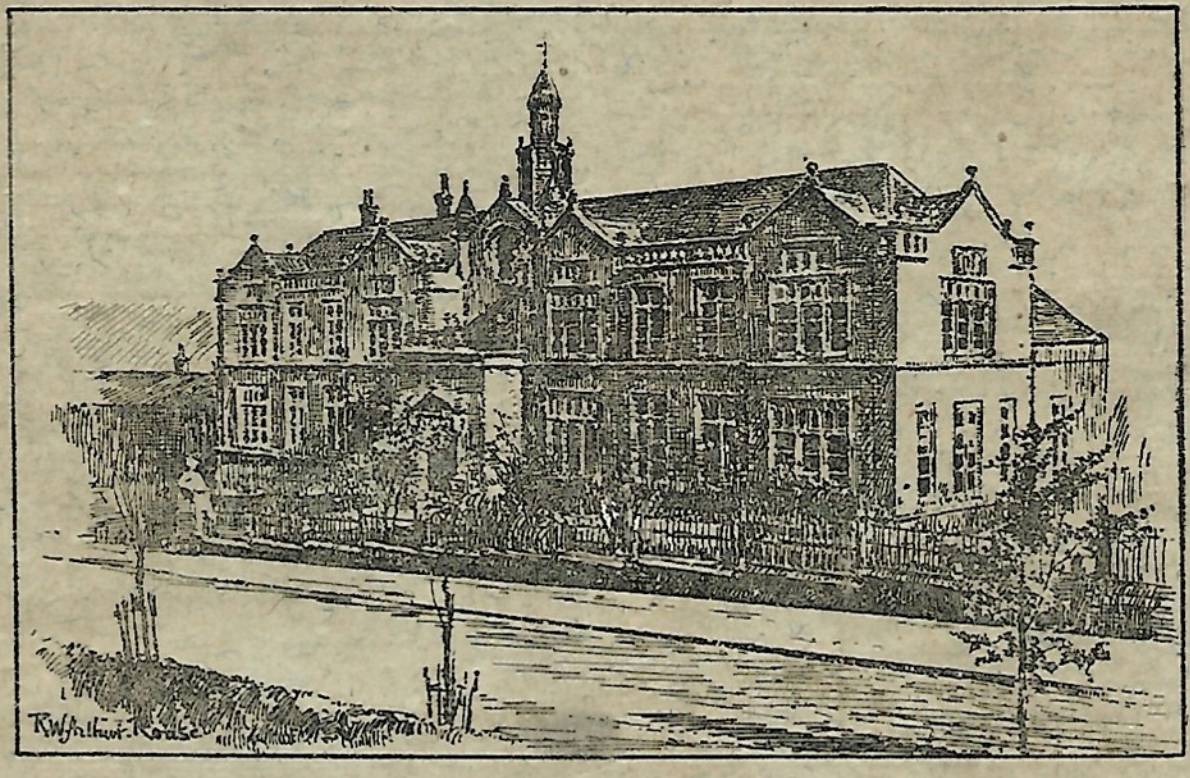
THE NEW HEATHEN.



MAGAZINE OF HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY,

HALIFAX.

Every Term :: 9d.

"Guardian" Printing Works, George-street, Halifax.

THE NEW HEATHEN

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

No. 6 (New Series). WINTER TERM, 1920. Price 9d.

THE NEW HEATHEN.

Telephone 1075, Halifax.

Annual subscription (for three numbers, post free), 2s. 9d.

Contributions for the next number must be sent in before March 1st, 1921.

Literary communications should be sent to the Editor, or to the Assistant Editor, J. G. Coghlin.

Subscriptions and donations to the Treasurer, J. H. Spencer, Heath Grammar School.

Advertisements to the Secretary, R. Thomas, Heath Grammar School.

TO OUR READERS.

This number marks the end of our second year of publication. With each successive issue this Magazine has increased in size, in the number of contributors, and in circulation. The Editor's feelings in regard to his writers may be summed up in an adaptation of a familiar phrase: "The boys are splendid." We feel constrained, under stress of irritation at the incurable egoism of some of their elders, to re-assert that ALL the poems, stories, jokes, and articles that have appeared in this Magazine are the wholly original, unassisted work of people in their "teens." They have been printed exactly as received from the writers, except for the deletion of personal references on rare occasions. One of our contributors in this number has been invited by the Editor of "Punch" to submit some of his work, with a view to publication. Whatever defects hypercritical ancients may find in the writings of our contributors, none can deny that they are instinct with life and originality. If people who are themselves unable to write ten lines of readable English would only exorcise from their minds the delusion that the rising generation is equally stupid, our boys might receive the meed of appreciation which is their due. In this connection we have to thank the Headmaster for the generous latitude he has allowed us in the admission of scripts upon which the dull might frown. And now, regretfully, we come to "King Charles' Head." The cost of production of each copy of our last number was DOUBLE the price we charged. Hence we have a considerable financial deficit. Much of the expense was incurred over the illustrations. But this is a feature that we are most anxious to continue. We therefore earnestly appeal to all of our readers who are in sympathy with the development of youthful personality to send a donation to our Magazine Fund. There are no "management expenses." The money is all applied to the printing of as many meritorious performances in Literature or Art as our boys can produce. We turn with relief fom the eternal £ s. d. question to wish our readers a Merry Christmas and an unclouded New Year.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We extremely regret that, owing to the unavoidable absence of our two leading caricaturists, No. 2 of the series, "Our Celebrities," has to be postponed until our next number.

The Editor desires to record his indebtedness and thanks to A. E. Wilson for much valuable help in connection with the issue of this number.

THE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

We again reproduce, by request, the following notice:—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.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Term began on September 16th, with the largest number of pupils in the history of the School, viz., 242.

At the same time came the pleasant tidings that W. D. Lees, who was the School Captain last Term, and Secretary of this Magazine since its commencement, had been successful in obtaining a high place in the first examination since the War, held for the Intermediate Civil Service, in July last.

Our congratulations on a similar success in the same examination go to G. Harrop (Heath 1913-18).

We extend our hearty congratulations to Alderman T. Hey, J.P., who has been one of our Governors for some years, and who is an Old Boy of the School, on his election as Mayor of Halifax.

We also heartily congratulate A. Dilworth on receiving this terms his colours for "soccer," at Worcester College, Oxford.

Likewise Kay, on receiving this Term his colours for "soccer" at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

A three years' course has been organised for the Junior School, which is now divided into three Forms.

In this connection we heartily welcomed Miss Bayley, who came to us from Ilkley.

But we feel that Mr. Seaton's gain is the School's loss. At the same time we extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Seaton, and our best wishes to Miss Bayley, on their engagement.

We have also welcomed this term Mr. Harrison, who came temporarily to conduct Captain Parker's work.

We deeply regret the continued illness of Captain Parker. The sincere sympathy of the whole School goes out to him and Mrs. Parker in the suffering he has incurred by his devoted service to his country since September, 1914.

Another newcomer who was heartily received is Captain Harrower. He has organised our Games with great zeal, and we regret extremely that he is unable to continue with us after this Term.

Next Term will commence at 10 a.m. on January 18th, 1921.

OUR OXFORD LETTER.

Oxford,
December 4th, 1920.

Dear Mr. Editor, —

It has indeed been an eventful term, for has not the Union invited to Oxford two of the world's foremost intellects, to guide our political minds into the way of truth? I am sure you must envy us the enjoyment of brilliant debates adorned by such giants as Winston Churchill and Horatio Bottomley! I feel that even you could not have remained unmoved in the presence of such talent—heretic though you are, alas! in all such matters. Winston endeavoured to persuade us that the time was not yet come for the dissolution of the Coalition, and though there were some 350 members so blind and senseless as to think it had, we romped through with a majority of 300. But really our visitor wasn't very imposing: his central theme seemed to be not so much the Coalition in general as a certain Winston Churchill in particular; and

if he is about the most brilliant speaker in the House, and his efforts there are no better than his speech with us—well, I'm glad that I have no speeches to listen to at Westminster!

Horatio, however, was really great. Standing before us as the Independent, he pointed out the disastrous effects that must follow a return to party politics—how we can "return" to that system without ever having actually left it may seem to some to be a slight difficulty, but what does that matter? Our visitor spoke fifth—and last and, like the great Horatio of old, held the bridge alone, "facing great odds," etc., for not only did he fight the opposition, but, with true heroism, he dealt equally forcefully with those who had spoken on the same side with himself. It was a fine performance, mingling wit and humour with good sense and severe criticism, the whole pervaded with a spirit of unbounded confidence in the great H. Bottomley, M.P., When he had been Prime Minister a week he would have removed 1001 (at least) grievances; within a month after his appointment to the Exchequer (at a percentage on all he saved!) he would be able to rival Carnegie in benevolence and liberality. These were bright sparks of hope in these dark days! I had no idea before that the world was within such easy reach of salvation. . . And you, Mr. Editor?

Still, it was the brightest and best of the Union debates I have heard, and, as there proved to be five or six hundred who would deplore a return to Party politics, and only some two or three hundred who would welcome it, the result—combined with that of the Winston debate—shows that there is even yet some good sense in our old University, and at least one "lost cause" of which it is NOT the home.

It is now, however—and most unfortunately—the settled home of a family of female students. To see them flit to and fro in academic garb is quite enough to give one melancholia. Their gowns indeed are gowns, but whatever are their caps? They have appropriately been called the "Black and 'Tams,'" but would that these auxiliaries at any rate, could be withdrawn! Next week Cambridge is to decide whether there, too, there is to be an invasion of these undesirable hordes; for Oxford's sake I hope they take them in,—otherwise what a flood of them we must fear!—but I doubt whether they will be such fools. Up to the present there is only one women's eight on the river; it may serve a useful purpose in tending to improve the river vocabulary, but at what a cost!

Oxford has just sustained a pretty heavy defeat at the hands of Cambridge on the running ground; we must look to next week's football matches to retrieve our position. They should be excellent games, but I trust that Oxford will manage to prove her superiority.

The old Heathens up here continue to flourish pretty well; Riley has now advanced to the awe-ful status of Bachelor, and is now, I believe, absorbed in the attempt to add some mighty discovery to the extensive realms of science. Jacobs, wallowing in historical lore, seems to have successfully shaken off the horrible mathematics,—though their effect can still be seen in his capacity for tea-drinking. Dilworth and Thompson continue the even tenour of their ways at Worcester, which appears to "carry on" pretty well, in spite of them. Of the activities of present Heathens we hear very little; surely they will be represented in the coming scholarship exams. up here? I sincerely hope so, and wish all who come the very best of luck. I trust all goes well with the school,—on the playing fields and in the class room,—I had almost added, "and on the lawn," but, of course, it is in no danger of sacrilegious treatment during the winter terms,—and also in the debating society with all its new endeavours. I hope its younger members are a regenerate body, and make the society a saner institution than it was, not so long ago.

Well, I must close, with best wishes for continued prosperity for the Mag.,

Remaining, etc., etc.,

P. Q. R.

OUR DURHAM LETTER.

University College,
The Castle, Durham,
6-12-20.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

In accordance with a rash promi I made a few months ago—that I wo write the Durham letter this term—I

begin to inflict torture upon your, no doubt, already much overburdened ears. (As end-of-term collections take place this week, I must be brief; so feat not.)

Work goes down pretty well for a first term: besides maths., I take Latin and French, so my time is fairly occupied. As far as sports are concerned, my activities in this direction have been almost solely confined to rugger, whether as a forward or linesman, though I have been on the river a few times. My spell of soccer was about as short and sweet as a donkey's trot, as I only turned out once for the college eleven and then retired hurt early on in the game!

Apart from the freshers' wine at the beginning of the term, the only events of interest as regards college life, were the river races for Trial Fours, Challenge Pairs, and President's Sculls. In the first of these we had two boats competing, both of which were knocked out in the second round: in the second event our boat was beaten by inches; and a Castle man won the Sculls fairly easily; so that we had our share of 'excitement.'

Other interesting happenings, in the Cathedral, this term include the enthronement of the new bishop, Dr. Henson; the marriage of Lord Eustace Stanley to Lady X.: and the presentation of the colours of the D.L.I. At all of these the entire population of the neighbourhood turned out en masse, regarding them as public holidays.

The Union here seems somewhat handicapped by lack of funds, but carries on very well in spite of this. The reading room has to do service also for a debating hall, for which it is scarcely large enough. There have been some very good debates this term, on such deep subjects as "The follies of our past educational system"; "The Northcliffe Press": and the "Present Divorce Bill." The President gave a very good address, at the beginning of term, on "The Elders of Zion," which was much appreciated. We have also had two college debates and have the "Freshers' Debate" on Friday, followed by the Castle wine on Saturday.

Hunter wishes to be remembered to all he H.G.S.D. Society, and regrets that ving to pressure of work he is unable to d a literary contribution to this ber.

Thus far with all needful pen, I have pursued the slips; and having nothing more to say, will conclude,

Yours respectfully,

H. Dunnett.

OUR CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Magdalene College,
Cambridge,
December 3rd, 1920.

Dear Sir,

By the time this appears in print the question of the hour will have been settled. That question is whether it is meet and right to admit women to full membership of the University. A good deal of rot has appeared in the London press on this topic. Cambridge seems to be regarded as an ante-diluvian conservative monster feebly trying to stem the tide of progress from purely selfish motives.

That no one objects to the granting of degrees to women who take the same lectures and the same examinations as we do was sufficiently proved last term, when the Union Society passed a motion in favour of this measure by a majority of about one hundred. Yet a motion to support the famour "Report A." was lost by a similar majority this term.

For "Report A." is absolutely all-inclusive, and admits women to every office of the University. While "always the little gentlemen," we feel a certain amount of rather natural panic at the thought of women tutors and supervisors. And just imagine women proctors and bull-dogs! It is surely more reasonable to try Report "B." first, which is a much more modified form, from which we can always pass on to Report "A.," whereas the other step would be irrevocable.

In spite of this controversy, there is still a little enthusiasm left over for the Inter-'Varsity rugger and soccer matches at Queen's Club on December 7th and 11th. The Oxford people have the idea that the brilliance of Waldock is going to beat us at stand-off half—(shades of Clem Lewis!). But there, some people do suffer from these delusions, and are more to be pitied than blamed. The soccer match, at any rate, I think we ought to win.

There has been singularly little in the way of rugging this term, though we had quite a nice affair on Armistice night, and a minor effort on the 5th. Rowing has claimed its usual victims, and boxing has increased greatly in popularity. In fact, things all round have been going on much as usual, and there's no more to be said.

Yours very sincerely,

C. B. KAY.

OUR WIGAN LETTER.

Wigan,

Last Night.

My dear Lads,—

I cannot say what pleasure it gives me to write you a letter from one of the greatest health resorts of England. I propose to give you in this short epistle a knowledge of Life *comme il se vive* at Wigan.

Despite its recent popularity it is still a rustic town. At all hours one can see on the village green the fiddler fiddling, the cobbler cobbling, and the millhand millhanding. What pleasanter scene than this can be imagined? As I sit here, before the Green Man Inn, on a century-old settle, scarred with old carvings and just (as the landlord tells me) received fresh from Birmingham, from the maker's hands —as I sat here, after despatching a savoury dish of Wigan cannel and lightning cough cure, washed down with a draughty tankard of Health Salt, I feel loth to leave it.

For many are its pleasures, as for instance, its foaming canal that wafts the lofty barges o'er the swelling flood; what more awe-inspiring is there than the well-known intrepidity of its mariners? And withal, they have all the old seaman's traditions: for instance, they will not work on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, because they consider these days unlucky. It is rumoured that they are deciding whether Tuesday is unlucky or no.

But now I must, with regret, finish my letter. It has been a task of love. My one plea is that your gratitude will not be too profuse, for I consider my present existence and prosperity to be due to some extent to Halifax.

Yours, in affection and Wigan,

P. SUTCLIFFE.

A SYNDICALISTIC STORY.

Chapter I. (By K.O.G.)

THE KIND YOUNG MAN.

Out of the dazzling brilliance of the front of the "Diadem" Theatre stepped a young man. It was bitterly cold, and as he stepped down the theatre's gorgeous steps the young man turned up the collar of his huge fur coat. Shiveringly he surveyed the landscape for any vestige of a taxi to whirl him homewards. Not a vehicle seemed to be in sight, and the Honourable Freddy cursed beneath his breath. On top of the revue "Chin-Chin" which Freddy had left at the second act to evolve itself in its own inimitable way, this second exasperation was acute.

"Taxi!" he bawled at the top of his voice, looking straight into the black sky as though expecting it to rain taxis.

"Taxi!" he shouted again, rather idiotically.

The word had barely escaped his lips for the second time, when a sound of gently moving wheels was borne through the winter air. Then there came suddenly into the light cast by the "Diadem"—a bath-chair. It was self-propelled, and the propellor was an old man, white-haired and seemingly very feeble. It seemed to be barely within his power to move the huge wheels of his bath-chair, much less to move them with any appearance of celerity. Freddy stepped aside to let the old man pass, but the bath-chair stopped short.

"Kind gentleman—" began the old man, in a thin, cracked voice, "at least, you look kind; would you ——"

"Here you are! Will this do?" said Freddy, as he pressed a shilling into the old man's hand.

"No, no," said the old man, pushing the coin away, "I don't want your money, kind gentleman. Only—could you—could you—er—do me a little favour?"

"What is it?" asked Freddy, just a little impatiently.

"I am old, and weak," replied the other, "I can hardly move this chair. I should like just a little help. Could you—would you push me a little of the way home. I will do my best with the wheels. You will be so kind, I am sure."

Freddy swore quite loudly, but all the same he put his hands on the back of the bath-chair, and started to push.

"Thank you kindly," said the old man. Freddy said nothing, but went on pushing. The old man was of quite a respectable heaviness, as Freddy soon discovered. As the bath-chair bowled along the even pavement at a good speed, Freddy was suddenly struck with a disturbing idea. Suppose someone whom he knew should see him in such a condition!

He turned up his collar still higher, and pushed the bath-chair still faster. The old man was silent, except to indicate the way now and then. The neighbourhood through which they were passing became shabbier as they progressed, and Freddy had just a faint idea of where they were. He was now, however, quite warm and comfortable, and glowed with the unwonted exertion.

"Down here," indicated the old man, as yet displaying no haste to propel his own vehicle. Freddy obediently steered the chair down a dim badly-lit alley.

"Through here," said the old man again, and Freddy guided him into a still darker court, or cul-de-sac. (

"Look here—" said Freddy, at last thinking it was time to leave the old man to his own resources.

"I'm home now!" declared the old man in a voice as strong as an agitating orator's. Then, to Freddy's astonishment, he gave a terrific leap into the air, and descended on to the cobblestones, erect and smiling.

"Well, I'm——"

"I dare say you are," said the old man, in a jovial tone, and the next instant he had seized Freddy's hand in a grip that made him wince. The white wig was hurled to the floor and no decrepitude of age remained. The stranger knocked thrice upon a dark door. Immediately it opened, and Freddy caught a faint glimpse of something in a gorgeous uniform.

"Take away the bath-chair, James," said the stranger, and the gorgeous person stepped into the court and wheeled the vehicle into some receptacle.

"Now, my friend," said the stranger to Freddy, "you are doubtless tired after your walk, and perhaps wish for an explanation of my conduct. If you will step inside, I will gratify your hunger with creature comforts and your curiosity with a full explanation. I have also a very important proposal to make to you—very important."

A little apprehensive, yet hiding his feelings under a brave exterior, the Honourable Freddy acquiesced with the utmost pleasure and stepped inside.

The two proceeded for ten yards along a pitch-dark passage. Then the stranger flung open a door. A stream of light dazzled Freddy's eyes.

"Come in," said the stranger.

Freddy did so.

The scene inside the room called to his lips the biggest expression of wonder and amazement he had ever uttered.

Chapter II. (By E.R.B.)

"My holy aunt," said Freddy.

The scene before him was indeed amazing. The room was very large and very high; its walls were fantastically decorated with Oriental designs in bright and vivid colours; the floor was covered with a thick carpet in the same style. At the lower end of the room was a large window of variegated glass, through which could be faintly seen waving palms. A fountain of white marble sent up a jet of water that arched into graceful curves and fell into a shallow basin, its drops glinting in the diffused light which emanated from numerous shaded lamps cunningly hidden in the recesses of the walls. From unseen instruments there was wafted a faint and mysterious melody, which Freddy soon recognised as being that of the latest popular song. His guide led him to a dinner table laid for one at the far end of the room, and struck a silver bell, at whose summons appeared from behind a hitherto unnoticed curtain a silent-treading Indian, who bore the first course of what eventually proved to be a sumptuous eight-course dinner. The pseudo-hypochondriac motioned Freddy to begin.

"Now fall to, my kind friend, and don't let me hear another word from you until you have finished," he said.

Freddy made several vain attempts to object, but at last yielded to his host, and fell to, not altogether unwillingly. The same luxury was preserved in every course, and the Indian waited silently behind him and finally went out at his master's order

to fetch cigars. On returning he whispered a few unintelligible words that Freddy only just managed to catch.

"Sahib Drenton, Oriana bids me tell thee that all will be ready in fifteen minutes."

"I am sorry that I shall have to keep you waiting," Drenton (whose name Freddy had heard for the first time) remarked, "but your curiosity shall be satisfied finally in a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile, have a cigar."

By this time Freddy was getting exceedingly puzzled, and, taking a cigar, he said:

"Now look here, I must thank you for a very good dinner, but I wish you'd tell me what the game is?"

"My dear chap," was the reply, "if you can restrain your curiosity for another fifteen minutes, I promise that it shall be satisfied, and you will not be sorry either that you helped the 'poor old man.'"

Freddy shrugged his shoulders and subsided. They smoked in silence for another ten minutes. Then a bell rang in the next apartment. Drenton jumped up and led him to the curtain through which the servant had entered. He pressed a button in the wall, and of a sudden the lights went out, and with a swirl the curtains were drawn back, disclosing a smaller and dimly lighted apartment, furnished with even greater sumptuousness than the first. In the further end of the side wall was a door through which the ex-invalid disappeared, saying as he went, and pointing to the far corner:

"There shall your curiosity be satisfied, for there is ORIANA."

Chapter III. (By J.H.S.)

THE VOICE.

Here then was Freddy, wafted out of the cheap glamour of the city into the mystic Oriental splendour of the Arabian Nights—and, what was more, left amidst it all alone with the Unknown. Now, though he did not lack courage, he was not impulsive, but possessed that mastermind, which even in a crisis can pause and think. So instead of immediately rushing across to the far corner, with the intention of solving the mystery or dying in the attempt, he sank into a handy ottoman and considered his position.

He first tried to pierce the gloom; but the light was of that dim variety which throws just sufficient shadow to camouflage any object across a room the size of this one. All Freddy could see in the far corner was darkness of slightly varying intensities.

But why had this fellow Drenton lured him in this strange manner to this still stranger place? Whatever his reason there were two possibilities; the intention must be either good or bad. And the blighter seemed quite friendly and he had provided a most ripping feed. Then Freddy was carried back in thought to his early youth and he remembered somebody in a play by a fellow with an unsteady name, saying that a man may smile and smile and be a villain. Yes, the honourable one was not going to be caught napping. He had heard vague rumours of how young men were trapped and brought to terrible but nameless fates. Well, if it was his money they were after, he'd only enough for a taxi home and some fish and chips. Begad, how he'd been cursing that fact before!

Ah! a fresh idea. . . . Freddy wasn't here at all. He'd merely fallen asleep at the "Diadem," and all the rest and this eastern bosh was a dream, the result of that champagne he'd had, followed by "Chin-Chin." But careful pinchings in sundry sensitive segments of his anatomy caused only physical discomfort, without an- corresponding change in his surroundings.

Instead it brought to him once more the recollection that he was in a room with Oriana. But who the deuce was Oriana? It struck him as being quite a good title for a new opera. And again it attracted him as being delightfully suggestive of femininity. Yet on the other hand it might be a euphonious name for a man-eating tiger. These eastern johnnies did have such dashed queer ideas about pets.

Now he began to feel drowsy. It may have been the effect of so much concentrated thought, or only the luxurious comfort of his position added to the monastic gloom; or—had he been drugged? Anyway he didn't care a d—, and if he didn't go to Oriana, perhaps Oriana would come to him.

But he did wish his pal Philips were with him. Philips was such a man of

action, and just now Freddy couldn't act; he felt as though he had eaten of the Lotus. There was a spell upon him.

All this had passed through Freddy's mind in a very short time, not more than a minute at most, and he was just pondering whether to arise and search for a switch for another light, when his ear was startled by a low growl. He sat up in a hurry and said some profane things sotto voce, his hair trying to free itself from the Anzora. So Oriana was some wretched animal after all!

Just as he had begun feeling round for an exit, the first sound was superseded by another, which captivated him. It was the voice of a woman singing to the accompaniment of a harp. Never had Freddy heard such lovely music—and he had been to most of the musical comedies—and for the first time in his life he realised that, with a harp and a voice like that, heaven would be quite tolerable, even if you did have wings to get in your way when you fastened your back collar-stud.

The words of the song were without meaning to him, but his public school training helped him to guess that they might be Italian, Tyrolean, Spanish, Hindustani, Irish, or Hawaiian. But that didn't matter; it was the rendering of the thing that counted, and Freddy instinctively recognised that it was a love song, and therefore the words could have no meaning, whatever the language.

As the song continued, our hero made up his mind that Oriana was the girl for him, and all that little army of chorus-girls could go to—well, anywhere they liked. He slowly advanced towards the voice, preparing with the last note to cry "Oriana," and clasp his new-found treasure in his arms. The trouble, however, was that he hadn't found her yet, for though her voice grew nearer, her form did not appear even in the dimmest silhouette.

Then with the final trill that low, raucous gr-r-r- sounded again quite close. The Honourable Frederick was by this time in the middle of the room and a state of high nervous tension. At this rude anti-climax he jumped sharply to the right and came into violent contact with a small table. In his efforts to steady himself he reached forward and embraced a peculiar box-like cabinet.

Immediately disillusionment came to him.

This could not be Oriana, she must be beyond.

For this was a gramophone!

Chapter IV. (By R.T.).

Freddy's first feelings at this annoying discovery were of intense disappointment—almost pevishness. During those divine but few moments when he had been held enraptured by the love-song of what he thought was a beauteous Syren, Oriana, his whole being had been temporarily raised "from this sorry scheme of things" into a higher etherial sphere, dominated by one god-like figure, the incarnation of beauty and romance—Oriana. What a dream of bliss! What a precipitate descent to earth again! But yet, the mystery was not solved by any means. Surely the gramophone was not Oriana—that would be a deception too heartless even for the tantalising Drenton. He pondered—or to be exact tried to. But somehow his mental faculties seemed to have passed from his own control—he could not think he could not reason logically or gather together his thoughts on this engrossing mystery. Every time, that haunting, yet somehow soothing, melody forced itself upon his senses, and in front of him arose the beautiful illusion that obsessed him. An idea suddenly presented itself to him—he would leave the mysterious apartment, if he were allowed, and demand an explanation from the erstwhile invalid Drenton. He turned and groped forward, looking for the curtains through which he had entered; but found that the whole room was draped with medieval tapestries, and nowhere could he discover anything resembling a door. He was not dismayed at this discovery; not even surprised, for he was beyond these emotions; and ever was there the restraining influence of the vision of Oriana, calling him back, drawing him irresistibly to the neighbourhood of the gramophone, as if there he might solve the puzzle. Suddenly the mysterious instrument gave voice again, at first a low canine growl, but then a melody, not however, cool and soothing, but wild and distracting, torn by fierce gusts of passion, rising and falling in swift alternations of anger and pleading. The bewildered Freddy stood dumb, his face white as

chalk, his brow clammy with a sickly, fear-born perspiration. Yes, it was fear, a subtle creeping fear that was strengthening its grasp on the listener's heart. The sluggish torpor that had shortly before dulled his senses to any logical thought or reasoning had been dispelled, or immensely changed, by this awful soul-stirring riot of sound, which left him now hot, now cold, but never with a cool and indifferent mind. The vision he conjured up before him was no longer gentle and pacific but fiercely passionate and indignant. And then it ceased, as suddenly as it had begun. Freddy sank into a convenient ottoman, a gasp of relief bursting from his lips, and for some time he made no move. Everything was silent—the place might have been a tomb; and it was a silence more unnatural because of the violent sound that had immediately preceded it. Yet he made a great effort to control himself, meeting with some success, seeing that he all but dismissed the panic that had bidden fair to carry him away. Once more he felt a strange and potent influence impelling him towards Oriana—and the gramophone. Step by step he approached where he thought the instrument stood. He had apparently lost the direction for he walked straight into the opposite wall. He turned again, took a step here, a step there, wave his hands furiously around him—but no gramophone could he find. It had vanished! It had vanished spontaneously into thin air! His senses reeled; this was surely beyond human contrivance. Then to consummate the fear that was again asserting itself in his overtaxed mind, a beam of ghastly purple light burst forth from somewhere in the wall, to fall upon his terror-stricken countenance. Slowly it grew until its gleam spread over the whole apartment. The anguished watcher suddenly raised his hands in front, took a step forward, and with a sigh sank in a swoon upon the floor.

Chapter V. (By W.D.L.)

On gradually regaining consciousness, there grew upon Fred the conviction that it was time to get up, for the soft Eastern Axminster made the best imitation of a bed. A sudden whirring over his head confirmed his suspicious, and he groped for his pillow to silence the supposed alarm-clock. His search was abruptly ended, and his true condition remembered, by the reappearance of the ghastly light, which had previously appeared purple,—a well-known symptom of intemperance.

The light shone vaguely on the opposite wall. Then in the white patch made on the tapestry appeared the mysterious words "PART TWO." They died away as swiftly as they had come, and in their place shone forth the surprising statement "TIME PASSES."

Then it dawned on him. Where else could these words appear but in a cinema? As Part 2 of a soul-stirring drama commenced with the highly magnified features of Miss Halma Tallmidge in a smiling attitude, his reflections were interrupted by the raucous tones of the gramophone, which proceeded to supply the words for the drama. He endured the combination for thirty seconds, then stuffed his coat into the hole from which the light emerged, feverishly struck a match, and went in search of the gramophone, with malice aforethought. On descrying it in the dim light with difficulty, his attempts to silence it were foiled by the opening of a door behind the hangings. "Why, Mr. Brothschild," said Drenton, "aren't you enjoying it? My lady operator, Miss Horner, said that you stopped the—ah, allow me to introduce you: Mr. Brothschild—Miss Aurelia Horner; we call her Aurie for short."

"What!" gasped Feddy, gazing at the overdressed flapper before him, "Oriana?" and he sank for the fourth time upon a fourth convenient ottoman.

"I fear you're not well, Mr. Brothschild," said Drenton, solicitously leading him into the room he first entered.

"Curse you," Freddy howled in frenzy, "my name's not Brothschild—it's Robinson."

On his host's face the politeness faded; surprise, rage, and a troublesome cough struggled for expression on his now sinister visage. "Touch me if you dare," cried Freddy in alarm, "and I'll give you in charge for not being licensed for the cinema and for evading the amusement-tax. Tell me all, and let me depart unmolested, and your secret is safe."

"Well, if I must, I must," said Drenton. "Aurie, leave us." "The fact of the matter is, Mr. B—er, Robinson, I am promoting a company for the manufacture and sale of the Drenton Patent Wireless

Cinema and Gramophone Combination." Warming to his work he continued with words made familiar by repetition. "The object of the company is to combat the present form of "Picture House," with its resulting epidemic of juvenile crime, while providing a healthy harmless educational recreation in the comfort and high moral standard of the home circle at a small outlay, or in easy monthly instalments."

Pulling himself up with a jerk he continued: "As you are not Mr. Brothschild, upon whose kindness I relied in trying to induce him to view my patent in operation, how the Hades you came to be on the steps of the Diadem at the precise moment when I had arranged a meeting for him there with an imaginary member of the chorus, I leave to your conscience. I will now report my failure to the directors, whom you see at a meeting in the adjoining room." Freddy looked, and saw through the large window of variegated glass at the lower end of the room (see Chapter II.) the faintly waving palms, as a distant voice murmured—"in favour, signify in the usual manner."

CRIBBAGE.

A Poem with a Moral.

Four ages are there of mankind,
And every age a 'crib' age.
The infant howling in his crib
Protesting 'gainst an o'er-tight bib—

Initiate to cribbage.
E'en when advanced to early youth
Forsakes he not the 'crib' age.
His weary seeking after truth

A crib assists. In very sooth
Inured is he to cribbage.
And so on reaching manhood's prime
'Tis now 'cracking a crib' age.

Alas, those cribs to Greek and Maths,
Which set him on the downward paths,
The life of crime and cribbage!
Behold him now in age and want,

Warning 'gainst every 'crib' age,
Adotard in the workhouse halls,
Whose only pastime never palls,
Alas! it still is cribbage.

—N.B.G.

Moral: Do not attempt to pun.

HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL.

Most people think it takes an awfully clever man to write a novel. Believe me, it doesn't. If he'll only follow a few simple instructions, any silly idiot can turn them out. I've written several myself, so I ought to know.

First and foremost, you want a good beginning—something startling that will take your reader with a rush, and grip him straightaway. Just for example, this would do:—"Hell!" said the Duchess, as she savagely flicked the ash from her cigar.

Or this:—"Ruined!" gasped the Vicar, desperately, as the Pink 'Un dropped from his nerveless grasp.

Or even this:—"No, thank you, sir," said the taxi-driver, "I could not think of accepting a gratuity for what is as much a pleasure to me as it is a convenience to you."

You see, you've got your audience quiet immediately, and the story has a much better chance. Of course, the people you start with need have no connection whatever with the plot; they're only there for effect. You can ship the Duchess off before the end of the chapter on a tour round the world, or the Vicar may drop dead from heart disease very early on, while the taxi-driver might be recaptured by the asylum attendants in the very first page. In any case, their part is played.

Now you want a theme. I should advise a love story,—they're safe and easy. The first thing to settle—and a most important thing it is—is the names of the characters. There are only three characters in a love story, the hero, the heroine, and the villain, together with a few makeweights.

The hero must be called by some high-sounding and uncommon name. It would never do to call a hero John Smith. Your readers would think that you were trying to deceive them, and that he was the butcher's assistant in disguise. Guy Kingslake will do very well for him, while, on similar principles, the heroine may be called Millicent de Trafford. The villain, of course, is easy. Jasper is the only name possible for him,—that is, if he is to be a really good villain. Gerald might do under some circumstances (as, for instance if you weren't quite sure whether Jasper had one "s" or two), but Jasper is much better—Jasper Fordyce. Young novelists

should also remember that readers love a villain who can swear.

You now put these characters through the usual range of events, remembering, however, to be thoroughly original in your methods. Do not be content to be one of a crowd of authors; outstrip the others in everything. Where Jasper threatens Millicent, the others will probably say that "she smiled defiantly in his teeth, and swept from the room." How she contrives to smile in his teeth I don't exactly understand, but she manages it. Then I can't quite make out "swept from the room," unless the insertion of "from" is a printer's error. This is exactly what the author is aiming at, to puzzle you. But do not be outdone; instead of being merely foolish, be absurd. Say something like this: "Pausing only to take off her boot and hurl it in his leering face, she dashed up the chimney." To write a thing like that will draw attention to you. Remember that eccentricity implies personality.

Then, sooner or later, you will probably want to conclude your story. Whether it is sooner or later will depend upon whether you are being paid by the line or for the whole thing, or whether you are being paid at all. When you do reach this stage the choice of three types of endings is open to you. You may end on a triumphant note, on a quiet note, or on a tragic note. If you decide to end on the triumphant note, you must write something like this: "Guy planted his foot firmly on Jasper's dead body, and withdrew his sword with a wrench. (Not a spanner, note.) Then he turned, and rushed to clasp Millicent in a fierce embrace. 'At last,' he said, 'my own, my very own, for ever and for aye,'"

But the note of tranquility can be touched very effectively in some way like this:

"Two years afterwards we see Guy and Millicent sitting by their cosy hearth. Millicent is crooning to sleep their baby daughter with that beautiful lullaby, 'Gott straffe Charlie Chaplin, for it's Christmas Eve to-night,' while the pet spaniel whistles an accompaniment. Guy gazes across at his wife, and thinks tenderly of the time when her mother came to stay for a month, and choked herself on the first day."

If you decide to use the tragic note, you will find it necessary to kill the heroine in the last chapter but one. This is easily done with a little ingenuity. She might contract a fatal attack of foot and mouth disease on a visit to the zoo, or she might try to board a 'bus on its last journey of the day. Anyhow, when Cyril hears about it he is very cut up, very cut up, indeed, poor fellow. This is the effect it has on him:

"He staggered on amid the careless throng"—I've never staggered on amid a careless throng myself, but I should think it must be rather good fun—"to where the lights of the Embankment seemed to beckon him. He leaned over, and gazed on the dark, mysterious water. And as he gazed its rippling swish seemed to invite him to leave behind this world of care, of disappointment . . . ."

Guy must be rather a discourteous fellow at heart, for he refuses this invitation, and flies to foreign climes, where he seeks a refuge from his woes in a monastery. Here he spends the rest of his life telling beads—(I don't know what he tells them)—and "eating out his heart for love of his lost Millicent."

I should think this habit of his creates quite a stir among the local practitioners. And he's been at it some time now: in fact, there can't be much of it left to be eaten. When he does get through, I don't know what he'll do. I suppose he'll start eating his suspenders. —"Kappa."

THE RIDING MASTER.

The scene is a Riding School at the back of the Western Front, set in a valley of green meadows bordered by files of plumy poplars and threaded by a silvery stream.

The Riding Master wears a crown on his sleeve, tight breeches, jack-boots, vicious spurs, and sable moustachios.

His victims, a dozen Infantry officers, circle slowly round the "menage." They are mounted on disillusioned cavalry horses who came out with Wellington, and who know a thing or two.

Suddenly the Riding Master clears his throat and at the sound thereof the chargers cock their ears and the riders grab handfuls of leather and hair.

"Now gentlemen, mind the word. Gently away—tra-a-at." The horses break into a slow jog trot and the riders into a cold perspiration.

R.M.: "Sit down, sit up, 'oller yer backs even pace. Number Two, Sir, 'oller yer back; don't sit 'unched up like you'd overate yerself. Number Seven, don't throw yerself about in that drunken manner, you'll miss the saddle altogether presently. Number Three, don't flap yer helbows like an 'en; you ain't laid an hegg, 'ave yer? 'Oller yer backs, 'eads up, 'eels down: four feet from nose to croup. Number One, keep yer feet back, you'll be kicking that mare's teeth out, you will. Come off 'is 'ead; this ain't a monkey-'ouse. Keep a light an' even feeling of both reins, back of the 'ands foremost. Leggo that mare's tail, Number Seven; you're goin', not comin', and any'ow that mare likes to keep 'er tail to 'erself. You've upset her now, the tears is fair streamin' down 'er face: 'ave a bit o' feelin' for a pore dumb beast. 'Oller yer backs, even pace, grip with both knees, shorten yer reins. Number Eight, restrain yerself, me lad, you ain't shadow-sparrin', you know. Ride—walk—Ri' tur-r-rn—'Alt—'pare to s'mount—s'mount. Dismount I said, Number Five. No, don't dismount on the flat of yer back, try to remember you're a horficer and look more dignified. Now listen while I henumerate the parts of a norse."

"The 'orse 'as two ends, a fore-end—so called from its tendency to go first—and an 'ind-end. The 'orse is provided with two sets of legs, and as the horse does 75 per cent. of 'is dirty work with 'is 'ind legs, it is hadvisable to keep clear of 'em. The legs of the horse is very delicate, so do not try to trim off any knobs on 'em with a pole-haxe—a little of that 'as been know to ruin a norse for ever. Next we come to a norse's 'ead. On the south side of 'is 'ead we discover 'is mouth, with which 'e minces 'is victuals. As the 'orse does the other 45 per cent. of 'is dirty work with 'is mouth it is best to keep clear of that too, and in fact that is why we place the saddle hin the middle of 'is back. Number Seven, what coloured 'orse are you ridin'? No, 'e ain't a chestnut nor never was, nor a raspberry neither. 'Ow hoften must I tell you that a chestnut is the colour of lager beer, a brown 'orse the colour of draught ale, and a black 'orse the colour of stout. Stan' to your 'orses, 'pare to mount, mount. There you go, Number Seven, up one side and down the other. You'll be 'urted one day and 'sposing you was to break your neck, who'd get into trouble? Me, not you. 'Ave a bit of consideration for other people, please. Now mind the word. Ride—ri tur-r-rn—walk—tra-a-at. —Helbows slightly brushing the ribs—your ribs not the 'orses, Number Six. Number Five, you perisher, you ought to go in for cowboy stunts on the Movin' Pictures. Got a strain of wild Cossack blood in you, eh?

"There yer are; now you've bin an gone an' fallen off. Nice way to repay me for all the patience and learnin' I've spent on you!"

"Now, mind the word. Ride. Canter."

He cracks his whip: the horses break into a canter; the cavaliers turn pea-green about the chops and let go the reins. The leading horse gallops off and his comrades follow, emptying saddles on their way.

The deserted Riding Master d——s his eyes and blesses his soul then sighs resignedly, takes a cigarette from his cap, lights it and waddles off towards his favourite "estaminet." —S.L.L.

A SCHOOL DINNER.

By a Non-Diner.

I went to the house of the caretaker,
That of dinner I might be a partaker;
But I'm thankful I'm only a rare taker
Of the food that was served up to me.
The soup was a soup square and rain water:
And I felt that the cook be slain ought ter,
But, considering 'twould be a vain slaughter,
Decided that I'd let him be.
The meat was a regular hair-raiser;
What was needed was someone's spare razor,
And of swear words it proved a fair raiser
In the person who sat next to me.
Then was brought in some pudding—jam stew roll—
And it really was like a —— shoe sole;
And only at last with a bamboo pole
I managed to break it in three.

—E.R.B.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S FISH SHOP.

By W.A.S.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of fish,
—nd many goodly cod and herrings seen;
Round many western fish shops have I been
Whose possession ignorant men often wish.
Oft of one little fish shop had I been told
That black-browed Chapman ruled as his demesne.
Yet never did I smell its warm serene
Till I heard Chapman call me loud and bold:
Then felt I like some dweller of the streets
When the chemical works discharge their gas.
Or "Pa" when with some rebuke he meets.
He stares at me—and while all his hairs en masse,
Stand up on end, I burn with fierce heat,
Gassed, upon the smoking fish shop's humble glass.

REFLECTIONS AT A SCHOOL FOOTBALL MATCH.

By W.A.S.

I wandered to the field at about 2-45 p.m, and found to my surprise that our burly warriors had already taken the field. The touch line was crammed with spectators but somehow or other they all wore Almondbury caps, a most regrettable incident, I thought. I then sought the referee. After an indefinite period he emerged from the dressing room arrayed in a blue serge suit, a velour hat, and a pair of patent leather shoes. He was closely followed by the still more burly Almondbury team.

At 3-5 p.m. the match started and Almondbury soon took the offensive, urged by the raucous voices of their valiant supporters who had come nine miles to watch them. Our halves were easily overpowered, and laid low on the muddy plain, but not so the backs, the wily Jambes forced the man to shoot and Bart, our lamb-like goalkeeper, easily stopped a most abominable shot. Heath roused from their reverie by many shouts of dismay, began a series of sharp-shooting tactics, and at last our dashing centre-forward scored from a rebound and the net(?) shivered with the shock.

Heath continued these tactics until half-time, but no further score resulted. The Almondbury team refreshed themselves with lemons, whilst poor old Heath feasted themselves on each others grumblings and my fierce condemnation of Heath's sportsmanlike turning up. The second half was merely a repetition of the first, only Almondbury urged by the now well-nigh frantic appeals of their followers, scored five goals, and towards the end of the disastrous and heart-breaking match it was evident that Heath were beaten by the crowd; for a team must be encouraged and crowds along the touch line are a very easy and practical means of encouraging: also we should not have to put up with the wrong judgments of an alien referee. This article, I hope, will account for many of Heath's lost matches both this season and last.

MEMORIES OF A MUMMY.

[Being the account of an experiment which took place in London on the 30th February, 1220.]

"Phew! do these go on for ever?" These words were spoken by Cyrus T. Knowall, the famous Egyptologist, to his friend, Dr. Darling, the celebrated physician. They were in the professor's private laboratory in London, and were engaged in the tedious process of unwrapping an Egyptian mummy. They had already unwrapped 2.6589 miles of bandages, and were nearly "done up." (The professor had just discovered the long-looked-for gland which would bring dead people back to life, and was experimenting on this mummy.) After another hour's work they came to the end of the bandages.

"Now then for it," said the doctor. Between them they tugged at the case which covered the mummy. With a jerk it came off, and the sight which met their eyes is too gruesome to describe.

Quickly they removed a certain gland from a hedgehog, and inserted the life-giving gland into the Egyptian's big toe. When signs of life shortly appeared, they heaved a sigh of relief. They massaged his body, and in a few minutes his eyes opened.

"Quick! the brandy," cried the professor. The doctor ran to the bottle. It was empty! The professor blushed, and stammered, "Oh—er—never mind, whisky will do."

They gave the mummy a good dose of whisky (post-war) and the first sound they heard was the man smacking his lips. "Burump," he said. (N.B.—"Burump" is colloquial Egyptian for "good stuff.") I wil repeat the ensuing conversation in English.

Professor C. T. Knowall: "Now, my good man, what is your name?"

The Mummy: "Ra-nefer."

Prof. K.: "Now please tell us all about yourself and the land you live in."

The Mummy: "Certainly, if you will give me some more of that nectar."

The doctor gives him a good dose, and he proceeds with his story.

"I was born at Medum, and lived there all my life. My childhood was very happy, being for the most part, spent, to quote a song which my father used to sing, "On my mammy's knee, watching the roses grow round the door." (He here required another dose of whisky.) After the age of ten I was beaten twice weekly by my father. When I was eleven years old I was summoned for killing my schoolmaster, and was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. After coming out of prison I fell in love with the Princess, and eloped with her, but her royal father caught us, and I was sentenced to be thrown to the crocodiles. Here his voice trailed off, and they had to administer two more big doses of whisky. "I (hic) escaped, however (hic), and after a few years of wandering about,——(another dose)—I was again summoned for rousing the army to revolt." Here again he broke off, and it took a whole bottle to revive him. "I was sentenced to ten years penal servitude (hic), but went on hunger-strike and fasted for the whole of the (hic) ten years ——." Another drink was administered with disastrous effects, for his words became quite unintelligible. In fact, he was dead drunk, and they could never waken him out of his drunken sleep.

So they never heard the end of his story.

—Christian (late Heathen).

INTERVIEWING THE ANCIENTS.
II.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

By F. C. Strickland.

The Editor of the "Heathen" telephoned from the Sixth Form Room to me, up in the Fifth, and said "You get along to Cæsar and interview him," so I got. So strolling along by the Forum, through the Vatican, and "round" St. Mark's "Square," I reached No. 13, Macaroni Avenue, and found Cæsar, chewing a quid of Spaghetti.

I immediately got going by saying, "Well, and how are Sabinus and Cotta after Ambiorix put it acrorst 'em?"

"Ah, are you acquainted with Cotta?"

"Not 'alf," I replied. "All I know is that two legions make a tortoise, one and a half centurions make a trench, three—"

"What!" roared Cæsar.

"Oh—that is—er! no!" I stuttered, and to change the subject I said "did you reward Pulio and Vorenus with a D.C.M. or a C.P.O.?" (i.e., Centurion of First Rank.)

"I—ah—forget, but Cicero was a good man. Do you remember him?"

"Oh yes," I replied, "he scored five runs and seven goals against Pompey's team——"

"I beg your pardon!" growled Cæsar.

"Oh no, he was the man who, the 'death of Sabinus not having reached him,' was attacked in his camp.' And what do you think of the Britons you fought?"

"A jolly tough crew," snorted Cæsar—in classroom Latin, i.e., Rotten. "That bloke Casiwallaunus—well, I—he took some biffing, and those storms—brrr! always wrecking my ships!"

"Why did you write De Bello Gallico, oh Cæsar?"

"Ah, I thought some boys of future generations would love to read thrilling accounts of battles!"

"O—o—er!" I gasped, thinking of some remarks made by a boy that morning who had got a chapter to write out.

"What did you say?" asked Cæsar.

"Nuffink," I replied, and got out slick, and leaning against the wall of No. 13, gasped gasps of relief.

THE HOUSE WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

By H. Wadsworth.

Since I am now at liberty to reflect on the events of yesterday, and since time hangs heavily on my hands, I will relate what happened to me on that particular day.

On the 8-30 train from Slopton-on-Puddle, I stepped into a first-class compartment, and was immediately followed by two other gentlemen, one, a hatchet-faced, sour-looking man, the other stout and jovial-looking. The train steamed out of the station, and the two gentlemen began the following conversation, interesting to me, because it affected my condition at the time.

"Just think of it, man, no basement, eight rooms on the ground floor, and eight above, and three acres of land into the bargain, all for £50 a year!" said the stout man. All these items he ticked off on his fat fingers, and at each tick the thin man gave a horible groan.

"I'd jump at it," said the thin man, "if only my wife would leave Slopton, but sae won't, and you know what women are."

"No, I don't. I'm a bachelor, thank goodness!" said the other.

Then the train stopped at Middleton, and the fat gentleman stepped out, calling his companion a silly ass for not accepting such an offer.

Now, since I and my friend Castlewood had been trying to get a better house, I thought I would try to "do it on him."

I therefore followed Fatty out and overtook him. Upon my touching him on the shoulder, he said—

"What's the matter? Have I left anything in the train?"

"No," said I, "but I couldn't help listening to your conversation in the train, and thought perhaps you would let me the house."

"Well," he said, "I want to get the job off my hands, and so I don't mind letting it to a respectable person."

As I did not know where the house was situated, he offered to take me to it. On our arrival at the house, a magnificent old place, he unlocked the door and we entered. We viewed all the rooms on the ground floor, and then went upstairs.

"We need only look at one room," he said. "They are nearly all alike." So we went into one at the back. "Look what a mganificent view," he said, and opened the window, so that I might behold it the better.

I then offered him a quarter's rent in advance, and the deal was closed, he giving his name as Delddid. Then, just as we were going out, he said, "Oh, just close that window, please."

I moved mechanically to do his bidding, when—click!—went the lock, and I found myself locked in. I then tried to shout for help, but the house was surrounded by three acres of land, and I had to give it up as a bad job, for no one heard me.

I was in this predicament for hours, and was just thinking of the prospect of spending the night there, when I heard voices. After a while two men came upstairs and began to unlock my door. I, thinking it was the same man with his friend, determined to make a rush for it, and so, when they opened the door, I sprang out at them, lashing out with my fists. Before they had recovered from their surprise I was out of the house and away.

Next day, seeing my friend Castlewood with a black eye, I asked him the cause of it, and it turned out that the two men who opened my door were Castlewood and the real owner of the place. Of course I explained everything, and my friend suggested that the name of the fat man—given as Delddid—if read backwards, would read "diddled," a final touch of the fat man's humour.

MERLANDO'S ASSASSIN.

Chapter I.:

In a little thicket of bushes and pine trees, when the sun was sinking over the Andes like a great ball of fire, a Peruvian named Carlos Perve lay by his tethered horse as he carefuly scanned the Cuzco-Tima road, stretching like a carelessly thrown lasso till finally it rose, dipped, and disappeared from view behind a wooded ridge.

The sun sank to rest with tropical rapidity, the stars came out one by one, and when the red tinge in the west had died away, the Peruvian mounted his horse and cantered away down the road in the direction of Cuzco.

Hardly had he left when a masked horseman with his mustang jaded and foaming, galloped past the thicket and followed in his wake.

* * * * *

The innkeeper of La Republique, at the hamlet of Gielle, twenty miles from Cuzco, turned in his bed at two o'clock in the morning, awoke with a grunt and sat up. There was a persistent knocking at the door and a loud voice crying of him to open it or take the consequences.

"Perhaps I had better admit the man," thought Riani, the innkeeper, "for he may be an important person, and what does it profit a man if he sleeps through the night and is shot in the morning? Whereas this customer will pay for his lodging and my poke will be a little heavier."

He jumped out of bed and hurried to the door.

"What do you want at this hour?" he demanded with a curse, though he did not open the heavily-barred door, for he thought perhaps it was a trick of thieves.

"A lodging for the night. I am on Manella's service, and yesterday I saw a man shot for impeding one of his messengers. Perhaps you will open the door, for if not you will surely be mentioned in my next report," replied the man outside.

At this Riani commenced to unbar the door with great rapidity, and when he had opened it, he saw a man holding his horse by the bridle.

"My name is Carlos Perye," he said, and told Riani to prepare a meal and a bed while he fed and stabled his horse.

Carlos partook of an excellent meal—for his master, Manella, the new president, was feared by all, and Riani wished to please—and then he went to bed, but did a very peculiar thing. He arranged a bolster and pillow in the bed, so that it very much seemed as if someone was sleeping there, while he, himself, slept in the darkest corner with a revolver lying handy, for he was expecting a man known as Merlando's Assassin, a man in the pay of Merlando, Manella's most bitter enemy, who wished to lay hands on some important papers, that Carlos was carrying.

Chapter II.:

Scarcely had the Gielle church clock struck three when Carlos awoke at a sound outside. He listened carefully. The sound was repeated. Someone was climbing the inn wall, and moreover, directly under his window. He gripped his revolver, with his finger on the trigger.

Outside the man crawled along a ledge till he reached Perye's window, where he cautiously pushed open the casement.

Carlos watched carefully. At a slight sound from the street, the intruder turned his head to see if danger threatened from that quarter, and in doing so the moon shone full on his face. His eyes and the lower part of his face was covered with a black crepe mask, but below a red beard showed. And it was the beard of Merlando's Assassin.

The Assassin, balanced on the sill, drew out a revolver and aimed at the bed. The bullet went true, piercing the bolster in its centre.

Then Carlos ran forward from his corner.

"Surrender!" he said, presenting the revolver at the Assassin.

"Never!" he cried, and fired point blank at Carlos, who instantly returned the fire, as the shot only passed through his sleeve, and the Assassin, shot through the heart, fell with a scream and a sickening thud into the road. —Pedro.

FLOOD IN WELL-HEADE FIELDE.

October, 1920.

I have faced the stormie Calder,
I have dar'd the ocean's might,
The lashe of the blinding tide-wave,
And the long-drawne roller's bite;
I have gazed on fierce Loch Lomonde,
That the wilde blue mountains shield,
Yet worse than all these terrors
Was the Floode in Well-Heade Fielde.

Pages 19-30 missing.

falsity, mingled with low cunning. "Is the ship of State to be guided by the hand of a tactful idiot?" A speech full of pyrotechnics, and enthusiastically received. Hilbert, in supporting genius, said that a successful commercial traveller must be able to sell hay to a petrol merchant. Taylor held that it was better to be a penniless genius that a millionaire tactician. Spencer made an admirably reasoned speech in vindication of genius. Dalzell said tact was the domestic asset which enabled the husband to avoid the rolling-pin. The motion was lost by 18 votes to 12.

On November 2nd the House debated an Irish (Dominion) Local Government Bill. The Ministry consisted of Spencer (Premier), Hilbert (Foreign Secretary), Taylor (Home Secretary), C. Wilson (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Dalzell (Secretary for War), T. W. Coghlin (Chief Secretary for Ireland), and P. Sutcliffe (Education Minister). The Opposition Front Bench was occupied by Jacobs (Leader), Wadsworth, Gentle, Strickland, and Quarmby. Question-time occupied an hour, and Ministers emerged with credit from their fiercy ordeal. The Bill was hotly debated, but underwent no serious amendment in Committee, and the third reading was carried by 16 votes to 15.

On November 16th the motion was that "Pleasure proceeds from within," proposed by C. Wilson, seconded by Seed. The opposition was led by Hopkinson, seconded by Holroyd. All four spoke well. A. E. Wilson very wittily chaffed the proposer and his seconder. "Mr. Seed's enlightened and sentimental discourse proves that his knowledge of the army, prison, and love is nil." Referring to a speech by Sunderland he asked "Where is Mr. Sunderland's British workman who toils until he is tired. Can it be that he is a schoolmaster? The British workman is not moody except on Sundays, when his external sources of pleasure are cut off or much limited." Hilbert, in maintaining that pleasure comes from within, pointed out that whisky is no good when it is outside one! J. Lord desired another speaker "to use a hair-restorer for his bald statement." Lees was annoyed by the smug self-satisfaction evidenced in the motion. It called up the picture of the man whose smile won't wash off, oozing happiness from ever pore, and arousing in others a righteous desire to kick him. Jacobs, Spencer, Brookes, and Taylor made clever, highly argumentative speeches. The motion was lost by 15 votes to 12.

On November 30th, a Parliamentary election was held. Twelve candidates contested seven seats. The result was: 1 Hilbert (Ex-Soldiers and Sailors), 24 votes; 2 Taylor (Ind. Liberal), 20 votes; 3 Dalzell (Coal. Unionist), 18 votes; 4 Sunderland (Co-operative), 16 votes; 5 Wadsworth (Irish Nationalist), 16 votes; 6 Blackmore (Coal. Unionist), 16 votes; 7 A. E. Wilson (Prohibitionist), 14 votes. The reports of the meeting of December 14th and of the Soiree will appear in our next number.

SIC EST VITA.

(By Richard de Burgo.)

A bell clanged sharply and Toni woke to the grey dawn of an Alpine day. He sprang from his feather pallet and dressed quickly, donning his reachmidownshis and his mallabidelis. He bound his velvet-striped trousers with a gold-spangled red sash and thrust into his hip-pocket a gleaming spaghetti. As, with a velvet-streamered fur cap upon his head, he descended the mountain path, Toni looked a virile specimen of the hardy hill-man.

He reached the mountain village where the black-haired children were playing rugbi on the green, and walked with firm, steady strides to a towering building on which was a huge sign that read: Shedd del Mountaneeri (Mountaineer's waiting-room). Toni entered and the gnarled, weather-stained Italians who were gathered there gave the young mountaineer a rousing cheer.

An old veteran who sat at the chimney-corner drinking rumo del pinappli (pine-apple rum), greeted him heartily in the rough mountain fashion by spitting at him.

"Why have you come back from your prosperous bizni (business) to become a poor mountainero (mountaineer)?" he asked.

"Ah," said Toni sadly, "I have come here to be far from the madding crowd; I see the pettiness of man's ambition; and I am going to live a poor man's life in the majestic shade of yon towering crests. Why," cried the young philosopher, his breast heaving with emotion, "sooner than

remain in that smoky prison that they call a city I would stab myself with this good spaghetti!"

The rough, simple men, saw that the subject had better be dropped, and with instinctive tact they proposed that Toni should stand them drinks.

* * * * *

Three weeks had passed, and Toni was seated before his fire of hollywood. The young man was very satisfied with himself. "Far from the madding crowd," he murmured—"alone in my glory."

There was a loud sound as of a rushing wind and Toni sprang to his feet with a thudding heart. What could it be?

Then he heard the sound of a brass band playing the Krizmats Karil (the Christmas Carol). It was the United Mountaineers' Prize Brass Band. At last the weird shrieks of this terror died off and a gnarled veteran rapped at the door. Toni wildly pulled out a golden pundi and gave it to the toothless hillman, who muttered to the winds that 'all funds were for the Mountaineers' United F.C.'

Sweating, Toni returned to his fire. "A mere interruption," he said to console his previous placid thoughts. There was a sharp knock at the door. The postman! The young man tore open his letter. It was brief:—

> "Dear Sir,—You must depart from this district as on all due consideration we have been compelled to convict you of being a blackleg to the Mountaineers' Union.—Julius Biagioni, Secretary."

With a wild cry the young man drew his spaghetti and thrust it into his velvet-spotted veskid (waistcoat).

SCHOOL CAMP.

July—August, 1920.

This year's camp at Pateley Bridge began on the day after the school broke up for the midsummer holidays. We were conveyed thither by a handsome, newly-painted char-a-banc and arrived at about two o'clock. Disappointment greeted us, however, with the news that the marquee, which we had hired, had not arrived; but we were fortunate in being able to procure a small bell tent lent by one member of our party, and this we erected without delay. Those of us whom the tent could not accommodate spent the night in a well-ventilated barn, despite the many nocturnal noises. Next morning the Paradise Farmer kindly offered us his cattle shed, and many of us installed ourselves therein. On Sunday afternoon (August 1st) we walked to York's Folley, the remains of a monastery compulsorily built for a certain Duke of York by peasants who could not pay their taxes. On Bank Holiday we all helped to get the hay into the barn where we had slept, and as there were about a score of us we did so in record time. It was as well that we all helped as the next day the rain came down in torrents and the Nidd was in flood. On Thursday (Aug. 5th) we erected the marquee which had by now arrived, and some of us removed into it, leaving Mr. Collins, Capt. Phoenix, and Mr. Seaton in the bell tent and a select party in the outhouse, appropriately termed the "Better 'Ole." One day was occupied in visiting Brimham Rocks about five miles from our camping ground, and the outing was greatly appreciated. These rocks are of peculiar shapes and various legends are attached to them concerning their formation.

The camping ground was changed this year to lower down the hill, near to the Paradise Farm mentioned above, and hence was more convenient for going to P.B. On the top of the hill were two quarries—one in use, the other an old one, more or less dilapidated. In the latter were many rabbits to be seen but they were generally too sharp for our catapults.

On Sunday (August 10th) we walked to Gauthwaite Reservoir which is one of the water supplies of Bradford.

As usual, the general "feed" was held the night before our return home, and we also enjoyed the camp-fire which was likewise a feature of the end of our holiday.

Time never flagged in the least. Football and cricket were indulged in freely and the walks round about were much frequented by our enterprising pedestrians.

Once or twice we observed robins and blue tits, birds which one does not see every day in summer; when, however, we approached nearer they flew off apparently not welcoming our presence.

Numerous "raids" and counter-raids were carried out between the "Better 'Ole" and the "Pig and Whistle," the

latter being situated the other side of the water, mostly on the occasion of private feeds.

Several other exciting adventures occurred during our stay, appreciated only by the partakers.

In conclusion, let me say that we all owe our best thanks to Mr. Collins for a most enjoyable time and look forward to an equally successful camp next year.

—G. K. Roth.

2ND H.G.S. SCOUTS.

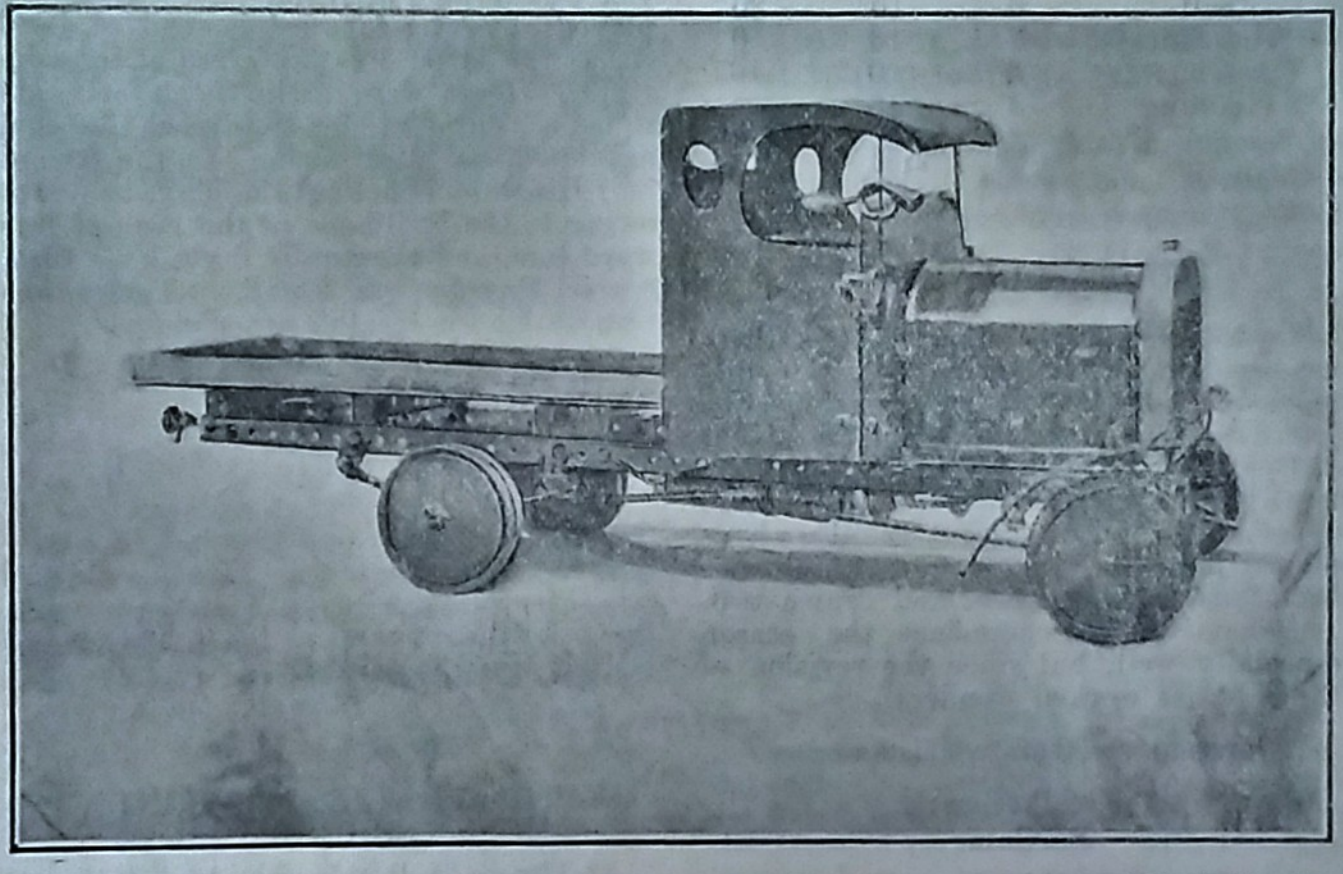
The Troop has been particularly active this term. We have obtained the use of the upper storey of the gymnasium for a club room, and having cleaned it up generally now hold our meetings there. The addition of a stove is a great improvement, but we still lack a few chairs or benches; recreation during the second half of the evening is enjoyed in the gym.

Another feature of our activities was our presence at the Infirmary Bazaar where we helped considerably by selling tickets, offering our services where needed, and by making ourselves generally useful.

As our numbers are still increasing, another patrol has been added to the Troop—the Otters. This Patrol was not in being during the war through want of numbers. We have now, however, room for more members in our Troop—the second to be formed in this district—and those who are thinking of joining should remember that the Scout movement teaches you to be healthy and strong, practical, useful and to be capable of doing things yourself without seeking the aid of others. And what is the price of these good things? This and this only: by joining your School Troop and having an enjoyable time as a Scout, learning in as easy a way as possible, how to be

Trusty, loyal, and helpful,
Brotherly, courteous, kind,
Obedient, smiling and thrifty,
Pure as the rustling wind!

If the cost of uniform is the means of deterring anyone from joining, a good second hand uniform can be procured from ex-Scouts.



[By M. Donohoe.

Meccano Engine—the work of an H.G.S. Scout.

We take part in outdoor scouting in the summer months, and there is no one who has been a member of one of our outdoor expeditions who has not enjoyed it. The minimum age for joining is 11, and you can remain in the Troop as long as you are in the school. If you would like to know more about Scouting, ask any member of the Troop and he will be glad to satisfy you.

—G. K. Roth, Senr. P.L.

H.G.S. HOUSE COMPETITION, 1919-20.

	Heath.	Queen's.	School.
Cricket	10 ...	0 ...	20
Football	0 ...	10 ...	20
Gymnastics ...	8 ...	16 ...	0
Fives	8 ...	0 ...	16
Swimming	4 ...	16 ...	4

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Up to the time of going to press there has been a marked improvement in the displays of the School eleven. This may be attributed to the fact that since the advent of Captain Harrower as Sports Master we have been favoured with more tuition and opportunities for practice. In all we have played nine matches, out of which we have won five, lost two, and drawn two. The team did not commence the season especially well, but since the revision of the side has worked wonders.

At present the team consists of:

Goalkeeper:
Bartlam;

Full-backs:
West and Townsend;

Half-backs:
Strickland, Sutcliffe E., Dalzell, Thomas;

Forwards:
Lord S., Coghlin J. G., Taylor, Wilson A. E., Brookes, Beattie.

I will now proceed to give a detailed account of the various matches.

HEATH v. ELLAND SECONDARY SCHOOL.

At Elland. Heath were slightly outplayed probably owing to the inferiority of their back division. The forwards, however, played a vigorous game, and must be congratulated for their hree goals. Sunderland was introduced into the side as inside left for Heath, and showed distinct promise, scoring one goal from a corner kick. Lord S. played with his usual dash at centre forward, and scored the other two goals. Result: 3—6. L.

o o o o o

HEATH v. ALMONDBURY.

At Heath. Heath was represented by a slightly altered team, West displacing Brookes as left half, the latter appearing vice Sunderland at inside-left. Taylor was played at centre-forward instead of Lord S., as the latter was preferred at outside-right. Heath were distinctly unfortunate in being behind at half-time since they had exhibited sparkling form. In the second half Heath monopolised the play, no doubt owing to the brilliance of the revised forward line, and eventually drew level from a good shot by Strickland. Taylor was responsible for Heath's other goal.

Result: 2—2. D.

o o o o o

HEATH v. RISHWORTH.

At Heath. The match was refereed by Captain Harrower, and resulted in a victory for the home team. Heath's display was rather disappointing after the promise shown in the previous match. Taylor and Dalzell were the scorers.

Result: 2—0. W.

o o o o o

HEATH v. HALIFAX SECONDARY SCHOOL.

At Thrum Hall. Heath absolutely outplayed their opponents, especially in the latter stages, when it was clear that they were the better trained side. The game was witnessed by a rowdy yet nevertheless enthusiastic band of Bramleyians who had come to watch the Cup-tie. Townsend scored his first goal for the First Eleven with a shot which gave the goalkeeper no chance. Brookes (1), Taylor (3), Dalzell (1), were the other scorers for Heath.

Result: 6—2. W.

HEATH v. SOWERBY BRIDGE SECONDARY SCHOOL.

At Sowerby Bridge. The team was again re-organised, West appearing at right back, and Thomas at right-half. Coghlin J. G. filled the inside-right position, while Dalzell was played at centre-half. The team fully justified the confidence of the committee by winning a well-fought game by the odd goal in nine. This was plain proof of the improvement in the Heath side since Sowerby Bridge, with practically the same team, had defeated us by ten goals to one last year. Lord S. (1), Taylor (2), and Beattie (2) were the scorers.

Result: 5—4. W.

o o o o o

HEATH v. HUDDERSFIELD COLLEGE.

At Huddersfield. Huddersfield were rather superior, although not so markedly as in former years. Coghlin scored Heath's only goal with a swift low shot from a centre from Lord S. Result: 1—4. L.

o o o o o

HEATH v. BELLE VUE SECONDARY SCHOOL.

At Heath. Played in cold weather before a large crowd. Towards the end of the game play became very exciting and consequently rather rough, each side taking the lead in turn. Coghlin J. G. scored the winning goal for Heath about three minutes before the final whistle blew. Bartlam played exceedingly well between the sticks, and was warmly applauded for one or two magnificent saves. Tavlor (1), and Beattie (1) scored the other goals.

Result: 3—2. W.

o o o o o

HEATH v. RISHWORTH.

At Rishworth. Played in a veritable quagmire before an appreciative audience. The team was sadly depleted owing to the absence of Coghlin, Thomas, Beattie, Strickland, and Lord S., but the reserves fully justified their inclusion. Owing to the absence of the captain and vice-captain it was left to Taylor to lead the side to victory. Hilbert played very well considering that it was his first match of the season. Result: 4—2. W.

HEATH v. RASTRICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

At Rastrick. Owing to the excessive rain the ground was decidedly muddy. Bartlam was branded for life, diving full length for the ball. Lord S. was an absentee from the side owing to indisposition. This, however, was not sufficient to give Rastrick the victory. Wilson A. E. felt quite at home, and performed prodigies of valour as inside left. Coghlin J. G. was again Heath's only scorer.

Result: 1—1. D.

o o o o o

FIVES.

HEATH v. COLLEGE OF THE RESURRECTION, MIRFIELD.

On November 11th, Heath opposed the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, at Fives. The Heath four, consisting of J. H. Spencer (capt.), G. Dalzell, J. G. Coghlin, and F. H. Taylor, were on the whole slightly outplayed, although they subjected the visitors to a gruelling game. Spencer and Dalzell opposed the Mirfield first pair, while Coghlin and Taylor were matched against the second. When each set had played three games the players inter-changed. The victory of the Mirfield four can be attributed to the fact that they were harder hitters than the Heath set.

On November 24th, however, Heath obtained their revenge in no uncertain manner, and decisively outplayed their opponents. Although slightly handicapped at first by the difference in size of the Mirfield court, Heath, with the same team as before, managed to win six games out of a possible nine. The last game, however (which Heath lost), was finished in semi-darkness.

Scores:—

Spencer and Dalzell: 15—10, 13—15, 15—12, 12—15, 11—15.

Coghlin and Taylor: 15—10, 15—12, 15—9, 15—11.

Heath, 126; Mirfield, 109.

THE DIVINE VOICE.

By E.R.B.

Behold her, single in the field,
  Yon solitary high-bred ass,
Eating and neighing by herself;
  Stop here or gently pass.
Alone she bites and eats her hay,
And neighs a melancholy neigh;
Oh! listen, for the vale around
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Christmas waits did ever sing
  So neighing to reposing breeks
Of travellers in some wayside inn
  Among embroidered sheets.
A voice so neighing ne'er was neard
In term time from the Upper Third,
Breaking the silence of the noon,
Among the farthest Science Room.

Will no one tell me what she brays?
  Perhaps the neighing numbers flow
For old and happy pre-war days
  And thistles long ago.
Or is it some more humble neigh
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some stomachache or body pain
That has been and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the ass did bray
  As if her bray could have no ending.
I saw her neighing at her tea
  And o'er her fodder bending.
I listened till I had my fill,
And when I mounted up the hill
The neighing in my ears I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

By Cincinnatus.

With Apologies to Charles Lamb.

1. That a bully is always a coward.

   Ask a junior boy about the Fifth.

2. That ill-gotten gain never prospers.

   Ask what happened when the stolen form-ball burst in the thieves' hand.

3. That a man must not laugh at his own jest.

   Ask any amateur debater what he does when no one sees the joke.

4. That enough is as good as a feast.

   Ask a school-diner after he has eaten the first course.

5. That of disputants, the warmest is generally in the wrong.

   Ask Mr. P. Illy what he says when he is defeated in debate.

6. That the worst puns are the best.

   Ask Horrocks whether the weather suits him.

7. That we must not look a gift-horse in the mouth.

   Beware it might cough and loose its false teeth, but otherwise ask a W.A.A.C.

8. That home is home though it is never so homely.

   Ask Threbe about her form-room on December 20th.

9. That you must love me and love my dog.

   This may be true, but not in the case of "l'homme de la maison."

10. That we should lie down with the lamb.

   This is all right for farmers, but we don't like Lamb or his Essays.

11. That a rolling stone gathers no moss.

   Maybe, but look at the playground (?) H.G.S. There is no moss there, but stones, stones, stones everywhere.

THE "HALIFAX GUARDIAN" ALMANAC.

We would specially commend to the attention of our readers this very interesting and useful publication. It should appeal to every "Heathen," Old and New, because one of its special features is a very full and well-written historical sketch of Heath School from its foundation to the present time, written by Mr. Leaper, of the "Guardian" Staff. The price, 4d., brings it within the reach of all, and copies should be sought early from the "Guardian" Office, George Street, as we understand that only a limited edition is being printed.

THE HEATHEN PLAYERS.

The Heathen Players are an off-shoot of the Debating Society. Their first public appearances were made at the Y.M.C.A. Lecture Hall at Clare Hall on Oct. 4th and 6th, under distinctly unfortunate circumstances. Rehearsals, owing to the Summer Vacation, were confined to a period of less than three weeks; the Producer fell ill a few days before the date; and the weather in the week of the performances was unspeakably bad. The programme consisted of a Triple Bill, comprising "A A Tabloid," a tragic piece worthy of the "Grand Guignol"; "Q," a new farce by Stephen Leacock; and "Fancy Dress," a comedy.

The parts were sustained by Kay, Coghlin (J. G.), and Thomas, together with Miss G. Kay in the last-named piece. Variety items were also given; songs by Miss G. Kay; elocutionary contributions by Mr. E. Farrar; pianoforte solos by Spencer and Mr. C. Salmon, who also acted as accompanist; and a humorous musical sketch by Kay. On the first night, under exceptionally virulent weather conditions, the audience was small, but on October 6th a full house received the programme with great enthusiasm. All the Individual turns were encored, and the actors received an ovation for their performance of "Q." The Players have been invited to give two repeat performances outside Halifax during the Christmas Vacation, and their plans are well advanced for an ambitious programme in the coming year.

—Thespian.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Korax" criticises the "Sixth." When he has as good manners as they have, we MAY be pleased to hear from him. Meantime, let him ponder over the story of dwellers in glass edifices.

"Funny."—Your soubriquet flatters you, or horrid thought!—can WE have grown dense? The Office Boy comforts us with a positive negative.

"Boxer."—We do not recommend you to challenge Carpentier yet. Try "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"Vexed" has a new trouble this time. He has lost a fountain pen. He reminds us of the servant who had "butter-fingers," and always excused herself, "Please, mum, it was broke before." One day she fell down the stairs. Mistress emerges, crying, "Jane, Jane, you've broken your head." Jane replied as before.

"Foxy."—Your joke is too vulpine for us.

"Trier" sends us a fourth unacceptable contribution, and says he is still "game." But he is too "high" for us.

"Poet."—If you heard what our staff said about your poem, your name would alter to "Pout."

"Tempus Fugit."—We fidgetted badly too before we read your contribution through.

"Curious."—Don't apologise for asking us. We are delighted to inform you that WE think a football is a PLAY-thing, i.e., a thing to play with (despite the prepositional ending).

"Philologist" asks us the derivation of "steak." BRICK, if it's a landlady's

"Josh."—Here is our Office Boy's candid verdict on your verses: "By Gosh, it's Tosh!"

"Little Boy."—We are ashamed of you. It's cruelty to animals to keep minnows in a jam-jar without changing the water.

"Frozen."—Cheer up! Who knows but that the Art Room may yet send out worthy successors to Cook and Peary!

"Disgusted" loathes the "books for boys" in the Library. But happily he doesn't know the drivel that MEN read.

"Chessman" wants to know how to exchange a pawn for a knight. He is lucky in these days to have anything to pawn, even for an O.B.E.

"Glaxo" wants to know how to get water at 10-50 a.m. He can get INTO hot water by annexing the poor, dear little children's football.

"IV.B-ite" wants us to suggest to him a subject for a topical poem. De Profundis.

"Chemist" asks us for a suitable title for an essay on the laboratory. How would "The Pathway to Smell" do?

"Mathematician" begins: "If a boy and a half . . ." We are not cannibals.

"Humpty."—We dump(ty)ed your poem —into the W.P.B.

"Bellringer."—We don't run to carols for the change of lessons.

"Stout Heart."—Perusal of your MS. leads us to the regrettable conclusion that you have also a fat head.

A FOOD HOG'S CONTENTMENT IN A COUNTRY VILLA.

Here I live with as much of my hoard
As can be brought in a £50 Ford;
However mean my viands be,
They will content my Prue and me.
Or tea or rum, or pea or beet,
Whatever comes, my sugar makes sweet.
Here we rejoice for the goods were sent
As a surety for money we had lent:
We are able to rest and never fear
The Controller confiscating our cheer.
Our hidden hoard does ne'er affright
Our peaceful slumbers in the night.
We eat what we have, yet bargain for more,
We leave the shops much emptier than before,
But praise be to those whose flanks grow great,
Swelled by the food of those who them hate.
We bless our fortunes when we see
Our own despised piracy;
And like our living, where we're known
To very few, or else to none.

—Flaviatus.

ALL FOR A FOOTBALL.

The day was dull, the air was full of sounds predicting fight,
The V'th they stole REMOVE Form ball and hid it out of sight.
Forthwith Remove, far far above such deep dark deeds as these,
Gave vent to war cries 'gainst the V'th that made their blood to freeze.
Our leaders three, as all could see, had fists of deadly lead,
We rushed the door, in dust and gore, with Pimple at our head.
The door gave way: stained red and grey, we rushed upon the foe,
Stout Fred's 10 stones broke Percy's bones and rolled him to and fro.
Then came the bell, and 'twas as well, the V'th were eating dust.
But Dargue, the Dud, desiring blood, resolved a final thrust,
He wet his palms, he bared his arms, his manly head he bent,
And rushing through the door he nearly killed a peaceful gent.

—Aleph.

CHESS NOTES.

We started the season with heated discussion in the Debating Society; after much irrelevant speaking, our amalgamation was finally broken, and we became a disjointed society. Our hard-working (?) secretary, Mr. Brookes, Jun., handed in his resignation, which was not accepted. A deputy was, however, appointed, and to my disgust a non-Sixth boy was elected.

At the instigation of several members a knock-out tournament was started. The prize of 5s. was kindly presented by Captain Phœnix. The first round was entered upon by eight enthusiasts. The semi-final was played as follows:

Dargue v. Wilson.
Hanson v. Collinge.

The latter game extended over a period of 47 minutes, Collinge eventually proving victor. An exciting finish was in favour of Dargue, who easily defeated the youthful but ardent Collinge.

After all this dreary and detailed account of our doings, I will endeavour to cheer you up by the following pieces of good news:—

Our membership is 9.
Our funds in hand are 8s. 6d.

We have now four sets of beautiful chessmen; three other sets are also brought by members, thus offering playing opportunities for five or six new members. But don't think six is the limit: 8s. 6d. will buy another set, with a board.

Our activities next term will be greatly increased if you, members of 4a, 5, Remove, and 6th, will only give us financial support. The subscription is 9d. a season.

—"Knight of the Board."

"JUVENILIA."

By Cincinnatus.

No. 1.—THE ALPHABET.

A stands for 'Arry, your father's name, perhaps.
B stands for 'Bart,' who doles out heavy taps.
C stands for Cuckoo, a silly little bird.
D stands for D——, which is too often heard.
E stands for Eye, which makes a nose a noise.
F stands for Football, a sport beloved by boys.
G stands for Goal, to which all should attain.
H stands for Hurry, which often spoils the aim.
I stands for Ink, which spoils a nice new collar.
J stands for Juveniles, who always like to holler.
K stands for Knight, that makes a curious move.
L stands for Learning, I've as much lore as you've.
M stands for Magazines, of which this is the best.
N stands for 'en, which sits upon its nest.
O stands for Optic, which we have seen before.
P stands for Polo, whose throat I'm sure is sore.
Q stands for Cue, which makes a mighty break.
R stands for Remove, a backward form they'll make.
S stands for Seed, which is often thrown afar.
T stands for Tommies, who often visit the bar.
U stands for You, who doubtless are Unique.
V stands for Venus, so docile, sweet, and meek.
W stands for Winter, a season you all hate.
X stands for Xcuse, a strange event of fate.
Y stands for Youngsters, whose cheek cannot be borne.
Z stands for Zeal, with which I this perform.

THE HISTORY OF THE HALIFAX RIOTS OF 1925.

(By an Eye-Witness.)

I remember as distinctly as though it were but yesterday that afternoon of June, 1925, which will be for ever renowned in the annals of our country as the occasion of the Halifax Riots. The blinding snowstorms which in these latitudes generally accompany the approach of summer solstice had overpowered the well-meaning but ineffectual efforts of the sun, and as I stepped out of a shop in Commercial Street I buttoned up my overcoat with a shiver. Nevertheless, with a quick step and a watchful eye for slippery places, I started upon my dreary anabasis (catabasis ?) to Salterhebble, for the prospect of paying 1s. 6d. for a tram-ride from the town terminus to Salterhebble revolted my principles of economy. Scarcely, however, had I reached Horton Street before I beheld in my path an immense mob, of all ages and ranks, and of both sexes.

I am a shy man, and I hate crowds, especially crowds with rolling-pins, pokers, carving-knives, and frying pans. For a moment—for a moment only—I pondered on this amazing happening. It was Saturday, and a match with Huddersfield was to take place—had then the Huddersfielders turned out "en masse" to support their team? Or had the savage denizens of Greetland and West Vale resolved to make a civic shopping expedition to Halifax?

My hesitation, I have hinted, lasted only for a single moment. Then, with the rapid decision which is a certain indication of true genius, I resolved to go home

by train. But to my amazement, as soon as I sought to make my way down Horton Street, I beheld in that thoroughfare the nucleus of a throng which promised to be, if possible, more ferocious in appearance and threatening in aspect than the other. Thereupon, at a pace which made up in celerity for what it lacked of dignity, I shyly withdrew, and resolved to expend half-a-crown in the purchase of postage-stamps.

But before I could reach the threshold of the Post Office, a third crowd, which appeared to come from the direction of George Square, had met me, and I, meek and unresisting, was swept along by it. The three crowds met, with a storm of profanity, and the meeting entailed a certain amount of discomfort for the foremost files of each.

There were shouts of "Where is it?" and "Which is it?" but no one seemed to know where it was, or which it was, though everyone seemed unaccountably annoyed at everyone else's ignorance. For a moment I dreaded a general battle between the enraged multitudes.

Suddenly, however, a cry of "Here it is," from the extreme rear of my crowd, freed me from fears of immediate injury. With a wild, inarticulate howl, the mob flowed back, and those in the rear showing a strange unwillingness to move, there was a certain unpleasantness manifested towards them. We pushed with all our might, and at last maintained against the other two crowds a stationary situation, which was tolerably near the object of our desires. I looked eagerly to see what it was that drew men, women, and children as the magnet draws iron.

I was rather surprised that all seemed to be gazing at nothing but a tobacconist's shop. True, it was a rather remarkable tobacconist's shop, for though, like every other of its kind, it was closed, yet from loopholes in its walls peered the barrels of rifles and machine-guns, while in the street and before the door stood a tank of the largest size—the whole fenced off from the rabble by a triple cordon of police.

I resolved to address my next neighbour. He was, I should say, one who fancied himself a dandy. At least, he wore a species of footwear which, from a fancied resemblance to some article of dress prevalent prior to 1914, was called "boots." They were never worn now except on state occasions, or by dandies, since the uppers were made of inferior tissue-paper and the soles and heels of some unknown substance which was liable to cripple the wearers. Most of us, of course, wore clogs.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "the reason for this astonishing behaviour on the part of the usually self-controlled population of Halifax?"

"Well, they say," he answered, "that a consignment of shag has arrived at this shop."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"It must be true," he said. "Look at the precautions that have been taken."

"Do they intend to try and make us queue up?" I gasped, and glanced around.

Every street in the neighbourhood was filled with a surging, seething flood of those whose bowels yearned after a smoke. I could sympathise with them. My last smoke had been on September 30th, 1924. I remember it particularly from the circumstances, for I smoked a nearly complete cigar that I picked up in the street. When I picked it up, I could not understand what motive had induced the veriest of plutocrats to throw it away only partially smoked; when I had smoked it, I could.

All the abled-bodied smokers in Halifax were, I should imagine, assembled on the spot—that is to say, practically all the population of the town, from six upwards, besides outsiders. The total number, I estimate, could not possibly be less than forty thousand, since, in spite of the rapid

decrease in population since 1920, it is supposed that in 1925 there were still 48,000 people in Halifax.

The reasons for the startling exodus from Halifax between 1920 and 1925 are, I think, not far to seek, although they have baffled some able enquirers. The primary cause, I believe, was the rates, which by 1925 had reached 42s. 6d. in the £. Another cause was the power conferred by Parliament on the municipality of raising forced loans for the execution of public works. A third, which all previous writers have completely overlooked, was the erection of the war memorial.

The occasion was indeed worthy of the assembly. The tobacco shortage, which was due to the fact that we were then at war with all the tobacco-producing countries of the world, had at last become acute—so acute that the people of Halifax were drawn away from a cricket match by the prospect of getting a little shag.

Many a manly voice could now be heard lifted up in protest against war and its attendant horrors and privations, although a year previously the good folk of Halifax had been as quiet as lambs, in spite of the fact that even at that time we were conducting 178 wars of various sizes, besides sending a naval expedition to bombard the ports of Czecho-Slovakia. Such a display of corporate action and enthusiasm had not been seen in the town since the memorable day that the glorious news arrived that England, after being defeated in every other branch of athletics, had at last wrested the world championship in tiddleywinks from Patagonia.

Presently the tobacconist opened his door, and appeared a moment later in the street, encompassed on every side by sturdy, khaki-clad figures. He then announced, in the midst of a great silences, that the shop would be opened in an hour, that an orderly queue must be formed, and that five hundred of us could receive an ounce each at 16s. per ounce.

For a moment the crowd, astounded at this intelligence, which dashed to the ground the hopes of 39,500 of them, did not stir or speak. Then, as the information ran from man to man, from rank to rank, and from street to street, a kind of roar gradually arose, that swelled at last to a fearful shout, which made the Hebble curdle in his bed.

In a very little space of time everything was in confusion. Attempts were being made to dislodge myself and my companions from our favourable positions, but as the pressure was roughly equal everywhere, we could not have abandoned our situation even if we had wished. The net result, therefore, of all the assaults upon us was to wedge us into about half the space we had originally occupied. Nevertheless, our plight was somewhat unpleasant.

To be candid, what struck me most at this phase of the riots, was a saucepan, which dropped neatly on to my head. After this my attention gradually began to wander, and I assumed a posture which was as recumbent as circumstances permitted. My waning interest, however, was eventually revived by someone who pushed me into the gutter and trod on my face, in a frantic but unavailing effort to escape a flying poker. The pain I suffered was most exquisite, but what pained me most was the fact that my assailant did not apologise, though, as the poker had knocked out four of his front teeth he may perhaps be excused.

After a sanguinary encounter in the streets, lasting between quarter of an hour and twenty minutes, a lull in the battle supervened. All efforts on the part of the police to suppress the riot had been in vain; the special constables were ordered out, but with the exception of two octogenarian non-smokers they were all prominent leaders of the riot; and an attempt to disperse the mob by handing the hat round only resulted in the loss of the hat. Exhaustion, however, compelled

the combatants to relax their efforts, and the Town Council, taking advantage of the brief cessation of confusion, manned the upper deck of a tramcar, which slowly made its way into the heart of the throng.

Not far from me, the tramcar drew up, and the Mayor made a speech. What he said was no doubt very sensible and very moderate, but as nobody heard a word of his speech, its effect was negligible. He was followed by another of the Council, in whose speech the words "British liberty," "Ordinary decency," "Law and order," and "Moderation," were distinctly audible to everyone not more than a dozen yards away.

The angry passions of the mob were by now a little calmed, so that the third speaker (a well-known and confirmed Conservative) found his audience listening with all attention. from his third sentence to his eighth. At the latter point, however, someone called out "Bolshevik!" and then there was no hearing him.

The fourth speaker, a non-smoker, unfortunately hinted that the whole riot was much ado about nothing. At this a cry of "Yah! Pussyfoot!" arose, and in a few minutes a furious wave of human beings surged over the tramcar. When the storm had passed nothing was seen of the vehicle but a heap of glass, wood, and metal-work, and the Council had entirely disappeared.

The struggle for a place in the queue now began once more with redoubled fury, both sides fighting with unexampled ferocity. In the midst of the confusion, however, upon a pile of debris which marked the very centre of the melee, rose the venerable figure of the Rev. W. D. Meadows, D.D., of Bradshaw, the celebrated hymnologist. In an impassioned harangue, the fitting reflex of his lofty mind, this gentleman appealed to the population of Halifax not to sully the fair fame of their ancient and famous town by the disgraceful memory of a destructive and sanguinary uproar. He besought the fortunate few who might reasonably hope that the future would bring them the full fruition of their dearest hopes, not to exasperate the natural feelings of the many by insults, or by an excessive exultation, which, although justified by the greatness of the occasion, might nevertheless by overwrought imaginations be construed as the expression of a contumelious disregard for the feelings of others.

To the many who that day would return to their homes full of the bitterness of disappointed hope, he said that they must remember that as British sportsmen they should bear defeat with good grace and self-control; that as British citizens they should have learned to prefer the lasting benefit of the commonweal to the transitory gratification of their own desires as private individuals; and that their duties to the State were accentuated by the diseases and external enemies which threatened the very existence of the body politics.

This speech was heard from beginning to end, but its effect on those to whom it was principally addressed—the 39,500—was somewhat diminished by the fact that the reverend gentleman was himself very palpably a member of the favoured five hundred. They began to realise that the Rev. W. D. Meadows was not as green as his name implied, and their indignation was not allayed when one of their number remembered that he had once seen Mr. Meadows reading the "Daily Herald." The attack on the luckless five hundred was resumed with redoubled energy.

At this point, however, the Rev. Mr. Meadows struck up a hymn, and soon all we of the five hundred were singing it. This completely discomfited our antagonists, some of whom, in the extremity of their panic, did not stop running until they had reached the very summit of Beacon Hill.

Before the foe could recover from his fright, the door of the shop was opened, and we were invited to step in. Thereupon

the disappointed thousands took courage, and with a howl of mingled rage and despair, surged towards us.

The first to enter the shop was not unnaturally Sir James Hill, Bart., O.B.E., A.S.C., B.Sc., the well-known engineer, and president of the Automobile Association. After some minutes, he issued forth, tears of joy trickling down his cheeks, and stood, dazed by the tumult of emotions which agitated his breast, on the edge of the kerb. A fence of bayonets encompassed him on every side, and with the escort he attempted to penetrate the dense, struggling masses which once more filled Commercial Street.

But nothing could withstand the ardent impetuosity of the multitude, who tore their way through the ring of soldiery in their frenzied efforts, and the distinguished scientist would have lost both his tobacco and his life on the spot, had he not, with great presence of mind, fallen on all fours and made a noise like a motor-lorry. Thereupon the crowd gave way, and Sir James effected his escape.

Varying were the fates of the next twenty or thirty. Some fell into the hands of the mob; others escaped unscathed, but all must have suffered agonies of fear. At last, Lord John Linley, popularly known as "Candidity Jack," entered the shop, and came out rolling a cigarette. With calm dignity as his escort was just disappearing before the onslaught of the mob, he lit the cigarette. Overpowered by the fumes, some of his antagonists fell to the pavement; others reeled backwards in stupefaction; and, taking advantage of the temporary confusion, "Candidity Jack" disappeared.

After about sixty more had entered the shop, purchased their ounce, and been assaulted, the Rev. W. D. Meadows secured his shag. But when he appeared in the street, the clamour increased tenfold, and it became clear that the reverend gentleman would have a stormy passage. The crowd had improvised gas masks to combat the fumes; they were armed with weapons, rude but effective, varying from lamp-posts to hat-pins. But, just as a hundred eager hands were about to grasp his person, Mr. Meadows cried out in a voice of thunder that he would not, by being mixed in a street brawl, make himself a disgrace to his cloth. With these words he cast the packet of tobacco into the thick of his foes, and while they fought over it, the eminent Bradshavian retired.

While we were wondering at the will-power of the man who could thus—

"Throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle,"

another personage had entered the shop. This was "Comrade" Paolo Bruchese, an Italian undesirable, who masked the dissemination of Communistic literature under the cloak of plying his avocation of organ-grinding. He had just completed two sentences (running consecutively) of penal servitude, on the charges, first, of having in his possession a "Hands off Russia!" pamphlet, secondly of attempting to murder the Cabinet by playing jazz tunes in Downing Street.

When this notorious Bolshevik reappeared, several ladies, flourishing their hat-pins, requested him just to let them get at him. At this, the modest organ-grinder blushed as red as his Socialistic tie. Proclaiming, however, that in accordance with his principles he intended to share his spoil with the mob, he thus allayed their angry feelings somewhat, and proceeded to the distribution. When half of the shag was gone, such confusion was caused by the struggling for it that Paolo Bruchese was enabled to escape with the other half.

It was with a feeling of mingled surprise and delight that I eventually, as the last in the queue, stepped into the shop. The door was closed behind me, and I surveyed the scene.

Behind the counter stood no less a person that the Officer-commanding the British Expeditionary Force in Commercial Street. Yet even he was but a satellite—a mere acolyte, of the tobacconist, who sat in a chair on the left of the distinguished soldier, fingering a little packet which must contain

MY SHAG!!!

Delirious with joy and gurgling with pleasure, I approached the counter and poured out upon it the contents of my purse. Swiftly I counted the silver coins; then I counted them again, and more slowly this time; a third time I counted them, and beads of sweat stood upon my brow. There was a half-crown, eight shillings eight sixpenny-pieces, and two threepenny-bits—exactly fifteen shillings.

"There ought to be another shilling somewhere," I gasped.

"Exactly," remarked the tobacconist, unsympathetically, "but there isn't."

"But by my calculations there ought to be just 16s.," I said; "some beast of a shopkeeper must have jewed me—I never was sharp with change."

"Maybe there's a hole in your pocket."

There was not. A great silence fell upon us. Then the tobacconist remarked that I had better be going and making way for someone else.

"But," I exclaimed, "can't you weigh out a drachm and keep that, while I take the rest?"

"Too much fag," yawned the lordly tobacconist.

"What's that about cigarettes?" I asked innocently.

The tobacconist glared at me. I quailed before his glance, and realised what I had done.

"I may have a friend or relative in the crowd, who might lend me a shilling," I suggested.

"Uncle, most likely," snarled the tobacconist.

That gave me an idea—a bright idea.

"Will you take something of mine valued at a shilling?" I asked.

"I won't," said the tobacconist. "I don't think anything on you is worth a bob."

"I admit that my appearance is somewhat disreputable," I answered, "but that is owing to my participation—my reluctant participation—in the fray. But surely you can trust me to pay you later, once I get home safely. You must be heard of me."

"What's your name?"

I told him; I expected it to be familiar to him, but for some reason he seemed quite unacquainted with it—this in spite of the fact that I was the author of four excellent novels of Thackerayan dimensions. To be sure, I had never succeeded in getting them published—which perhaps explains the tobacconist's otherwise unaccountable ignorance.

The C.O., however, seemed faintly interested, and proposed sending an orderly round to see if anyone in the garrison had ever heard of me. To this the tobacconist reluctantly assented.

Presently the orderly returned and said he was bringing someone who had heard of me. I could have shouted with delight. Next moment a police-sergeant entered—and I wished that the earth could swallow me. For he was the particular police-sergeant who ran me in on Armistice night.

Naturally my cause was not much advanced by the recognition. The tobacconist hinted that I had better go.

With a heavy heart I prepared to gather up the coins and depart. But as I picked up the first coin, something fell on to the counter. I let go the sixpence I had seized, and heard it jingle on some other coin. Underneath the sixpence was the missing shilling.

I had been holding it between my thumb an forefinger to count the other coins.

"Tut, tut," I exclaimed, "how could I make such a mistake? I had it in my hand all the time!"

The tobacconist said: "———" (blue-pencilled).

When he had said this, I leaned over the counter and blandly asked, "What's your handicap?"

However, the matter was amicably settled at last, and I secured my tobacco. Then I appealed to the C.O. for protection against the mob, and explained where I lived.

"If you want an escort so far," he said, "I am not empowered to give you one for such a distance. You must fill in Form AB(CX)YZ143978amn½ and send it in to the War Office."

I expressed my willingness to fill in the said form, and an orderly went to fetch a few copies. Meanwhile, I resolved to

smoke a little of my shag, and, when I found that, according to my want, I had no matches, I had the hardihood to ask the tobacconist for a light.

Religion and morality forbid me to repeat his answer.

"Certainly," I answered pleasantly, "I might get a light there, but still——"

Then the orderly returned, and I filled in a form after spoiling several. The questions were of a very varied nature. There was one which inquired whether I had any influential relations; if I had, I was to name them. Thereupon I set down the name of a forty-fifth cousin who was assistant-deputy-controller-and-overseer of the rhubarb and turnip plantations of Messrs. Marmer, Layde, and Jamison, Ltd. Another was: "Married or Single? If married, state number of wives." Against this I was obliged to leave a blank, as I could not remember the answer with any degree of certainty. The other questions were quite matter of fact, for example: "What experience have you had of railway officials," and "What is the number of rats in your tenement? If below thirty, state average length of whiskers and average stomach capacity." Just as I was appending a few kisses at the bottom for the War Minister, it suddenly occurred to me to ascertain what interval of time would elapse before I should receive an answer.

"Well," said the C.O., "a fortnight if you're exceptionally lucky; six months if you've average luck; never if your answers are correct and legible."

I thought that there was a considerable possibility of my getting an answer eventually, but decided that I could not even wait a fortnight to be cooped up there by the throngs who were yet waiting without the doors and thirsting for my blood. Besides, that effectual instrument of terrorism, the armoured car, could not possibly come to my assistance, as all the roads near Halifax were quite impracticable for wheeled traffic. What was to be done?

An idea struck me. I borrowed a match off a certain sergeant of Scotch ancestry—and a burly, hairy ruffian he was, too, rejoicing in the name of Cromarty,—although he asserted that this was against his principles in two ways,—first, his general principle as a Scotchman, not to lend to anybody, except at interest; secondly, his particular principle, as a non-smoker, not to lend a match to assist a smoker. Why he had any matches was a mystery.

Next, I sat down, lit my pipe, and smoked the whole ounce of precious shag. When at last I issued from the shop, I had aged forty years in appearance, so that, being perfectly irrecognisable, I was able to return home safely.

—H. P. J.