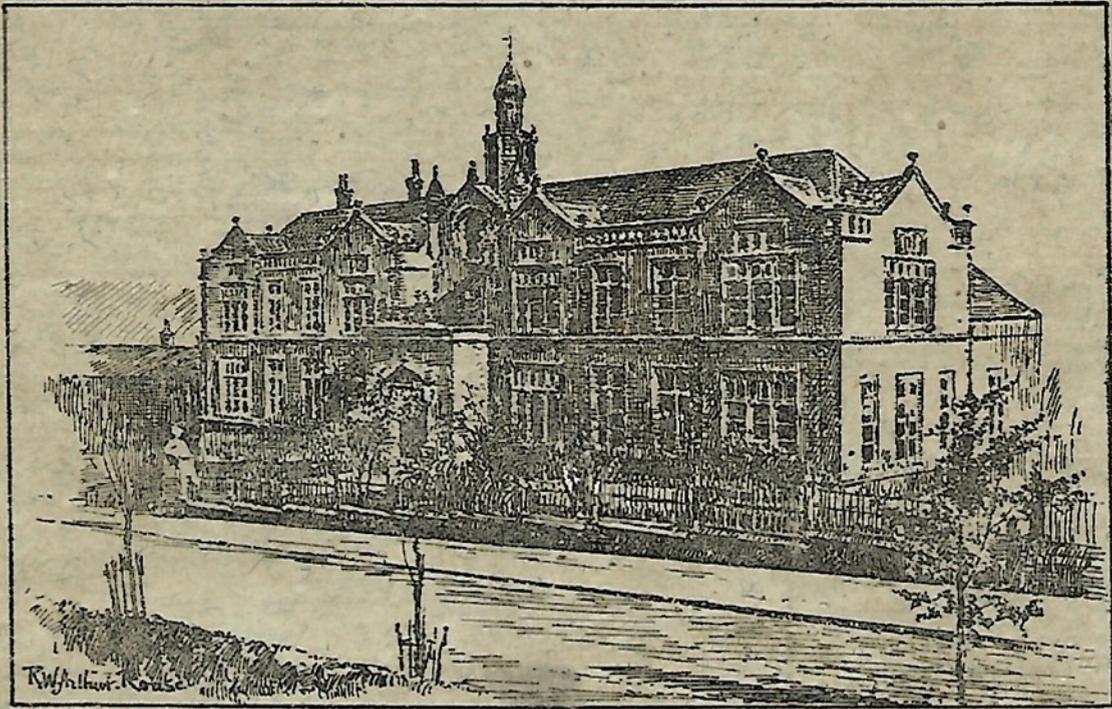




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THE NEW HEATHEN

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TO OUR READERS.

On this occasion, owing to very heavy pressure of work, our issue is slightly belated. For this we apologise to our readers, and promise exceptional punctuality in the appearance of the next number. Reluctantly we are again constrained to return to the theme of finance. It is impossible for a School Magazine, conducted on the scale, and with the illustrations of this journal, to be self-supporting. To reduce its size would be a bad educational blunder. In seven numbers we have printed contributions from over one hundred boys. We could print many more of high merit if we could afford increased space. The Inspectors of the Board of Education have written in high praise of this work, and commented on the exceptional degree of literary activity manifested among boys of all ages in this School. A distinguished Cambridge examiner, after reading the Scholarship work of one of our contributors this term, wrote to us: "His essay and prose translations were excellent. I was greatly im-

pressed with them." There is nothing so calculated to stimulate a boy's literary faculties as to let him see his work in print. Moreover, our contributors' work is worthy of publication for its intrinsic merit, without any allowance for age. The stock remark of adult would-be patronage, "It is very good for a boy!" is really only the expression of senile vanity. The literary capacity of such a critic himself is usually limited to the writing of such paragraphs as local newspapers, with unconscious irony, publish under the heading of "Local Intelligence!" We would like to conduct the work of this Magazine on a much larger scale. At its present size we need £10 a number, in addition to the receipts from sales and advertisements. Every penny received is devoted to fostering the development of youthful personality. All services are given gratis. Surely there never was a time when alert, vigorous, youthful personalities were so needed as now, to clear up the mess their elders have made of the world. We hopefully appeal to all intelligent readers who enjoy our pages (apart from the Editorial!) and who are in sympathy with youth, to give us their financial help.

THE LIFE OF DENRY PAYNTON.

BY K. O. GLYNNE.

Part I.: Early Struggles.

'Way down in Bucks. is an ancient vicarage, ivy-covered, rose-scented, and picturesque, in which Denry Paynton, the talented actor, first saw the light of this world. It was said that the first movement he made was to place his hand upon his breast, and slightly bow his head as the rays of the sun, streaming through the window, fell upon his shapely form. His father was a venerable vicar, cherishing a wholesome hatred for all the

talities of the world, including the profession which Denry was destined later to follow.

Denry's father intended his son to read for the Bar, and as soon as Denry was old enough to understand, his father used to say: "My boy, there is Money in the Divorce Courts. There is also a splendid career open to you as a Turf Agent. But, whatever you do, keep clear of the teaching profession and the Stage. That way lies starvation." And Denry used to nod his wise little head and fancy himself in check breeches, brown bowler hat, and bright yellow leggings, shouting, "The Old Firm! Twenty-five years have I stood on this course!" etc. Then he would fancy himself in a long, downy wig and crimson velvet robes, saying "Who is Old Nick?" "What is a copper's mark?" "What does 'old bear' mean?" and making other captivating jokes. With these childlike fancies, varied by practical experience at Epsom and the Old Bailey, he whiled away his early years.

At the age of twelve, his father decided to send him to Rugby. Young Denry therefore thoroughly mastered his "Tom Brown," and proceeded to the school, eager for the new life. At Rugby he was well booted and hacked until he reached the Upper Sixth. Here he joined the classical side, and rapidly discovered that he was possessed of a temperament. This showed itself in various ways. For instance, he always showed a chronic disinclination to work in any shape or form, on the field and in the schoolroom. The tutors gave him up as a bad job, and the captain of football sedulously applied his boot. But all to no avail; Denry became blase and bored, yet left school with the public school stamp upon him. His manners were excellent, his clothing faultless, and his small talk inept enough for any social occasion.

His father, the Vicar, considered Oxford a waste of time, money, and good brain-power, so Denry eventually found himself installed in the Inns of Court. Here he was much more popular than at school, for his stock of stories proved agreeable to his many acquaintances. With the opposite sex he was quite as popular, for his favourite saying, "I think bobbed hair is topping!" amused and pleased them. The girls liked the

way in which he did his hair at the back and the little protuberance half-way up his nose. "So like the Duke of Wellington!" they hissed.

After four years, Denry rested upon his oars, and while the current of life swept past him, he looked round expectantly for briefs; yet although he dined with a different person every night, briefs failed to come. Bills came instead, and exhortations from his head parent to get on with the good work. Denry increased his efforts, and frequently managed to do in one night a dinner, a theatre, a dance and a night-club. Yet the result was the same as before. All Denry's perseverance and painstaking efforts went for nothing; in vain was all his self-sacrifice, self-denial, and misapplied altruism.

One day, when he came down to breakfast at two o'clock in the afternoon, he found a bulky letter from his father upon the plate. It was full of fatherly advice and affectionate wishes, such a letter as cheer daily thousands of loving sons in the world, renewing the filial ties, which prevailed in former years. It sympathised with Denry's past lack of success, and was full of good wishes for the future. Thus ran the conclusion: "My boy, you have faced the world in a brave and intrepid spirit. No conjuncture has daunted you, no misfortune checked your efforts; you have ever pressed onward with that perseverance and grit which you have displayed in your studies. Yet your efforts have been so far unsuccessful. Now is our time to recognise that fact, and not to flinch from it.

"Many professions still remain open to you," it continued, "professions perhaps more fitted to your temperament. Such an one is that of 'Turf Agent.' I have therefore seen fit to provide you with the necessary outfit. I have it here. Bradshaw will provide you with the time of a suitable train from Paddington, and I shall expect you here to-night. The Grand National will be run next week, and I have no doubt that in this field your talents will appear at their best. God bless you, my son, and ever cherish in your heart affection for your beloved parent,—Matthew Chickweed Paynton."

Tears stood in poor Denry's eyes as he read this beloved epistle, penned by the revered and courtly gentleman. Whilst

he ate his breakfast, he recalled his picturesque home, the ivy up the side of the walls, the broad tennis and croquet lawns, and the little cellar where his father kept the Umpteen A. D. Romanee-Canti, which he considered the best of all Burgundies.

So Denry took up his training in the profession which the vulgus describes as that of bookmaker. He had a good memory and easily learnt the bookmaker's manner of speech; especially competent was he at imitating his gestures. Accordingly, next week found him on the course where the Grand National was to be run. A gorgeous and handsome figure he looked in his striking check coat, crimson waistcoat, khaki breeches, yellow gaiters and brown bowler.

Surrounded by glaring placards advertising "The Old Firm," he exhorted the crowd in his strong voice to deposit their bets with him. Several races were run and Denry began to lose heavily. One more remained; if "Lilac Domino" won Denry would recover much of his money. "They're off!" shouted the crowd. Denry peered through his glasses, and the next minute had grabbed his bag and was making for the nearest exit. Lilac Domino had tumbled at the first jump, and was now lying peacefully on the ground.

This failure in no wise daunted Denry. With marvellous speed he took the first train home and courageously informed his father of his bad luck. His father observed that there were many more races yet to be run, saying that Denry must not be dispirited because he had failed once.

But Denry was by no means satisfied.

A short time afterwards, Denry went to town and took a walk down Piccadilly. Here he met "Fatty" Wontner, whom he had known at school, and who had now become tall and slim. They exchanged the customary salutations and talked over old times. At length "Fatty" asked what Denry was doing in the world.

"My dear boy," answered Denry, "between ourselves I am doing practically nothing. The old dad has been dunning me to go into Parliament, but, dash it all! that sort of life would bore me to tears. Could you suggest anything that I could do to while away the time? I wouldn't mind, incidentally making a

bit of money. The old man cuts up nasty now and then about my allowance, y'know."

Wontner thought a moment.

"Why not enter the profession which I adorn?" he asked.

"What's that?" said Denry, unaware that Wontner had a profession.

"Go on the boards," answered the other.

"I don't like the sea," said Denry. "I remember at Margate——"

"The sea!" ejaculated Fatty. "Ignorant boy, I refer to the Stage—THE Profession! At present I'm resting, but I can introduce you to Oscar Ayres, who's starting a show at the 'Proscenium' in a fortnight. I suppose you don't mind a walking-on part for the time, as a start, eh? If you stroke old Ayres the right way you'll soon get something good."

Out of this chance meeting came Denry's great Chance! He knew his father's distaste for the theatre, but, thought Denry, what can be wrong with a Profession which is known the world over as THE Profession? Denry had strong vocal powers and a regular profile; what more was necessary of the attainment of success in his new sphere?

"We will now go and find Oscar Ayre," said Wontner. Denry knew Oscar Ayre by sight. He had seen his face every week in the "Sunday Pictorial," and also on countless picture-postcards. And Wontner was actually acquainted with the flapper's darling, with the man who had made such a hit in "The School of Charms." Ye Gods!

The pair took a taxi and sped West End-wards. They were deposited at the Proscenium Theatre. Wontner conducted Denry through a side door, along a long corridor and through swinging glass doors. Denry was well acquainted with scenes such as this. It was the bar of the Proscenium. Oscar Ayres, in a light grey suit, was chatting with one or two aproned scene-shifters.

Wontner and Ayres greeted one another in that loud tone peculiar to actors, with hundreds of "my boys" to the square minute. Denry was introduced, and the trio partook of cocktails. Their business was broached, Ayres was impressed and Denry was engaged as "Lord Sumner," a walking-on part in "Tea for Two," the new Proscenium play.

Denry's foot was at length upon the bottom rung of the ladder of success. His part was not great, but he had at length made a start. The way was clear before him.

The rehearsal next day was fixed for eleven o'clock. Denry arrived, with his usual punctuality, at 11-15 a.m. No one had yet arrived at the theatre, but Denry, giving his card to the man at the stage-door, was admitted to the stage itself.

It was Denry's first vision of the world behind a stage-door. His heart throbbed with a new emotion. The atmosphere of it all immediately got hold of him. Several carpenters up enormous ladders were hammering away to their heart's content. Mysterious persons in the "flies" appeared at odd moments, and casually dropped mysterious ropes on to the stage. Other persons hammered aimlessly at planks in those little boxes, twenty feet above stage level, set apart for limelight men. All seemed dusty and drab, from the sloping planks of the stage itself to the layers of garishly-painted scenery leaning against the red brick walls on either side of the stage. From the back, the curtain appeared like a tremendous quivering piece of unbleached calico. A large white cat lay asleep on a doormat.

In a quarter of an hour several gaily-dressed females entered, followed by an immaculate young man, and two immaculate middle-aged men.

Soon afterwards Oscar Ayres himself appeared in a Sandringham hat and a remarkably light grey suit. He shook hands with all the others, and introduced Denry as "the new super." A newcomer at this moment blustered in, fat and perspiring, his hat stuck on the back of his head.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," he roared, jovially.

"The author," said Ayres, introducing Denry.

Denry smiled, showing a gold tooth at one side.

"We'd better get a start," said Ayres at last. "We'll start on the second act. You won't be required till to-morrow, Mr. Paynton, as the restaurant scene comes in the third act. You can get the hang of the play by watching us. Now, ladies and gentlemen—beginners, second act!"

The rehearsal proceeded, Oscar Ayres doing prodigies in coaching the company, showing how things should be done, and at the same time acting himself. Denry at first watched the rehearsal, but afterwards stood beneath the T-piece chatting with a pair of walking ladies. All seemed heedless of the loud hammering of the scene-shifters.

The next day, Act 3 was rehearsed. Denry's part was to sit at a table in a restaurant, with a lady, and eat pseudo ices. When the climax came in the third act, and the "heavy" man lay dead upon the floor, Denry's duty was to start to his feet, cry "My God!" and rush forward in the crowd. Ayres carefully showed him how to sit down in the stage manner, and how to say "My God!" in a sort of throaty growl. Denry first recognised that there is an education in learning how to toy with an iced, while talking to a lady.

Rehearsals lasted for a fortnight. The dress rehearsal was a great success, the incidental music was found to be very apposite, and the author, who sat in the stalls with a few friends, felt that the success of the play was assured.

The first night came, and Denry gazed with awe upon the row of white-fronted critics who occupied the front row of the stalls. All went well, and the applause at the end of the play was great.

After three or four days, however, the receipts began to decrease. Not even the splendour of the dresses, the prettiness of the leading lady, or Oscar Ayres' profile were successful in drawing big houses. The play was withdrawn after a fortnight's run, and Denry was thrown once more upon his father.

He returned to Bucks., and the Vicar, full of remorse. His father sympathised with him.

Said Denry, "I have now reaped the fruits of disregarding your advice," he said, "and am no more worthy to be called your son!"

After a touching scene, father and son were once more reconciled, and Denry drew another month's allowance.

One day, at the Cambridgeshire, Denry had a great stroke of luck, leaving the course the proud possessor of a small fortune. The Vicar was affable, remarking that perhaps Denry's true vocation had been discovered. But Denry drew

another month's allowance, added thereto his fortune, and sped to the West End of London, with a great idea forming in his mind.

Part II.: Success.

His idea was to start a "show" of his own. For this purpose he made his way to the bar of the Proscenium, and found there Oscar Ayres drinking cocktails.

"I say, old man," said he to Ayres, "I've just made a fortune, and I want to know what to do with it. I want to start a show of my own. Can you give me any advice?"

Now Oscar was a very incredulous person, and saw fit to make a joke.

"Certainly, my boy," said he. "Take a play of Shakespeare round the West Riding of Yorkshire, and play lead yourself."

"Thanks very much," said Denry. "Tell me some of the details and directions of taking a play on tour, will you?"

Now Oscar Ayres was rather fond of a practical joke. It seemed very funny to think of Shakespeare in the West Riding, and the thought of Denry as "lead" was funnier still.

Ayres gave the required details, half in jest, for he disbelieved entirely Denry's story.

Denry threw himself with energy into the preparations. He took elocution lessons, he used a nose-machine to remedy his bump, and engaged a business manager to book dates at second-class theatres in the West Riding. Then, aided by his good memory he learnt the parts of Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, Antony, and Caliban. Then he read "Bradley" and "Hazlitt," understanding little of the latter and less of the former; yet they gave him much of the technical Shakespeare jargon, of which he made such good use in after-years.

Then he engaged a company, interviewing all the pretty girls himself and leaving the rest to his business manager.

Next came the question of scenery.

"I leave everything to you," said Denry to the stagemanager, "except part of the Court scene in the 'Merchant of Venice.'"

On the back of an envelope he drew a rough diagram of where the steps, up which he was to climb, were to be placed, in order to afford a most picturesque exit.

Anon came the day when Denry and his little band travelled North to conquer the wilds of the West Riding. They were due to open at a second-class theatre in Bradford, and arrived there with their luggage one Sunday, just as people were emerging from church. This was Denry's first experience of one of the most unpleasant facts about touring. Theatrical landladies formed the second, and theatrical "digs" the third.

Denry presented his "Shylock" the succeeding evening. At his first entrance he was received with uproarious clapping. They appreciate real bravery, these Bradford people. In his presentation of the Jew, Denry completely broke away from precedent. He made his Shylock audible. Every word he said could be heard. Again, as he stumbled slowly up the steps of the Court, after saying hoarsely but clearly, "I am not well," he took such a long time about it, pawing the ground, and tugging at the curtain, that the audience couldn't help but clap. As an exhibition of slow movement, it beat the "Pathe" slows to a fizzle.

At the end of the performance, Denry took three "calls." He did not on that evening make the speech which has made him so popular, because he had not prepared it, but a seedy fellow whom he met in the bar the next day offered to write him a speech that would bring the house down wherever he played. Denry stood the man a drink, and in five minutes had the speech in his hand.

Who does not know that speech? All who patronise the second-class theatre in the West Riding know it by heart. It is a touching little speech, and, abounding in "thank Gods," seems doubly fervent. Little bits of it linger in the memory, such as "I set out to popularise Shakespeare in the West Riding, and, thank God! I am succeeding," "I always look upon Bradford (or wherever Denry makes the speech) as a home from home," "I worship the ground you Bradford (changeable) people walk on," "I was reared for the Church, and by rescuing you people from Eleanor Glyn, I quarrelled with my father. Thank God, he now recognises his error," "I myself designed my scenery," etc., etc.

And even to-day these extracts remain in Denry's speeches. They always earn applause, because Denry, by continual practice, has learnt exactly how much

feeling to infuse into them. Earnest young things in short frocks go to his plays, eager to appreciate the beauties of Shakespeare, and return, saying, "Hasn't he got a lovely profile, dear?" "What a lovely wig he wears in the third act! It harmonises so much with his cloak, don't you think?"

When Denry wants to get free "supers" for the crowd scene in "Julius Cæsar," there is no dearth of females, love-sick for Denry, to shout among the crowd; they generally haul unwilling big brothers with them. Shakespeare is forgotten once the limelight falls upon Denry's face; the poet is completely overshadowed by that all-embracing genius who uses the plays as so much raw material upon which to exercise his skill.

Bravo, Denry Paynton; we take off our hats to you. May you continue to be the idol of both flappers and blue-stockings, who overlook the fact that you are slightly pigeon-toed!

Farewell, Denry, the all-conquering, the all-enduring!

THE END.

[N.B.—The names of no living persons are mentioned in this biography intentionally. If by chance the name of some living individual has crept in, we shall order it to creep out. Furthermore we shall stab ourself with one of Denry's "dadgers."]

C H E S S S T I R .

OUR SYNDICATED STORY.

[The author of the last chapter wrote it first, passing to the next author, who then wrote Chap. 4, and so on backwards.]

Chapter I: THE BOOK.

By J.H.S.

"Ah! now I've got it. There's nothing between me and the championship." The speaker was a man of middle-age and medium height, in fact he appeared in every way mediocre; but his expression was sinister, and just now there was a nasty gleam in his eye, which boded ill for anything that did by any chance come between him and "the championship."

He was standing before a case of ancient tomes in a Public Library. The books just there were apparently never looked at, for they were covered with dust,

the accumulation of many years. However, he had ventured to disturb their hallowed and well-earned rest, and was poring over one small volume, if anything within it had than the rest. Something within it had apparently aroused more than ordinary excitement and interest in him, but he seemed very secretive about it, for inwardly cursing himself for giving vent to his feelings, even so mildly, he slipped the book BEHIND the others on the shelf, and turned round guiltily to see who was near.

Only two other men were in sight on the next case but one, and both had raised their eyes in questioning surprise and mild reproof at this blatant breach of the "No conversation" order, which was prominently displayed about the room. One of them at once returned to the examination of the shelf before him, but the other came a little nearer and continued to stare inquisitively.

Without more ado the speaker walked up to the desk and asked the ruling maiden there if he might see the catalogue. After a few remarks about the weather, he got into conversation with her and quite casually worked round to the two men who had overheard his exclamation. One of these, who was already examining the shelf of dust, he learnt was "Cutey" Rishborne, a city stockbroker well deserving his agnomen. The other turned out to be Herman Burke, a rising young artist, who had sprung into fame with his picture, "Rhinosaurus," which had been deservedly hung.

Having elicited this information, the man examined the catalogue for a few minutes, and then went on to the works of Mr. E. P. Oppenheim. As he did so he passed quietly behind Rishbourne, who had unearthed the offending book, and was actually taking down notes from it into a little pocket-book. It was fortunate for Cutey's piece of mind that he did not see the look that was cast upon him nor hear the murmured expletives of the previous examiner of the book, as he recognised the very page which he had been perusing.

He had refrained from borrowing the book lest he should arouse curiosity by his strange taste and call unwanted attention to its apparently valuable contents. Besides, he had left his ticket at home. Hence he had preferred to leave it in its

primordial dust, thinking that there it would be safest from the touch of others; for all, by common consent, seemed to avoid this particular section of the library. And here was this idiot of a stockbroker butting in where he had no business. If he would be nose-y, he must suffer. But the time could not be yet.

In the meantime, Burke, having found a book to suit him, departed without taking further interest in what did not concern him. When he reached the portal it was raining the proverbial cats and dogs. While he paused to button up his collar, a female figure, poorly clad, approached and sought shelter, shivering in the entrance. Burke's artistic temperament gave him at least a professional interest in all his fellow-creatures. It was this which led him to watch her, and as she came into the light, he saw with some surprise that her looks greatly belied her dress. Her features were perfect, and in a pathetic way she was more beautiful than anyone he had seen. What a model she would make! Her only fault was a sallow paleness of skin; but good food and a little rouge would soon correct that.

Her whole form attracted him, and with a natural impulsiveness he accosted her. With her first words Herman realised that she was no ordinary pauper. She lacked the reticence and refinement of speech, which characterise the poor of to-day. It was obvious that her natural position was among the aristocracy, the "nouveaux riches" of not long ago. She told him quite freely that her name was Isabella Harding, but that he might call her Isa, and before long he was possessed of her whole life story.

Old man Harding had made a fortune out of old bully beef tins. Then he had taken to sport, viz., bowls and tiddley-winks. But his chief pastime was chess. In the papers he read nothing but the chess columns. His correspondence was all chess and bully beef. In dress he always affected a loud check. He would wake the household up in the middle of the night by shouting "Mate!" Indeed his whole life had been a checking board of knights and queens, and he had been unbeaten until he met one Jarvis Spedding.

This man had laid himself out deliberately and with malice aforethought to

win. He had finally succeeded by a dirty move—at least that was what Harding had called it. He had exchanged queens, and after that, calamity had befallen the house of Harding. The old man had gradually faded away and died, and then had come a slump in bully beef tins, until now Isabella was left alone and homeless. Burke's heart went out in pity towards her, and he was not absolutely certain that pity was his only feeling for her. At any rate a resolve was gradually forming itself beneath his artistic locks.

At this moment Isabella gave a nervous start and crouched back behind Herman. The mysterious man had just come out of the library, and putting his head down to the rain, vanished in the gloom without once glancing at the incongruous couple.

When he was out of sight, Isabella said, "That's 'im."

"Who?"

"Jarvis Spedding!" was the passionate reply.

Just then a taxi conveniently appeared. Burke told Isabella to enter, and sped away with her to his home in the suburbs, where he announced his intention of taking her under his protecting wing, and looking after her according to her due. Refusal was neither possible nor even thought of; so the compact was settled with the conventional remark, "Strike me pink, 'Erman, yer a toff!"

The next day and a dash of whisky brought back to Burke's recollection the suspicious movements of Jarvis Spedding in the library, and he resolved to go and investigate in the light of what Isabella had told him. He found that the dust-covered books were mainly concerned with backgammon and kindred obsolete games. The small one, which Spedding had been consulting, explained how to play chess. Now Burke had once dabbled in Cubism, and had been attracted to chess by the Cubist design displayed on the board. The game itself had then fascinated him, and he knew enough to realise that the forgotten methods of play developed in this ancient book were invincible, though decidedly unconventional. The reply to P-K4 was extremely strange and apparently pointless, but thereafter the opponent was veritably in a cloven hoof. With that move at his command, but unknown to all others, there would certainly

be nothing between Jarvis Spedding and the chess championship. But he, Herman Burke, would stop that little game, for Isabella's sake. He made a note of the moves on his shirt-cuff and departed for his club.

But his every action had been observed by Jarvis Spedding! With malignity and hate glinting from his deep-set eyes, he stepped from behind the next case, folding his pocket periscope as he came. Very deliberately he went up to the shelf Burke had just left, took out the little book, and surreptitiously slipped it into his pocket. He knew the moves now, and that book would go into the fire when he got home. The library people would never miss it, and he was not going to run any more risks: two men were enough to deal with at once.

He must get Cutey Robinson and Herman Burke into his power or else out of the way altogether before the championship matches.

Chapter II.: KIPPERS FOR TEA.

By E.R.B.

Two months after she had met and been adopted by the artist, Isabella Harding was dressing in her bedroom directly above the studio of her friend and protector. He had promised to take her after tea to see "Alf Dutton," at the neighbouring cinema, and she had resolved that her appearance should not disgrace him. On the dressing-table before her lay a string of *Cirol* pearls, Herman's latest present to her; and beside them were the usual appliances of the female toilet. She had just completed the application of the necessary cosmetics, and was preparing to join Herman at tea in the studio when a weird sound arrested her attention, breaking in on the quietness of a winter evening in the heart of London.

Isabella stood still and listened breathlessly. Her heart was so excited that it forsook its accustomed place in her anatomy, and sought refuge in her mouth, where it nearly got entangled with her false teeth. The sound was repeated. She opened the window noiselessly, and looked out. Crouched down in front of the window of the studio was—Jarvis Spedding! He was peering through a hole in the ragged paper blind, and a gleam of malevolent and insatiable hatred coupled with malicious triumph spread

itself over his sinister countenance as he murmured "Kippers, begun!"

Once again he tapped softly at the window, and this time succeeded in rousing the occupant of the room. The blind was drawn half-way up, but it fell back again almost immediately, and a shriek startled the night air.

His dastardly purpose accomplished, the chess player got up on to his feet, and laughed a blood-curdling laugh of gloating triumph.

"That's done for you," he said in a raucous whisper, "and now for Cutey Rishborne. With those two in my power—the only two who know the reply to P—K—I shall be able to win the chess championship of the world."

But scarcely had he moved one step to forward his villainous purpose when there dropped, seemingly out of the sky, like a divine avenger—Isabella. The brave girl had crouched on the window-sill, and resolved to frustrate his diabolical plan by dropping on him as he passed beneath her, giving it him in the neck, so to speak. The chess player was petrified at first by the unexpected assault. Then he recovered himself, and there ensued a struggle which was only ended by the appearance of a policeman. Jarvis vanished down a convenient passage, and Isabella disappeared through the front door of the house, leaving the representative of the law in doubt as to his own sanity.

Meanwhile what had happened Herman? After he had spent the greater part of the day in working hard at drinking whiskies and sodas, and filling in the remaining time with painting his famous picture, "Where do flies go?" he was exhausted, and was now engaged in consuming his evening meal. Suddenly there was a tap at the window. He paused. It was repeated, and he seemed to hear the words, "Kippers begun!" He turned pale, and waited for a third repetition of the noise. After a few seconds this recurred, and he rushed to the window and pulled the blind half-way up. There at the window crouched Jarvis Spedding, his green eyes glinting with triumph, his yellow teeth showing through his lips that were parted in a malevolent leer, his red nose pressed against the window pane, his thick, bulldog neck resplendent in a blue necktie with black and violet stripes. Herman shrieked and let the blind fall back

again to obscure this evil vision of the night. He sank back in a chair, heedless of the struggle outside between Isabella and Jarvis Spedding. He tried to comprehend his position, but his brain reeled, and he sat for some minutes like one in a faint.

His condition was indeed terrible. The son of a wealthy fish and chip merchant, he had had, almost as soon as he could walk, an inordinate desire to become a member of the highest circles of artistic Society. Three years ago he had attained his desire chiefly by means of his great picture, "Cabbages, Ca-beans and Carrots,"—and now he had been seen eating kippers for tea. They had always been his favourite fish. But how could he ever associate again with his friends when it became known how plebian his tastes were? He felt sure it would be known, for Spedding bore him a long-standing grudge, and would not let this opportunity of revenging himself pass. With what veiled taunts and whispered jeers would he be received! He would be a laughing stock among those whom he had come to regard as his equals. He must find some escape, and that quickly.

Chapter III. : DIRTY WORK.

By R.T.

Burke sat in his chair like a man stunned. His secret was known! And it was Jarvis Spedding who knew it! His face grew deadly pale as he realised his position. He was under Spedding's thumb, his liberty was gone, henceforth an avenging sword would hang over his head, ready to fall at the slightest disobedience to the chess-player's commands. He shuddered as he remembered the malicious laugh with which Spedding had sped on his way. He started suddenly as he heard a hurried knock on the door, but breathed a sigh of relief as Isabella Harding entered, looking very flushed and alarmed.

"Herman," she gasped, "Jarvis Spedding has just been here!"

"Yes," replied Burke slowly, "Why?"

"We must follow him. He's bent on mischief, and we must stop him. I heard him say—but that'll do later."

The artist hesitated. He must know more about this before he interfered. But the agitated girl broke in with almost a shriek, "Herman, if you have a scrap of

love for me, throw away your scruples and help me!"

Burke rose with a sigh and followed her as she dashed for the door. Outside she hailed a taxi, and ordered the chauffeur to drive to 81, Park-lane. With an exclamation of surprise he recognised it as the residence of "Cutey" Rishborne, the well-known stockbroker. His surprise increased as, following Isabella's lead, they entered the grounds, not by the ordinary method of the front door, but by climbing over a wall at the back.

"Wait 'ere, Herman," he was ordered, "while I goes an' rekkernoitres," and she slid off round the corner.

He remained under the shadow of the wall, in a fever of agonised suspense. But hardly had the girl disappeared when another figure stealthily appeared from the opposite side of the house. With a shock Herman recognised it as that of Jarvis Spedding, and summoning up his courage he crawled nearer as quietly as he could.

Suddenly a low and fierce growl burst through the still night air. Peering through the darkness, he discerned a big watchdog, watching with evident animosity the catlike movements of Spedding. Hardly had the growl passed the dog's lips before Spedding dashed forward, something flashed through the air, and the dog sank down with a groan, its neck severed by a big gash.

Burke shuddered, but managed to screw himself up to following Spedding into the house by means of a conveniently open window. He found himself in some sort of pantry, and noiselessly stepped across to the door through which Spedding had gone. His heart sank as he heard the key turn in the lock on the other side. He was locked in!

But no, he would have to return by the window. This he did. After what seemed an age to his impatient mind, he found a way of access by breaking another window, and, once inside, began his explorations. He had not gone far when he heard a shriek echo through the house. At the same instant the front door opened and a couple of police officers rushed in, to be joined by two frightened manservants.

The officers immediately rushed up the stairs, to be followed by Burke, who, somewhat dazed, had hidden in an alcove. Through the open door of a room on the first floor a strange tableau met his eyes.

The inert and bloody corpse of "Cutey" Rishborne lay upon the Brussels carpet, and, transfixed with tragic horror, over him stood Isabella, in her hand a reddened stiletto. In front of her stood the police with levelled revolvers.

Without being seen, Burke slipped back downstairs, his mind in a whirl, almost in fact, deranged. He thought of his Isabella, standing, dagger in hand, over her victim. But a gleam of consolation came to him, when he said aloud to himself, thinking of the poor watchdog, "Spedding murdered HIM: I saw him do it." He did not notice the subject of his remark slip out from behind a massive hat-stand, his hands clenched, his sinister visage distorted by venomous fury. "Good God!" he muttered, "he must have seen me doing the dirty on 'Cutey'!!!"

Chapter IV.: RETRIBUTION.

By H.P.J.

Six weeks after the fearful scene and horrible whirl of events which have been described in the last chapter, Herman Burke was sitting in his untidy studio as calmly as though no such persons as Jarvis Spedding, "Cutey" Rishborne, and Isabella Harding had ever crossed his path. And yet, according to the papers, Isabella had paid the extreme penalty of the law on the previous day, while an order had just been made, at the request of the counsel for the defence for the exhumation of "Cutey's" body, since the defence held that the cause of death was Bright's disease, and not the paltry six-inch incision which had been discovered in Rishborne's anatomy.

Herman's habits were somewhat Czecho-Slovak (Bohemian, it must be remembered is no longer the proper adjective). This will explain why on that February afternoon, he had not yet washed himself, was arrayed in a dressing-gown, and was seeking inspiration in a form which the National Society of Fatheads had sent him to secure his abstinence from all intoxicating liquors for the future. On this he was gazing reflectively, as he sipped a whisky-and-soda with evident relish.

There was, all of a sudden, a sound as though the outer door was being gently closed. Next there was a light footfall without the room, the door opened softly, and with the treacherous glide of a panther there came into the room—Jarvis Spedding.

"Now, keep quiet," said the chess-champion, "it's loaded, I warn you, and I'm standing no silliness."

"What's loaded?" said Herman, in mild surprise.

"O damn!" growled Jarvis, savagely. "I'm a greenhorn yet."

He began fumbling in his pockets and at last drew out a revolver and levelled it at Herman's head.

"Now," said Spedding, "for the sake of argument we'll suppose this revolver's loaded, though I'm getting so absent-minded that it probably isn't. But what I came to say, Herman Burke, is this—you've been winner so far, and you've got my secret, and I've got yours, so I say this, that you've got to accept my terms or I shoot you down like a dog. Once I had the whip-hand of you with that little affairs of yours I knew about, but now you know about me what would bring me to the gallows, so you are dangerous. I am in a desperate situation, and desperate diseases require desperate remedies. This is the remedy I propose"—he tapped the revolver significantly—"unless you give in."

Was Herman to give in to this base adventurer? Never! Should he throw the decanter at him? Perish the thought! With stealthy swiftness, he caught up his waterpistol, filled it at his glass, and took aim at Jarvis.

"Hands up!" he said grimly, "and drop that revolver."

Astonished at this move, Spedding dropped the revolver helplessly, and put up his hands. He saw the game was up.

"I say, old chap," he whined, "don't be hard on a fellow. I shall swing for it if you tell—and that would be unpleasant, to put it mildly. You may be in the same boat yourself some day. A fellow might see you at the critical time. It's an accident of the trade. If I'd only put a little ourari on the point, I could have left him, and you wouldn't have seen me."

"Begone, sir," said Herman, sternly, "I will no longer delay. Either you confess or I lodge the information with the police."

Now, considering Herman knew none of Jarvis's secrets, and had not a ghost of an idea what he was talking about, this was a lucky shot. The hardened villain turned and reeled away with a look of inexpressible anguish on his face, leaving Herman to celebrate his triumph in peace.

Scarcely was the decanter empty when the bell rang, and our hero opened the door to a couple of railway porters, who staggered beneath the weight of a huge Easter egg—addressed to Herman.

Having got rid of the men without a tip, Herman sat gazing at this mysterious present, which possessed no indication of the sender. As he gazed, it seemed that the lid began to move. For a moment Herman hesitated between the pledge and Jarvis's revolver; then he caught up the latter just as the lid heaved off and revealed the occupant.

Chapter V.: THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

By K.O.G.

"Good God!" ejaculated Herman, dropping his revolver, "You!"

"Me!" said Isabella, calmly, as she stepped out of the large pasteboard Easter egg.

Herman, unable to articulate with any degree of coherence, stared blankly at the shapely form of the girl before him.

"Then you weren't dead, after all?" he managed to stammer at last. He drew his fingers dazedly through his long locks.

"Not me," said Isabella, in the vernacular, "I slipped out of their hands like a blinkin' eel. Swelp me if I didn't."

Herman poured himself out a stiff whisky, and subsided limply into a chair.

"Tell me all about it, dear," he said, weakly.

The cockney girl arranged her clothing and sat on the arm of his chair.

"The last time I saw you was when the coppers nabbed me a-fingerin' the blinkin' dagger stuck in old Cutey. They thought I'd done him in as soon as they set eyes on me; and, bless your life, before I knows where I was, I finds meself in quod. But I guess you've read all this in the pipers. Soon arterwards I finds myself in the court, with an old josser with a white wig on a-tryin' to stare me out. Reg'lar old bean, he was, to be sure. And then, arter three days, the ole feller announces that I am to be hanged by the neck until I peg out. They brought me your note of sympathy just arter the blinkin' sentence. But you didn't know yours truly. The execution was fixed for six weeks afterwards, an' during that time I was a-playin' my cards well, a-seducin' of the gaoler. Well, at eight o'clock on February 27th, the death-

bell was due to toll, and I was due to be told off. At six o'clock the blinkin-gaoler comes to me with a scrambled egg and a dash of brandy, just to keep my spirits up. Previous, I had applied a touch of rouge to my lips and a bit of eye-brow pencil to my eye-brows. I gave him the honeyed word, you know, and carried on with him until he promises to set me free. He leads the way through a maze of dark alleys, and at last kisses me and pushed me out of a side-door. I takes to me heels and never drew breath until I finds meself in the Tottenham Court Road."

"But the papers published an account of your execution this morning."

"Don't you believe it, Hermy. All a bloomin' fake. There wasn't nobody to hang" said Isabella.

"But the Easter-egg?" said Herman, pointing to that object as it lay on the floor.

"Oh, that's simple. Yesterday, arter leavin' the prison, I gets work in a chocolate shop in the Old Kent Road, I didn't dare come to you as I am, so I hits upon this plan. Just when the blinkin' things were about to get sent out, I changes the address on this one, puts your name on it, scoops out the choc. and gets into it, putting on the lid myself. They'll be wonderin' where I've got to by now."

"I thought it was another scheme of Jarvis Spedding's," said Herman. "Hence the revolver." He apologetically replaced it in his hip pocket.

There was silence as this incongruous couple, the rich artist and the ignorant Cockney girl, gazed into the depths of the fire, absorbed in their thoughts. Brought together by such a marvellous train of events, they had never foreseen this culminating miracle. Herman Burke's pity for the poor girl had grown, during many weeks of adventure, into quite another feeling, and this unconventional renewal of her acquaintance had stirred his heart once more.

It was Herman who broke the silence.

"Poor old Cutey," he said, "I wonder who murdered him. They miss him on 'Change at present."

Suddenly the quiet of the evening was broken by the cry of a news-vendor, "Special paper! The Kensington murderer discovered! Isabella Harding innocent! Miscarriage of justice! All the details!"

Herman and Isabella leaped up together. Herman rushed to the window, flung it open, and called to the newsboy. Securing a copy of the paper, he opened it at the "stop press" news, and read aloud the details, Isabella hanging breathlessly on his arm.

"It will come as a matter of regret to everyone that Isabella Harding, who, it will be recalled, was charged with the murder of 'Cutey' Rishborne, the well-known stockbroker, was not guilty of the crime ascribed to her hands, and has therefore paid the penalty unjustly. A confession has been received this morning by the authorities, signed by Jarvis Spedding, the well-known chess-player, who has indisputably proved his guilt. Had not his confession been lost in the post, the unfortunate girl would have been saved. This is another testimony to the inefficiency of our postal service, etc., etc."

The paper dropped from Herman's grasp and Isabella looked into his eyes with mute thanksgiving.

As the voice of the newsboy faded away in the evening air, Herman drew the girl to him, and she lay blissfully in his arms.

"We shall be married tomorrow," whispered Herman, "and the day afterwards we sail for Hawaii."

And Isabella, in her bliss, replied: "Blimey, Herman, you're a marvel!"

THE END.

BEVERLEY;

Or, 'Tis 175 Years Since.

A Story of the '45.

By T. W. Coghlin and P. Sutcliffe.

Chapter I.:

THE MAN WITH THE EVIL SMILE.

It ill befits my gnarled old hand, that is more used to the cutlass than the pen, to write the story of my adventures and misadventures by land and sea; but I do it for the sake of the dimpled grandchildren that play around my knee.

Well do I remember the winter of 1742. I was then a sturdy lad of 14 summers. My father was a furniture-remover and touch-judge, with a wide reputation for excellence all round Portsmouth, where was our humble dwelling. How well can I

recollect the homely ivy, the well-tended tulips, and the coated wattles of our lowly mansion!

One day—a Saturday, to be precise—I was returning from school with some more brave lads of my acquaintance. Where are they all now? Some, no doubt, have reached the goal of their endeavours; others have adopted for ever the Broad Arrow as a symbol of patriotism. . . . I left my companions at the docks, and walked, a sea-struck youth, along the rows of ships. As I was passing a bark-rigged brigantine with more than a suggestion of schooner in her, I noticed sitting on the tarpaulin forearm, a fat man with a greasy smile.

"Like to look round the 'Bonnie Dan,' younker?" said this individual, with an evil leer.

My heart gave a jump, but alighted safely. "I would be most pleased, sir," I replied, my eyes shining. O, that I had refused! If I had done so, I would not have consented.

We passed into the ship.

Chapter II.:

ABOARD THE "BONNIE DAN."

Scarcely had the fat man led me into the binnacle-forepoop than he turned on me with a snarl, and taking a sand-bag which he carried in his tobacco-pouch, he hit me a heavy blow. I remember all this very distinctly, because I was there.

After a confused period, during which I lost consciousness, I woke up. I found myself in what is technically called a cabin. It was a handsome enough cabin, furnished tastefully with three scuppers, a dead-eye, and a porthole.

I had not been long awake when the fat man who had decoyed me on to the ship entered my apartment.

"Excuse my deficient perspicuity," I said, mustering all my courage, "but who may you be?"

The man ground his teeth frightfully. "I am the captain of the 'Bonnie Dan,'" he said. "I have come to ask you a plain question, and I demand a plain answer. "Are you willing to be taken aboard this ship as a naval rating?"

I looked him bravely in the teeth. "Yes," I said fearlessly, "yes, as long as my trade is honest. What is this ship?"

He put his fist through the dead-eye. "It is a pirate," he said in low tones. "But we have a magnificent record.

Splendid! Glorious!" He saw me hesitate. "I will give you three days to decide. Meanwhile my daughter shall attend to your wants. If your answer does not suit me—" He went out, breaking the scuppers at a touch.

Chapter III. .

THE "BONNIE DAN."

After a short interval, there was a bang on the cabin-door. Who could it be but the captain's daughter. I went to the door and opened it. Outside stood a low-lying, broad-beamed female of uncertain age.

"Come in," I said, sweeping her a low bow. Turning sideways, she did so.

Transferring her chewing-gum to the other cheek, she said, "Do you require anything? If so be as you do, I will get it you."

"Thank you," I said, "All I shall want will be regular meals, and solitude, so that I may be alone by myself."

At the end of the three days, the captain came to me and inquired my decision. On hearing that I had decided not to go with him, he reasoned with me for some time, and then, seeing that I was not to be persuaded, he said, "Well, well! Boys will be boys. As you don't wish to go, I suppose I shall have to force you to go."

Thus I started on my venture.

Chapter IV. :

THE VOYAGE.

The same night the ship started on her voyage. As soon as we had got some distance from the land—that land that I was destined never to see again, till I came back—I was allowed to go on deck. How often had I yearned for the sea-life, and now I had got it! As soon as I reached the deck, I felt new life in me. How good it was to feel the billows beneath one's feet, and to smell the odours that one gets on the brine—the stale biscuits and bacon from the lazarette—the tar and bilgewater under the poop—the tobacco from the foc'sle—and the whisky from the cabin.

I was set to work in the biscuit-breaking squad. My job was to sharpen the axes, on a grindstone, as soon as the biscuits blunted them. Now and then the mate would come along and grind his teeth.

And so the ever-varying days passed, with nothing to break their monotony,

save that now and again we would overhaul some homeward bound merchantman. In these cases the method employed was this: The "Bonnie Dan" was ranged alongside the other vessel, a couple of sere and yellow old cheeses, matured by long keeping in the hold, were hustled on to the other vessel. We then retired below, and waited till the deadly gas had done its work. We could then rifle the ship at leisure. . . .

Chapter V. :

CONCLUSION.

In the purple sunset of a Western dawn, the yellow twilight of Aurora breathed upon the plunging ship, adrift in the tropic calm. I was sitting, I remember, on the mizzen-foretop galliard trysail, furling the spanker gaskets, when the captain swarmed down the hatchway with a grim look on his broad features.

"My dear Piccolo," he said, picking oakum from his molars, "you have long known the affection which my daughter Cello bears for you. I have decided, despite my paternal qualms, to turn you adrift together. In half-a-day you can reach Samoa." His voice broke with a loud crash.

My face turned white with emotion, with passion, with the pent-up feeling of centuries.

"My liege, whilst I appreciate your bountiful beneficence, I must beg to decline your offer—I—I am indisposed."

"My boy—may I say son-in-law?—your modesty does you credit. Say no more," he said, and the tears poured down his rugged cheeks, scarred with the wounds of domestic strife. "She is in the boat, waiting for you," he continued brokenly. "I am bald and old. Spare me the parting . . . Farewell!"

I never saw him again, till we met once more.

In the course of the rolling decades, Piccolo had grown three years older. We see him, the prosperous proprietor of a chewing-gum factory, a director of the Samoan Hotspurs, a patron of the Samoan Psychological Research Society, and corporal of the C.L.B.

Every fifth Saturday in the month he visits the last resting-place of the mortal remains of She Who Loved Him.

On the grave, decked with seaweed,
with exotic tropical flowers, such as dandilianos, sellan-deans, and crow-cusses,
growing at its foot, he reads, with ever-increasing delight, the mossy words:—

To
C. B.,
Who cut her mortal line
With a Fish-Bone.
May her Sole rest in peace.
"She warped her woof."

MY HEART'S IN THE BREWERY.

My heart's in the Brewery, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Brewery, a-drinking the beer;
A-drinking the brown ale, October's pure flow—
My heart's in the Brewery, wherever I go.
Farewell to the Brewery, farewell to the Beer!
The birthplace of Porter, the home of good cheer;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The taps of the Brewery for ever I love.
Farewell to the bottles large, full of black stout!
Farewell to the pint-pots, all scattered about!
Farewell to the Ale, best of Nature's pure foods!
Farewell to the brown Porter's bright, sparkling floods!
My heart's in the Brewery, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Brewery, a-drinking the beer;
A-drinking the brown ale, October's pure flow—
My heart's in the Brewery wherever I go.
—Richard De Burgo.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(Entirely re-written, with great ability, by
T. W. Coghlin and P. Sutcliffe.)

Scene: The Capitol. Around the Forum are scattered beaks of Roman ships, advertisements for chocolate, and Cæsar's election pamphlets. A Roman policeman seated in the background is cutting his toenails, and some army recruits are polishing their toga buttons.

Some young students with shining mourning faces, are waiting in seeming expectation, leaning on bicycles. There is a flourish of trumpets.

(Enter a Herald.)

HERALD:

Citizens, heed what I say—
Julius Cæsar comes this way!
A, ab, absque, coram, de,
Palam, clam, cum, ex or e!

(Enter Cæsar, followed by chorus of sandwichmen and potboys.)

CHORUS:

Blow the trombone, sound the bagpipe!
Play the organ till the keys are
Nearly smashed, to welcome learned
Dashing, Clever, Mighty Cæsar!

CROWD: Speech! Speech!

CÆSAR:

With ask, command, advise and strive
•By 'ut' translate the infinitive!
From Nemo let me never say
Neminis and Nemine!

CROWD: Three cheers, my lads, Hip, hip, Hurray!

(Enter Brutus. He is wearing a white cravat, blue hair-ribbon, and a pink silk stomacher. He is an alderman, and looks the part.)

BRUTUS:

Cæsar, we are sick of thee,
Prepare to take thy death from me!
Of neuter nouns in 'al'-ar-'e'
The ablative in 'i' must be!

(Simultaneously he stabs Cæsar in 33 places, and prepares to flee in all directions. But, enter Antony.)

ANTONY:

Cæsar's dead! But little he recks
For he has handed in his checks!
Common are to either sex,
Artifex and opifex!

BRUTUS:

I have done it, Antony,
But I repented later,
Dative of the instrument,
Bella matribus detestata.

(He cowers, shuddering. Antony is in a white passion, and advances with flaming cheeks, on the luckless Brutus.)

ANTONY:

From me thou'lt have no clemency,
Prepare to meet your destiny.
"He threatens me with death" should be
In Latin, "Threatens death to me."

(With the help of his guards, Antony quickly trusses up the screeching Brutus to a tram-pole of the Forum. At a word

ILLUSTRATED TRIFLES FROM ILLUSTRATED PAPERS

A FEW GEORGE MORROWISMS

K. O. GWINNE



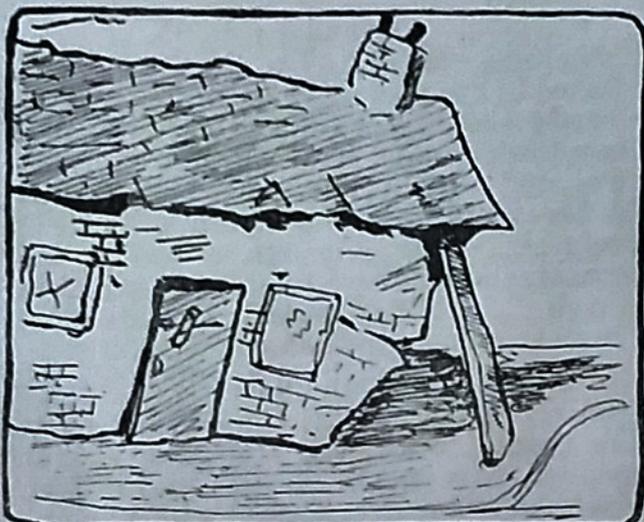
MISS LICELY TRAVERS, WHO HAS SERIOUSLY ANNOUNCED HER INTENTION OF NEVER MARRYING



MR. KOOP-DUR, THE FAMOUS NATURALIST, AND AUTHOR OF "WHERE DO FLIES GO?", WHO IS ENGAGED IN RESEARCH FOR HIS COMING SONG ABOUT BACTERIA.



MR. HIPPIAS CASTO, WHO WOULD NOT HAVE ACCEPTED A KNIGHTHOOD, EVEN IF OFFERED ONE.



ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES: No 4 GAOL COURT - WHITECHAPEL, THE HOME OF THREE GENERATIONS OF STUBBS.



"I BUR OUT MY OWN TEA," SAYS MISS OLGA GICCLE, WHO IS STARRING IN "UP THE POLE" AT THE "CONUNDRUM".



THE HON. PERCY ARCY WHO SAW A LION CUB IN AFRICA AND NEARLY SHOT IT.



AT ST MORITZ: COL. DIGBY ENJOYING HIMSELF ON THE ICE.



SPORTING PARSON: THE REV. MILKAN-WATER, WHO KEEPS A PET POM (MARKED WITH X).



MASTER CHARLES KIDD (AGED 2) THE CHILD ACTOR, WHO HAS SCORED A SUCCESS BY HIS REALISTIC CRYING

from him (Heureka!) the policemen go away, and come back leading a four-handed Gorgon Zola, coming along at a swaying trot. Quickly, with furtive eyes, they loose the harness, and remember old engagements. The Cheese turns, utters a deal of stinking breaths, and makes for Brutus.)
(Curtain.)

THE GREAT FIGHT.

By K. O. Glynne.

[Editor's note: Owing to the absence of our regular "Great Fight" reporter, we were compelled to send to the great battle our lady typist. This fact may account for several little errors in the following report, although our lady author rather compliments herself on her knowledge of sporting terms.]

The National Sporting Club presented quite a picturesque appearance for the great meeting last night of Jimmy Childe and Pete Sherman for the bantam-weight championship of the world. Rows and rows of white shirt-fronts stretched around the boxing pitch, in various attitudes of expectation, sprinkled among the men were dashes of colour proceeding from all the latest décolleté modes from Paris—the shimmer of green charmeuse, the glitter of purple satin and blue crepe-de-chine, and the sheen of pale pink chartreuse.

In the front row, chatting to a prominent boxing umpire sat the Prince of Wales. Ah, the dear boy! He was smoking a very fat and very long cigar, and seemed to roll it to and fro across his mouth in the approved American fashion. What a white face he had, the poor child! Roars and roars of tumultuous applause broke from the spectators when the Prince leaped lightly over the tape into the arena, and commenced a very pretty little speech, wishing the boxers the best of luck. Then he stepped lightly down, to return to his cigar.

Tumultuous applause heralded the arrival of Jimmy Childe into the arena, clad in a padded silk dressing-gown with lace insertions, slashed here and there with purple attaches. A silken cord, finished with golden tassels, completed a very chic effect. Next, Peter Sherman appeared, vaulted over the tape and sat down in his own half. His dressing-gown was of a dark fawn colour of shot silk, finished off

by a two-inch cord. Mr. Corkran next climbed over the tape and introduced the fighters, who peeled off their gowns and displayed forms reminiscent of the great Greek athletes.

Round 1:

Jimmy Childe kicked off with a fine square cut, which Pete parried lightly in haste, and returned smartly. Pete, with a strong cross-buttock, pressed his opponent to the tape. The round closed with a left clinch on the point of the mark.

Round 2:

Childe rose from his corner, with a sweet smile on his face. He countered lightly to Sherman's eye, and the latter duplicated the movement. Following a scrum, the two men dabbed each other with short grabs, Jimmy feinting twice in succession.

Round 3:

Sherman rose grimly to the attack, and crashed in a fierce lefthander which Jimmy smartly shouldered off. A half-volley from Childe found its mark, but Sherman retaliated with a late cut which tapped Childe's claret, his nose beginning to bleed profusely. Mr. Corkran separated the combatants, who now became entangled in a melee. Childe hooked smartly and Sherman side-stepped on one knee.

Round 4:

Early in this round, Childe sank on to the floor of the arena, and Mr. Corkran counted four before he got to his feet. Sherman's blue eyes flashed with triumph as he elbowed Jimmy to the tape, but the little Welshman thrust his opponent in the chest, Sherman panting furiously. Childe drove strongly at his opponent's nose, but the latter jazzed swiftly to the right, and got in a brilliant jab, which Jimmy could only half parry.

Round 5:

Sherman early in the round half-Nelsoned twice, side-stepped once, and chasse-stepped four times. A crashing right found its billet on "the mark," and Childe fell to the floor. Mr. Corkran counted ten, and the fight was over.

[Editor's note.—Our lady typist at this point wrote three pages in praise of Georges Joiner, the famous French boxer, whom she happened to see at the end of the fight. Half of this account will be found in the "Woman's Weekly," and the other half in the "Sartorial Gazette."]

IN MONTIBUS TEMPESTAS.

By Mawdek.

Alone upon a lofty mount I stand,
 And all around are towering mountain
 peaks,
 Huge clouds loom up in dense and dark
 array,
 As if a mighty army had come forth
 Proclaiming battle with the din of arms.
 Then comes a deluge, whence is no escape,
 As when in ancient days God drowned the
 world.
 Louder yet still more loud the thunder
 rolls,
 With horrid noise; and still the tempest
 raves,
 And dark becomes the vast and void ex-
 pance
 Of air. Alone I stand. The storm, raging
 In all its fury, o'erwhelms and bows me
 To the ground, whereon I needs must lie,
 With drenched limbs and frenzy in my
 heart.
 Save for rumblings faint, Jove's thunder
 ceases,
 As if an organ in the distance peals,
 Quite soft and low; and all is calm, as
 when
 A mother rocks her babe to sleep,
 Soft singing till he's wrapt in slumber
 sound.
 The sun appears again with shining
 beams;
 His rays light up the range of wondrous
 hills.
 I try to rise; but oh! what dire distress!
 My limbs are numb'd and still I seem to
 hear
 The wrathful Zeus, with bolts of thunder
 dread.
 And tower yet those huge, majestic crags,
 With purple heather growing on their
 slopes.
 It makes Man wonder at God's marvellous
 works,
 To see those lofty mountains, reaching up
 Towards the sky, where their Creator
 reigns,
 In perfect harmony with all His Saints,
 And sways the raging elements at will.
 Strange Might Divine, which thus controls
 the storm!
 God grant us Grace ourselves thus to con-
 trol.

2nd H.G.S., HX.

The Scouts belonging to the School are still flourishing. Their exhibits at H.A. on February 8th, 9th, 10th, and 12th go to prove this. A short-wave wireless set, made by one of our Patrol Leaders showed that the Troop does not intend to be left ashore by the tide of invention. Throughout the Exhibition messages were heard from all stations all over Europe: messages of all sorts and kinds—weather reports, Press, conversations between ships, etc., etc. The granting of a wireless reception licence, however, does not permit of any message being repeated. A chance for the Scout who can read Morse at twenty letters a minute! Undoubtedly wireless has an important future, a future which will make its mark in wars to come. The School Troop hopes to be able to carry out experiments with a set of its own shortly.

Another intelligently constructed exhibit at the Jamboree was a model motor wagon, a photograph of which appeared in the last number of this Magazine. The precision in detail in this model is very commendable, and it was highly spoken of at the Exhibition.

The Club-room is now well decorated with the Scouts' own handiwork. Among other things is a collection of photographs (by Smith v.) taken at the School Camp, held last Midsummer at Pateley Bridge; there are also enlargements of some of the photographs.

The Troop has also a small Library, consisting of books on various subjects connected with Scoutercraft.

Improvements in the Club-room have been made during last term: shelves have been arranged round the walls, desks have been kindly loaned, and the general aspect of the room is neat and Scout-like.

Now that the summer months are coming and the Daylight-saving Act has come into operation again, we are taking more Saturday outings, and prolonging our weekly meetings.

There are still vacancies for Heath boys who wish to become Scouts, and we shall be glad to see them on Friday evenings. Our meetings are not conducted on School lines, and there is no detention!

So roll up next Friday. —G.K.R.

SIXTH FORM TRIOLETS.

By K. O. GLYNNE.

I.

There's trouble in store;
 Don't listen to Polo.
 With rattle and roar—
 (There's trouble in store)
 But he will pour
 A pianoforte solo.
 There's trouble in store;
 Don't listen to Polo.

II.

Curled is his hair;
 His name is Frank Taylor;
 Mild is his swear;
 Curled is his hair;
 Puns are his "flair"—
 At these he's a nailer.
 Curled is his hair;
 His name is Frank Taylor.

III.

The air becomes blue—
 O Gee! It is Pilly!
 What the deuce of a do!
 The air becomes blue—
 Enough row for two!
 How frightfully silly!
 The air becomes blue—
 O Gee! It is Pilly!
 (To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLES.

The Falklands were guarded by sons of
 the soil, and a ship's crew of sons of the
 sea,
 But the Governor was cool, and the Cap-
 tain no fool, and as brave as a Briton
 could be.
 Aye! a warming reception the Huns would
 receive, when they paid him the visit in
 store,
 For the Canopus' crew, after all they'd
 been through, were eating their hearts
 out for more.
 Now Lord Fisher in England had heard
 that Von Spee had slipped out of his
 base in the night,
 And had sailed for Cape Horn, on the
 wings of the morn, with his squadron in
 order for fight.
 Then two cruisers were called from the
 British Grand Fleet, and in secrecy
 steamed for Cape Horn;
 They arrived there at length, and con-

cealed all their strength in the harbour
 and waited for morn.
 The day had dawned clear, and the breeze lay
 nor'-west, and a mirror-like calm
 filled the sea.

And there lay in the bay such a fleet as
 Von Spee never thought of as under his
 lee.

Little dreamed he these blue hills were
 screening his death, that a fleet would
 be lost on that day;

But the scenes had been changed, and the
 stage was arranged, and the grim cur-
 tain rose for the fray.

The cruisers steamed out with their squad-
 ron before them: the Germans had come
 into sight.

Then Von Spee full well knew, when they
 came into view, that his sole hope of life
 lay in flight,

And our two British cruisers gave chase
 with all speed, neither sparing their fuel
 nor men.

They outstripped their own fleet, and the
 foes at their feet knew they'd ne'er see
 the sun rise again.

The "Inflexible" fired the first shot at the
 foe, with the light-cruiser Leipzig in
 sight;

Her guns flashed and roared, for the skip-
 per aboard was determined the Huns
 should show fight.

At length the Huns turned, and answered
 our fire, but the range was becoming too
 near;

Again they turned tail, and we put on all
 sail, and riddled their ships in the rear.
 The Scharnhorst was blazing, her fighting
 was done; she ceased fire and slackened
 her pace.

Her ensign still flew, but as all full well
 knew, there was no longer need to give
 chase.

The enemy's fleet struggled on in despair:
 on that day they all fought their last
 fight.

Spee did what he could, as an admiral
 should, but he struggled in vain against
 might.

"A."

COUPONIA.

By NIXY PRATT.

Thiston is well-to-do, and has an allow-
 ance which keeps him amply provided for
 in all that he needs in the way of worldly
 comforts. But it never astounds me when
 he proposes some wonderful scheme.

money-making or otherwise; therefore, when the present season commenced and he turned his truly wonderful mind to the problem of football in general and football coupons especially, it did not surprise me in the least. What did astonish me was the way he plunged into the business, heart and soul, though he had never watched a football match, much less played in one.

Happening to drop in at his rooms one day, I found him seated at a table literally two inches deep in papers, prominent among which were pinkish-white slips. Picking up one of these, I read—

"Aston Villa v. W. Bromwich Albion," and a list of other matches. Thiston "never minded" my entrance for a few moments, then he looked up hurriedly, and started as if he had not heard me come in.

"Hullo," I said, "What's this?" holding up the slip.

"That," said Thiston, "is a football coupon," and turned again to his writing.

I seated myself and watched without much interest Thiston's feverish burrowing in the heap of paper. I was getting used to this kind of thing by now. There was silence for a few minutes, unbroken save by the scratching of Thiston's "John Bull."

"Really you know," suddenly he jerked at me with the air of a man who speaks the painful truth, "you're rather in the way here." Then, as an afterthought, "But you can help if you like."

I was rather hurt by not only the words but the tone of this speech, but, well—one has to humour people like Thiston.

"How?" I asked.

"Well," said the busy one, "You see those two addressed envelopes over there? Well, slip into the one marked 'Football Coupons,' that pile of pink cuttings, and into the one marked 'Huddersfax Infirmary' that pound note. Oh, and if you are going along Commercial-street, pop them both into the G.P.O. if you don't mind."

I DID mind, but still I carried out his directions and went out with a very obviously injured air.

It was the following Thursday evening, when, as I had just settled down to Leacock's latest, a banging of the front door announced the arrival of someone, whom, by reason of the clatter, and of the fact of his coming unannounced, I guessed to

be Thiston. I was right. It was Thiston, and a very excited Thiston as well.

"Well, he shouted, bursting in upon me. "Are you satisfied? Have you made a large enough mess of things?"

And before I could protest my utter ignorance of the subject of my speech, he had thrust into my hand a letter.

"From the Infirmary," he yelled.

The epistle ran thus:—

"Dear Sir,—

"We are entirely at a loss to explain the reason of your sending to us the enclosed, and should be very much obliged if you would explain the matter personally, by post or by wire.

"Yours in expectation,

"O. N. OTATALL, Sec."

He produced from an inner pocket the pile of football coupons.

"Look at this," he said, in a voice quivering with emotion. He held out the night's paper, and pointed out to me a column headed, "A Modest Subscriber." Underneath was:—

"We were rather surprised to receive this morning at the office an envelope containing a £1 note, and addressed, 'Football Coupons.' We conclude that someone, wishing to remain in the background and at the same time to help the paper, has given his little help towards the £50 prize we offer each week for only 12 correct results. Should his eye chance to catch this, we trust he will accept our earnest and sincere thanks."

"Oh—you—you—" cried Thiston.

Words appeared to fail him. He sped from the room, and left me to the far-away banging of doors on his way out.

ONE GOOD TURN—

"Mush! Mush!"

The faint cry came through the clear, cold air of the North and reached the ears of Sam Bannock as he sat by the roaring stove of his cosy little Alaskan shack. He was thinking of his past bad luck in finding gold. He had been in the van of numerous strikes that had made some men millionaires, yet he had only just made enough to keep going all the time, though he was thankful enough for that.

At the sound of the voice that broke the death-like silence of the frozen wastes, he leaped to his feet and threw open the door.

As far as the eye could see, the land was entirely covered with snow, that lay in waves as the wind had swept it in the storm a few days ago, though the weather was beautiful enough now.

The sun was shining brightly, and the sky was blue and cloudless. To the north three great rugged peaks rose above a range of mountains on the horizon, that seemed to guard the Unknown; while to the west lay a belt of swaying pines, from which a score of dog-teams and twice as many men were heading straight for the shack at a loping run.

As yet they appeared no larger than ants, though minute by minute they became larger and clearer, and in ten minutes Sam discerned them to be the inhabitants of Wolf, a small mining camp ten miles back.

"What's doing?" asked Sam, when the party swung past with the crunch of snowshoes and the creaking of sled-runners.

"Big strike up at Dark Gulch," returned a big, bearded fellow. "Jes' plumb sure ter be a fortune fer a 'undred! Callagh got bags and bags o' dust." He shouted something else, but Sam did not stay to hear more. Instead he ran inside the hut and gathered together what he would need for a journey. Such necessities as a sleeping-bag, saucepan, frying-pan, matches, provisions, etc.

"I'm off to Dark Gulch," he told himself. "I've never had any luck at all, and it don't seem likely 'at I ever shall. Still, I'd be a fool to stay mooning here. The gold won't come to me; it's me that'll have to go to the gold."

Going outside, he brought the dogs from their enclosure, and harnessed them to his sled, on to which he piled his needs, securing them with a rope of hide.

"Marche! Marche, ho!" he cried, and cracked his whip. With a bound, Carlo, the leading dog, straightened the traces, and was off; and, barking joyfully, the others swept down the trail after him.

"Guess they'll be surprised some when they finds me there first!" laughed Sam. "Li'l does they know as how they're going sixty miles, when I've only to go forty."

And he laughed again, for he knew a short cut to the new strike. True, it was rough and rocky, and he would not be able to travel very quickly, but it would give a tremendous advantage over the men from Wolf. He had come across the way quite by accident, though he never thought

the discovery would be any good to him. The sharp air nipped him, for there were several degrees of frost, and he felt gay and fresh. The sun shone brightly, and Sam told the dogs that it was good to be alive. All was silent. Such an eerie silence, in which men have been known to go mad, but not so Sam. He revelled in it. "What Sam likes is the dogs, an' the North, an' the rattlin' trail," said a trapper once, "an' he allus likes ter do a feller a good turn."

After travelling for fifteen miles, Sam branched off from the track of the Wolf gold-seekers, and turned off at right-angles into a narrow cleft in the rocks.

Over frozen creeks, over rocks and snow-drifts, over hills and through valleys, Sam and his dog-team sped until the sun sank and darkness fell; but he spared the huskies, for he knew that it would be much wiser not to overwork them in the long run.

At the mouth of a cave, Sam drew up for he knew caves are not too easily found, and sleeping in the open in Alaska is not very nice at all. He unharnessed the dogs and threw them an armful of biscuits. Instantly they commenced struggling and fighting for the food; but old, sagacious Carlo had no thought for his supper. Instead, he crouched, growling, in front of the cave, his tail up, his teeth bared, bristling in every hair.

Sam looked at him for a minute or two; then he picked up his gun, which was loaded, from the sled, cocked it and walked silently to the cave mouth.

"Possibly it's an old bear's den, and it's the tenant that's making Carlo excited," he thought.

In the cave all was silent and dark, so he drew a wax match from his pocket, and scratched it on the barrel of his gun. With a splutter it burst into flame, revealing, not a bear, but an old Indian, lying on a heap of skins beside a pile of cases and packages, which no doubt constituted his store of provisions. Whether asleep or dead, Sam could not tell, for the old fellow was all hunched up, and his face was hidden.

The white man lit another match and dropped down by the Indian, gently turning him over. He was only asleep, not dead, though his breathing was laboured. His right foot was covered with blood. Sam concluded that he had hurt his foot

and lost a good deal of blood. It was a good thing that the miner had come across him, else he would have assuredly frozen to death without a fire.

"Poor fellow" said Sam. "I'll jes' light 'im a blaze. Guess he can think hisself lucky 'at I've come."

Taking his axe, which was slung on the back of the sled, he put it on his shoulder and walked across to a clump of trees with the intention of cutting some wood to make a fire in the cave; but he stopped when half-way there, and then swung round on his heel.

The dark clouds, which shut out the light of the stars and flashing Northern Lights, coupled with a biting, cutting wind, that swept the powdery snow on to him, told him that the night was going to witness a storm of more or less great violence. Sam saw that the wisest thing that he could do under the circumstances was to block up the entrance to the cave with blocks of ice, and warm and illuminate the interior with his blubber-lamp. A fire was out of the question, of course, for the cave would soon be full of smoke, and uninhabitable.

Coming back to the cave, he drove in the dogs, and pushed the sled in, and then with a shovel he commenced to pile up a barrier at the mouth, until only a small opening at the top remained, into which he crawled. Hardly had he dropped to the ground when the forerunner of the blizzard swept past with a roar and a shriek, filling up the cave opening with a great drift of snow. Sam was just in time.

Getting his blubber-lamp, he put it by the Indian, and applied a match to the wick, which burnt with a yellow, warm, smoky flame.

"Next thing I'll warm some water and bathe the chap's wound," said Sam.

He filled a sauce-pan with tightly-packed snow, and placed it over the lamp. Soon the snow had changed into water, which presently grew nice and warm; and with it Sam cleansed the man's wound, which was a very bad gash, and then applied a bandage with antiseptic lotion on.

"Hugh! good!" said the Indian, who had awakened with the pain; and though the words were seemingly unthankful, the look on the man's face expressed his gratitude.

"How did yer come to be hurt?" asked Sam, passing the Indian some biscuits.

"I caught my foot with my axe when chopping wood," said the Indian. "I lost much blood, but I managed to crawl here. I have had plenty of food, but I am very weak. I will go to sleep now."

Suiting the action to the word he turned on his side and went to sleep, and Sam cooked a couple of bacon-rashers. After eating them, he lit his pipe and began to think.

This Indian needed attention, and could not look after himself, he knew, but if he stayed by the man he would lose the golden opportunity of reaching Dark Gulch before the men from Wolf, for though he calculated he would have to dig himself out from the drifts of snow deposited by the blizzard, which was roaring overhead, and so lose time, the other men would be impeded the same way.

Sam, who had never had any luck at all, could now get gold, but for this Indian. The great temptation that whispered to the miner was: "Should he leave the fellow? He was only an old Indian. Nobody would ever know about it." It was a great, a very great temptation, but he revolted against the thought of the crime—for crime it would be. Though rough and hard, he had always lived clean and straight. Was he going to spoil himself now and darken his future? No! He banished the idea from his head.

"Gold or no gold, I'll look after the poor fellow," he said, getting into his sleeping bag. "Drat me for thinking of a dirty trick like that!"

Morning came, but no light with it, for the cave was covered with snow to a depth of five feet. It took Sam a considerable time to clear it, and when he had finished, the Indian had awakened.

"Brother," he said, "you were going to a new strike, I am sure, but when you found me here, helpless, you decided not to go, but to stay with me. For this I thank you, not by mere worthless words; but by an action which will mean much to you. Over Lodian Hill, by Roaring Lake, I have discovered gold. Now to let you stake a claim next to mine would be no reward, for soon all men will flock there. But, listen, half the gold in the district is in my claim, and I wish you to go there and share with me. When I am well, will you go?"

Sam joyfully said he would, and they went.

* * * * *

True friends are Sam and Eddif Arrow, the Indian, though red and white, and they are the richest men in Alaska. Dark Gulch, the cause of a nasty temptation, was a "plumb" failure, and so the men from Wolf came to Temptation Mine, though all the gold, practically, was in Discovery Claim.

—PEDRO.

O D E
ON INTIMATIONS OF BILIOUSNESS
ON FIRST EATING
A SCHOOL DINNER.

Ten minutes more, and I am free
From pangs that twist me up in pain;
One last long sigh, and then for tea—
Thank heaven, not at school again!
It suits me ill to partake now
Of things that never pleased before,
For every joy is fled below:
What future meal can hurt me now?
They brought me fish, the banquet
brought,—

Man was not formed to live alone—
For beetles in the soup we caught,
And house-flies in the currant-scene. . . .
Enough—for hark! the bell is tolled—
I stagger to the window cool;
And vow that ne'er, for love or gold,
Will I once more dine at the School.

—RICHARD DE BURGO.

UNE HISTOIRE SURNATURELLE.

One evening, as the sun was setting, I found myself seated at my window, which faced the harbour mouth. I was watching the cobbles drift quietly into port, when suddenly my attention was diverted to a schooner, which seemed to hesitate as to whether she should enter the harbour or anchor outside. However, the question was soon settled, for she moored to the end of the West Pier.

In the semi-darkness I saw several forms jump off her deck, and hurry along the pier. As they got nearer I took them to be marines with bayonets in their hands. Still they scurried on, and yet their uniforms seemed to have changed, or my sight was failing me. Certainly it was getting dark, but now they appeared to be wearing blue jackets with brass buttons, and frills of lace round their collars,

and cocked hats. Nearer and nearer they came, flourishing their cutlasses, till at last they reached the land; but slacken their pace they did not.

The curious part about the whole affair was that they seemed to be making for the very house where I was. This, unfortunately, was the case, and as they approached near enough, I saw their sunburnt faces bore a look of hatred and eagerness for revenge.

Oh! Ugh! Crash went the door and in upon me they poured with shouts of exultation. They spoke some foreign tongue, which I could not understand; and if I had understood it, I should have been too frightened to answer. But there they were in my room.

They soon decided what was to be my fate, for I was trussed up with rope and gagged, despite my strongest resistance. One of them got hold of my boots and began pulling them off: then they lifted me bodily up and let me fall with thud on to the floor.

Great was the fall, and hard, too—even hard enough to disturb my snooze and find my terrier tugging at my boots—for it was his supper time! —G.K.R.

TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

(With apologies.)

Scene I. : A Room in a Lodginghouse.

(Enter Vegetatus, a cannibal curate, in a dark brown study.)

VEG.: To shave or not to shave, that is the question: whether 'tis noble in the mind to suffer the chalk and pencils of unflattering artists, or to take up arms against a maze of bristles, and by much softening, bend them. (Five minutes pass.) I am settled, and bend up each corporal agent to this terrible feat. (Four minutes pass.) Is this a razor that I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. (Shaves.) I shave and shave, and yet am bristling still. (Cuts himself.) A nurse! A nurse! My kingdom for a nurse. (Enter nurse, binds up his face, and retires. Vegetatus attempts to remove a spot of blood from his collar): Out, dashed spot! Out I say? Will my shirt ne'er be clean? (Exit with flourish).

Scene 2: A cafe.

(Enter Vegetatus and three other curates.)

First Curate: Ale!

Second ditto: Ale!

Third ditto: Ale!

Veg.: Coffee. (To third curate): Weaker than ale, and cheaper

Third Cur.: Not so frothy, yet much healthier.

First Cur. to Third ditto: Was the lad drunk when that he dressed himself? Hath he slept, and awake now to look so green and pale?

(Enter waitress, with coffee and an onion.)

Veg.: This quantity of coffee is not strained—it droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven upon the plate beneath. (Pulls out a "Green Final.") It seems the world's a field, and all the men and women players. They have their exits, some in trances, and each plays with his shirt in many parts, etc., until at last he ends his strange, eventful game in sweet unconsciousness, and from the field is borne sans teeth, sans eyes, sans shirt, sans everything. (Enter manager. Abrupt return to this world of Vegetatus, who drags himself out of the deep reflection he had fallen into).

Man.: Fair sir, though art a dainty piece to drop down yon stone stairs! My charge, sir. Half-a-crown?

Veg. (his eyes twinkling like a pair of carriage lamps): I'll deal no further in this business. I've been extravagant of late, and have bought coffee and onions from all kinds of people.

Third Cur.: Cheerupoleshap. Taste one of my shoshages.

Veg.: Some people can eat sossages; for my part I can't stand 'em;

What I maintain is this—*de gustibus non disputandum*,

For pencil ends are my delight,—

They'll clean your teeth and keep you right,

They scare a wife, they lengthen life, they benefit the liver,

The pencils go; the women go; and I munch on for ever! —ALEPH.

You soled my boots for eight and six. I sold them to a baker,

I'll ne'er be sold by you again, you boot and money-maker.

They sole their boots upon the sea with soles and cels they tell me,

'Tis my sole thought that those were too, that you tried hard to sell me,

Take my word for it, cobblers all are profiteering lubbers,

So don't wear hide upon your heels, but just wear Philips' rubbers! —ALEPH.

THE SUPPER MANIAC.

By CINCINNATUS.

(Oh, dear! I've begun already. I ought to put "The Super-Maniac.")

We stood together on the kerb, in front of the Salvation Army Tabernacle, just she and I. We spoke again of those glorious days which we spent together in years gone by. We stood there for nearly a hour when a monocled—no! I mean manacled; no! that isn't right—at any rate I mean he wore white gauntlets—spectre in sky-blue-pink, i.e., navy-blue, appeared and told us in a stentorian voice, which seemed to proceed from the darkest deeps of Cerberus, to "Move on, there!"

I began gently to expostulate with him, but the civilisation of the ancients was still nascent within him, and when I said that he, the great clod-hopping chump, had just interrupted a conversation which was begun in the year one, he laughed and whistled for the asylum van.

I resolved, however, that I wouldn't go easily, and espying a light-fingered—no! I mean light-footed—gentleman approaching, I called him to my aid, and together we pointed out to this abased—here I go again! amazed is what I meant—but still semidignified official that his diagnosis was not correct, and his conclusions mere guesses.

He made a manual—oh, dear! I mean manful—effort, and said in a tremulous voice, "Anything you say will be taken as evidence against you." The light-headed—dash it all! I can't seem to say footed—gent., disgusted with my generosity, and altogether deceived by my benign—no no! I mean beneficent—appearance, gave me his benediction, i.e., his fist, on the end of my pedal organ—that sounds like music, but I always confuse the optics with the dentals—and passed on.

LEATHER WARES.

Vain cobbler, you have sold our souls and healed our understandings;

We've worn thy hide between the poles, from Hyde to Jepforth's landings,

She—this is the “her” previously referred to—had stood there, holding my coat lap—oh, blow it! I mean lapels—all the time, but now she ran into the Tabernacle, and came out with the brass band, which she instructed to play “From Greenland’s Icy Fountains” six times in succession—no, I mean succession.

She then plugged my ears with cotton wool, and we only waited for the terror of our beautiful captor—forgive the pun!

We hadn’t long to wait—only a matter of ten minutes, in the midst of “Speed, kindly night.”

When we had escaped, she asked me who I was. I told her, and she then wanted to know why I spoke to her this morning. I replied that I was Sir Doonot Toile, the famous Spiritualist, and that I had received power which enabled me to see a person’s last position in life at a glance.

How the sitter appears to the
photographer



How the photographer appears to
the sitter



By one who knows

JP

By this I meant not in this life, but in a previous life. Thus, you see that you had a life so long ago as the year one. You were my mother then, and I was Herod the Tetrarch.”

She fled in terror, and, sinking upon my median, i.e., the line drawn from my apex to the middle of the line joining my feet—

I turned quickly, but surlily—no! I mean surely—into my next state of life.

A cat came round the corner, and snitting—no, dash it all! I mean emitting—a cry of joy—bow! wow! wow!—I gave chase.

[Note.—We have reproduced the manuscript.—Ed.]

PAGES FROM A REPORTER'S
NOTEBOOK.

By A. CHOPKINSON.

My boss had just heaved me out of the office of the "Daily Gasser," with injunctions to interview Mr. Jonas B. Bloggs, the celebrated explorer, who had just returned from the wilds of Maritana, where he had recently discovered some cold cream springs. I affixed my roller-skates, and was soon outside the hotel at which the great man was staying, and, walking past the commissionaire with a dignity born of long practice, I demanded to be shown to the rooms of my interviewee. Arriving at my destination, I knocked, and a voice which sounded like a trombone rampant, bade me enter, which I did after fixing my concussion pads (my own invention, 12s. 6d. at any ironmonger's, tobacconist's, chemist's and retail coal merchant's).

The sight which met my eyes astonished me. Mr. Bloggs, wearing a green riband—the sign of the O.B.E. (Order of the Broken Eggcup), scarlet spats, a purple tie, a pair of garters, and a wristlet watch, was sprawled over two or three Eastern divans, smoking two Baghdad hookahs, and a Trichinopoli rocket, complete with knobs and brass fittings, while his servant was burning incense and Wrigley's chewing gum, on a brass tripod.

"Well," roared Mr. Bloggs, "What-cherwantorgetalong outovitquick!"

"If you please, sir," I said, "I represent the 'Daily Gasser'—"

"That's your misfortune!" snapped my host, in italics.

"—And," I continued, "my paper would be extremely grateful if you could condescend to let us have the story of a few of your wonderful experiences."

"Well," he growled like a trombone couchant, "I'll admit that I've had some remarkable experiences—for instance, you see that bearskin rug over the coal-scuttle?"

"Yes," I assented, in anticipation of some remarkable adventure.

"Well," he remarked coolly, "so do I! Strange, isn't it?"

"But," I complained, "I came here for something that the public will gape at over their morning bread-and-dripping, through the agency of the 'Daily Gasser'!"

"Now you're speaking," he said, taking a pinch of hokey-pokey. "I guess I can tell a thing or two that'll make fried kippers gape, let alone the public. Why, when in Maritana, I saw a man actually walk over a wide river without a bridge! Why, the Indian rope trick isn't in it with that!"

I hastily scribbled down this astonishing information on my cuffs, and finishing the space thereon, commenced on my shirt front.

"No!" I gasped, "Impossible!!"

"Well," said Mr. Bloggs, "it's quite true—at least there was only a small bridge, nothing much to speak about."

Again I actually perceived that he was pulling my leg, but, nothing daunted, I assailed him again.

"Well," he said, with an air of condescension, "I'll tell you something that is perfectly true. The other day I saw a young lady walk past a bargain sale without a glance!"

. . . . I recovered on the doorstep two hours later.

(Next issue:—My interview with the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo—if full particulars are at hand!)

THE GYM. CONTEST.

An Impression, by T.W.A.E.

After great difficulty I secured my booked seat in the balcony over the door. The unbooked area was packed with the mob, who threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered a deal of stinking breath. The "gods" were also well occupied with house partisans, whose hoarse and raucous voices did much to beguile the waiting hours.

The Scout club-room was now opened for the benefit of the Scouts, and after much persuasion I secured a position as representative of the Press. At this point the juniors, whose position in the stalls was becoming insecure through the jealousy of the seniors, had a battle royal, and yelling their war cries of "School!" "Heath!" and "Queen's!" fell upon the intruders, and were in the end supreme.

The floor was in good condition, though it had not the appearance of having been polished for some considerable time. Yet I had no doubt the dancers would find it sufficient for their performance.

Amidst awful silence the artists trooped in, each carrying his dressing gown on the left arm.

As I pondered, thin and beery,
On School's chances in the dreary
Gym. Comp., they seemed to me as
black as Knight;
For I ask you (I'm no gambler)
What's our chances 'gainst an Ambler
When we've only got a Walker, in
our plight?

The preliminaries were soon over, and then the first team discarded their superfluous apparel, and the proceedings began in earnest.

"Span bending, with a little run," caused great amusement to the enthusiastic audience. The exercises on the beam were the next in the programme, and I was surprised to see the tight-rope walkers, who, contrary to expectations, complete their promenade without the usual failures.

The whole team now proceeded to sweep the floor with their nether garments, and the surface indeed looked much better. They now proceeded with cross country running, the surrounds of the room being ideal makeshifts for this exercise.

After this the beam was again resorted to as an excellent means of torture, and the high-jumping proved the downfall of many of the smaller members of Heath's third-rate team. The gift-horse was now approached, and some stupid ass made a mule of himself in attempting to jump like a cat. It is not well to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

There was a young person of Queen's
Who was partial to 'Taters and Green's,
But he fell on the horse,
And was gravelled, of course,
And his house-mates of course gave him
Beans!

It is quite obvious from my report that the previous performance was not a championship display. School were next in the field, and it was early obvious that the garments of one powerful specimen were not quite sufficient for his requirements. The same programme was gone through as before, and the tightrope again proved a considerable obstacle.

They now sat down in the attitude of taking nourishment, and still, in spite of Heath's firmer dusting, succeeded in absorbing not a little dust. The beam was

against an excellent means of testing their prowess, and, strange to say, whilst crossing the Bar (K)night fell.

School's last hope now commenced their travels with a donkey, and they performed this exercise just 'as you like it,' in spite of the cries of 'the merry wives of Windsor' in the background.

Amidst great acclamation, Queen's now besported themselves in their gaudy-coloured garments.

There was a young person of Heath
Who was happy when showing his teeth,
Once he showed them too far,
And he dropped off the bar,
And also dropped two points for Heath.

Queen's went through the same tortures and the scorer must have been dazzled by their gaudy nether garments. The man of bicycle fame put many spokes in Heath's wheel. The wall bars were resplendent with their bright tapestries. This team danced the lancers in very good style, but collapsed at the military two-step.

The real shouting now began, and amidst magnificent applause Heath took their place with unstockinged legs in the inner circle, to be the aim of the cruel taunts and thrusts of the surrounding hosts.

School now took their places, and lasted unhit for quite a long time. Queen's the next in the arena, were soon dismissed, and School were obvious winners of the game.

The finale was now the only remaining feature, and then, amidst awful and unbearable silence, the marks were counted. The winning house was Queen's, with School an excellent second.

There was a fine gymnast of School
Whose apparel was certainly cool,
And through doing his best
He lost sight of his vest,
Which made him look rather a fool!

Magdalene College,
Cambridge,
Easter Term.

Dear Sir,—

Thanks to your publication being rather later than usual, I am enabled to pen this missive after coming into residence for the Easter Term, and am thus given the opportunity of crowing over the

result of the Boat Race. But it was a wonderful struggle, and we must congratulate the Oxford crew on the very gallant fight they made against what I think they would admit was a slightly superior crew.

Spring is bringing Cambridge back to its very best, for the term of cricket, tennis, the river, and Triposes—in descending scale of importance! There has been very little rain here for a long time, and wickets are so hard that they have to be watered before they are safe for play. But, as I write, a steady drizzle has set in, which looks like going on all day, and should do a world of good, though it will ruin our first practice match, which was arranged for to-day.

By the way, sir, I should like to take this opportunity of correcting a false statement which appeared in your last number, in which you said that I had been awarded soccer colours. This is not true, although I managed to gain a regular place on the first eleven. Possibly you were confused by the fact that I got my cricket colours last year, but, so far, that is all.

The Union Debating Society has started on the desperate fight it always makes against the other more seasonable attractions, and on Tuesday next Mr. Philip Snowden is to entertain us with a few choice anecdotes. Labour feeling is decidedly strong up here; in fact, I should say that it forms the strongest organised body of opinion in the 'Varsity.

A few members of the Defence Force are still missing, but otherwise everyone is up now, and most have succumbed to the general "wind up," and begun to work for the Tripos. Being one of those upon whom a specimen of this fiendish form of torture is to be visited, I must wish you a bumper number, and sign myself,
C. B. KAY.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

On the whole, we have had a fairly prosperous season this year, having won 8 matches, lost 9, and drawn 2. This, it will be remembered, is a distinct improvement on last year's record, probably owing to the fact that we have had special provision made for sport in the School curriculum. Many younger players have come into prominence this year, the most

noticeable being Radcliffe and Wade, both of whom showed distinct promise, and have in no small way contributed to the success of the team. Football has improved greatly in the School generally, probably owing to the enthusiasm instilled into the younger generation by the advent of Mr. Garrett, the Sports Master. The regular team at the end of the season was as follows:—

Bartlam, goalkeeper.
West and Beattie, full-backs:
Thomas, Lord, S., and Sutcliffe, E.,
half-backs;
Coghlin, Radcliffe, Taylor, Brookes,
Wilson A. E., Wade, Strickland,
forwards.

ELLAND SEC. SCHOOL (h.).

Heath played a scientific game, but, owing to the superior brawn of their opponents were defeated. The forwards played well, but the backs, in the second half especially, failed miserably. Lord (2), Coghlin (1), and Beattie (1) scored for Heath.
Lost, 4—6.

ALMONDBURY G.S. (a).

Heath only fielded a depleted team, and were greatly handicapped by the absence of Bartlam, West, Taylor and Brookes, and turf from the field. The rain and the mud made scientific football impossible, which fact no doubt accounts for the defeat of the visiting team. Lost, 0—5.

B.D.A. TEAM (a.).

This was our first match with the team. Heath were again handicapped by the absence of some of their players, but nevertheless won a good game after being three goals in arrears after the first quarter of an hour. Lord (1), Sutcliffe, Coghlin, Brookes, and Beattie (2) netted for Heath. Despite the huge score, the Heath forwards were very weak in front of goal, and with luck would have doubled their score.
Won, 6—4.

RASTRICK G.S. (h.).

Heath opened well, and at half-time, were two clear goals in front, but again owing to the weakness of their backs, deteriorated in the second half. It is especially noticeable that Wilson, A. E., who had not scored in the preceding twenty matches, opened his account with three good goals, and is to be congratulated on his success. Taylor scored Heath's remaining goal.
Lost, 4—6.

RISHWORTH G.S. (a.).

In the first half, the visitors played well on the wind-swept Heath, and fully deserved their lead, but in the second half were defeated by a better side. The Rishworth full-back obliged by kicking through his own goal, and Taylor scored another soon afterwards. Lost, 2—3.

SOWERBY BRIDGE SEC. SCHOOL (h.).

Heath were at full strength, and came out rather easy victors. Lord played brilliantly on the right, and scored two good goals, while Radcliffe made a very creditable debut for the first eleven, the team as a whole having some reason to be proud of itself. Other scorers were Wilson (1), Taylor (1), Brookes (2). Won, 6—4.

HUDDERSFIELD COLLEGE (h.).

Perhaps never was the absence of Dalzell so keenly felt as in this match, when, as Coghlin was transferred to centre-half, the forwards, though individually brilliant, combined only at rare intervals, and then badly. It is only doing the visitors justice to say that they were the better side, and fully deserved their victory. Coghlin scored Heath's only goal. Lost, 1—6.

RISHWORTH G.S. (h.).

In this match Lord was tried at centre half, and proved himself admirably suited for the place. Heath were eager for revenge after their recent defeat at Rishworth, and won a well-fought game by two goals to one, Taylor and Brookes scoring. Won, 2—1.

BELLE VUE SEC. S. (a.).

Played in a quagmire at Bradford. Lord S., was played again at centre-half, and Beattie as outside left. Heath turned up with ten men, and had to play a goal-keeper picked from the crowd, who nevertheless played a good game. In this match the visitors were well beaten. Lost, 0—6.

B.D.A. TEAM, (h.).

Hopkinson substituted Bartlam, who was unable to play, in goal, while Wade was given a trial as outside left. The game was of a very ding-dong character, each side scoring before the interval. The visitors' goal was bombarded perpetually in the second half, but owing to the greasy nature of the ball shooting was difficult. In the end, the visitors somewhat luckily won by the odd goal in five. Lost, 2—3.

FIRST ELEVEN.

* Signifies full Colours.

- *COGILIN, Captain (c. h.)—Has been a model captain in every way. Plays a hard game, and is a very sure tackler. Would do better if he shot oftener.
- *THOMAS, Vice-Captain (r.-h.)—A sound half. Has improved greatly, but is too gentle with teams slightly lighter than the School team.
- *TAYLOR (c.-f.)—Our hard-working Secretary. A very good forward indeed. A deadly shot at goal, but tries to do too much on his own.
- *LORD, S. (o.-r.)—An exceptionally fine forward. He is very fast, and a strong dribbler; quite the best shot in the team. Has played at centre-half with marked success.
- *WILSON (i.-l.)—A good forward, but apt to wander too much. Shall be glad to see more of him in matches next season.
- *SUTCLIFFE (l.-b.)—A very reliable back; what he lacks in pace is made up in judgment; a sure kick; might use his weight a little more.
- *STRICKLAND (l.-h.)—The hardest worker in the team; has shown up well all the season, and can always be relied upon, especially against heavier teams.
- *BEATTIE (o.-l.)—Possesses pace, but is erratic in front of goal; would make a better back than forward.
- *BROOKES (i.-r.)—A bustling player, but will always try to do too much himself; should steady himself more when taking a shot.
- *WEST (r.-b.)—The best back the School has had for some seasons. Though rather on the light side, has been a tower of defence throughout. A safe kick, and sure defender.
- *BARTLAM (g.)—Has the making of a good goalkeeper; should handle oftener; has put up some marvellous exhibitions of goalkeeping.
- TOWNSEND (l.-b.)—A good, reliable back, but has unfortunately suffered from a bad strain, and been unable to play latterly.
- ROSS (r.-h.)—A promising half; has played in a few matches; should be sure of a place in the team next season.

DARGUE (g.).—A coming goalie; has stepped into the gap on more than one occasion, and done great credit to his side.

WADE (o.-l.).—A coming player of the very best type. Though very young, has showed that he is worthy a place. Plays sound football, with excellent judgment. Has a promising future before him.

DAIZELL (c.-h.).—Has only played in the early part of the season. A fine centre-half and a sure tackler. Should feed his wing men more. Has been unable to play since Christmas owing to illness.

WILSON (c.).—Has played once or twice; passes well, and has good judgment.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A.S.(S.?)

A Study in Study Decorating, Recorded and Published by JARRO.

Chapter I.:

One day, or rather night, as I ambled in from the office (oh, what a comprehensive term that is) my wife, after the usual scoldings and reproaches—we had only been married twenty-five months—remarked, "Alan, next time you go into town, mind and call at Lord's, the paper-hanger's, you know."

How that "you know" gets on my nerves, for I generally don't. "All right, dear," I replied, as civilly as is possible for an over-worked, hen-pecked husband of 25 months; and for the next five nights this was my welcome and reply.

But, on the sixth night my masculine superiority asserted itself, so, drawing myself up to my full height—about to my wife's shoulders, I believe—I intended to say, "Oh, thou artless person, thou daughter of an unpractical sex, dost know that I can accomplish this feat equally unto him of the house of Lord's?" but actually managed to stammer, "Oh thou—you, I mean—you know I can do it, don't you, dear?"

"Oh, can you?" she answered, gazing down at me superciliously. "Well, try then."

On my way to the office next workday, I bounced into Lord's, and started playing the game with enthusiasm. I asked—quite naturally, I'm sure, for "Ten rolls of

style of wallpaper) "and do you stick it on with butter or margarine?"

What that bally assistant saw to smile at I don't know, but he did, and informed me, "Flour and water."

"There," I cried, "I knew it was something to do with bread."

Chapter II.:

Two days after—nearly 8 p.m.; I in shirt-sleeves; wife's apron on; ladder, paper, stickum, etc., in various corners of room; confusion in all of them, together with the floor and walls.

"That's a good job done," I exclaimed as I slapped the last square centimetre under the window-sill, "only to tidy up now. I see I missed my vocation; should have made thousands by now; only about a score tears in the whole lot!"

With some such soliloquy I commenced cleaning up operations, which lasted till 9-30 p.m.

Just then my better-half entered, and throwing up her hands in horror (joy, I had hoped it to be, but was soon enlightened, or rather dulled, by her expression), demanded, "What on earth HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"

"Decorating, darling, of course." (No, I shan't omit the punctuation; 'darling' doesn't need decorating—she's decorous enough), I replied. With a shrug of her shoulders, and a glance that would have killed a Brontosaurus, my wife stormed out of the room like the tempest of Tome II., "Travailleurs de le Mer," by V. Hugo.

P.S.—By my wife's "earnest request"—you know what that is—I am adding a copy of the note she sent to Messrs. Lord, Brothers and Sons, Decorators and Wall-florists:—

"Dear Sirs,—Will you please come and decorate the Study at 41, Park Avenue, Surbiton?"

"Mrs. A. Wattabore."

MOTTOES AND MAXIMS.

Many a non-union man wears a union suit.

Men who want praise, don't deserve it; men who deserve praise don't want it.

Beggars should not be choosers; neither should they be beggars.

It is not impossible for those who have been well reared to get to the front.

o o o

There is a great deal of difference between a hair-raising story and a bald statement of facts.

o o o

The reason it is cool in the mountains is because there are no forest fires in the mountain ranges.

o o o

Many a man who receives a front pew in church will receive no seat in heaven.

o o o

If you think you cannot live without a girl, marry her and find out.

o o o

Many a girl thinks she is fond of sports until she marries one.

o o o

Though you may be out of debt, you still sleep on tick.

o o o

Money may talk, but it does not come when called.

o o o

It is one thing to nail a lie, but quite another to keep it down.

o o o

Why is it that so many men hang round a cigar store when the bakery is a much better loafing place?

o o o

When you bottle your wrath throw away the corkscrew.

o o o

There are few ball-room gowns that cover a warm heart.

o o o

It does no harm to dream, as long as you get up when the alarm clock goes off.

NAPOO.

Thos. Smith & Co., IRONMONGERS.

— KITCHEN RANGES, CHIMNEY PIECES, —
INTERIORS, TILE PANELS, TILE HEARTHES

22 & 24, Broad Street,
HALIFAX.

EASTER MONDAY WITH THE HEN- PECKED CLUB.

BY ONE OF THEM.

Whatever prompted me to spend Easter Monday with my fellow-sufferers on the laudly moors, miles from any other human being, I cannot, and never will, be able to guess; but anyhow, after a very laborious morning, including the washing up of the pots, after taking the wife's breakfast to bed, and blackleading the fireirons, not forgetting the making of the dinner, something within me prompted me to disobey all orders for cleaning the bedrooms in the afternoon, and wend my way out into the world, and spend one solitary half-day away from the "missis."

The subdued boldness of many years, and the little bit of courage I possessed, now welled up and taking advantage of my wife's after-dinner forty winks, I slipped on my hat and coat, and was soon speeding down the street, the fear of being discovered lending me wings.

I cannot describe my feelings as I boarded a Hebden Bridge car. I felt like a hunted convict, and was terrified of being singled out every minute, although by whom it was impossible for me to state. At all events, I soon became more composed, and as we sped on, further away from Halifax, my courage returned in such leaps and bounds that I had even no fear of the car turning over and having a slight quarrel and parting with the rails, although it was not a thing unheard of on that route.

My decision of the morning had been carried out in such a haste that it never entered my head where, and at what time, the Henpecked Husbands met, although I did know that they generally assembled near Hebden Bridge. It was during this rather disturbing train of thought that I became aware of two meek-looking gentlemen of the same stamp as myself, seated immediately in front.

Could they be one the same mission as I? This thought flashed across my brain immediately, and so firm a hold did it obtain that I found myself listening to their somewhat excited, but quiet, conversation, and to my joy I heard these words "—and I know she won't half gimme summat to go on wi' when I go home, and I'm sure I shan't enjoy mesen a bit."

Without further ado I tapped his companion, who seemed to be his guide, and the more collected of the two, on the back, asking him discreetly if by any chance he was going to the annual meeting of the Henpecked Club. After subjecting me to a close scrutiny, perhaps regarding my interruption as somewhat impolite, he said that they were, whereupon the nervous one, perceiving that he had a companion in the same position as himself, interrupted the other, and began to talk most eloquently to me.

However, to cut a long story short, we alighted at Mytholmroyd. This year, I was informed, the meeting-place was on Blackstone Edge moors. After a short delay on account of our being compelled to await a few who were unable to steal away so effectively, a start was finally made, the party comprising between thirty and forty temporarily happy men.

The weather was typical of Eastertide—a constant downpour of rain—but I derived one comfort from it, namely that there were scarcely any holiday trippers to watch us marching like a battalion, the majority smoking their first pipe since the previous Easter Monday.

At last our destination was reached. It turned out to be a sort of little chapel or schoolroom situated up on Blackstone Edge. After a few moments' well-earned rest, during which I took stock of those around me, the proceedings commenced, the first business to be transacted being the interrogation and election of would-be members.

The person in charge of this duty seemed to be the Mayor, dressed up for the occasion, with his (bicycle) chain of office adorning his neck, and the President, also suitably arrayed, with a tin rossette in his coat.

However the meeting commenced in earnest by the singing of a hymn, after which the President welcomed everyone, and hoped they would all enjoy themselves on this one day of liberty, despite the inclement weather.

The next item was the interrogation of the candidates for membership, of whom I, to my intense horror, was chosen to be first.

I was commended to give my reasons for wishing to become a member, and to state the hardships that I suffered when at home. Plucking up every ounce of courage, in reply to the President's ques-

tion, how long I had been married, I answered "Eleven years." As each question was rapped out, I gradually recovered my urbanity, and answered in the affirmative to every one put forward. Did I rise first in the morning and light the fire? Did I take my wife's breakfast to bed before going to work? Did I do the black-leading or did I clean the flags outside? These and several other questions were submitted, to which I gave the same answer every time. Needless to say, I was elected a member by the unanimous vote of the audience.

Several others were also interrogated, among whom was the nervous man whom I met on the car. He was also elected to membership, practically without any questions, for two reasons. Firstly, he hadn't the power, on account of his nervousness, to answer them, and secondly, his features satisfied the voters—none but a much down-trodden man could have such a forlorn countenance.

At length the proceedings terminated, after which we enjoyed our respite to the utmost extent, and we returned home in a body at dusk.

But, you will ask, what happened when I arrived home. I was greeted in a decidedly aggressive manner, but I "told her off," as the Yorkshire saying goes, and believe me dear readers, I now find life worth living.

May the Henpecked Club thrive for ever!
—A.S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—At our institution we have many societies, deep-rooted and honoured. Why not have a Cycling Club—H.G.S.-C.C.? I think that a movement of this kind would be well received by everyone.

These bike "hikes" could take place every Wednesday and would embrace the surrounding countryside. I am sure that some master could be found enthusiastic enough to be president of such a society.

Hoping this will rouse latent spirits.

I remain, faithfully yours,

CYCLISTES.

[The Games Captain will welcome the co-operation of "Cyclistes."—Ed.]

Dear Sir,—You will have heard, no doubt, the rumour concerning the future of the negative part of the lawn. All I ask is that you will endeavour to find out how far this rumour is correct. I am cer-

tain that you will readily understand my predicament when I tell you that I have occasion to traverse this "delightful building site" five times a day, and two of these in darkness. I shall, if no satisfaction is forthcoming, claim damages for three pairs of boots and three sprained ankles.—I remain, yours wrathfully,

KERLIE.

[Our feet ache for you.—Ed.]

INTERVIEWS WITH THE ANCIENTS.

III.—CICERO.

By F. C. STRICKLAND.

I called in at the office, i.e., the VIth Form room, and waiting on the Editor, asked him who's turn it was to be interviewed.

"Cicero, my lad," he said.

So, after having walked each of the Seven Hills of Rose, I found Cicero before the Beaks—the Rostra, I mean, not the good magistrates. He was giving a fiery oration to a lot of his pals, and having waited about 3 hours 59 minutes, he at last finished.

"How d'e do?" I smirked. "The editor asked me to interview you."

"Oh—ah—yes," he crowed, strutting about and throwing out his chest, "I knew he would."

"Oh, did you?" I said.

"Yes," Cicero said, "People love to listen to my fine orations."

Then I put my foot in it.

"What did Pompey say when you were supposed to be talking about his fine exploits?"

"Look here, thou young whipper-snapper!"

"I b-b-beg your p-p-pardon!" I stammered, and immediately turned to a better subject, which was a terrific job for me, and asked him to tell me the way he condemned Catiline.

"All my own work," he said, smiting his chest. "Yes, my speeches got him; he hadn't a look-in. He must have felt a bit mad with me. Ha! ha!"

I didn't laugh, because I could quite understand Catiline's feelings, as I had had them, though not quite so badly.

"Why art thou not laughing?"

"Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho!" I bellowed, just to keep him in a good frame of mind,

and being appeased, he went on, "Yes, nine of them got it in the neck, and Catiline's cranium was sent to the Senate. Some people say I got swelled head after it. You don't believe it, do you?" he growled, scowling at me.

"Oh, no, no," I howled in terror. "I suppose you had a sore throat?"

"What!!" he bellowed, throwing one of his speeches at me.

"Pardon me" I yelled.

"All right," he growled. "What a rotter Publius Claudius Pulcher was!" I said.

"He was that," reflected Cicero, "but what do you think of Publius Claudius?"

"Er—nothing very much," I confessed.

"Then don't talk about what you don't know," he said.

"Well, then, your Philippics aggravated Antony very much?"

"I aggravated him too much—consequence was I was proscribed."

"And you got it in the neck, didn't you?"

"What are you talking about?" he howled, and hurled two volumes of his speeches, letters and Philippics. One caught me on the solar plexus, and the other on the nose. I was taken back to the office via Ford ambulance, and two stretchers. And I told the editor that I would never interview any more ancients.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITTLE BOY wants to know how to become a cavalryman. A Prefect on our editorial staff, who knows "Little Boy," says he should be booted and spurred.

POET says we don't understand what good poetry is. The reading of his work convinces us that he doesn't, either.

THIRD FORMER sends us an opera. It will be very helpful to us in these coal-less days.

KUKLOS offers us "a brand new second-hand bike for ten quid." We are not a market for scrap-iron.

JIM asks us what we think of Jason 'going in search of the Golden FLEAS!' We think he was a very foolish fellow.

III.B-ITE wants to know of a tonic that will improve his voice. One shilling's worth of arsenic, taken neat!

SANDY.—We found more soil than soul in (and on) your MS.

FIFTH FORMER writes us a four-paged essay in praise of work. Dear little fellow! We prophesy a distinguished career for him as a sandwichman.

GYMNAST disapproves of the result of the Gym. Competition, and modestly adds that he himself can jump better than anyone else. We feel convinced that he can negotiate a tall storey.

READER asks who are the leading literary lights of the day. The staff of this magazine are too modest to answer.

HEART OF OAK.—After reading your letter our Office Boy says that in your nom-de-plume we should read "Head" instead of "Heart."

DISGUSTED has had seven contributions rejected by us, and wants us to tell him what to do. The law forbids incentives to self-destruction.

PESCO.—Are you a pyjama or a person? We hesitate to answer you until we know.

HAPPY LAD.—You won't be so for long if you ask people whether the feminine of cockroach is encroach.

GOOGLY.—We do not recommend cricket on the hearth.

PUZZLED PARENT expresses bewilderment at some of our contributors' work. We congratulate him on having hitherto escaped ossification of the intellect.

TIRED wants a cure for hurry. Let him take a season ticket on a Halifax tram-car.

ALF'S BUTTON.—You must brace yourself up.

MATHEMATICUS complains of insomnia. Moral: Don't sleep in the daytime.

GEORGE WASHINGTON II.—We are your spiritual twin-brother, so we tell you that your proffered contribution is feebleness itself—and worse!

RIDDLER asks "when is a team not a team?" He should apply to Thrum Hall experts.

HORATIUS sends us an "original" poem beginning "Who will keep the bridge with me? For our part he may keep the whole of the bridge for himself."

P.Q.X. (and 27 others).—We thank you, one and all, but we are flooded out with Alpine, knapsack, bicycle, and sleep stories.

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.

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

The first and foremost event since Christmas took place on April 16th, when the Annual Gym. Competition was held, between the three houses, Heath, Queen's, and School. The event was received with the usual amount of cheering, booing, and hissing, each boy lauding the merits of his respective House. Each team underwent the exercise tests, in which Queen's House was adjudged to be superior—but, nevertheless, in the subsequent game they seemed hopeless, School gaining an easy victory by several seconds, chiefly owing to the agility of Donohoe, while Heath were a moderate second, and Queen's last.

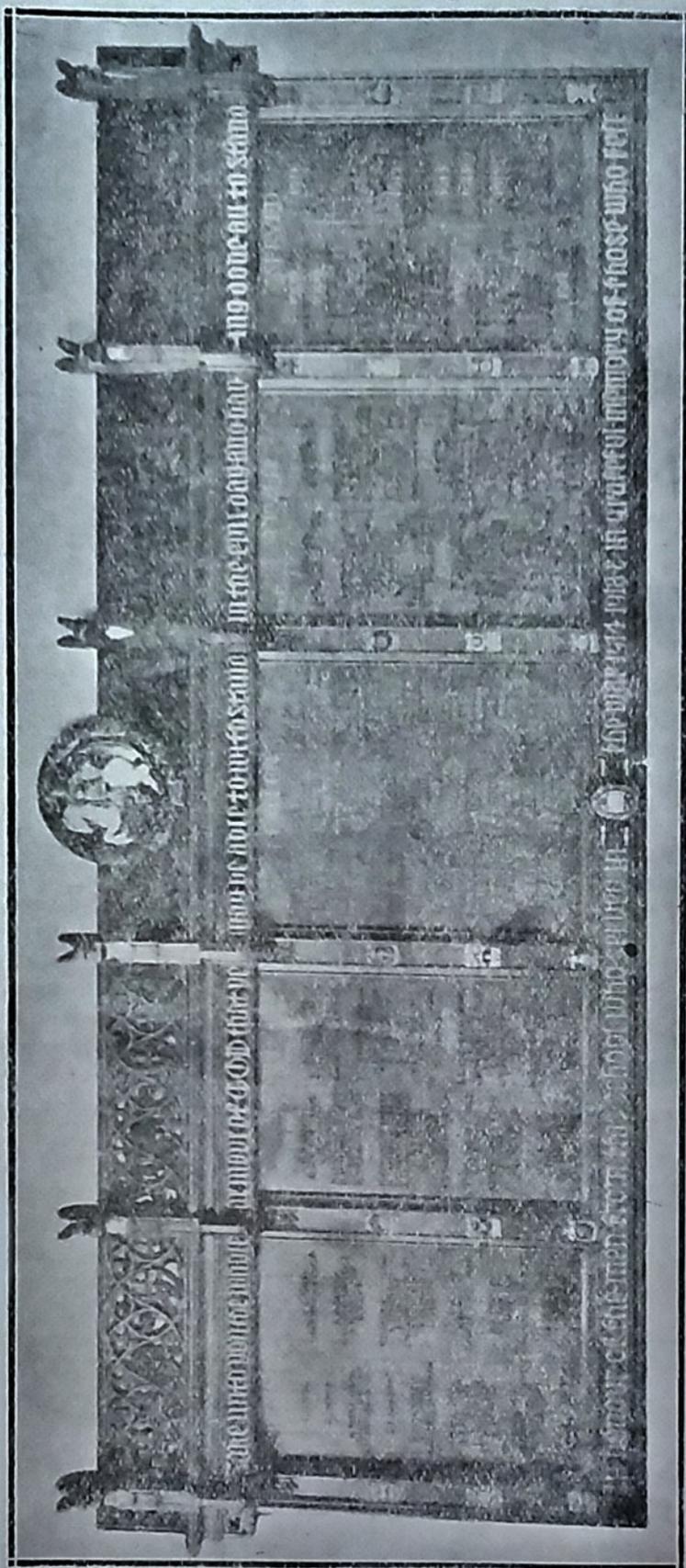
The result was announced amidst enthusiasm, and the Cup was afterwards presented to the latter House with the score of 237 points altogether. The prize for individual smartness was awarded to Nettleship, with Donohoe and Radcliffe second and third respectively. These three are to be complimented on their success, as each one, in the writer's opinion, performed very creditably.

The general level of excellence was about the same as last year's.

The actual result was—

Queen's	237	points.
School	220	„
Heath	198	„

THE HEATHEN.



There is nothing much further to report, only that swimming will soon be starting again, with more rivalry than ever. As soon as the coal strike is over, the weekly excursions to the baths will commence.

ONLOOKER.

HEATH SCHOOL WAR MEMORIAL.

We present adjoining a photograph of the Memorial which is to be erected shortly in the School Hall. By request we reproduce from an earlier number the description of the Memorial which Mr. C. E. Fox kindly wrote:

"This Memorial is to be placed immediately above the dado on the west wall of the Large Schoolroom. The tablet consists of five panels, the centre one being rather larger than the others. On this centre panel is a carved and decorated panel of St. George—the patron saint of England—slaying the dragon, representing the triumph of Right over Evil. In the cresting which surmounts the panels, and in which this emblematic figure is placed, the emblems of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are introduced. Between the bays are angel figures holding shields, in which will be carved the emblems of the Armour of God, and immediately below a carved and pierced apron band, with the inscription, 'Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand the evil day, and having done all, to stand.'

"Leading down from the angel figures are the crests of the different regiments to which the men belonged, carved and decorated. At the foot of the tablet is an inscription band, with raised letters, referring to the School itself, with the School badge in the centre, carved and decorated. The sequence followed is from Great Britain, the different regiments, down to the School itself. The centre panel will be taken up by the names of the fallen, and the four side panels by the names of those who served. The lettering will be V cut and decorated with gold, black and red. The whole memorial is a composition of great merit and distinction, and one which will not only arrest attention, and arouse interest, but will form an inspiration to future generations of boys, by conveying to their minds, in a tangible and artistic form, the great part played by the School in the world-struggle from which we have just emerged.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Term began on January 18th, and we have again the pleasure of announcing an increase in our numbers.

On May 27th, the School enjoyed the reflected glory of the election to the Speakership of the House of Commons of the Chairman of our Governors, the Right Hon. J. H. Whitley, M.P. On May 28th, the Headmaster telegraphed the congratulations of the boys and staff to Mr. Whitley, and, at the request of the Head of the School, J. G. Coghlin, gave the School a holiday in honour of this unique event in our annals.

We heartily congratulate G. S. Thompson and A. Dilworth on their successes in Classical Honour Moderations at Oxford.

Likewise H. Thomas (Secretary of this Magazine), on being offered a Classical Exhibition at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. The Chief Examiner wrote in very flattering terms of his work.

Also S. Lord (Captain of Queen's House), and Thorpe (Heath, 1912-18) on their successes in the London University Matriculation examination.

We also congratulate our Art Master, Mr. A. Comfort, on the honour conferred on him by the Royal Academy. Two of Mr. Comfort's original wood engravings are exhibited in the Academy this season.

We much regret the departure of Miss Bayley, who won great popularity during her all too brief stay in our midst.

We cordially welcomed Mr. J. L. Garrett, who came to organise and direct the Games.

Also Mr. A. K. Lister, who comes to us from Wakefield Grammar School.

We greatly regret the misfortune that has befallen Mr. Cooper, who has undergone a serious operation, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

We received a welcome visit from Bishop Frodsham, and we trust that before long he will succeed the Dean of Salisbury as one of our Governors, and that we may frequently enjoy the tonic benefit of his sympathetic and cheering personality.

FIVES.

It is very pleasing to be able to say that Fives has increased considerably in popularity during the past term. This may be due to the fact that several new pairs of gloves have been purchased. (In connection with these essentials we cannot refrain from reminding borrowers that other people do sometimes wish to use them.) Not only has the number of regular players increased, however, but a higher standard of play has been observed, and is especially noticeable among the rising generation.

The Heath Fives Four has this term played two matches, both with Leeds University. Owing to the unfortunate illness of Dalzell, which has rendered him unfit for physical exercise, S. Lord has now been given a place on the team, which thus consists of J. H. Spencer (captain), F. H. Taylor, J. G. Coghlin, and S. Lord.

The first match was played on Wednesday, March 2nd, at Heath, the play being very keen on both sides. The two first pairs were pitted against one another in one court, and played for the best of three games. At the same time the two second pairs were opposed in the other court. Each first pair then played the opponents' second pair on the same terms as before. The Leeds team, both in this and the subsequent match, consisted of Eley (captain), Limbert, Olsen, and Tolchard. In all 10 games were played, each side winning 5. Leeds, however, won the match by the narrow margin of one point.

Score:—

Spencer & Taylor: 9—15, 15—11, 10—15;
15—9, 15—14. Total 64—64.

Coghlin and Lord: 15—8, 12—15, 15—
12; 14—15, 8—15. Total, 64—65.

Heath 128; Leeds 129.

The second match was played on Wednesday, April 27th, once more at home. Both sides had improved since March, and better combination resulted in even fiercer contests than at the previous meeting. The Leeds players were still slightly the harder

hitters, but the home team played a rather safer game than their opponents. It was necessary to play the full number of 12 games, and the scores were even more remarkable than before. Each side won 6 games, and secured exactly the same number of points. Scores:—

Spencer and Taylor: 10—15, 15—10, 15—
11; 13—15, 15—8, 15—5. Total 83—64.

Coghlin and Lord: 15—8, 13—18, 10—15,
6—15, 15—12, 5—15. Total 64—83.

Heath, 147; Leeds, 147.

At the time of going to press, the House Fives Competition is still in progress, but we can safely prophesy that the order of the Houses will be: School, Heath, Queen's.

Each House should play eight games. So far Queens has played 5, and won 0, even if it should miraculously win all the remaining three, it can only attain to the second place. Heath has played 6 and won 3. School has played 5 and won 5, and unless it loses all the other three it cannot be beaten.

COAL D.

BY CINCINNATUS.

'Twas in wet and dreary May
That the miners said "Nay! Nay!"
People by empty grates did sit,
And many, without a bit
Of coal, did cinders burn, or
Wood, as laid down by the law.
The lights went out at 10 p.m.,
And early to bed again
Made us all rise at 7 a.m.,
Which meant to work by new train
To the station we all went,
But soon home we were sent,
For the trains had no coal, and
Travelling across the land
Was only made easy
By the motors so greasy.
But they in their turn
Were soon made to squirm,
For bands of the strikers,
Though themselves no bikers,
Were unwilling for transport
To be carried on until
Their claims owners fulfil.
And so the motors were caught,
But still we found, heat
Was yet to be found,
If we stuck to our seat
And the miners were downed.

OUR CELEBRITIES.

II. : J. G. COGHLIN.

By "TATCHO."

For the preliminaries of this interview see my account of the last one. I thought it so good that I repeated it, but the Editor wouldn't have it. "Have you no freshness of expression?" he said. More in sorrow than anger, I drew myself up to the full height of my 64 stature, and replied, "I have." "Then go and display it," he rejoined. I went. And here I display it.

From that monument of human vanity, "Who's Who?" I gleaned: Coghlin, J. G., entered H.G.S. 1913; member of 1st eleven Football, 1917; secretary ditto., 1918-19; vice-captain, 1919-20; captain, 1920-21; Cricket first eleven, vice-captain 1920; captain 1921; secretary of the Debating Society, 1920-21; secretary, the Literary Society, 1920-21; member, School Fives "Four," 1920-21; prefect, 1919; assistant-editor of "The New Heathen," 1920-21; Senior Prefect and Head of the School, 1921. Recreations (in order of preference): Snooker, Bridge, Early rising, Toothache. Clubs: The Y.M.C.A., the Picture House Cafe.

"This is even worse than I expected," I murmured, and as it was a possible feeding time, I hid me to the Picture House Cafe. There, in a cosy corner, I espied my prey. One dart, and I capsized into a luxurious divan beside him, just as, with grimly knitted brow, he was harpooning a sardine.

"Of what are you darkly thinking?" quoth I.

"Hors d'œuvres," was the significant, if laconic, response.

The ice being thus broken—and a cream jug—we entered into human converse.

"I have come to interview you," I said.

The wrinkles on his brow disappeared, and so did the sardine.

"Thank Heaven" he cried, "I thought you have come to borrow a 'fiver.'"

"Age next birthday?" I asked.

"Nineteen," he pensively muttered, gazing with an unutterable far-away look at an adjoining cream bun.

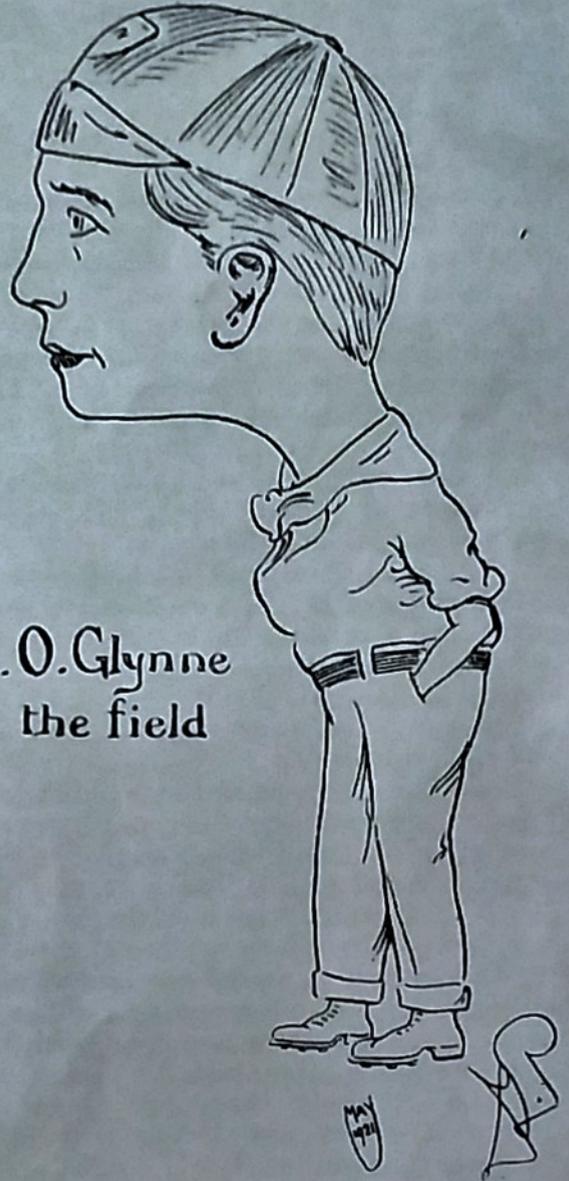
"You have made many distinguished contributions to literature," I continued.

"Some" he mumbled, as he solemnly negotiated the bun, at the same time selecting with discrimination its successor.

"Is the monosyllabic your favourite form of conversation?" I queried.

"Greek is my favourite and familiar tongue," he rolled out in deep sepulchral tones, while the waitress plaintively watched the disappearance of the last chocolate éclair. Then he poured out a cup of tea and a cascade of foreign words.

"I am of gentle birth and have been well brought up," I remonstrated.



K. O. Glynne
in the field

For the first time he seemed interested, and with gentle Arthur Balfour manner, his brow flickered, and in a light, graceful tone, he cooed, "Ah, I see. Poor fellow! Almost an idiot!"

I remembered my self-respect and half rose. Then I looked at his lithe, panther-like form, and decided to forget it (the self-respect), and sat down.

"You are a great dramatist, and actor too," I said, "what are your favourite parts and your favourite views on the Stage?"

"Hamlet and Mike Bridges," he said, proceeding with profound emphasis, "The Stage is at present like the curate's egg, but the Heathen Players will in time bring it out of pickle."

Deeply interested, I gasped, "I have never seen you play Hamlet."

A pensive, gently cynical smile parted his lips. "I play 'Hamlet' with those who defy my prefectorial authority," he said. And then he chortled.

"You are an artist too," I cried. "When will you accept your R.A.?"

"Never! Never!" he cried in vibrant, ringing tones, which made the waitress drop a tip, "the Academy is pre-Noah-ite. Art, REAL Art, as my friend Jacobs, the eminent critic, says, is the symbolic expression, unfettered and unrestrained, of the multifold, variegated facets of that elusive thing we call Life. It is in this spirit that I choose to interpret it." He concluded, with a scornful staccato, Henry Bayntonesque, "Bah! Ha!"

Then he brooded darkly.

"You are plainly a Celt, and a fellow-countryman of W. B. Yeats," I suggested. "You are a versatile man who truly plays many parts in life."

Gustily he jerked out. "And I'll play the deuce with you if you don't fade away!"

Then the storm passed as suddenly as it burst. Gently fondling a Player's, he murmured, "I will arise and go—"

"To Innisfree," I broke in.

"No," he said, with a sardonically pitying look, "to Rhodes Street."

With a sudden access of vigour he rose, strode into the outer world, lightly blew me a kiss with his fingers, and with buoyant step glode [I suppose he means "glided."—Ed.] along the tarry shoemaker's Paradise of Fountain Street.

Three cheers for J. G. Coghlin, poet, artist, sportsman, and scholar. He has the defects of his qualities, too—sensitivity, variability of mood, excessive self-depreciation. But he is dead straight, and a loyal pal. And there is the one touch of nature about him which makes him akin to the interviewer, and the Editor, and many other great men—he prefers the curfew to sunrise! [Confound your cheek!—Ed.]

ETERNAL YOUTH.

The Old Salt's Tale.

By RICHARD DE BURGO.

From my boyhood the canal has exercised for me a strong fascination. As a child I used to wander along the Calder's pebbly beach, and watch the swift barges wafted along upon the gentle swell, the taut tow-ropes creaking in the fresh breeze and the helmsman straining at the ponderous tiller. Gradually a desire grew in my breast for the free life of the surging waters, and finally I entered the merchant service as a bargeman cadet. Bitter though my experiences were at first, I never had cause to regret my decision.

Those were the golden days of life; that was my happiest hour, when, with my dream come true, I stepped aboard the cadet-barge as an irresponsible youth. Oh, to have those days come back again! Oh, for that jovial boyhood! How many a heart-pang have I now to think of, hours, nay very moments, wasted!

After I have served my time I obtained a captaincy of the barge Providence, of Wigan; and with a light heart I boarded the low-lying fabric, more indeed like a yacht than a cargo-boat. With a merry smile, I signed to the engineer to whip up the horse, and with her moorings unloosed the Providence glided like a fairy ship, over the glassy water.

The tow-rope tightened, and, scanning the waters of the crowded docks I grasped the tiller in my practised hand. The rakish bows of the Providence clove the waters like a knife, and soon she moved like a queen of the waves, swiftly and lightly over the country waters.

But suddenly, outside Preston, a white fog fell on us, and we could not see the land. How dangerous was the steering you may well imagine, and the hiss of the foam under the bows seemed to me ever and anon like the signal of some other vessel. And then—the tow-rope broke. . . .

I was alone on board, and dared not leave the tiller; I heard faint shouts from the shore, but found that I had been caught in the current and was being carried down stream. Then suddenly I heard the swish of the water about the bows of another vessel. The tension was terrific. I tried to shout, but my throat was parched with anxiety: I tried to steer for mid-stream, but the current held me.

In one swift moment visions of my past life came before my eyes; then the necessities of the moment possessed me again. Was I, a promising young officer, to lose my beauteous first command? A plan occurred to me. I seized the saucepan and beat it with a stick loudly. The oncoming vessel ceased its movements and a voice hailed me. . . . There is little more to tell. I asked for help; and my request was granted. I obtained a horse and crew and proceeded with the voyage. Yet that was but one deed of many more, all of which have shown my bravery, my presence of mind. . . .

"Ah, my friends, you would not think that this decrepit old man, who sits here, looking out with wind-washed eyes at the foaming crests of Calder's ocean, was once a dashing naval officer! Time has worked his changes on me, but still I like to sit here in my garden, that borders the deep, and look out with a sailor's eye at the craft that pass, for I cannot tear myself away; and I like to think that I will die here by the window, gazing in painless death even, at the swelling surge on which I once was gently rocked.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

By H. P. JACOBS.

The Vicar of Toshington was taking a walk in Toshington Woods. It was summer, and yet, strange to relate, although Toshington is, as everybody knows, in the North of England, it was hot. So the Vicar sat down under the shade of a tree, and so tired was he that in a few minutes he was on the borderland of sleep.

Suddenly the Vicar started and opened his eyes, for he felt instinctively that someone or something was at hand. One generally does when one hears a noise like a rhinoceros charging. An extremely unclerical expression escaped his lips.

"The devil!" exclaimed the Vicar of Toshington.

But he was not shocked. There was good reason for the exclamation, for it was the devil—the devil in all his mediæval glory of hoof, horns, and tail—the devil, belching fire and smoke, and attended by a lovely scent as of sulphur-dioxide.

"Hullo!" said the Vicar, scrambling to his feet, and speaking with the air of

a man who unexpectedly meets an old friend, "where have you come from?"

"Hush! hush!" said the devil, waving a black and deprecating paw, "there might be a picnic party within earshot—a picnic party comprising innocent children, and delicate-minded women. How then can I give you the information you desire? For shame, sir, for shame! Cannot you guess where I come from?"

"I perceive," said the Vicar, "that a welcome change has taken place in your disposition."

"Not at all," said the devil. "But when one is in Rome, one should do as the Romans do: in other words, it is necessary in the world for me to be a smug, mealy-mouthed hypocrite."

"Old Cassius still" said the Vicar, reproachfully. "But why have you let your normal abode?"

"Ah," said the devil, heaving a sigh, "it is fast losing its pristine respectability. Several politicians have died recently, and they have had a deleterious influence on the moral tone of my dominions. To escape from their contaminating company I have sought the earth."

"Yes," he added, in a few moments, "I have come to earth, and I am very favourably impressed with what I have seen hitherto. But come, let us move on instead of standing talking."

"Not one step will I walk with you," said the Vicar, firmly, "while you look like a cross between a volcano and an advertisement for Bovril!"

"You are very unreasonable," said the devil, "this is the approved garb which has been assigned to me by the best and soundest ecclesiastical authorities."

"But you forget," exclaimed the Vicar, "that no one believes in you now. This is an age of science, of ruthless reasoning, and of common sense—"

"Indeed!" cried the devil. "How invaluable you are! That is one thing I had not observed about this age."

The Vicar was somewhat disconcerted at this interruption, but continued: "And therefore if you pass through the world in this guise, you will in all probability be shot and stuffed as a specimen."

"Dear me!" said the devil, and changed into a curate.

"That's better," said the Vicar, and he did not remonstrate even when the devil took his arm.

So they went a good way together, arm in arm, in the most loving manner. And the devil smiled the sweetest of smiles, and looked so good that everyone who met them longed to throw a brick at him.

Now the devil learned from the Vicar that there was a housing shortage, but he also learned where he could get lodgings. So at last he parted regretfully from the Vicar, and went in search of a lodging-house, having first changed himself into a lawyer, because the Vicar had told him that the legal profession was very useless and therefore much respected.

So the devil interviewed a landlady and he got a couple of rooms, and she got twice the value of the rooms. They arranged for boarders well, and the devil settled down and felt quite at home.

But the devil soon found that there were discomforts attached to his situation. The avocation he has chosen involved practices which went against his conscience, and he felt that he would have to forsake it. Also, he joined a golf club, with the result that he lost thirty-six balls and broke two sets of sticks and the record for profanity within a fortnight. To crown all, the landlady bought a gramophone and insisted on using it every evening. In vain did the devil inform her that the only proper use for gramophones is to supply our latter-day lack of missile weapons with which to settle domestic disputes. Still, the instrument of torture proceeded with its deadly work. The devil felt it was driving him crazy.

For a long while the devil had looked with envious eyes on a director of a limited company, whom he admired for his untroubled placidity, and incidentally for the magnitude of his income and abdominal proportions. So his Satanic wit set to work, and he soon devised a wily plan: he would change shapes with this Mr. Smith.

Accordingly the said Mr. Smith awoke one morning to find himself a stranger in his own house. When he came down to breakfast he found his double, as he thought him, already devouring the meal.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "what does this mean? How the deuce did you get into my house? And who are you?"

"You impudent scoundrel," said the devil. "Get out of my house before I tell the servants to kick you out!"

The true Mr. Smith told him to go to Hades.

"Don't be personal," said the devil, and called the servants.

The servants came, and Mr. Smith told them to remove the devil, and the devil told them to remove Mr. Smith. They chose to obey the devil, with the result that Mr. Smith enjoyed the unique experience of being kicked out of his own house by his own servants.

Mr. Smith picked himself up, gave all the footmen notice, and went to the police station to report the disgraceful incident. They thought him mad there, and were singularly outspoken in the revelation of their thoughts. Their candour disgusted Mr. Smith; like most prominent men, he was not accustomed either to hear or to speak the truth.

Finding no opportunity of redress by means of the police, he paced up and down in the streets of Tashington for some time, thinking of one scheme after another by which he might get even with his supplanter. But all his plans contained some flaw, which rendered them impossible.

It began to rain, and Mr. Smith looked around for some shelter. Eventually he went into the Museum. There he happened to survey himself in a mirror, and almost swooned. At first he thought it might be a distorting mirror, but no, it was a perfectly ordinary specimen of its kind.

Mr. Smith pinched himself, and tried hard to wake up, but no alteration in his circumstances took place. A horrible thought flashed across his mind—was this the D.T.'s? He had been entertaining a few friends the previous night, and he had dim recollections of trying to make a speech, of attempting to balance a decanter on his head, and of executing a cake-walk on the table. He went out of the Museum, and with bent head strode slowly up the street, trying to form some more respectable hypothesis. For a time he was fascinated by the Idealistic Theory that matter only exists in our imagination and this philosophic situation seemed tenable enough until he walked into a lamp-post.

At last he formed an heroic resolve. He would enter his house surreptitiously, come face to face with the intruder under favourable circumstances, and exact from him explanation and reparation. With this end in view, he approached, and reconnoitred the house about noon, and

eventually climbed the wall at the back of the house and viewed the stable yard. There was no one in sight, and the occasion seemed favourable to his enterprise. Mr. Smith slid into the yard.

But just then the dog made its appearance. It was a tremendous brute rejoicing in the name of Pop. Under ordinary conditions its relations with its master were of the friendliest, but Mr. Smith had his doubts with regard to the animal now.

"Good dog," he said, enticingly, "come here, Pop."

Pop came, but with his teeth so much in evidence that his master correctly surmised that his intentions were hostile. Mr. Smith re-climbed the wall with incredible activity, but before he could win to safety, Pop had made a spring at him. Although the faithful beast failed in its amiable intention of dragging him down, it succeeded in securing a large and strategic portion of his trousers, so that it was a very bashful and chagrined Mr. Smith who regained the ground a few moments later.

Mr. Smith wandered disconsolately through Toshington till about five o'clock. He was now ravenously hungry, and had, as it chanced, not a farthing in his pocket. Suddenly a house door opened, a landlady-like figure made its appearance, and a shrill voice inquired in the vernacular, with terse, idiomatic vigour, and an energy of tone which cannot be revealed through the cold medium of the written word:—

"Wot the (blank) do you (blank) well mean by behaving in this (blank) way, you (blank blank)?"

"W-what have I done?" asked Mr. Smith, his knees knocking with fright.

"Yer go an' leave yer nice comfortable lodgings all th' day, an' make me think you're slinkin' off withaht payin', an then yer asks what yer've done. That's cool!"

Ah! this landlady had evidently mistaken him for her lodger! He would profit by the error. He apologised, followed her into the house, murmuring excuses, and had tea, the staple of which was an anæmic egg. About six o'clock, however, he sustained a severe shock. The landlady presented her bill. How he escaped with his life when he explained that he could not pay immediately, Mr. Smith scarcely knew. And that night a gramophone played havoc with his ner-

vous system; for these were the devil's lodgings, and Mr. Smith had the devil's own luck.

Meanwhile, Satan, poor devil, was not having such an easy time as might have been expected. He was not well acquainted with those silken fetters of etiquette which restrict the inhabitants of the world, and the devil soon found that his household regarded him as having gone dotty overnight. He had been accustomed in the privacy of his lodgings, to put his knife into his mouth when eating; he discovered that this was taboo.

He found that civilisation, in spite of what some have said to the contrary, is a question of suitability of dress; that the essence of culture is correct accent; and many similar things he discovered in the course of a few days—matters which had never occurred to his simple mind previously. Further, he was troubled repeatedly by qualms of conscience as to the morality of some business transactions while he received on an average eight begging letters a day, sometimes accompanied by menaces. The earlier part of Mr. Smith's career seemed to have been taken up in providing material for blackmail, while his supply of poor relations appeared to be inexhaustible.

There was a letter from a citizen of the neighbouring town of Slopland, asking him to imitate "that modern Maecenas, Andrew Carnegie," and found a library in Slopland. There was a circular from the British Empire Union, explaining how democracy, liberty, etc., were going to be saved by the people who possessed fat incomes and intended to keep them; Satan, as the possessor of a fat income, which he intended to keep, was invited to assist in the deliverance of democracy, liberty, etc. There was an intimation from an enterprising author that his book, "The Inland Revenue, and How to Dodge it," was in course of publication; a free copy thereof would be sent to him (the devil) post-free on receipt of a ten-shilling note.

There was an appeal from the Association of Old Washerwomen of All Ages and Both Sexes, asking him to subscribe to a fund for the relief of employers who had been reduced to the verge of destitution by the industrial crisis. Finally, there were letters from "The Daily Blitherer," "The Sunday Shocker," "The Alarmist," "The Bag-Man Abroad," and

"The World-Wide Wangler," inviting him to advertise at twenty guineas a page or thereabouts in their columns. Such were his woes.

But the crowning affliction befell him through that diurnal horror, the newspaper. He was not well acquainted with the nature of periodicals, and in the innocence of his heart, he picked up a copy of "The National Prevaricator." This he read through from beginning to end, advertisements and all—the task took him a week. He read two or three more in the next few days, having now learned what to cut out (metaphorically speaking).

To give the devil his due, he was profoundly shocked. After he had read half-a-dozen papers, he hurried away in great distress of mind to his old friend, the Vicar. As he knocked at the door, he thoughtfully assumed the curate's form once again.

The Vicar recognised him and greeted him cordially. Indeed, his welcome quite went to the poor devil's heart, and, sitting down in an armchair, he poured forth the whole history of his lamentable sojourn on earth, without reserve.

"So," he said in conclusion, "you see my situation. I came into this wicked world an innocent, simple-hearted devil—as healthy a product of the Bottomless Pit as could be imagined; I shall return to my kingdom corrupted by the evil examples of the earth. I am lost in mingled awe and admiration at the muddled, hopeless condition of the world; and I am at once shocked and made envious by a vileness which I possess neither the courage nor the capacity to equal. I appreciate to the full the kindness and consideration which you have displayed towards me, but I cannot help regretting that a dignitary of the Church has contributed, however indirectly, to my moral downfall by encouraging and assisting me in my scheme of residing on earth. But that scheme has failed; if I continue in it, I shall become insignificant from sheer incapability to be bad enough—I shall be one of the most respectable people in the world."

"Cheer up," said the Vicar, "you under-estimate your powers. It was a very dirty trick you played on poor old Smith."

"But it's nothing," wailed the prince of darkness, "compared with what the

world does. It appears to be the object of every inhabitant of the terrestrial globe to get hold of the soft jobs, and then clamour for the preservation of the 'status quo.' That is the psychological origin of most conservatism, and that is the spirit in which I treated Smith."

"Well, well," said the Vicar, "perhaps you are right. But what are you going to do?"

"Go home," said the devil.

"How?" said the Vicar. "Do you intend to enlist in the R.I.C.'s?"

"No," said the devil, drawing himself up proudly—he had risen to his feet now—"No, I have still moral scruples in spite of the world and its wicked ways. I shall go home by the way I came."

"If you must, you must," said the Vicar.

In silence the devil wrung his hand, and departed.

And so he left the world. But where he has gone to I refuse to disclose in a respectable periodical.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Session from September to April has been one of unexampled activity. Fifteen meetings have been held, and over three hundred speeches delivered—both record figures in the history of the society. The attendance too has been exceptionally good, and great constitutional reforms have been carried, notably one prolonging the Session into the Summer Term. "Private Business" time has been marked by scenes of great animation. Spencer, as Leader of the House, has been a conspicuous success, and his speeches are models of Parliamentary eloquence, carefully thought out, clear in exposition, and delivered with a weight that never degenerates into dullness. He is also a very acute, ready debater. Jacobs, also, is a first-class debater, and has gained greatly in oratorical fluency, but he must beware of a tendency to too great rapidity of speech, and of giving his audience an intellectual diet that is too substantial for their power of digestion.

Taylor's form emboldens us to prophesy great things for him next Session. He has improved greatly in consecutiveness of speech, and only needs persistence to conquer his tendency to nervousness. Brookes too has greatly improved, though

still inclined to too great speed of utterance. A. E. Wilson is another very greatly improved speaker. He has been the wit of the Session. If he bears in mind that preparation is a necessary adjunct to good speaking and if he cultivates a more sustained flight, leadership will be his before long.

Sunderland has intellect, wit, and a gift for epigram. He needs to take the debates more seriously and energetically, to speak oftener and at greater length. He has the endowment to become a first-class speaker. Identically the same criticism applies to T. W. Coghlin. He has a most picturesque imagination and a turn for the unexpected. Ross, too, must overcome modesty, and a proclivity for the lotus. He has the capacity to become a very cogent speaker. Wadsworth has improved, but should lengthen his speeches. Roth has improved, but is still troubled with nervousness, the cure for which is more frequent effort. He has the great merit of unfailing sincerity. P. Sutcliffe has a pleasant voice and a sense of humour. He would be good if he spoke more regularly.

Speaking generally, the members of the Remove have not matured in the same degree as their predecessors did in the corresponding period last year. The only way for a young speaker to improve is to prepare carefully a speech of reasonable length. To acquire facility, he must not pick and choose his subjects, but must take pains to acquire knowledge on every topic debated, whether it is congenial to him or not, and then speak on it. The orator of the Remove is Gentle. He has a clear voice, and a good delivery, an incisive manner, the faculty of independent thinking, and a happy gift of illustration. He has fulfilled the high promise of his maiden speech. C. Wilson has been heard far too infrequently. He has only to speak regularly to become one of the best speakers in the House. J. Lord is very promising. He has a pleasant voice, an easy manner, and marshals his arguments well. He has improved greatly. Perseverance will do much for Strickland and Hopkinson. Both have improved, and are to be commended for the regularity with which they speak.

The House resumed its sittings on January 25th, when it discussed the motion "that it is better to rule in Hell than to serve in Heaven." Jacobs, in propos-

ing the motion, blended copious lore on the history of Hades with epigram. "Nothing can be worse than being miserable except being happy." "Better to be wise and wretched than happy and a fool." Brookes, in seconding, gave a clever Machiavellian exposition of the merits of holding sway anywhere. Spencer led the Opposition. Very subtly he argued that he who serves has always hopeful prospects ahead. The man devoid of ambition is hopeless. A ruler has nothing to hope for. His seconder, J. G. Coghlin, made a spirited and witty speech, and drew a mock-heroic picture of a ruler made supremely ridiculous because he was "intoxicated by the inebriating vintage of his own power." A. E. Wilson convulsed the House by his sallies. He advanced two reasons for his antipathy to Heaven; first, that going there would deprive him permanently of the company of his many friends in the House, and secondly, that the climate of Halifax made Hades more attractive as a dwelling-place. Other racy speeches were made by Sunderland, T. W. Coghlin, and Hopkinson. The motion was lost by 17 votes to 8.

On February 7th, Thomas, seconded by Taylor, proposed "that this House favours the adoption of Esperanto as an universal language." T. W. Coghlin, seconded by P. Sutcliffe, opposed. There were 21 speakers, and the Journal of the House records that "Quarmby favoured the House with some euphonious and beautifully articulated examples of Esperanto, which the majority of the members were unfortunately incapable of appreciating." The motion was rejected by 14 votes to 12.

On February 22nd, the motion was: "That this House is of the opinion that the British penal system is neither moral nor efficient." The proposer, Jacobs, was at the top of his form. He said the penal system was used to bolster up conditions of effeminate luxury and besotted poverty. Convicts are people worsted in a war in which Society is the aggressor. In the Co-operative State crime will be non-existent, because its chief incentive—private gain—will be eliminated. Gentle seconded the motion in a witty speech, beginning with the thesis that solitude is not good for anyone. Taylor led the Opposition with a spirited speech. "We favour liberty, because it enables the good to become better, and the bad to receive just punishment." His seconder, C. Wilson,

defended the system because no other was feasible. Ergophobia was the chief cause of crime. The deportation of all criminals would mean the depopulation of the country. Brookes gave strong support to the motion. The penal system was only actuated by revenge. Judges are recruited from the prize liars of the Bar, and are therefore unfit to censor morals." Spencer opposed the motion. "Abolish the system, remove Robert, and you break the hearts of the housemaids of the kingdom." The comic papers would be extinct in a month. A. E. Wilson alluded to "those ignorant and immobile Civil Servants—the police," and told a story of a criminal who eloped with his benefactor's daughter. "But his last state was worse than his first!" Lively speeches were made by Sunderland, J. Lord, Strickland, Hopkinson, Hanson, and Roth. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 9. The House sat for three and a half hours.

The meeting of March 8th was devoted to Impromptu Speeches, and was a great success. Nine motions were discussed, but only one, proposed by A. E. Wilson, "that drink gives great relief from care," was carried.

On March 21st, a new Ministry took office, with Veitch as Premier. His colleagues were E. Sutcliffe, C. Wilson, Seed and J. Lord. The Opposition was led by Blackmore, supported by Gentle, Holroyd, and Eastwood. After a barrage of questions, a vote of censure on the Ministry was carried by 15 votes to 13. A. E. Wilson, seconded by Ross, moved "that in the opinion of this House, the ex-Serviceman has claimed and obtained more than his due." Roth led the Opposition, seconded by E. Sutcliffe. Twenty-four speakers participated. The motion was rejected by 16 votes to 9, with 3 non-voters.

On April 12th, Spencer, seconded by Wadsworth, moved "that this House favours vivisection." The proposer made a very lucid and logical presentation of his case, and quoted extensively from the Vivisection Act. J. G. Coghlin led the Opposition, seconded by E. Sutcliffe. The opposer declared the chief motive of vivisection to be curiosity. "No man is allowed to put his mother in a stove in order to find the effect on human beings of a temperature of 500 degs. Fahr." Dargue opposed the motion, concluding, "Let the doctors operate on each other.

Be human and vote against this motion." Taylor, Brookes, Strickland, and Sunderland opposed, and Hopkinson, Gentle, and Roth supported the motion, which was carried by 15 votes to 11.

On April 26th the Chairman entertained the members to a Soiree at the Mikado Cafe. After whist and refreshments, a first-rate entertainment programme lasted until nearly midnight. Polo and J. J. J. erbe played singly, in duplicate, and in triplicate on our feelings and the piano, with three recalls. Hoppy so wreaked his fury on the viol that he was made to work overtime. Pretty Peelo flew from his little cage, and sang so that we would not let him go back to it. Little Curlocks, the Wonder Child, with his three tragic scenas, made us laugh till we wept. Mr. Seaton added to our rib-ache with a monologue. We extracted an encore Tales, and would fain have had more. Jake Obbs thrilled us with his Traveller's Tales, and Count Suto Fluto piped Pau sweetly. The Heathen Players (J. G. Coghlin, Hilbert, Peel, and A. E. Wilson) performed a comedy which convulsed the assembly. We finished very regretfully with Auld Lang Syne.



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