed an invisible button on the front of his voluminous waistcoat, and disappeared through a trap-door in the floor. As the door opened, a muffled scream came from the sombre depths beneath. “Adiposia!” gasped Alan, “her own mellifluous voice!” Shouting to the stout Menstonians, “There is your prisoner!” he lept down through the trap door, beckoning to his followers to do likewise.

With a succession of splashes they sank beneath the garbage-covered river, only on rising to see the Princess of Monte Tanko, struggling in the grasp of the dastardly Celestial, being whirled off in his powerful 6-cylinder two-seater motor sampan. Alan and his attendants hastened to pursue, churning up the coffee-coloured water with a powerful side stroke.

Suddenly one of the pursuers gave a startled shriek and turning to the side, scrambled out of the water and stood shivering on the bank. His face convulsed with fear and repulsion, he pointed to something in the water. It was a horrible red beetle, of the kind which flourish chiefly in the peat stained waters of the Yorkshire moors, but which, of course, the Eastern species do not equal in size or ferocity. On all sides the water was swarming with the loathsome and deadly creatures.

In a moment Alan alone of the pursuers was left. With a few powerful strokes he overtook the sampan sufficiently to seize the pigtail of the Chinaman. Pulling himself up hand over hand he boarded the vessel and taking the terror-stricken girl in his strong arms he was just about to put an end to the life of the Chinese evil-doer when a raucous voice from the waterside arrested him. “You’ll have to do that rescue piece again, Mr. Montmorency. These blanked ‘supers’ have spoilt the film by coming out like this.” Then addressing the ‘supers’: “There’s nothing wrong with the water, I tell you; it’s just the same as you get at home, and the beetles only improve the flavour. No I haven’t any Keatings, you blanked young beggar. The water’s clean in this morn-

ing, its only that colour because of the heavy rain." Meanwhile the two principal actors were lurching lightly off fish and chips, and dolefully preparing to undergo the morning's torment again.

A MIDNIGHT IDYLL.

By K. O. Glynne.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA:

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, an Explorer.
 QUEEN ELIZABETH, a well-known Queen.
 GEORGE WASHINGTON, a Yankee.
 OLIVER CROMWELL, a Man of Iron.
 HORATIO NELSON, in the Navy.

Time of the Drama—1920.

Scene of the Drama—The Sixth Form Room.

[Dusk is creeping into the Sixth Form Room, which is filled with the dust of a strenuous day. A heap of broken chairs in a corner are suggestive of youthful strife, whilst a faint scratching noise from a cupboard betokens the presence of a mouse among the gym-vests. Ten o'clock is vaguely heard striking from "The Gables," Linden Road. An hour passes and the room is now dark. Lights in distant houses disappear one by one, and the mouse in the cupboard squeaks cheefully. Suddenly there appears on one of the pictures in the room a curious cloudy gleam. Brighter and brighter it grows, and the picture shows up clearly. It is that of Sir Walter Raleigh. Sh! The head slowly moves, the eyes sparkle with life. Sir Walter's chest heaves with a mighty sigh of relief. Then (O, wonder!) he steps from out his frame, and slowly leaves his dark background. He springs lightly to the floor, and glances round the room at the other pictures, which are strangely enough surrounded by similar gleams. Raleigh mounts a chair and lights the gas. Just then, twelve o'clock strikes. He steps down, smoothes his tights, and extracts from his doublet a gold cigarette-case. He lights a gold-tipped cigarette, and sits down on the master's chair with his feet on Dilworth's desk. He looks

reflectively up at Queen Elizabeth, who is preparing to emerge.]

RALEIGH:

Sweet Queen, arise from out that frame of thine,

And join that ever-present smile to mine. Cast loose that rainbow, for the gas is lit; Thy Walt awaits thee—smoking, here I sit.

The hour of twelve hath boomed across the way,

And fled is every vestige of the day.

Aha, thou'rt moving; that's the style my Queen:

Tread gently now: there's Shepley's desk between.

[Elizabeth descends from her frame, whilst Raleigh very politely covers the desk with his cloak, in order to protect her peeping feet from dust.]

ELIZABETH: Up to time, Raleigh, as usual. (Raleigh bends the knee, and Elizabeth strokes his head with her rainbow.) Arise, Sir Walter Raleigh, O.B.E. Promoted for conspicuous gallantry in front of your Queen. Thanks, I'll take this seat. Yes, I'll have one if you don't mind my smoking it afterwards—not that I make a practice of smoking. See, friend Oliver is nearly here, likewise George and Horatio.

[Oliver stirs, and with a ponderous movement descends from his perch by means of the bookcase. He advances towards the Queen and, hiding his face, forces a smile with a pair of tongs. He then looks up, bows to the Queen, and nods to Raleigh.]

CROMWELL: Evening, Queen. How do, Raleigh!

ELIZABETH: The Man of Iron! How are things at the foundry, Oliver?

CROMWELL: Oh, so-so, Queen.

ELIZABETH: How awfully jolly! I suppose the Ironsides are still going strong?

CROMWELL (gravely): The moulders' strike is doing a great deal of harm, Your Majesty. It is a shrieking scandal.

ELIZABETH: How sad. But see, here's Horatio! And George, too!

[Nelson approaches, looking hale and hearty. Immediately after him comes George Washington, who has had some difficulty in extricating himself owing to an incomplete background. Nelson gives a naval salute, and Washington bows low.]

ELIZABETH: Good evening, boys. Oliver, you know the Admiral, don't you? Have you met the Admiral before, George?

WASHINGTON: Wal, madam, if I said I had not had that pleasure, I should be guilty of an unpardonable perversion of the truth. Good evenin', Admiral. Guess the sea air has somewhat improved your complexion.

HORATIO: Thanks, George. You're looking better, too, but I think your fo'c'sle could do with another coat of paint, eh, Walter?

RALEIGH:

'Tis true our friend looks somewhat incomplete
As if his artist something did delete :
But still, I trow, his disposition's there,
Although his background's half-erased and
bare.
But come! There's something I must
grumble at,
And that is—what's become of your
cravat?

GEORGE: Awfully sorry, partner, but I left it hanging up on the background. You can see it hanging up on the left-hand side. But, say,—what's happened to your cloak? It looks rather dilapidated. (Shakes it) Why, it's like a flour receptacle—I mean, bag!

ELIZABETH: That's all right, George. Friend Walter has been letting me walk on it. Awfully sweet of him, wasn't it?

RALEIGH:

This cloak, this dust-stained dirty velvet
thing,
Protector of a Queen's fair foot, I wean,
I'll kiss each day; for Bess has trod upon it
And make each day, thereto a splendid
sonnet.
But hateful traitors, direful treasons
wangling,
Shall test the force of this my cloak in
strangling!

ELIZABETH: Splendid, Walter!

OLIVER: Bravo, laddie. Strangling,
ho! ho!

NELSON: Shiver me timbers, but the lad's a true heart of oak, although he's got the gift of the gab. If I hadn't lost my flipper, I'd give you a naval handshake, Walter. 'Tis true, Queen, that the sea is the making of a man, and I'm d—d glad to see the old fondness for the brine, the

love of the rolling billow and the oozing ozone hasn't departed, even in these degenerate days. Why the other day in this very room I heard words that stirred the blood in my veins and made my bosom toss and heave with pride because British boys remain still the same. It was the occasion of some meeting or other, to be addressed by a hulking lubber of a lad, whose manly bearing and rolling gait, the heritage of the sea, gained for him the admiration and respect of a crowd of youngsters. He began the meeting by asking his hearers who among them was able to cleave the wave with pliant arm, and upon receiving a respectful answer, exhorted the youngsters in moving terms to uphold the dignity, the honour, the respect and the traditions of the noble association to which they all belonged; in short, to teach each other swimming in order to gain the House Shield.

RALEIGH (reflectively):

Full many a stirring scene this room hath graced,
Which not yet are in memory effaced.
Years, years ago I well remember how
This form-room's walls rang loud with
manly row;
When Pellon's child and Bradshaw's Boy,
and K.
Wee Georgie Wood and Snax THE Man
held sway.
When hefty volumes, rich in scholars'
fame,
Were tied with string and hurled with
deadly aim
Across the littered form-room, red with
gore
Of slaughtered heroes, slain by "Local"
lore.
O joy of conflict, joy of man laid low,
Which only Sixth Form men can ever
know!
O how these walls have echoed to the
sounds,
Of strong athletic leaps, and stronger
bounds,
As struggling humans kick and hack and
push,
And after sphere of leather madly rush,
Whilst clouds of dust obscure the light of
day,
And we, in picture, dangerously sway.
O how it thrilled to see their gladsome
capers
With bat: the balls were screwed up
papers;

To see the quivering brackets struck by ball,
Or broken glass, or trembling mantles fall;
To see their games disturbed by noise of door,
See heroes scuttling o'er the form-room floor,
Whilst enters there a face of gloom: what more?
Harsh rasping sounds; 'tis Stentor's opening roar.
For five full minutes, loud he blareth then,
And juniors, cowering, shun the haunts of men.
"A lion's loose!" they cry, and shuddering flee,
And we look down below with fiendish glee.
At last he's finished, reckoned up the spoils
The men are freed at length from grievous toils,
And H. departs, with ponderous feet and slow,
And laughing jokers mock his simple "Ho!"
I've often heard that voice from rooms afar
Enquiring after Philip's warlike pa,
Or telling eager list'ners that he deems
"Old Thrum" the best of Northern Union teams.

ELIZABETH: Excuse me, Walter; talking of Stentor, do you remember when he said to Leslie Henry who had been guilty of some trifling misdemeanour, "Nah, then, 'Ery, none of your debauchery"?

WASHINGTON: Rather! Ha! ha! (They all laugh).

NELSON: Go on, Walter. You're getting interesting.

RALEIGH:
Memories throng me. 'Tis difficult to choose
Which one to honour with my sportive muse.
But ah! recallest thou that merry scene
When Henry Taylor "piped his foot," my Queen?
When roaring watchers thronged around with cheers,
And Henry tried to drive them off with leers:
But all in vain he tugged, and heaved with might
Lest he, behind the pipe, should spend the night.
And how, when laughter and the crowd did grow,
And Henry 'gan to sigh and curse and blow,

While yet the pipe remained fix'd and fast,
A gallant youth, for rescue, came at last,
And pulled with mighty heave; did quick
uproot
The luckless Henry, pinioned by his boot.

WASHINGTON (laughing heartily): Yes, that was a stunning scene, and no mistake. Do you recollect what Henry said at the time?

ELIZABETH: Sh! It's a State secret!

WASHINGTON: But does anyone remember the scene of the buck negro?

NELSON:

ELIZABETH: No. What was that?

CROMWELL:

WASHINGTON: Wal, it was all the fault of that tarnation duster over there. Somehow or other, I don't exactly comprehend how, it had become soaked in—er, ink, and some of these yer lads had got hold of it and were propelling it backwards and forwards through the ether. A certain student, who sits facing you, Oliver, was studying with wrinkled brows and swift-moving pencil (making notes), when the duster, flying straight from a certain huge hand, encountered the student's handsome features. It clung for a second, and then fell off, disclosing the countenance of a buck negro, looking up as if disturbed, whilst performing his sarcophagic functions. Needless to say, "from the gods broke forth unquenchable laughter."

ELIZABETH:

CROMWELL:

RALEIGH:

NELSON:

Ha! Ha! Ha!

ELIZABETH: Talking of Homeric laughter, George, you bring to my mind other mighty sounds which shake these ancient walls. I was always fond of music, but the musical renderings performed here transcend all others. The graceful melody of "Smile Awhile" and "Kab-bages, K-beans, and K-arrots," sends me into ecstacies of delight. The simple notes, rising and falling in voluminous cadence, have thrilled me through and through. The performers should go on the stage, and call themselves the "Whistling Coons." They'd made a fortune at it.

CROMWELL (looking at his huge turnip-watch): Well, people, it's getting rather early, so I think I'll bid you good-morning. It's five to one.

THE SEASIDE LANDLADY'S EDICT,
'NO CHILDREN.'

[By J. Peel.

We will
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
that face of hers again; therefore be gone
without our grace, our love, our benison.

—“King Lear,” Act I., Sc. I., l. 266-8.

ELIZABETH: Do stop a little longer, Oliver. You haven't said much.

CROMWELL: Sorry, Queen, I can't. I am silent but strong. Good-night—I mean morning. See you again a year 'last night.

(Cromwell climbs into his picture by means of the bookcase, and remains there, sleeping. Elizabeth seizes the opportunity of his departure to light her cigarette. The rest take cigars from Raleigh.

ELIZABETH: Now we feel more sociable. Oliver certainly is a little trying. He's never recovered since the time when Mr. Aejenks made certain remarks about his solemn cast of countenance.

NELSON: He certainly hasn't improved since those rude boys shone a heliograph on his face.

ELIZABETH: No, it was the tongue of Mr. Aejenks that really caused the mischief. Somehow, you know, he doesn't even like me. I once heard him say that I used cosmetics! Imagine it!

WASHINGTON: Yes; and do you remember when he called your rainbow a water-pipe, and said that you were putting your hand over the leak until the plumber came?

ELIZABETH: Rather! I nearly said "Off with his head!" but I remembered that he wore a very stiff collar, which would have defied any axe. All the same, I like him very much, but I like W.D.L. a great deal more.

NELSON: Who is W.D.L.?

ELIZABETH: He is a famous historian who inhabits this room. He wrote a splendid panegyric all about me. It was true in every particular. I think he is a dear!

[Suddenly a hush comes over the little gathering, as they know that one o'clock is about to chime, and end their hour's freedom for one whole year. The light sinks lower and lower.]

RALEIGH:

Farewell, my friends, the chiming hour we'll hear.

Farewell, my friends, we meet again next year.

[ONE strikes. There is darkness immediately, and everything is as before.]

THE PEDLAR'S AUNT.

A Tale of the Weird and Wild.

By *Tuig Cuchulain*.

The sun was setting, in a wreath of puce-coloured splendour over the heather-covered slopes of Beacon Hill. The sparrows in the trees, heavy with fruit, which overhung the babbling Calder, burst forth in melodious notes.

In a wooded dell, surrounded with Virginian creepers and King Edward potatoes, stood the lonely cot of Porky Pete, the pedlar. No one lived with him except his maiden aunt, who cared for all his wants. To-night they had grouped themselves about the fire, and were about to say grace before they went to bed, when they heard a sharp, insistent knock at the door.

The lone pedlar hastened to open it, and beheld there a stout tourist, who asked for shelter for the night.

"Porky Pete turns away no man," said the pedlar, leading the stranger into the living room.

Soon the frugal supper of home-made peas and beans was despatched, and all retired to bed.

In the morning Porky Pete having packed his back with pianolas and grandfather clocks, departed to sell them to the rustic lads and lasses of Sowerby, leaving the stranger in the care of his aunt.

As the pair sat breakfasting, the tourist had leisure to observe his companion's beauty. Still more had he occasion to remark it when she told him of a pound of sugar which she had hoarded for long, weary years.

The rakish man-about-town saw that it would be to his advantage to woo the maiden, and as the clock of Sowerby Workhouse struck 12 she declared her heart to be his own.

"Sweet," he murmured softly, "Peach o' my heart, just open the cupboard and show me the sugar."

The damsel carefully opened the studded door and showed a huge safe, which being denuded of a cast-iron slide revealed to the tourist's gloating eyes a bag of lump sugar . . .

The temptation was too much. With a gurgling shriek he snatched the valuable satchel and dashed away down the road.

Heart-broken, in one swift second the poor girl saw that her life was wasted and her ideals shattered. She got into a grand-father's clock and turned the leaden weight upon her head. . . .

Meanwhile the tourist in his mad course did not notice the road which he was taking. As he was clutching the bag to his breast, his foot slipped, and staring downwards he saw that he was on North Cliff. Dizziness swayed him, and he could not stop himself as he fell shrieking, into the turbid torrent of the swirling Calder.

SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES.

By K. O. GLYNNE, the Unknown Dud Cricketer.

(A propagandist article.)

Ah, youngsters, you want me to tell you some of my adventures with the leather sphere and the willow, eh? [Youngsters: "Wheel him off!"] Very well, then Come under the shelter of this tree and I'll rake up my old memory a bit. What is that you say? My most wonderful experience? Right o!

It was in the days when Old Dudley and 'Erb Rux and Dal Garth and Oscar Tomass and all those veterans, the idols of the field, were in their prime, when wickets were not so true as they are to-day, when bowlers were fast, and when sixes were as common as singles are to-day. Oh, those grand old days! Well, this is how it happened.

It was a beautiful day in June, and the sun was vigorously beating down upon the turf of Kensington Oval, Halifax. We were playing a local team of "Colts," and our skipper was unlucky enough to lose the toss. Ah, I see it all now just as if it was happening before my eyes. Our skipper gazing heavenwards at a coin descending from above, the eager crowd of be-flannelled forms around him, the owner of the coin looking anxiously on too, and the sun extending its welcome rays to all. Well, the other side batted first, and I

took up my station in the country as long mid-on. In this position I have often proved my worth, for I have never yet been called upon to stop a ball. You remember Frank Horrux, the demon bowler? Well, he was bowling from the pavilion end, and Lord Samn from the hill end. From my station in the field I could command an excellent view of the roller. By submerging my head in the grass I could render myself completely invisible although it is true I could hear sounds now and then from the direction of the wicket.

On this particular day, the two opening batsmen of the opposite side made a most brilliant stand, and defied all the cunning of the bowlers. At last, as I lay smoking peacefully in the dense undergrowth, a rocket went up. I understood immediately. It was a signal that I should fight my way to the pitch. How can I describe the dangers and risks which I had to overcome before at length reaching safety? More than once I felt about to throw up the sponge and subside into the jungle, but I struggled on, and at length emerged, bleeding and bedraggled on to the comparatively short grass of the pitch. A cheer greeted my arrival thereon, and the captain commanded me to take a turn at the bowling. I took a turn. My first ball was of an excellent length but pitched a yard wide of the wickets. It beat the batsman completely, for it pitched in a miniature shell-hole. Then it rose, hung in the air a moment, and finally pitched on top of the off-stump. The impossible had happened. I had taken a wicket! I received a tremendous ovation, and in my bashful confusion fell over the stumps, which was the signal for another delighted cheer. I bowled the rest of the over and had twenty runs scored against me. As I plunged once more into the jungle, I heard a faint cheer following me. Some ass, jealous of my success, laughed.

For three hours I lay in the depths of the grass meditating over my success - only 20 runs for one wicket. Hardly record breaking but very encouraging for a young bowler. I was aware now and then of batsmen being out by faint cheers borne on the breeze through the six-feet grass. My eyes were fixed reflectively on the clear blue sky. Suddenly I was aware of something falling, rapidly falling from the firmament. I put my hand out to protect my face. I clutched something and held

it tight, but it rolled out of my fingers into the unexplored depths. It was a cricket ball! I had nearly caught the ball! Imagine it, the sheer unexpectedness of it all! But wonderful as this was, something happened which was far more wonderful still. In struggling to my feet, my left foot touched something. I felt in that direction and unearthed—well, you'll never guess what I unearthed so give it up. I pulled out the cricket ball! The double impossibility had happened. I had found the ball! Yes I had actually found the ball in the thick mass of that tangled, tough, long and phenomenally thick grass! I raised it high above my head. The spectators saw an arm appearing above grass-level with the ball in hand, and there came from them the mightiest cheer I have ever heard. I had created a record by finding the ball!! Rescue parties were sent with hatchets through the grass and I, the hero of the day, was borne back to the pavilion on the shoulders of enthusiastic admirers.

Hullo, here's D.C.F. leading out his team so I'd better ring off for the present. By jove, Wilfred is going to take first over. Good old Rhodes. I bet he never had an experience like mine

"SCOUTS! ALERT!"

By CRILI.

The roll of drums impinges on my ear,
Blended with the bugle notes, loud and
clear;
I instantly remember my boyhood
When I once proudly bore my staff of
wood.
Two score of scouts do march with steady
tread
(And as I watch I fain some tears would
shed).
To where I stand, past, then move further
on
Until of them my weak eyes could see
none.
What boys and men when they perceive
these Scouts
Can help but cheer them as they pass with
shouts?
What persons' hearts are not stirrel as
they hear

The roll of drums and bugles ringing clear,
No truer brotherhood has yet been formed.
No town or village has yet been adorned
With a band more noble or more devout,
Healthier, or yet better than these Scouts.

CLOCKS!

Our Thrilling Detective Story.

By Taig Cuchulain.

Chapter 1.

In a large, dark room, 17 people were assembled to listen to the reading of John Boxid's will. Thus it ran:—

"I, John Boxid, leave to Oscar Bonnem my nephew, all my belongings including the warehouse containing (1) a bottle of Scotch, (2) 3lb. of sugar, and (3) 4lb. of butter."

With a wild yell 16 of the 17 people got up and walked out. They had all expected the warehouse.

Chapter 2.

A day afterwards Richard Boxid, the son of the dead man, went to a detective to ask him to find out some criminal propensity of Oscar Bonnem, so that he should be sent to prison and the son would get the warehouse.

Accordingly Bexton Slake (that was the detective's name) determined to disguise himself as a grand-father's clock, and, being thus unnoticed, to watch Oscar Bonnem.

Chapter 3.

Bexton Slake got to Bonnem's house at 3 o'clock and walked straight in after donning his disguise. Greatly to his surprise there were 15 other grandfather's clocks there!

After some time Bonnem came in. He was pale and muttered to himself. At length he said "Fancy! It was my fault that he was killed!"

Instantly 16 men got out of the clocks to arrest him for murder. Every relative had hired a detective! "We arrest you for murder," they cried as one man.

"I was only talking about how my warehouse has been burned down and a navvy was killed trying to rescue the whisky."

THE END.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I wish to bring again before your notice the suggestion in a former issue of the founding of a Photographic Club. Doubtless there are members of the upper Forms who would be glad of an opportunity of exchanging goods. Also rambles could be arranged during the summer months. An exhibition of photographic work of the members would be interesting both to members and non-members. Trusting this will have your esteemed attention.—I am, sir, yours, etc.

J.L.P.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I propose that a new rule should be added to the present regulations, which are mostly observed by the peace-loving pupils, prohibiting boys in the Junior Forms to go within 18 inches of the Fives Courts, especially in wet weather, without a chaperon or some visible means of restraint (e.g. a dog-collar) or of support (e.g. a lifebelt or a Cunard liner), since only experienced swimmers can succeed in escaping from a watery grave.—Thanking you in anticipation, I am, yours, etc.,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

OUR CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Magdalene College, Cambridge,

June 10th, 1920.

Dear Sir,—

End of term approaches once more, and with it my termly task—yet not so much a task as a pleasure. It is hard to realise that one's first academic year is almost completed, and that next time one enters these courts it will no longer be as a Fresher, but with all the dignity and

majesty of a second year man. So swiftly does tempus the edax verum, manage to fugit unnoticed!

However, to leave these realms of airy abstracts and come down to concrete facts, what a term this has been! Cricket, tennis, the river, all have their devotees, though a few misguided people allow examinations to interfere with them. Then there are honorary degrees presented,—and what that means I will not attempt to describe, beyond mentioning the fact that of all the people in the world who do really earn every penny of the wages they receive I think the policemen of Cambridge easily takes pride of place.

I regret that I am unable to avail myself of the usual matter of the 'Varsity correspondent—that is the chronicling of the doing of old boys. To take an example from Mark Twain, I can easily exhaust this usually prolific source of ink-spilling by merely remarking that at present there are no old Heath boys except myself in Cambridge. Consequently I am faced by two alternatives. The first is to bore your readers by recounting personal experiences (which are always more interesting to the narrator than to the person narrated at), and the second is to dry up. I prefer the second alternative.

Yours very sincerely,

C. B. KAY.

[Our contributor's characteristic modesty has prevented him from giving the real reason for his brevity on this occasion. He met with a severe accident just before the end of the term. We are glad to record that he has made a good recovery.
—Ed.]

Dear Sir,—

Everyone must sympathise with the boys at the bottom of the forms. These very often keep their places better than anyone else, yet they receive no reward. I propose, therefore, that booby prizes should be awarded to these unfortunates, as well as to their hitherto more favoured brethren

Yours, etc.,

SYMPATHISER.

[But surely the "unfortunates" have their reward in security of tenure!—Ed.]

Sir,—

The subject of tennis for posterity is now, according to rumour, well under consideration. The idea would certainly give a sensible use to at least half of the school grass plot, besides offering the attraction to sightseers of picturesque youths disporting themselves in flannels. With the opposite sex rigidly excluded from active participation, our descendants may look forward to some well-contested trials of strength and skill.

But it is not only the lawn that needs reformation. What about the rest of the noble grounds, front and back? At present they serve an extremely useless purpose, and yet are capable of being made useful. Why not transform them into a golf course? We could make the first tee at the bottom of the Lower Quadrangle, where there is enough sand to stock a production of the "Garden of Allah." Let us place it, say, at the right hand corner looking downwards. The first green, shall we say, will be on the lawn itself, also at the bottom right hand corner looking towards Beacon Hill. The next green will be on the other side of the cricket nets, where it will test the golfer's capabilities in raising the ball over. We might have another green in the waste ground between the fives-courts and the gymnasium. Next we come to the fourth green, on the other side of the bicycle shed, the next on the lawn again, and yet again another just below the new section of school. The seventh will be on the top piece of grass at the front of the school, the eighth in the bicycle shed, and the ninth on the bottom piece of grass at the front. On the home journey, these, of course, would be reversed. Bunkers could be created all over, some filled with water, thus providing as many opportunities for bad "lies" as in any golf-course.

I trust this matter, pressing as it is, will receive whole-hearted consideration.

Yours faithfully,

K. O. GLYNNE.

OUR OXFORD LETTER.

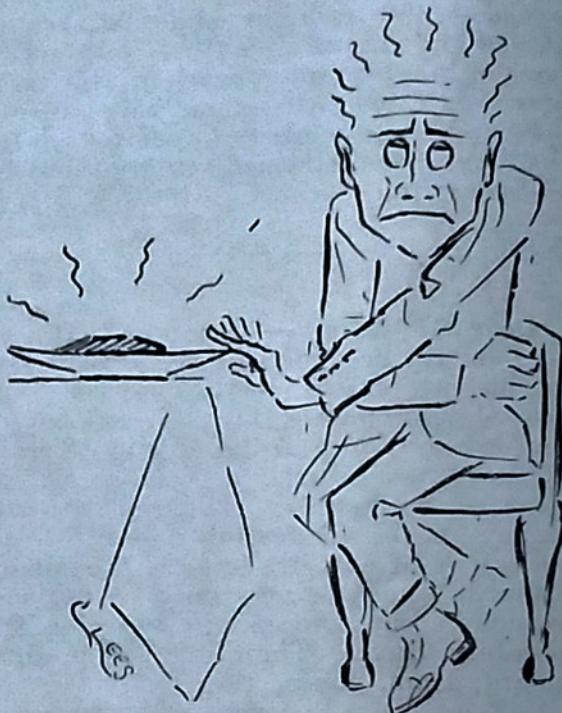
Worcester College, Oxford,

June 19th, 1920.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

After a term of much pleasure and excitement it should be an easy task to satisfy your voracious appetite, but even thus I cannot try to do so without much fear and trembling. There has been little to complain of, except the weather—which has made a most noble effort to rival the West

SHAKESPEARE EMENDED.



Meat it is! I set it down.

Riding's record—and even that was good enough to afford a week of sunshine when we most desired it. "Eights" week was, of course, the chief feature of the term. The whole place was intolerably crowded, but in spite of that everyone seemed capable of enjoying the festivities, and we were favoured with many an exciting race on the river. Probably the best of all was the one in which Worcester was placed between St. John's and Queen's. The latter college had so far made five bumps

in five nights, while the former had met with almost as many reverses. The question was whether we could keep free of Queen's long enough for us to be able to catch John's. Queen's started at a furious pace, and were almost upon us when we made a spurt, and, after escaping disaster by only a yard or two, pulled steadily away from them. They were too tired by their first violent effort to become dangerous again, and we had not much difficulty in overtaking the boat in front of us. It may be of interest to add that at midnight some of our members seemed in a strangely unsteady condition.

At cricket, although we were able to turn out a captain for the 'Varsity XI., we did not shine much, and the half-day matches were mostly disappointing. The teams were time and again driven to cover by long and violent storms, against which the only consolation was in tea! The 'Varsity matches were very interesting, and it is to be hoped that on the cricket field Oxford will do much to remove the bitterness of our watery defeat at the hands of Cambridge, earlier in the year.

But "Eights" week and cricket have not been the only attractions. Tennis is very largely patronised, affording probably the maximum of enjoyment and exercise in combination, and the river is well occupied by punts and canoes, besides the more strenuous craft. In short, the summer term at Oxford is not made for work, and I must confess that I am rather glad to have an insistent tutor, who delights in frequent papers—at the time the most dismal of all experiences, especially at the most unreasonable hour of 9 a.m.!—and under whom some application is necessary, or, at least, desirable. Those unfortunates who take their "schools" at the end of the summer term are indeed deserving of all sympathy! During the term I have seen little of Jacobs and Riley, and can in consequence give no account of their activities. Thompson is most exemplary in his application both to work and pleasure, cultivating that precious possession of "mens sana in corpore sano." We undergo the ordeal of "Honour Mods" together next March.

I trust that all is flourishing at Heath, and that the "Heathen" is by this time a most sound and successful institution.

Yours very sincerely,
A. DILWORTH.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"New Boy" sends us a 'new' joke about the Curate's egg. Our Assyrian expert says that somebody smiled at it in B.C. 9191.

"Vexed" tells us a harrowing tale of his being fined for breaking a window, and wants to know how he can prevent a cricket ball from going through a window. Let him interpose his head.

"Troubled" wants a cure for blushing. Let him buy house-property with a view to re-sale.

"Lika Joko."—Sorry, but the united efforts of the whole editorial staff failed to decipher your Pennine Japanese writing. Still we make no doubt it was funny.

"Parent."—Sorry you are sceptical about the ages of our contributors. But they ARE all in their "teens." Try any of your sexagenarian friends to equal them. Better still, try writing yourself.

"Nimrod."—No, we can't advocate free use of the bow-and-arrow within our precincts. The William Tell business is now only safe on the halls—and not always there.

"Artistic" suggests that the Rockery needs beautifying. Where is the "Rockery"? (No prize offered).

"Punishment Drill."—Cheer up! We don't expect it will prevent you when grown up for perjuring yourself to the rising generation as one whose conduct was a model.

"Nervous" wants to know how to become "impressive." (1) Look pompous. (2) Be pompous. (3) Learn a lot of stale tags and repeat them solemnly whenever you can get an audience.

"Giddy."—You made us feel so when we read your rhyme of "platinum" with "flatten 'em."

"Beginner."—Your poetry is not up to our standard though you have some good lines. Keep on trying and if you feel discouraged read Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy." You won't give up hope readily after that.

"Sister Ann."—We are afraid you sport a budding moustache.

"Threebeite" begins a poem "I don't think I'd like to be a great soldier like Shakspere." We think Shak. would have gone to a Tribunal about it too.

"Aaron" is seriously vexed with us for not printing a contribution of his. Our office-boy bids him keep his nom-de-plume.

"Puff-Puff" begins a poem "Onward, Onward, goes the train." And we thought everyone in this district had travelled at one time or another on the L. and Y.

"Willie" poetises "Twas on a lovely summer day." What flights of imagination these very young poets can achieve. Can it be that the original sports day inspired him?

"Actor" complains that the Heathen Players have excluded him from their cast when he is superior to most of them. He reminds us of the story: First Actor: "Aye, laddie, when I played Hamlet the whole house rose at me." Second Actor: "Did HE? What did he throw?"

"Antiquary."—We thank you kindly, but our readers are not interested in accounts of researches in ashbins; nor are they concerned about Queen Anne.

"Fourth Former."—Your joke is quite good. We noticed some weeks ago that the Editor of the "Passing Show" thought similarly of it.

"Puzzled" wants us to explain a joke that appeared in our last number. But ours is a literary office, not an operating theatre.

"Bye-Bye" sends us a fearsome pun. Our Fighting Editor would like to lay him in his little cot.

"Agricola" wants us to hold a hay-auction on the cricket ground. We are not "blades" in this field.

"Third Former" tells us that "it is bad to take a long walk after a heavy meal as it makes the nourishment go to the legs." After this we haven't a kick left in us.

REVISED VERSIONS.

(1) RAGTIME.

When the wage goes down in Dixie,
And prices begin to rise.
That's the time to be in Dixie,
When the darkies Pelmanise.
Old Uncle Joe I sure will see,
With a 'Grey Book' on his knee,
And my little sister Anna
Left the grand pianner,
Swotting 'Mind and Memory.'
Come to think about it,
I'm going back to my second childhood.
Suppose my brain to cure I Pelmanise,
When the sun shines hot on Dixie,
And a blue moon tours the skies—
The thought fair smothers me—
Perhaps I'll get a rise.

N. B. G.

(2) THE CAROL: "Good King Pussyfoot."

By John Walker Bass-Dewar.

- 1 Good King Pussyfoot looked out,
O'er his fellow critturs,
When the bars lay splashed with stout
Deep with gin and bitters.
Brightly shone saloons at night,
When the frost was cruel.
Prohibition came in sight,
Advocating gruel.
- 2 "Bring me milk and rhubarb wine,
Bring me sarsparilla.
Thou and I will cross the brine
That whisky stills be stiller."
Mr. Johnson forth he went
On the nation's calling,
To the brewers' loud lament,
And the "bitters" squalling.
- 3 "Sir, the beer is weaker now,
Pubs are open shorter:
Great my thirst I know not how,
Must I live on water?"
"Drink the fishes' drink and see,
Pour it down thee boldly;
Thy increased efficiency
Frees thy blood, if coldly,"
- 4 In the master's steps then tread,
Shunning every vintage.
No more grows thy nasal red
By alcoholic stintage.
Wherefore, Christian men be sure,
Take this awful warning.
Though to-night ye bless the brewer,
What about the morning?

THE BARGEMAN'S FAREWELL.

Hard by the Calder's swelling flood,
His face suffused in moonlight, stood
A seaman; bronzed and brown was he
From bondage to the foaming sea.
Anchored inshore, close to the marge,
Of Calder, swam his rakish barge.
Black were her sides, coal-black her mast,
Which myriad ghostly shadows cast,
Upon the pebbly strand.
"Alas! Alas!" the seaman cries,
"Must I leave thee for warmer skies?
Must I depart this happy shore,
Never, perhaps, to see it more?
Ah, me! my fate is hard 'twould seem!
To leave this pure and lovely stream—
Shall cruel Rochdale claim me now,
As on the curving, wind-swept prow,
I take my lonely stand?"

—Taig Cuchulain.



[By E. Schroeder.

THE WORSHIPPERS.

FIVES.

HEATH v. LEEDS UNIVERSITY.

Played at Heath on May 6th. The Heath four consisted of Spencer, Dalzell, Coghlin, J. G., and Taylor. For the first two games, Spencer and Dalzell opposed the Leeds first pair, while Taylor and

Coghlin took the second pair. As might have been expected, Heath were very slightly outplayed, although they subjected the 'Varsity to a gruelling game. After two games had been played, the players interchanged, and the fun began again. The 'Varsity second pair were superior to the first, probably owing to the fact that they were harder hitters, whilst hard hitting was not suitable for their own buttressed courts.

Scores:—

Spencer and Dalzell

15—10
15—11
15—8
15—9

Coghlin and Taylor

15—8
15—10
15—11
15—13

Total:—Heath, 80; 'Varsity, 120.
—Silex.

THE HYMN OF HATE.

By K. O. Glynne.

Uncle Joe seized his banjo, broke it over his knee, and scowled as he threw it to the four winds.

"I've got sick of the whole shoot," he said, "I'se gwine to pack me grip and take a trip on the good ship—"

"Too many rhymes there, Pop," broke in little Flo (alternative name—Sister Anna). She was busy making a wreath of roses with one hand and playing a jig on the family "grand" with the other. From somewhere in the distance the wind carried the sound of some darkies singing.

"Yep," went on Joe, "Guess I'se had 'bout enuff of darkies and banjoes and roses and wreaths and blue grass and bees buzzin' and mammy's knees and sich tripe!"

Mammy and the old Dad looked at each other sadly across the fireplace. Said little Flo: "Now, Uncle Joe, you savvy well enough we can't do a guy agen this week. We've been to Texas, Kentucky, and Missouri already. Wait till next week to go to Connecticut and sit on dear old mammy's knee there."

"Remember I think the world of you, Joe!" said old mammy.

Uncle Joe picked up a crowbar and brained her.

"Don't forget dear old Dad," came from Pop.

Uncle Joe took a running kick at him and he soared through the door.

"Come 'long, Flo Anna!" he said to the girl, "I so gwine set this yer shack or shanty or cabin home or wooden hut on fire." Trampling on the roses at the door and pulling down the ivy from the wall, Uncle Joe applied a match to the front of the building. In a few minutes, it was a mass of flames.

Then Joe took Flo Anna's arm and together they made their way over the huge prairie.

"Guess the song guy'll be some glad to see us, Sist," said Joe as they walked. "We don't visit Connecticut this fall."

Not long after, they came to a small hut, cabin, shanty or shack. On the door was a brass plate marked "Rag Guy." Underneath were the words: "Ragtimes manufactured at the shortest notice. Ingredients—best quality Uncle Joes, Sister Flos, Sister Annas, dear old Dads, and Mammy's knees. For Hawaii girls, write, phone, or fly to our Honolulu branch. No extra charge for country lanes, rings, roses wreaths, or grand pianners."

"Come 'long in," said Uncle Joe. He entered the shack, drawing Flo Anna after him. On the wall was a huge map marked "Yewnited States." Several of the names of the states had been struck off by blue pencil, some twice. A little flag was stuck in Connecticut. At a desk, writing furiously, sat a young man with a goatee beard.

"Uncle Joe!" he greeted, "take a seat. I've got a plumb fine openin' line for our Connecticut stunt next week. Listen to it. It's a peach. 'Cough me up at Cold Connecticut'—that's it. Fine, eh?"

"That's all very nice and fluffy," answered Uncle Joe, "but I kinder guess you got to stow that now. There ain't no Mummy nor Dad now. They're in Paradies where the pine trees don't blow no longer. There's only me and Flo Anna left, and I guess we're off across the pond."

"Eh?" said the Rag Guy.

"Fact! I've fired the shanty and slaughtered the old folks. Come 'long Flo Anna. I've given up my job. So long, Mr. Rag Guy!"

For one instant the gloom of despair settled on the young man's face. Then:

"Stay!" he cried, cramming on his hat. "Guess I'm with you!"

Soon after all civilised England was aglow with the new song which had just appeared. It had arrived at the psychological moment when everyone had become sick of the mock-sentimental and monotonous rhythm and subject of the old order of ragtime. Principal boys sang it at pantomimes, music-hall artistes sang it, and all "gamin" England whistled its catchy tune. This is how the chorus went:—

"Golly but its fine to get away from Frisco
Wot a climate! What a dreary hole!
I've killed me mother, Sis, and Brother,
And brained old Daddy with a pole!"

I've settled little Willie,
The lad who sets me silly,
And I'se trod on all the roses in the hall!
Curse those darnation scenes of my childhood,

No more do I long for them now.
For I've sang my farewell ditty,
To the gloomy 'Frisco city,
And I've set sail on the good ship 'Bow-Wow.'

None can praise sufficiently the exquisite diction and rhythm of the above poem, and it is no wonder that it received the attention that it did.

In a palatial mansion (Buckingham Palace to be correct) are to be found the young man with the goatee beard, Uncle Joe, and Flo Anna. Their intention is to pass over in turn the various states of the U.S.A., compiling for each a Hymn of Hate (as above). The two first lines of the next song, we have it on indisputable authority:—

"Down Texas way,
Getting fever mid the new-mown hay!"

As you have by now guessed, gentle readers, this is all a dream, but it is a dream which I devoutly hope will come to pass.

JUMPERS.

By J. A. Chess.

"What is a jumper?" asked a man one day, and would not stay for an answer. The reason for his sudden exit was that he was given an optical demonstration. But having no such vision before us we can afford to listen to the oracle.

Before the war, and still more the peace brought man to misery and woman to the knitting needles, the replies to this momentous question would have been various.

Had your victim been a parson, a school master, or a dictionary, he would have said without any hesitation: "A jumper? Er—m'yes—one who jumps," and his thoughts would immediately have flown or jumped to sports day.

If, on the other hand, you had asked a dear old lady of some experience, she would straightaway have conjured up visions of the 5th of November. A jumper to her would be an infernal machine tied up neatly into a number of loops, and though quite harmless in appearance, liable to go off the moment your back is turned, without the slightest warning. The scene, according to her, would then resolve itself into a competition between yourself and the jumper as to which could leap the higher, and, though you usually win, no feeling of victorious elation would seize upon you. Rather would the triumph belong to the innocent little boy in the wings.

Should your selection fall—or jump—upon some poor soul with an extensive and intimate knowledge of lodging-houses, he would probably have become affectionately reminiscent of nights spent chasing jumpers with a slipper in a vicious circle round the bed-post. This game is said to be very uplifting—for the slipper.

But to-day a jumper is—well, just a jumper. Nevertheless, in spite of this apparent simplicity, its composition is most complex. It is made up of wool, intermixed with purls—hence its value. The cult of the jumper—not juniper, Mr. Printer—has become quite an art. A real enthusiast may be recognised by the number of colours she manages to intermingle without upsetting the general disconnectedness of the finished article.

The jumper you have made may, of course, be out of fashion by the time you have finished it, especially if you have to search for a dropped stitch. This is a very elusive article, and it is considered very fine sport to go down on the hands and knees trying to pick one up. But if you have the jumper germ thoroughly active and leaping through your veins, Dame Fashion will not trouble you, you will merely commence another more elaborate jumper, when the first spasm is concluded. For it should be remembered that the chief purpose of a jumper is to be knitted. It may afterwards be chained up outside the door to frighten away tramps, hawkers, and income-tax forms.

THE JUNIOR'S TRIOLET.

Old greybeards envy us small boys—
Of dotage a conclusive proof:
They think our life is full of joys;
Old greybeards envy us small boys.
But "happy childhood" sometimes cloyes
'Neath master's lines and prefect's hoof.
Old greybeards envy us small boys—
Of dotage a conclusive proof.

—Josephus.

THE DREAM.

I am becoming a physical wreck, and my nerves are being torn to shreds. I am also being driven to drink and several other things. No, my conscience is quite easy. I have not murdered anyone, nor have I even robbed a bank. The sole cause of the whole thing is a certain dream to which I am particularly prone at this time of the year. It happens in this way:—

In my dream I go to watch the second day's play in the Yorkshire v. Lancashire match at Headingley. At the end of the first day's play Lancashire have scored 233 in the first innings, dismissed Yorkshire for 207, and scored 97 for four wickets at the second attempt. No sooner have I got to the ground and taken my seat in the members' pavilion than the Yorkshire captain comes up to me and requests me,

with tears in his eyes, to save the honour of the county. At first I am inclined to edge away, thinking that he is a deputation sent to raise a loan on behalf of the County Club Committee, but am relieved to hear that one of the players has been called away suddenly, and I am wanted to play in his stead. Why I should be asked I make no attempt to explain. It is simply one of those impossible things which do happen in dreams. Of course, I assent gladly, and go out to field with them.

The remaining six wickets fall for the addition of 51 runs, leaving Yorkshire with 175 to get to win. I am asked to open the innings and go out with Holmes. I cannot quite understand why the Lancashire captain never makes any objection to my batting at all. That is another of those things which happen in dreams.

Wickets fall steadily, but I survive the rot. With six down for 125 I am still batting with 66 to my credit, and when the last man comes in with 10 runs wanted, my score stands at 93. I leave to your imagination the state of everyone's feelings with the game in this position. Suffice it to say that in the pavilion fifteen strong men drop dead simultaneously from heart failure. We get six of the runs in singles. Then with my own score at 96 and four wanted to win, I am facing the bowling. And—oh joy!—the next ball I receive is a fast half-volley. With a mighty swipe I smite it well and truly. But, alas, I am hitting against the wind, and the ground is large. Instead of counting for six, it is obvious that the ball is going to drop just inside the edge of the green. And—horror of horrors!—I see a lithe figure dashing along the boundary towards it, and, to make matters worse, I recognise the figure as that of a man who has the reputation of never dropping anything he can get his hands to. As he speeds along towards the ball and the ball speeds downwards, it becomes increasingly doubtful whether he will get to it or not. Nearer and nearer he gets, until just at the vital moment which is going to settle the question I always waken, bathed in perspiration, and in an agony of nerve apprehension, which is only relieved by a good stiff glass of milk and soda.

So you see why I am drooping. And I shall continue to droop until I find out whether he took that catch.

KAPPA.

SPEECH DAY.

A Modernist Impression.

By W-LT WII-TM-N.

I.

The big hall filled with rows
And rows and rows and rows and rows
Of seated figures, gazing with fond pride
and maternal solicitude
At still more rows
And rows and rows and rows
Of lesser figures, seated in most ungodly
attitudes of discomfort
Attired in Sunday best.

II.

The entrance of a grave procession on the
dais.
The reading of several letters of apology
from X. and Z., and
The headmaster's report, together with
examination results 'such as can be
shown by no other school of equal size
in the country.'
Rounds of applause.

III.

The trooping up of certain favoured
individuals from among the above-
mentioned rows
And rows and rows and rows
Of lesser figures
To receive, with the most acute signs of
feverish nervousness hidden beneath the
vapid smile of the cheerful idiot,
Prizes which they will never read (unless
compelled).

IV.

Speeches.

V.

Release, and a stampede.

KAPPA.

PIMPLE.

In agonizing thoughtfulness, with listless
eye,
Reclines the languid youth, and oft his
quill, once whole
He bites with never weary teeth, then with
a sigh,
A line he writes—then hesitates—and
with the sole

Intent and purpose to make haste, a line
he draws
And crosses out the whole as hopeless,
once again
Three inches full from his offending pen
he gnaws,
To take away th'intensity and break the
strain.
Then on the ink-stained ceiling rests
his searching gaze,
In hopes of finding answer to his ques-
tion there.
And weaves more webs or normals and
refracted rays,
And often in his mind he says with
sanguine air:
"If done it were when 'tis done, then I'd
do it quickly
If the examination could trammel up
what follows—
But oh! the thought of my report doth
make me sickly."
And sighing with despair in haste he
swallows
With a gulp the heart that in his throat
has risen.
And—"What! the bell! Six questions
have I to complete."
Then like a downcast convict fresh released
from prison,
He trudges slothfully back home with
weary feet.

—N. S. D.

THE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

We reproduce, by request, the following notice which appeared in our last issue:—The Committee of the Association still experience great difficulty, after the gap of the war years, in getting into touch with many of the Old Boys, and it is earnestly hoped that all readers of this magazine who come in contact with Old Boys will bring to their notice the revival of the Association.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. B. Ollerenshaw, Red Croft, Plane Tree Nest, Halifax, will be very glad to receive names and addresses. The subscription to the Association is five shillings per annum. A copy of each issue of this magazine is forwarded to each member.

Literary and artistic contributions to the magazine from Old Boys will be welcomed by the Editor.

THE SIXTH.

Choric Song of the Lotos-Eaters.

A Fragment.

There is still music here, that drowsier
falls
Than swear words o'er blown proses
lavished free,
Or murmurs of still prefects between walls
Of green distemper, bilious to see;
Music that gentlier on the ear beats
Than tired Hilbert on o'erwhelmed seats;
Music that flows from where the sad trans-
later bleats.

Here are cool desks and deep
And in their desks the prefects peep
Perpetually; around, each in a heap,
The Sixth, the intellectuals, lie in heavy
sleep.

[First Hemichorus relapses into slumber.



THE LOTOS-EATERS.

How sweet it were, leaving the fearful
scream
Of the choir, to lazily dream,
Lying by mountains of ice cream
To sleep—and sleep—

[Second Hemichorus has not enough
energy to finish its antistrophe and relapses
into slumber.]

—Josephus.

THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS
WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Whether Mr. J. Cobbs intends collecting material for his next venture in the "Wanderer" series by a tour among the savages of 3b?

• • • • •
Whether he is still a Town Councillor and employed by the Corporation as Gas-works Inspector of Explosions?

• • • • •
Whether the Remove children have banished false modesty as a result of their recent visit to "Pygmalion"?

• • • • •
Whether they make use of a certain expression from that play on being commanded to stay in detention for Latin Prose?

• • • • •
Whether we may attribute the failure of our cricket team at Belle Vue to too much practice on a perfect wicket but with a soft ball?

• • • • •
Whether rag-times sung fortissimo in a railway carriage are conducive to greater speed on the part of the engine-driver, and —

• • • • •
Whether psalms and hymns sung by Dan Leno have the opposite effect?

• • • • •
What two "louts" on Lightcliffe station said when they saw the L. and Y. express flash past full of cheering forms?

• • • • •
Whether even the gaining of a schol. to Durham University is a passport to still further encroachments on the realm of Pun-land?

• • • • •
How to make oneself resemble a spirit—photograph when taken by a camera man on the lawn.

• • • • •
Whether the master who did this with such good results would care to reveal his secret.

M—A—R—G—Y.
• • • • •

• • • • •
Whether Mr. Bert Hill intends to patent his voice as an infallible horn for Belsize lorries.

Whether his nomad spirit wanders in his dreams among the pleasant, sequestered arbours, the wide, open thoroughfares, and the noble buildings and architecture of that garden city—Sowerby Bridge.

• • • • •
Whether the Fives Courts provide really good surroundings for the pursuit of learning, and are conducive to quiet meditation and mental speculation.

• • • • •
How's that? [By special request of S. Lord, Esq.]

• • • • •
How does one describe a bowler who bowls a wide at the opening of his over.

• • • • •
Whether the firelight is pleasanter than the gas, Mr. Mills.

• • • • •
Who'll go with me to the bar?

• • • • •
How Polo would fare in the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon with Mlle. Lenglen as his partner.

• • • • •
What Marco Peelo said when he cum'd in.

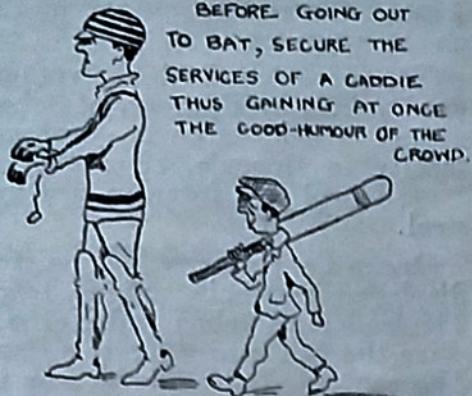
• • • • •
How it is that Top Hat Flake does not always cool the wrath of "L'homme de la Maison."

• • • • •
Why a person innocently walking along Commercial-street with a black beard always arouses so much attention.

K. O'G.

(With apologies of Mr. W. Wordsworth.)

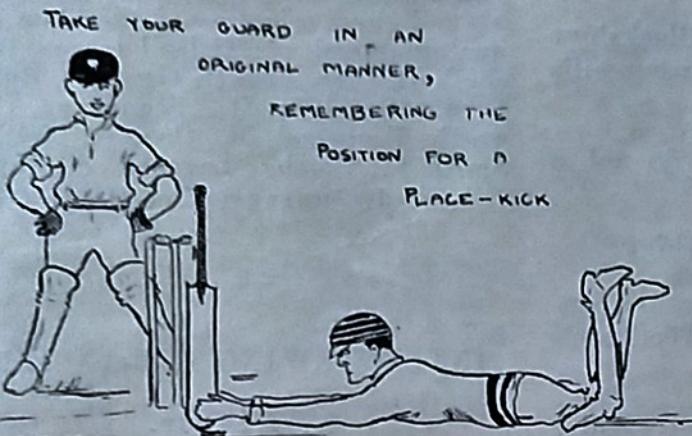
Our bed is but a sleep and an upgetting,
Old Sol that rises with us—our life's bar,
Hath done elsewhere its sweating,
And cometh from afar
Not in entire undressedness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of Pyjams, do we come
From bed which is our home.
Sleep lies about us in our in-pants-y,
Shades of the bathroom door begin to shut
Upon the washing man,



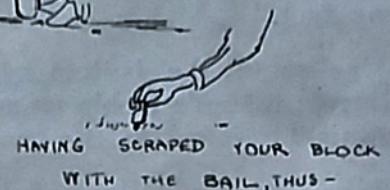
BEFORE GOING OUT
TO BAT, SECURE THE
SERVICES OF A CADDIE
THUS GAINING AT ONCE
THE GOOD-HUMOUR OF THE
CROWD.



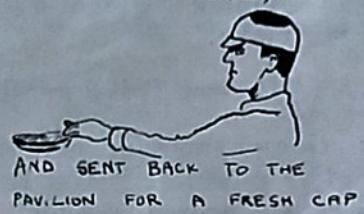
THEN TELL YOUR
PARTNER A FUNNY
STORY



TAKE YOUR GUARD IN AN
ORIGINAL MANNER,
REMEMBERING THE
POSITION FOR A
PLACE-KICK



HAVING SCRAPPED YOUR BLOCK
WITH THE BAIL, THUS -



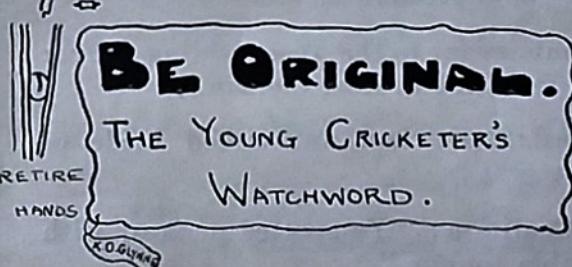
AND SENT BACK TO THE
PAVILION FOR A FRESH CAP



THEN RECEIVE THE FIRST BALL AND RETIRE
GRACEFULLY TO THE PAVILION, SHAKING HANDS
WITH THE BOWLER AS YOU DO SO



BOW TO THE SPECTATORS



THE YOUNG CRICKETER'S
WATCHWORD.

A.O. GLYNN

But he beholds no soap. Nor where it's put
He sees none in the can.
The Maid, who quickly to the pantry for
the Pears,
Must travel, sees he Pyjams, wears,
And by this vision splendid
Is on her way attended;
At length she then perceives it die away,
And fade into the clothes of common day.

E.R.B.

MOTTOES.

Selected by E.R.B.

Falstaff: "I cannot see what flowers are at my feet."

A Cyclist (at the bottom of Blackstone Edge): "Man's feeble frame what hills await."

A Sinn Feiner: "Stone walls do not a prison make."

A.E.J.: "O sleep it is a gentle thing."

Habitation of same for more than five consecutive minutes: "And the Wodbine's spices are wafted abroad."

Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson: "Water, water everywhere."

Mr. Lloyd George: "Others abide our questions, thou art free."

A Golfer: "One word is too often profaned for me to profane it."

An Immigrant to the West Riding: "Fear no more the heat of the sun."

A Ford: "O, thou unravished bride of quietness"

The Coalition: "Ye spotted snakes, with double tongue."

III. B. Singing Lesson: "What passion cannot music raise?"

The VI. Form Room: "There was a sound of revelry by day."

THE GYM. CONTEST.

The Gym. Contest took place last term on the 26th of April, 1919, in which date before a crowded audience, Queen's evinced an undoubted superiority over the other two Houses and maintained and enhanced the reputation she had gained in the previous year.

The prize for the best *gymnast* was indeed gained by Emmett, of School House, a fact which, however, *aroused no unanimity in Queen's, since they recognise that School is a forearm worthy of their steel.*

Queen's superiority was most markedly displayed in their unique *co-operation*. The leaders, Kitchen and Horne, must receive the full praise for this *co-operation*. The captain, Dalzell (who *won the gymnast's prize in 1919*) deserves credit for his judicious selection of the team, which was composed of: Dalzell (captain), Shell, Horner, Bagott, Granger, Sutcliffe, R. S., Sutcliffe, R., Standeven, Wadsworth, Eastwood, M., Coggin, Nettleship, Smith V., Sorsby Laycock, R., Handley.

J. SHEPLEY, Vice House Captain.

INTERVIEWING THE ANCIENTS.

I.: OVID.

By F. C. Strickland.

Having telephoned to MDCCXIV. Tauri, I got in touch with Ovid. "Hello! Ovid, I'll arrive at your place at 2-30," I called through the phone. "You'll what?" piped Ovid. "Yes, Will," I replied, ringing off.

At 2-30 I ran up to the quay in my motor-boat and meeting Ovid shook hands with him, and said, "Well, Ovid, old son, my boss said to me, he said, 'You hop along and interview old Ovid!'"

"Oh, yes?" replied Ovid.

"This is a nice place," I said, pointing to a little mud hut.

"Oh, woe is me!" he wailed, smiting his manly chest. "You should have seen my mansion in Rome. But I fear the gods of the Palatine Hill are those who hurt me—"

"Oh, come along, Ovid, show me that statue, where Orestes and Pylades—"

"What do you know of Orestes?" ejaculated Ovid.

"A lot," I replied. "I try every Monday and Thursday to read your book, but, as you say, Woe is me!"

"O little book!" cried Ovid, joyfully, "you have travelled to the far corners of the earth."

"Ovid, shew me the bed you slept in when Cupid woke you, will you?"

"You bet!" cried Ovid, slipping into Roman language, and so leading me to his "Little mud-home in the East," he showed me a dilapidated edition of a cot.

At this moment there was a crashing noise on the door, and in walked a wild savage.

"Oh, good dinnertime!" said Ovid, and, turning to me, he said, "Allow me to introduce you to Quintus Fabius Cotta Savageotor.

"Allow me to take a snap of your face," I giggled. "He scowled!!!

So I meekly said "Oh, mighty one, may I take a photograph of thy shining face?"

"Yus," he growled, and then cleared out.

"Er—Ovid, why were you banished?"

"Ah, me" he groaned, "I wrote a piece of poetry called the 'Hart ov Luv,' and Augustus wept so much everybody thought he would be drownded, and Augustus said to me, 'Boo! hoo! Ovid. Boo! Hop it quick!' So I hopped it."

THOUGHTS BEFORE PRAYERS.

(In the recent list of sports prizes were included a flower-holder a safety-razor, and a game of Ringum.)

As in the corridor one dewy morn
I walked me, while it lacked three
hours to noon,
And meditated, being all forlorn
(For the Sixth wont not to arrive too
soon).

My glance I cast upon the notice board,
And there a fair white paper met my
eyes,

A list of fancy goods, a mighty hoard
Of rich rewards, prize on athletic prize.

I gazed thereon downcast a little while,
And marvelled at the many gifts of
worth;

But soon my cheek was mantled with a
smile,
And Hebe filled my soul with bubbling
mirth.

And in a flash a vision there I saw
Of the approaching sports; with one
swift shock

I saw the Junior with his Aunts galore,
The rustling matron in a rich coat-frock,

The greedy Fourth like flies in the mar-
quee,

Buzzing around the ices, and 3A
In languid-wise consume the strawberry
With cream, and roll with heavy gait
away,

The baby sister, with white frock and
curls,

The unobtrusive father in the rear,
The boys, the stewards, and the pretty
girls,

And all the company and all the gear

Of Sports Day. Then methought me that
there did rise

Many fantastic dreams, right full of
joy!

I saw a funny dream for every prize—
(The humour of that prize list ne'er
will cloy).

I saw the junior, who had won some race,
Before his lady love, with conscious
pride

Bearing a rose that with his blushing face
In deep and amatory redness vied.

And then the boy, in youthful passion's
zest,

Forth from the *flower holder* the bloom
of love

Plucked out, and burning kisses thereon
pressed,

And with it strove his mistress' heart
to move.

And then I saw that virtuous First Form
snip,

The quiet, studious, and thoughtful
Brown,

Itching with *safety razor* prize to clip
His cheek, yet innocent of youthful
down.

Be of light heart, prefects, and yawn no
more,

Give o'er the cult of Omar, never say
Again that life is but a painful bore,
For here's a prize that wafts ennui
away.

Henceforth the casual visitor shall ne'er
Find prefects fast asleep, or lying still,
Each stretched in weary length upon his
chair,
Scorning to work or wield the leather
pill.

Henceforth, from early morn to dewy eve
At *Game of Ringum* shall the prefects
toil,
Nor shall their chief himself disdain to
leave
His room, and play with this athletic
spoil.

—Josephus.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Term began on April 28th, with a further rise in our numbers.

The Chemical Laboratory has been enlarged and a new classroom is approaching completion, but we are sorely in need of further extensions.

The sympathies of the whole school go out to Mr. Parker in his severe illness, and we all look forward to his return next term.

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to Canon Burn, D.D., on his appointment by the King to the Deanery of Salisbury, while regretting that his departure will deprive the school of a sympathetic Governor.

The annual examination for Entrance Scholarships was held on June 14th and 15th. There were 48 competitors. The following will be elected to scholarships: Blakey, Walker, C. C. Thomas, Kergon, Griffiths, Schroeder, Naylor.

On July 2nd we received the pleasing tidings that H. Dilworth had won a Mathematical Scholarship at Durham University

The School Holiday Camp conducted by Mr. J. C. Collins will be held this year again at Pateley Bridge.

The Autumn Term will commence on Thursday, September 16th, at 10 a.m.

New Boys are expected to attend on Wednesday, September 15th, at 10 a.m.

We again regret that, owing to the necessity of going to press early, some of the reports of school activities will be found incomplete.

THE POKEY BATSMAN.

I gladly marked that it did rain
When I approached that cricket field;
I hoped that I had come in vain
My innings I would gladly yield
That day. I hardly dared to look,
And strength my knees forthwith forsook.

As I beheld upon the green
The wickets and the umpires two,
Their jackets looking white and clean.
My face assumed a greenish hue,
And I imagined that ere long
On this same spot a mighty throng

Would gather round me. I could hear
Their hateful cries, their odious sneers
And taunts that I could hardly bear.
For I had failed (such were my fears)
To score. Ah what a frost!
I realised our team had lost.

I roused me from this reverie
And proceeded sadly on my way;
I probed into my memory
To recollect if we did play
On such and such a day in June
When it, as now, in the afternoon

Had rained. I scarce had time to change
'Ere I was called upon to bat.
The bowler had just got his range,
The retiring batsman told me that
I should have to mind my head
If I didn't want to go home dead.

However, I ignored him and
My heart o'erfull with awful fears
I faced the bowler bat in hand;
Almost on the verge of tears.
He tore down at an awful rate
But by a marvellous stroke of fate

I slogged him for a lovely four,
My knees gained strength; I felt
refreshed,
I could do again what I before
Had done. The ball was fetched
From a field near by,
My innings now ended, shoulder high.

I was borne away from the pitch.
And as I sat down to tea in the pav.
"By Jove, your innings was rich,"
The captain remarked. "You have
Astounded the critics sans doute
By scoring that hundred not out."

—Flaviatus.

HOW I BECAME A PUGILIST.

By "Polo."

In the first place I was soured in early
youth, having looked into a mirror.

Therefore I started training imme-
diately.

I bought a drum and beat this all day
long to get my muscles into working order.

Having thoroughly mastered this instru-
ment, I next turned to the piano, which
imparted great flexibility to my biceps.

So far, so good, but my reach was not
long enough, therefore I took up the trom-
bone, and in three weeks I had arms like
a gorilla.

After this, I looked to my right-hook,
and tortured everyone by constantly scrap-
ing a string violin.

I now acquired fame with my kidney
punch, by playing the concertina.

My footwork has always been wonder-
ful to see. To acquire this skill only three
things were necessary:

Firstly, a groggy bicycle.

Secondly, skill in manipulating the
pedals of a church organ (or harmonium).

Thirdly, the hide of an elephant to turn
off the caustic remarks made whenever I
did a jazz over a football instead of kick-
ing properly.

OUR MINOR POETS' CORNER.

[Contributions for this are only accepted
from writers who are less than 12 years
old.—Ed.]

THE FALLING HEAP.

Ten little soldiers going out to dine,
Ate two much dinner, then there were
nine.

Nine little soldiers, talking to a mate,
Jabbered too much, then there were eight.

Right little soldiers, going down to Devon,
One of them slipped off the train, then
there were seven.

Seven little soldiers got into a fix,
One couldn't get out, then there were six.

Six little soldiers were too much alive,
One jumped a precipice, then there were
five.

Five little soldiers rowing hard at oar,
One broke his oar in two, then there were
four.

Four little soldiers, climbing up a tree,
One tumbled down, then there were three.

Three little soldiers didn't know what
to do.

One ran away, then there were two.

Two little soldiers to the war had gone,
One got demobilised, then there was one.

One little soldier, now the rest had gone,
Mounted up in an aeroplane, then there
was none.

—W. Aske.

A LITTLE RHYME.

A poet never shall I be,
I cannot form a phrase.
I'm not as busy as a bee,
I earn not any praise.

—K. Kerr.

There was a young person called Hindle,
Who tried to sew with a spindle.

The spindle was prickly
And he let go quickly;
That's all that I know of young Hindle.

—W. Aske.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 'Twas a clear and moonlight night.
 "Don't try the pass," the old man said,
 "Tis a dark and stormy night."
 The waves were breaking on the deck,
 While he sold pass a penny a peck,
 "Your wife would think you were so silly,
 Going up ground that is so hilly!"

—R. Abrams.



(By E. Schroeder

THE TALE OF MYSTERY.

To Heath Grammar School we go each day
 To do our lessons and to play,
 To be sharp boys we try our best,
 And to the masters leave the rest.

—R. Scholfield.

POE'S TALES.

We wander through a world of horrid gloom,
 Where fearfully the unhallowed corpse-light gleams,
 And men start shrieking from their awful dreams.
 Where spring blotted toadstools round the charnel tomb
 Once strewed with roses in the blushing bloom
 Of summer. All with wreathing phantoms teems.
 We press where demons laugh, the black bat screams,
 'Mid all the horrors woven in the loom
 Of Fantasy. But shatter the crumbling stone
 Of yon foul tomb, peer at the grisly heap
 Of skulls that rot to dust. See, each stark bone
 Not dark, but glowing, for the depths are white
 With truth's pure light, this place where
 dead men sleep
 Bathed in unutterably beauteous light.

—Josephus.

THE OLD SALT'S YARN.

Well, sir, when I were just a lad
 I went aboard the "Lincoln";
 The con-fee-dential cabin boy
 With nought but food to think on,
 My recreation was 'igh art—
 The Jew's 'arp and the Pink 'Un.
 The "Lincoln" was a rakish craft—
 Its 'ull us old as Argo;
 Its sails was leather; its engines
 Was just a blamed farrago.

We were bound for a port in far Thibet,
 On the Llama's far off strand.
 The captain was mellow night and day,
 With a corkscrew in 'is 'and.

Ye've all 'eard tales of the sea-serpent,
Sea-lion, and sea-turkey.
But what we saw one sunny night
Would make your blood run murky.

I was sitting ironing the sails,
Which job is a 'orrid bore,
With the bosun furniture-creaming the
mast,
And the stokers dancing at the fore.

The crew was all on roller skates,
A-gambolling round the funnel;
The mate was sick, an' counting waves
A-leaning on the gunwale.

The captain 'e was snoring aft,
Quite drunk, all tight and thorough,
For 'e was only sleeping it off
Like an alderman of the borough.

When all at once I 'eard a noise,
And a thing as blue as a blue Peter,
Put up its 'ead over the side,
And nodded like blooming Jupiter.

Its eyes was red, its face was blue,
It had a fierce expression.
The bosun bellowed like a bloke
What's in a fiend's possession.

It looked around; I said my prayers,
And wished I'd got a pastor
To see me through the 'eavenly gate.
The captain snored the faster.

The creature looked to see which was
The fattest—just one look—
Then gnashed its 'orrid jaws and went
And gobbled up the cook.

And then it disappeared, the cook
Must have appeased its temper; or
It must have had too much and felt
As 'eavy as an emperor.

It's dry work talking, sir; I feel
I fair could drink the Wye.
Why, thank you, sir! 'Ere's to your 'ealth '
This ain't such rotten rye.

—E. S.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Late one night I was returning home
through the driving sleet and passed some
lonely cottages, far from all other human
habitation. Suddenly I heard a shriek, a
long-drawn wail, and then silence. I

stepped, startled whilst my hair stood on
end, and a chilly feeling crept down my
back. The rain had penetrated my clothes.
I waited. Still no sound, save the drip-
ping of the rain. Then suddenly I heard
the same screech ending in that mournful
cry. It was weird. All at once a thought
came into my mind, and I kicked myself
for my cruelty. That piteous wail pro-
ceeded from some hapless child, locked out
for the night by a drunken father, and was
seated shivering in the cold. Next a win-
dow opened and a head appeared and
shouted: "Take that, you little d-vil,"
whilst simultaneously a bottle crashed into
the yard below. I hesitated no longer,
but in two strides was at the door of the
house and commenced operations thereon
with hand and foot. It was not long
before a figure in a white night-shirt
appeared.

"You cad," I began. "You murderous
villain, you ruffian, you—you—you . . ."

The figure seemed quite taken aback,
and gasped. "What the 'ells up!"

"What's up," I choked. "What's up
Why I just saw you hurl a bottle at that
poor child wailing piteously.

"Child be ——, that wer't next door
cat."

I did the mile in 45 secs.

—Seriosus.

MODERN VERSION OF XENOPHEN'S ANABASIS.

And Cyrus set out from Brighouse, hav-
ing Elland on his left and Hipperholme on
his right. And he advanced three car-
rides of 1d. each to Hipperholme, a great
and prosperous city, and there he abode
three days. And on the journey there the
roads were so deep with mud that Cyrus
and the best and noblest of his suite rode
on ahead, but his private Rolls-Royce
saloon stuck in the mud. Thereupon
Cyrus ordered those about him to apply
their shoulders to the back wheel and push
it out. But they were unwilling because
they would dirty their splendid clothes.

Then Cyrus advanced with his
army which consisted of 15,000 hoplites
and 10,000 barbarians, to Stump Cross, a
town with 10,000 inhabitants, and there

he abode long enough for his army to collect fodder and food from the surrounding districts. This town, Stump Cross, is situated in a valley between two large hills, and the sides of the hills are covered with wheat, maize, and rye. About a mile to the south of this town flows a pure, sweet-smelling river, Calder by name, and this river is 40 plethra wide and 12 deep. Thence Cyrus advanced, on a Halifax tramcar, to People's Park, his country residence. People's Park extends over many acres and in it abound all manner of wild beasts which Cyrus was wont to hunt, shooting them with trench mortars and maxim guns. When it was too hot to hunt the animals Cyrus used to play cricket, bowls, and sometimes croquet on the front lawn. At night it was the custom of Cyrus and his retinue to hold a dance, and indeed in the jazz and the fox-trot he excelled anyone else in the kingdom.

One day a messenger came to him to say that the railway men had come out on strike and the miners in sympathy with them, and at this point Cyrus' holiday and my repetition of it come to an end.

—S. Lord.

THE WOES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

By F. C. Strickland.

At nine o'clock the old bell rang,
At nine o'clock our woes began.
Latin and Greek, the worst of the lot,
Brought many a boy a large "impot."
At nine o'clock the master walked in
And found the room in a terrible din.
Forties and Fifties the lines they scatter,
The room is all silence instead of clatter.
At last, at half-past twelve we're free,
We shout with joy and leap with glee.
We charge through the door and make for
home,
Till we hear the bell, and begin to groan.
At two o'clock the old bell rang.
"Algy" and geometry, well! I'll hang.
We did not expect to land in the throes;
Here come some more of our terrible woes.
At four o'clock, again we're free.
We chase off home, to have our tea.
And after that we begin to sigh;
Our home-work's to do, so I'll say good-
bye.

JUNIOR & SENIOR

By F. C. L.

On two junior ~~schooldays~~ passing the questions are generally: "What do you get for your algebra?" "Do you pass your Latin?" etc. But just so with the seniors. Their first questions are, "When are you going to start shaving?" "When are you going to wear long 'uns?"

* * * * *

Also when a boy of sixteen or so visits his aunt. After the first greetings are over the inevitable questions are, "How much longer are you going to school?" "What are you going to be?" To the latter the brilliant youth generally replies "I don't know, because I don't know nought about nought."

* * * * *

Also questions of etiquette arise which as a boy are not thought of, e.g. "Ought I to call this young lady by Nancy or ought I to call her Miss Schmidt?" About such matters seniors have to be very particular, whereas the thoughtless junior-boy blunders along making atrocious mistakes every minute, but nothing is thought of them.

* * * * *

En resume: As you grow older your troubles also increase, and so I should advise all my junior readers to make the very best of their time.

"OWED" TO MILTON.

By E. R. B.

For dirty pans and mouldy bread,
Cuts and bruises, corns and bunions;
As insect killer, and instead
Of fertilizer for spring onions;
As hair restorer for the bald,
And remover of superfluous hairs
From those whom daily shaving's galled
Or hair oil at which the public stares;
For influenza and consumption,
Broken legs or housemaid's knee;
For toothache or the lack of gumption:
In every case we've need of thee.
When raging fire doth burn our house
And there's no fire engine about,

And the rain, when wanted, of course
won't come,
One bottle of Milton'll put it out.
And if, in winter's snowy time,
The coal is damp, the fire won't go;
A single drop of Milton, I'm
Sure, will make the fuel glow.
Or if by the voice of "homo domus,"
Chastising Barlam, our ears are shattered;
Or by III.B. singing not far from us
Our eardrums now are getting battered;
One teaspoonful will soothe them. But
If the bottle's empty and one's forced
To wait twelve hours (the shops being shut)
Then "Paradise is Lost."
But when another bottle's got,
Immunity from ills we've gained;
For nothing do we care one jot,
We've "Paradise Regained."

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MEMORIAL.

"Tis but a small reminder of the men
Who fought. A token of respect to those
Who left the hearth's attractions and arose
At duty's call—and ne'er returned again.
And proud the school where they were
taught, and when
The dreaded time was come, did she oppose
The thought that these, the best, should
find repose
Beneath an unknown grave, with tongue
nor pen
To publish forth their noble deeds, and tell
How they left all, all fortune and estate?
Should we forget that these lives were the
price
Of liberty for us, and that they fell
To keep us free, and silent now they wait
Who made for us that supreme sacrifice.
—C. W.

ODE TO A CHANTICLEER.

My head aches, and a dusky colour stains
My gown, as though of coffee I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull teacup to the drains
One minute past, and slumberwards had
sunk,

Though not through liking of my nappy
lot,
But being too nappy in my happiness.
Whilst thou, harsh-crowing father of the
brood,
In some malodorous plot
Of cast-out scraps, and chickens number-
less,
Crowest of morning, in full-bloated mood.
—Rumun.

BOOKS TO READ.

I.—"Burning Daylight."

Jack London has achieved his masterpiece in "Burning Daylight." It is flooded with an immense virility and reality and its earlier scenes can only have been written by a man who knew and observed. The plot is old, but it has a new treatment and fresher, more human characters than any of its forerunners.

Burning Daylight is one of the Alaskan pioneers who has earned his soubriquet by his habit of waking his comrades in the grey northern dawn and shouting "Come, come, it's burning daylight! it's burning daylight!" The story opens with his wager to sledge 900 miles in 60 days. He wins it, and the narrative is one of the finest descriptive pieces I have ever read.

Burning Daylight accomplishes a coup by which he gains thousands of dollars, and in the flush of his fame, he goes southward and starts business in California. He relaxes all his Alaskan habits of earliness and fitness, lets his muscles become flabby, and drinks regularly. His brain loses its alertness, and finally he allows himself to be swindled by some of his partners. Add to this, he falls in love with Dede Mason, his typist, a pretty girl who has lost her money.

After his crash, he proposes to her, but she is loath to answer. She tells him of his "lovability" when he first came to California, and of the disgust with which she is forced to regard his succumbing to drink; and he promises to reform. He buys a wilderness tract of Californian land and sets himself to till it; and after a time he carries there Dede, his bride, to help him. The rest of the story deals with the resumption of his old habits and the pleasure with which he is able to perform

his former feats of strength. The book is no "thriller," but a good human story of a fairly ordinary man which everyone must read with pleasure.

—Alva.

TRE ANCIENT MARINER.

The Ancient Mariner is a poem in which Coleridge has used to the full his poetic powers. It is a masterpiece in expression, abounding in luxuriant yet concise metaphors; it has a wonderful beauty of word melody—the author has given full play to

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's mother send us grace.)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face."

There is neither need nor space to quote further examples of the fine expression; nearly every line is replete with it.

Now let us examine some examples of his word music, and the method by which he obtains the same effect by the metre as by the words themselves:

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out.
At one stride comes the dark.

H.G.S. Winning Gym. Team, 1920.



[Photo by J. Peel.

his unbridled imagination. His mastery of words brings before us vividly the scenes he means to portray: in a few words he does more than minute details could ever have accomplished.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night.
The water like a witch's oils
Burnt green and blue and white."

The pause at the end of the second foot—equivalent to the classical Caesura—emphasises the suddenness of the oriental coming on of night, just as the words themselves vividly convey it to our mind.

"A noise like that of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Here again the last two lines convey an impression of peacefulness.

" And 'twas like all instruments
Now like a lonely flute."

These two lines are almost perfect music; and these three last examples are sufficient to show Coleridge's masterly handling of the English language.

It is interesting to note a few of the means by which he obtains some of his effects. Firstly he uses anamatopœic words,

" With heavy thump, a lifeless lump," and

" It cracked and growled, and roared and howled."

Secondly he uses alliteration:

" And the Sails did Sigh like Sedge."

" The Fair Breeze Blew, the white
Foam Flew,

The Furrow Followed Free."

In view of these enormous merits, and the fact that he has that indescribable something without which no poet, however good his power of description may be, can be considered absolutely in the first-class, we ought, I think, to accord this poem the first place in the supernatural poetry of English literature; personally I consider it to be the finest poem, supernatural or otherwise, in the whole of the English language.

—Rivers.

C R I C K E T N O T E S .

HEATH v. RISHWORTH.

May 12th, at Rishworth. Heath batting first, knocked up 52 (Shepley 15, Eastwood 12). Rishworth were all out for 29. Taylor taking six wickets for 11, and Coghlin three for 12. The latter in this match inaugurated his custom of opening with a wide—a custom which he observes strictly.

HEATH v. RASTRICK.

June 2nd, at Brighouse. Rastrick only succeeded in scoring 57, of which one man was responsible for 33. The requisite 58 were knocked up for seven wickets (Shepley 19, Eastwood 17).

HEATH v. SOWERBY BRIDGE.

June 5th, at Sowerby Bridge. Our innings opened disastrously, three wickets falling in the first over, and Dalzell being run out before the score had reached 2. The tail rose to the occasion, and achieved 41, which was five too many for the home team. Lord took eight wickets for 11. Beattie bowled rather irregularly, but was at times very dangerous.

HEATH v. RASTRICK.

June 12th, at Kensington Road. Heath, only at home in a literal sense, batting first among the luxuriant beauty of a splendid crop of hay, succeeded in scoring 34. Taylor, Lord, and Coghlin (with averages of six for 5, two for 12, and one for 1), brought about the fall of Rastrick for 23.

HEATH v. HUDDERSFIELD COLLEGE.

June 16th, at Huddersfield. We suffered our first defeat since 1918, the entire team only raising 25. Taylor and Lord took all the home wickets for 33. The former hit the wickets three times without dislodging the bails.

HEATH v. ALMONDBURY.

June 19th, at Kensington Road. Once more upon our native heath, unmown, we succeeded in dismissing the visitors for less than 30. The required score was passed with four wickets down. Lees was run out by a long-stop effectually concealed in the adjoining herbage. Shepley was again top scorer with 11 not out.

HEATH v. HUDDERSFIELD COLLEGE.

June 23rd, at Kensington Road. Heath batted first and scored 31. The first seven wickets of the visitors fell for 16, but the tail became endued with remarkable power of "vibration," and knocked up 70.

HEATH v. SOWERBY BRIDGE.

June 26th, at Kensington Road. The visitors, winning the toss, sent the home team in first. The last wicket fell for 32. Hilbert's procession advancing to the wicket made a great impression. Much brighter cricket was provided in this, as in

previous home matches, by exciting games of hunt the cricket ball. Lord, as usual, inspired the Sowerby Bridge team with the greatest feelings of fear and respect, and took seven wickets for 12 runs. The visitors were all out for 22.

HEATH v. THE NEW SCHOOL.

June 30th, at Kingston. The New

Taylor's excavation in the pitch, the grass was seen to wither for some distance round.

HEATH v. BELLE VUE.

July 3rd, at Belle Vue. After spending two hours on the journey, we arrived at the ground, on which in its pleasantly boggy condition, a practice match was being played. The pitch resembled in its

H.G.S. 1st Eleven, 1920.



[Photo by J. Peel.

School were unfortunate in losing Westwood who was run out at 15. The rest of the team made up in resolution what they lacked in stature, and steadfastly refused to run except on the greatest provocation. Their total of 44, secured in one and a half hours, was passed by the visitors with two wickets down in about 15 minutes. After the match, as the groundsman gazed at

situation the Pass of Thermopylae, one side being a precipice and the other Nature in all her rugged grandeur. After a dispute on the length of the pitch, originally 24 yards, was settled by repeated pacing, a ball was produced about two inches in diameter. The home team batted first and knocked up 80. The long hours of shivering in the rain and bleak north-easter were

enlivened by an exhibition of scientific "ski"-ing down the declivity by Thomas, and by numerous interesting bowling changes. Only Coghlin and Lees were able to thaw sufficiently to wield the bat with any success, and the team raised only 33.

HEATH v. ALMONDBURY.

July 7th, at Almondbury. Heath raised 62 (Taylor 15 not out, Goghlin 10). Taylor was given not out after a vain but spirited endeavour to avoid sitting on his wickets. Almondbury were dismissed for 28.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The session which ended in April has been the longest in the annals of the Society. It has established new records, too, in the number of members, in the average attendance, in the number of speeches delivered, and in new developments. This magazine originated from the Society, and its members form the great majority of the contributors. A Chess Club was formed this session, and a Dramatic Society. The public will hear more of the latter early in the coming session. The Literary Society, too, is composed wholly of our members, four of whom have gained University Scholarships during the past eighteen months, the latest being A. Dilworth this term. On a survey of the speeches of the session it may be said that, compared with the previous year, the general level has been considerably higher, while there have been fewer speeches of outstanding merit. The Secretary (Lees), fortified by experience, shrewdness, and wit that has developed in pungency, has been the most influential personality in the House, and has maintained the most consistent level of speaking. Thomas has the making of a real orator. He has corrected his earlier fault of over-rapidity, and when in form and interested in his theme, he makes a first-rate speech. Spencer has improved greatly in self-con-

fidence and vigour of expression. He has the great merits of treating his subject on a high plane and of pursuing a sustained argument without deviating or degenerating into trivialities. Dilworth, also, has had a successful session, and has become quite a trenchant debater. Durham's gain will be the society's loss next session. Coghlin (J. G.) is still nervous. At his best he is excellent, but variability of mood makes him unequal. Schroeder is facile and a most destructive critic, but a tendency to be too volatile weakens his effectiveness when advocating a cause. Jacobs is like Jacques, "full of matter," but he must remember that asperity towards opponents is wont to produce reprisals. Brookes has mastered nervousness to a very praiseworthy degree. Taylor speaks well and forcibly, but the criticism on Jacobs also applies to him. Hilbert is a very much improved speaker. Less vehement, he is far more effective. The younger members have shown high promise. But for the Constitution they would have made the House sit throughout the Summer Term. T. W. Coghlin is a daring and gay speaker. Wadsworth blends wit with much earnestness in controversy. The calm manner and logical speech of Ross make him very effective. Wilson is a very courageous and versatile speaker, but he must beware of a tendency to lecture his audience. S. Lord is a strong debater, with a rather provocative vehemence at times.

On March 16th a debate was held on the motion "that this House is in favour of Home Rule for India," proposed by S. Lord, seconded by H. Wadsworth. The opposition was led by Ross, seconded by Riley. The subject evoked great warmth of feeling on both sides. The motion was supported by Lees, Spencer, Dilworth, Taylor, and Brookes, and opposed by T. W. Coghlin, Wilson, Sutcliffe, and Roth. The House affirmed the motion by nine votes to eight. On March 30th the House debated a vote of confidence in the present Government. The motion was proposed by A. Dilworth, who was seconded, to the

mingled amazement and amusement of the House, by the Chairman. The opposition was led by Kay, seconded by Lees. The other speakers in an animated debate were Spencer, Thomas, Jacobs, Brookes, Roth, Schroeder, Fox, and T. W. Coghlin. The motion was rejected by 11 votes to six. On April 13th the proceedings took the form of a High Court trial. Jacobs, in the role of an Elland Town Councillor, sued his fellow councillor, Hilbert, for libel, claiming £10,000 damages. The plaintiff was represented by Mr. Lees, K.C., and Mr. Coghlin. Defendant's counsel were Mr. Spencer, K.C., and Mr. Schroeder. The Court Reporter notes that "the private life of both gentlemen was dragged into the glaring light of publicity in a most distressing manner"! After three hours' examination and cross-examination of ten witnesses, and impassioned appeals by counsel, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff with damages one farthing. No order was made as to costs! We understand that counsel on both sides are still seeking them! On April 20th, the Chairman entertained the Society at Webster's Cafe, George Square. After whist and refreshments a programme of exceptional merit occupied the rest of the evening (almost until the morrow). Don Paolo da Bruxi accomplished a bun dance on the piano, upon which also Signor Joanerbes performed as beffited a "Prince of Thunder," and Mons. Scrooge waxed "violint" with effect. Two great vocal turns were those of Truthful James in "Fish and a Pennorth," and H.I.M. John William of Orange in "The Co.-Sergeant Major." A lecture on "Syncopated Harmony, its Composition and Construction," by Professor Kapper, K.C.B., brought down the House. An address on Modesty by the Rev. Cyril Benjamin was also uproariously received. Two dramatic monologues by Mr. Seaton were heartily encored. The Heathen Players presented "Mike Bridges' Apparition," and "Dope." The acting held the audience spellbound. While all the players without exception acquitted themselves admirably, no one can grudge a

special tribute to Coghlin (J. G.), Thomas, and H. Dilworth, who gave a performance of unique dramatic power. The proceedings finished with marked unwillingness to quit the premises.

The first meeting of the next session will be held on Friday, September 17th, at 4 p.m., when new members will be elected. Members of the present Fifth Form are reminded that they will be eligible for membership on their entry into the Remove, and it is earnestly hoped that they will follow the good example set by the present Remove and join to a man.

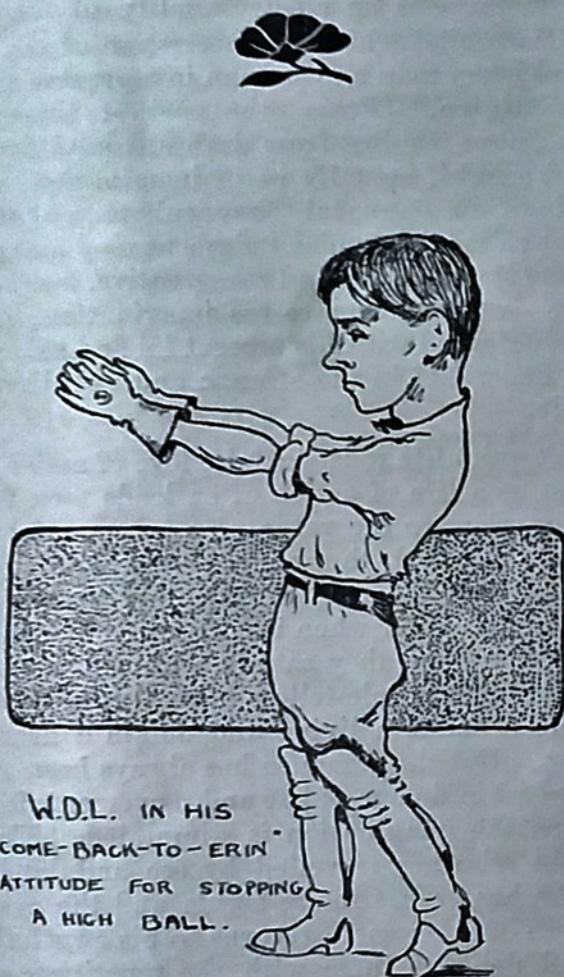
—Scrutator.

HINTS ON CAMPING.

By H. Wadsworth.

A good way of spending one's holidays is to go camping. Having purchased a tent, the next thing to do is to pitch it. To do this properly requires eight men, one for the pole, one for each of the guide ropes, one for the mallet, and two to be ready to unravel the ropes from the throat of any of their friends who are unlucky in this respect. When the tent has been raised to a vertical position, everybody should begin to talk at once, showing how to knock in the pegs, and showing the others where they are wrong. Should any violent quarrel arise from this, the persons concerned should each be given a mallet, as this will save much valuable time. To drive in a peg, it is held in position on the ground at an angle of 45 degrees by the foot—it is best to borrow someone else's for this, especially if one is not expert with the mallet—and driven into the ground firmly. The tent being erected, the question now follows as to sleeping in it. In a bell tent the inmates are supposed to pass the night with their feet to the pole, from which they stick out like spokes in

a hub. In the morning this rule is generally found to have been broken, and there is great distress owing to congestion. Very often a trench is dug round the tent to carry away the water if it should rain; if it does not rain it will come in very useful for matches, etc. About luggage not much can be said; about three large travelling trunks will be sufficient. Much more might be said about this mode of spending a holiday, but enough has been said to put the budding camper on the right track, especially if he is an enthusiastic scout.



OUR CELEBRITIES.

I.—W. D. LEES.

By "Tatcho."

A bell rang. A boy appeared. "The Editor wants you." I rose with a sigh and hied me to the presence of Omnipotence. [Don't know him.—Ed.] Arrived, He [Go sparing on the capitals.—Ed.] began: "I want you to do me a series on Celebrities. Begin on W. D. Lees. Sleuth him from teething 'o toothless." [We are not O. Henry.—Ed.] I bowed to the nth. crease and withdrew. Now for the MAN Lees. First to "Who's Who": Lees, W. D., entered H.G.S. 1912; member of 1st Eleven Football, 1917; Vice-captain 1918-19; Captain 1919-20; Cricket First Eleven, Vice-captain 1918, Secretary 1919; Captain 1920; School Librarian since 1917; Debating Society, Joint Secretary 1918-19; Secretary 1919-20; Secretary of the "New Heathen" since its foundation in 1919; Prefect 1919; Senior Prefect and Head of the School 1920. Phew! I mopped my fevered brow. I must pause a minute for breath. "Who's Who" disposed of, I slipped on my gas-mask and made my way past the lab. to W.D.'s charming apartment. "Go away," said a polite voice in answer to my equally polite knock; so I accepted the invitation and stepped inside. I found my objective hard at work on his lunch. He greeted me with his own cheery smile and invited me to take a seat on an easy chair, made of the hardest wood imaginable. Lunch completed, he gazed on me with an indulgent eye. "Age next birthday?" I said, taking out my notebook. My host scratched his chin for a minute and thought deeply, at last answering, "Nineteen, I think." Having disentangled myself from his mighty grasp, I proceeded: "What," said I, "are your favourite recreations?" "Football, cricket, swimming, tennis, and Homer." "You read Homer?" I asked, falling over the back of my curious seat. "Oh, no,"

he re-assured me, "you see, I specialise in the homely pigeon at my place in Bradshaw." I breathed freely once again. "And what is your opinion of Bradshaw?" I asked. My host's expressive eyes lit up with pleasure as he described the many beauties of his village. "Bradshaw," he said, "is all in all to me. I live for Bradshaw, and I would die for it. What boots it if in the winter I arrive here caked to my eyes with Bradshaw slime? What recks it? I care naught." And with a sublime gesture, he gummed a label on a library book. "To what do you attribute your fount of dry humour?" I asked next. "To Bradshaw's bracing air," he said, pasting in another label upside down. For the first time I noticed a peculiarity in my host. His scalp was strangely movable, and with a certain muscular action he was able to slide it up and down like a greased wig. "By Jove," I said, "would you mind doing that again?" He did it again, with vim, and I gazed appalled. The sheer wonder of it stunned me for a time.

Next I sounded my host on his literary performances. "And how did you come to write those masterpieces of yours 'Toothache' and 'The Nightmare'?" I asked. "Oh, put it down to Bradshaw, again," he said, "local colour and all that, you know."

W.D. stretched and yawned. The interview was clearly boring him. "Do you know what I'd like?" he said, "a few cushions, an electric fan, an oriental rig-out, and a hookah." "By Jove, they would suit you," I said, and the next moment was in his iron grip. Never before had I realised how swiftly W.D. could act. The swiftness of his 'and completely deceived my eye. I salammed, and my generous host relapsed once more into his chair.

Why need I enlarge on the many good qualities of good-natured W.D. Like "Dan" himself, they are known to all the world. Best of all, I like his sheer unmechanicality. Take the case of cricket

matches, for instance. His "togs" are never laid out carefully the evening before. He doesn't even know where they are and adds to his enjoyment of life by a frenzied search in the morning. If he can't find them, he searches until he does. And then, there is always a sporting chance that he will miss his train!

And now let us bid him a fond "Au revoir." Bravo, W.D.!

ROMANCE.

By H. P. Jacobs.

Romance is an elusive quality of the human mind which is a possession of perhaps every man and woman in a greater or less degree. From the earliest times, men have revolted from drab surroundings and sought, actually or in imagination, a refuge in unusual happenings. For though men's sounder judgment may make them stay at home and conservative, everyone, in proportion to his imagination, is discontented with his present lot and eager to find relief in the strange and unbelievable.

A quiet life rouses a false love of action, just as a life of action often leads men to over-estimate the value of a peace which, when attained, they cannot appreciate any more than the man of sedentary pursuits can love action when it is required of him. Because then they satisfy a human want, the romantic tale-tellers have always been able to make a living and obtain a hearing. But the romance has always been at its best in an age of life and movement, for then the imagination is stimulated. The man who has travelled by sea and land, who has seen strange sights and the customs of other men, returns to his own folk and delights them with the repetition of his adventures. His tales lose nothing in the telling, and his hearers have imagination and the romantic dissatisfaction with the ordinary. And so a romantic literature is born.

It is from the active and imaginative people, generally peoples with a good footing on the sea, that romantic literature has its origin. We see this in the case of the Asiatic Greeks; they have spread, as mercenaries, traders, and pirates, from Mesopotamia to Spain, and from Egypt to the northern shores of the Euxine; the quays and market places of their cities were thronged with men from the ends of the earth; in the uncertain state of human knowledge the report of a traveller was equally difficult to prove and to contradict, and a Stanley and a De Rougemont might easily exist side by side. The popular imagination was fixed by vague reports of wonders in distant lands; in the rich and well-cultivated plains of Asia, a wonder was hard to find, but imagination sought refuge from a sordid political struggle of rich and poor, who alternately inflicted and endured tyranny, in the prospect of strange and romantic adventures in distant lands. One such seeking after an anodyne is perhaps to be found in the story of Aristaeus the Proconnesian. Mention is made of a poem by this man in which, quitting the tame life of a city that perhaps seemed to him mean and vulgar beyond all others, the poet is carried, rapt in frenzy, beyond the Issedonians. Almost everyone seeks romance, and the greater part of mankind satisfy themselves with hearing and reading romantic tales; a few tell the tales; a very few find romance themselves. Thus, Aristaeus may be put in the second class.

There are many tales handed down to us from the Greeks of Asia. Some are false, some are true, some distorted, and of some we may not venture an opinion. There was an island of Ogygia beyond the Pillars of Heracles. Calypso, the sea-goddess, dwelt there, and there she received the storm-tossed Odysseus. Aeae was another island, where Circe lived and worked her tapestries till some luckless sailor came to give her sport. Strange sea-monsters sought to bring the mariner to his end, while the land was peopled with man-eating giants. Beyond the Bosphorus were the Symplegades, that became firm fixed

when the Argo passed. Strange tales were told, too, of the long-lived Aethiopians, commonly to the age of six score, and who bathed in a fountain whose water would not support the lightest wood; of dragon hoards in Central Asia, from which the one-eyed Arimaspi filch the gold of which the Massagetae, from their lack of iron, make a great part of their arms; of Psylli that went out to do battle with the South Wind, and dwarfs that maintained a doubtful warfare with the cranes. There was a river Eridanus by which amber was found, and in Egypt and Arabia was a wonderful bird called the *Phœnix*. In Arabia, too, were the trees that yielded precious gums, and dreadful flying serpents guard these trees. Every year these serpents invade Egypt, but in a certain gorge they are met by birds that destroy them in vast numbers, so that the gorge is strewn with their bones. Antimenidas of Mytilene received from Nebuchadnezzar a splendid sword, as his reward for

“Slaying a monstrous man—
And dread was the terror he cast—
Five royal cubits he tower'd vast
Lacking only a span.”

In India there is a valley of gold, which camel-mounted Indians steal away from its warders, the mighty ants. Somewhere in the heart of Libya are the fountains of the mysterious Nile; Libya is an island except for the land by Pelusium, for the Phœnicians have sailed round it in the days of Pharaoh-Necho, and they said that at one time they had the sun on their right hand. Polycrates of Samos cast his ring of great price—Theodorus the cunning craftsman made it—into the sea lest his good-luck should rouse the jealousy of the gods, but the ring came back to him in the belly of a fish, and not long after Oroetes, and Persian, took Polycrates by treason and slew him.

Such tales are the result of child-like minds coming for the first time into contact with the marvellous. The historian or the epic poet, weary of celebrating the

puny glories of his town, sought to bring before men's eyes things of ancient times and far-off lands. And men liked the sights presented to them; they felt that the want of something was supplied; they were unwittingly eager for a wider outlook, unwittingly seeking something more in their lives than they had had, something that, if not the true philosopher's stone, could yet o'er-gild the base metal of life. A man feels a strange pride in likening his actions to those of a romantic hero. Thus romantic literature arose, and thus Homer and Herodotus came to stay.

The next people with a great romantic literature were the Northmen. With them, too, the romantic tale was the natural result of gloomy skies, tame lives, and a restless temper. For the life of an Icelander might be called tame after the introduction of Christianity and strong government; he had indeed the capacity for forcing romances but he had to leave Iceland to get free play for this capacity. Hence the saga arose; it narrated past events and doings in distant lands. It was not in Iceland that Thorkel Foulmouth slew the "flying fire-drake"; the scene is placed in "Baltic-side." Nor was it a thoroughly Christian Iceland in which Njal was burned house and all. The Icelander's discontent could not always be satisfied by the saga; sometimes he insisted on having romance in his own life, and thereby he provided more materials for the professional tale-teller.

We meet also another aspect of romance—the nature myth. This was not perhaps so powerfully operative in the more advanced Greek mind as in the Northman's. To sink in the bog is not romantic, but to say that malevolent demons dragged you down does give an air of romance to a dangerous and alarming incident. Hence, perhaps, stories of water sprites and the like, and such tales as Brynhild's sleep, have no doubt origin in ordinary things of nature that appealed to the spirit of romance.

Any kindergarten child could, in this age of progress and enlightenment, assure the old poet that the sun is not a fairy prince whose sword, the sun-beam, rends the mail that holds the earth in sleep. The result is, that such flights of fancy are now rather rare; the Northern poets probably only regarded the story as an allegorical explanation of spring—true, in the then state of knowledge one explanation was almost as good as another—but the main loss is in imagination. The majority of civilised men now grow up with a profound contempt for antiquity, and anything more than twenty years before their time is regarded as rather prehistoric.

The reason for this is obvious. To take the case in point, scientists will tell us with the utmost certainty that the sun has a mean distance from us of ninety-two-and-a-half million miles; that its diameter is eight hundred and fifty thousand miles; that we are humble attendants of the sun; and that the alternation of seasons is caused by a known and, for all practical purposes, unvarying combination of circumstances. This is very fine, but not particularly impressive, since 92,500,000 miles or even 850,000, is a distance beyond the grasp even of a Cook's tourist. As for the use of all this, the modern brood of scientists asserts that such knowledge impresses with a sense of the power of God; but the irreverent might point out that unless we are to suppose ourselves quite unimportant for the divine plan it would have been more economical to put the sun at a mean distance of $46\frac{1}{2}$ million miles and saved three-fourths of its volume. The main aim that science serves is to destroy the spirit of fear. Men no longer think of a comet as foreboding wars and ruin, nor do they regard (as a general rule) a pestilence or a volcanic eruption as a manifestation of the divine wrath. But with the spirit of fear must go much of the spirit of reverence and much of the spirit of wonder. Hence science is the deadly enemy of romance; their antagonism is well represented by the story of the scientist who insisted on "earth-rise" being

used by his friends instead of "sun-set." Romance represents the more adventurous, the more inquisitive, part of the human mind, while science represents the plodding, utilitarian part. Science can indeed be reconciled to its foe; the desire for information that may be useful but certainly is curious, can be found even in scientists' true science, in fact, requires it, since knowledge must be sought for its own sake.

Romance, then, springs from a desire for the unusual; this desire is stimulated by discovery, and hence ages of movement, life, and discovery are characterised by romance. The legends of Arthur and Charlemagne, the great romantic products of the Middle Ages after the sagas and the Nibelungen-lied, are distinguished by complete absence of probability, which is a great requisite of romance, and it is noticeable that each had its origin in an age of progress, especially the well-developed Arthurian myth. Impetus to romance was given by the Crusades, and no doubt many crusaders fought from mere love of adventure. A further impetus was given by the Renaissance and the great geographical discoveries, but the modern romance writers generally feel constrained to maintain a spirit of perpetual apology in their books, owing, no doubt, to the advance of the scientific spirit. The final fate of the romance is probably to become a scientific novel.

Men will still require romance in their lives. But, being carefully trained to think old books unreadable, the vast majority will not like the old kind of romance. (I set aside for the time the question of the reality of romance). Accordingly, the romance, being precluded from allegory by objection to that form of composition, from other forms of romance by the advance of science, will be driven to make peace with its enemy. The other alternative is too horrible to think of. It will degenerate simply into the wild detective story and the sentimental love story.

Having thus considered the origin of romance and of romantic literature, and the progress of the latter, we come to a consideration of the utility of romance.

On this question, as we have decided that romance supplies a human want, we can have little doubt unless we are ready to assert that it is a luxury. But undoubtedly it renders life more undesirable, and nothing that provides recreation for the mind is useless. Men may still, however, take an interest in strange things yet left in the world. "Only the wonderful traveller sees wonderful things," and we, whether travellers or not, we may all, if filled with the spirit that can find in the trivialities of life something great and lasting, find the true romance in our own lives.



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